Leaves wanting in Copies;
Noted d Letter left with
Messrs Longman & Co. 21 Feb. 1816

The whole of l. i

Part of v 7
The whole of v 8
Part of T 4
The whole of T. 5.
Part of ee ii.
a few Leaves following to the End
of the Work.

Longman & Co

Also see Note at N ii

18930
N. 38

Incunable Collection
-B-

(RFDUA)

Length & breadth of the Norte D:
at Osterley – very fine – thorny bark.

After that I had accomplyssched and fynyssched dyuers hystoryes as well of contemplacyon as of other hystoryal and worldly actes of grete conquerours & prynces / And also certeyn bookes of ensaumples and doctryne / Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royame of Englond camen and demaunded me many and oftymes / wherfore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hystorye of the saynt greal / and of the mooste renomed crysten kynge / Fyrst and chyef of the thre best crysten and worthy / kyng Arthur / whyche ought mooste to be remembred emonge vs englyssche men tofore al other crysten kynges / For it is notoyrly knowen thorugh the vnyuersal world / that there been ix worthy & the best that euer were / That is to wete thre paynyms / thre Jelues and thre crysten men / As for the paynyms they were tofore the Incarnacyon of Cryst / whiche were named / the fyrst Hector of Troye / of whome thystorye is comen bothe in balade and in prose / The second Alysaunder the grete / & the thyrd Julyus Cezar Emperour of Rome of whome thystoryes ben wel know and had / And as for the thre Jelues whyche also were tofore thyncarnacyon of our lord of whome the fyrst was Duc Josue Whyche brought the chyldren of Israhel in to the lond of byheste / The second Dauyd kynge of Jherusalem / & the thyrd Judas Machabeus of these thre the byble reherceth al theyr noble hystoryes & actes / And sythe the sayd Incarnacyon haue ben thre noble crysten men stalled and admytted thorugh the vnyuersal World in to the nombre of the ix beste & worthy / of whome was fyrst the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I purpose to wryte in thys present book here folowyng / The second was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of Whome thystorye is had in many places bothe in frenssche and englyssche / and the thyrd and last was Godefray of bolayn / of whos actes & lyf I made a book vnto the excellent prynce and kynge of noble memorye kynge Edward the fourth / the sayd noble Jentylmen Instantly requyred me to enprynte thystorye of the sayd noble kynge and conquerour kynge Arthur / and of his knyghtes wyth thystorye of the saynt greal / and of the deth and endyng of the sayd Arthur / Affermynge that I ought rather to enprynte his actes and noble feates / than of godefroye of bolayne / or

ony of the other eyght/ consyderyng that he was a man borne
within this royame and kynge and Emperour of the same /
And that there ben in frenssh dyuers and many noble volu-
mes of his actes / and also of his knyghtes/ To whome I
answerd /that dyuers men holde oppynyon / that there was
no suche Arthur/ and that alle suche bookes as ben maad of
hym /ben but fayned and fables /by cause that somme cronyc-
cles make of hym no mencyon ne remembre hym noo thynge
ne of his knyghtes /wherfo they answerd/ and one in specyal
sayd/ that in hym that sholde say or thynke /that there was ne
uer suche a kynge callyd Arthur /myght wel be aretted grete
folye and blyndenesse/ For he sayd that there were many euy
dences of the contrarye / Fyrst ye may see his sepulture in the
monasterye of Glastyngbury / And also in polycronycon in
the v book the xxix chappytre / and in the seuenth book the
xxiij chappytre / where his body was buryed and after foun
den and translated in to the sayd monasterye/ ye shal se also
in thystorye of bochas in his book de casu principum / parte of
his noble actes / and also of his falle / Also galfrydus in
his brutysshe book recounteth his lyf / and in dyuers places
of Englond/ many remembraunces ben yet of hym and shall
remayne perpetuelly /and also of his knyghtes/ Fyrst in the
abbey of westmestre at saynt Edwardes shryne remaynetb the
prynte of his seal in wedy waye closed in beryll/ In whych is
writen Patricius Arthurus/ Britannie/ Gallie/ Germanie /
dacie/ Imperator / Item in the castel of douer ye may see Gau-
wayns skulle/ & Cradoks mantel . At wynchester the wounde
table /in other places Launcelottes swerde and many other
thynges/ Thenne al these thynges consyderrd there can no man
resonably gaynsaye but there was a kynge of thys lande na-
med Arthur / For in al places crysten and hethen he is re-
puted and taken for one of the ix worthy / And the fyrst of
the thre Crysten men / And also he is more spoken of beyonde
the see moo bookes made of his noble actes than there be in
englond as wel in duche ytalyen spaynysshe and grekysshe as
in frenssh/ And yet of record remayne in wytnesse of hym in
wales in the towne of Camelot the grete stones & meruayl-
lous werkys of yron lyenge vnder the grounde & ryal vautes

whiche dyuers noble lyuyng hath seen/wherfor it is a meruayl why he is nomore renomed in his owne contrye/ sauf onelye it accordeth to the wordy of gody/ whyche sayth that no man is accept for a prophete in his owne contrye/ Thēne al these thyn ges forsayd aledged I coude not wel denye/ but that there was suche a noble kyng named arthur/and reputed one of the ix Worthy/& fyrst & chyef of the cristen men/& many noble volu; mes be made of hym & of his noble knyghtes in frenshe which I haue seen & rede beyonde the see/ which been not had in our maternal tongue/but in walshe ben many & also in frenshe / & somme in englyshe but nowher nygh alle/ wherfore suche as haue late ben drawen oute brefly in to englyshe/I haue after the symple connynge that gody hath sente to me / vnder the fauour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen en; prysed to enprynte a book of the noble hystoryes of the sayd kynge Arthur /and of certeyn of his knyghtes after a copye vnto me delyuerd / whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of frenshe and reduced it in to Englyshe / And I accordynge to my copye haue done sette it in enprynte/ to the entente that noble men may see and lerne the noble actes of chyualrye / the Jentyl and vertuous dedes that somme knyghtes vsed in tho dayes/ by whyche they came to honour /and how they that were vycious were punyshed and ofte put to shame and rebuke /humbly besechyng al no ble lordes and ladyes wyth al other estates of what estate or degree they been of/that shal see and rede in this sayd book and werke/that they take the good and honest actes in their remembraunce /and to folowe the same / wherin they shalle fynde many Joyous and playsaunt hystoryes /and noble & renomed actes of humanyte /gentylnesse and chyualryes / For herin may be seen noble chyualrye/ Curtosye/Humanyte frendlynesse /hardynesse/ loue/frendshyp/ Cowardyse/Mur; dre/ hate/vertue/ and synne / Doo after the good and leue the euyl /and it shal brynge you to good fame and renom; mee / And for to passe the tyme this booke shal be plesaunte to rede in /but for to gyue fayth and byleue that al is trewe that is conteyned herin /ye be at your lyberte /but al is wry; ten for our doctryne / and for to beware that we falle not to

yce ne ſynne / but teyœrſyſe and̄ ſobolde ſerku / by whycke we
may come and̄ atteyne to good̄ fame and̄ renomme in thys
lyf / and̄ after thys ſhorte and̄ tranſytorye lyf to come vnto
euerlaſtynḡ glyſſe in heuen / the whycke he graunte vs that
reygneth in heuen the bleſſyd̄ Trynyte Amen /

THenne to procede forth in thys ſayd̄ book / whycke I
dyrecte vnto alle noble prynces / lordes and̄ ladyes /
gentylmen or gentylwymmen that deſyre to rede or here
rede of the noble and̄ Joyous hyſtorye of the grete conque-
rour and̄ excellent kynḡ .kynḡ Arthur/ ſomtyme kynḡ of
thys noble royalme / thenne called̄ brytaygne / I wyllyam
Caxton ſymple perſone preſent thys book ſolowynḡ / whycke I
haue enpryſed̄ tenpryde / And̄ treateth of the noble actes / fe-
ates of armes of chyualrye / proweſſe / hardyneſſe / humanyte
loue / curteſye / and̄ verray gentylneſſe / wyth many wonder-
ful hyſtoryes and̄ aduentures / And̄ for to vnderſtonde bry-
efly the contente of thys volume / I haue deuyded it in to yij
bookes / and̄ euery book chapytred̄ as here after ſhal by god̄-
des grace ſobolde / The fyrſt book ſhal treate how Otherpen-
dragon gate the noble conquerour kynḡ Arthur and̄ contey-
neth xxbiij chappytres / The ſeconde book treateth of Balyn
the noble knyght and̄ conteyneth xix chapytres / The thyrde
book treateth of the maryage of kynḡ Arthur to quene gue-
neuer wyth other maters and̄ conteyneth fyftene chappytres /
The fourth book how Merlyn was aſſotted̄ / and̄ of warre
maad̄ to kynḡ Arthur / and̄ conteyneth xxix chappytres /
The fyfthe book treateth of the conqueſte of Lucius themperour
and̄ conteyneth xij chappytres / The ſyxthe book treateth of
Syr Launcelot and̄ ſyr Lyonel and̄ meruayllous aduentu-
res and̄ conteyneth xbiij chapytres / The ſeuenth book treateth
of a noble knyght called̄ ſyr Gareth and̄ named̄ by ſyr kaye
Beaumayns and̄ conteyneth xxxbj chapytres / The eyght
book treateth of the byrthe of Syr Tryſtram the noble knyght
and̄ of hys actes / and̄ conteyneth xlj chapytres /
The ix book treateth of a knyght named̄ by Syr kaye le cote
male tayle and̄ alſo of Syr Tryſtram and̄ conteyneth xliij

chapytres/ The y book treateth of syr Trystram & other mer & uayllous aduentures and̄ conteyneth lxxxviij chappytres / The vj book treateth of syr Launcelot and̄ syr Galahad̄ and̄ conteyneth viij chappytres/ The vij̄ book treateth of syr Launcelot and̄ his madnesse and̄ conteyneth viij̄ chappytres / The viij̄ book treateth how galahad̄ came fyrst to kyng Arthurs courte and̄ the queste how the sangreall was begonne and̄ conteyneth xx Chappytres / The viij̄ boook treateth of the queste of the sangreal & conteyneth x chappytres/ The ix̄ book treateth of syr launcelot & conteyneth ix chappytres/ The x̄ book treateth of Syr Bors & syr Lyonel his brother and̄ conteyneth x̄ij chappytres / The x̄ij̄ book treateth of the sangreal and̄ conteyneth xxiij̄ chappytres / The x̄iij̄ book treateth of Syr Launcelot and̄ the quene and̄ conteyneth xx̄ chappytres / The xiy book treateth of quene Guenever and̄ Launcelot and̄ conteyneth xij̄ chappytres / The xv book treateth of the pyetwus deth of Arthur and̄ conteyneth xvij̄ chappytres / The xvj book treateth of his last departyng / and̄ how syr Launcelot came to reuenge his dethe and̄ conteyneth xij̄ chappytres/ The somme is xvj bookes whyche conteyne the somme of v hondred & lij̄ chappytres/ as more playnly shal followe hereafter /

¶ The table or rubrysshe of the contente of chapytres shortly of the fyrst book of kynge Arthur /

Fyrst how Utherpendragon sente for the duke of cornewayle & Igrayne his wyf & of their departyng sodeynly ageyn a primo
How Utherpendragon made warre on the duke of cornewayle and how by the moyane of Merlyn he laye by the ducheſſe & gate Arthur Capitulo ij
Of the byrthe of kynge arthur and of his nouryture/ & of the deth of kynge Utherpendragon/ and how Arthur was chosen kyng and of wondres and meruayles of a ſwerde taken out of a stone by the sayd Arthur capitulo iij iiij & B
How kyng arthur pulled oute the ſwerde dyuers tymes Bj
How kyng arthur was crowned & how he made offycers Bij
How kyng Arthur held in wales at a pentecoſt a grete feeſt and what kynges and lordes came to his feſte Biij
Of the fyrſt warre that kynge Arthur had and how he wanne the felde Capitulo iy
How Merlyn counceyled kyng arthur to sende for kyng ban & kyng bors & of theyr counceyl taken for the warre y
Of a grete tornoye made by kynge arthur & the ij kynges ban and bors and how they went ouer the see Capitulo yj
How yj kynges gadred a grete hooſt ayenſt kyng Arthur yij
Of a dreme of the kynge wyth the hondred knyghtes yiij
How the yj kynges wyth theyr hooſt fought ayenſt arthur & his hooſt and many grete feates of the warre capitulo yiij
Yet of the same batayll Capitulo yB
Yet more of the said batayl & how it was ended by merlyn yBij
How Kyng Arthur kynge ban & kyng bors reſolued Kyng Leodegraunce and other Incydentes yBiij
How Kyng arthur rode to Garlyon and of his dreme/ & how he salue the queſtynge beeſt capitulo yij
How kynge Pellynore took arthurs hors & followed the queſt tyng beeſt and how Merlyn mette wyth Arthur yy
How Elfyns apeched quene Igrayne Arthurs moder of treaſon/ and how a knyght came and deſyred to haue the deth of hys mayſter reuengyd capitulo yyj
How gryflet was made knyght & Juſted with a knyzt yyij

How yͤ knyghtes came from Rome & ayede truage for thys
londe of arthur/and̄e how arthur faught with a Knyght xviiͤ
How Merlyn sauede Arthurs lyf & thrwe an enchauntement
vpon Kyng Pellynore and̄e made hym to slepe xviiiͤ
How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur hys
swerde of the lady of the lake Capitulo xvi
How tydynges cam to arthur that kyng ryons had ouercome
yͤ kynges & how he desyred arthus herde to purfyl his mantel
Capitulo xviiͤ How al the chyldren were sente fore that
were borne on̄e may day. & how Mordred was sauede xviiiͤ

The seconde booke

Of a damoysel whyche came gyrde with a swerde for to fynde
a man of suche vertue to drawe it oute of the scabard a primo
How balen arayed lyke a poure Knyght pulled out the swerde
whyche afterwardes was cause of his deth capitulo ii
How the lady of the lake demaunded the Knyghtes heedes that
had wonne the swerde/or the maydens hede iiͤ
How merlyn wolde thaduenture of this damoysel capitulo iiiͤ
How balyn was purseyvedes by syr Launcelot Knyght of Iwe-
londe /and̄e how he Justed and̄e slewe hym v
How a damoysel whiche was loue to Launcelot slewe hyr self
for loue/and̄e how balyn mette with his brother balan vi
How a dwarfe reproued Balyn for the deth of Launcelot /&
how Kyng Marke of Cornewayl founde them and̄e maade a
tombe ouer them capitulo viiͤ
How Merlyn prophecyed that two the best Knyghtes of the
worlde sholde fyght there / whyche were Syr Launcelot and̄e
syr Trystram Capitulo viiiͤ
How balyn and̄e his broder by the counceyl of Merlyn toke
Kyng ryons and̄e brought hym to Kyng Arthur ix
How Kyng arthur had̄e a bataylle ayenst Nero and̄e Kyng
lot of orkeney/and̄e how Kyng lot was deceyued̄e by merlyn
and̄e how yͤ Kynges were slayne capitulo x
Of the entyrement of yͤ Kynges/& of the prophecye of mer-
lyn /how balyn sholde gyue the dolorous stroke xi
How a sorouful knyzt cam tofore arthur & how balyn fet hym
& how that Knyght was slayn by a Knyght Inuysyble xiiͤ
How balyn & the damoysel mette with a Knyght whych was

in lyke wyse slayn/ & how the damoysel bledde for the custom of a castel Capitulo xiij
How balyn mette with that knyght named garlon at a feest & there he slewe hym to haue his blood/ to hele therwith the sone of his hoost Capitulo xiiij
How Balyn fought with kynge Ryence/ & how his swerde brake/ and how he gate a spere wherewith he smote the dolo-rous stroke capitulo xv
How balyn was delyuerd by Merlyn/ and sawd a knyght that Wold haue slayn hym self for loue capitulo xvj
How that knyght slewe his loue & a knyght lyeng by hyr/ & after how he slewe hym self with his owne swerde/ & how ba-lyn rode to ward a castel where he lost his lyf Capitulo xvij
How balyn mette with his brother balen & how eche of theym slewe other vnknowen tyl they were wounded to deth xviij
How merlyn buryed hem bothe in one tōbe/ & of balyns swerd capitulo xix ¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the thyrd book
How kyng arthur took a wyf and wedded gueneuer dough-ter to leodegran kynge of the londe of Camelerd with whome he had the rounde table Capitulo primo
How the knyghtes of the rounde table were ordeyned & theyr syeges blessyd by the bysshop of cauntorbury capitulo ij
How a poure man rydyng vpon a lene mare/ and desyred of kynge Arthur to make his sone knyght Capitulo iij
How syr Tor was knowen for sone of kyng Pellynore/ and how Galhayn was made knyght capitulo iiij
How atte feste of the Weddyng of kynge arthur to guenever a Whyte herte came in to the halle & thyrty couple houndes/ & how a brachet pynched the herte Whiche was taken alwaye v
How syr Gawayn rode for to fetche ageyn the herte/ & how ij brethern fought eche ageynst other for the herte Capitulo vj
How the herte was chaced in to a castel and there slayn/ and how Gawayn slewe a lady Capitulo vij
How iiij knyghtes faught ayenst sir gawayn & gaherys & how they were ouercom & her lyues saued atte requeste of iiij ladyes capitulo viij ¶ How syr Tor rode after the knyght with the brachet & of his aduenture by the waye capitulo ix
How syr Tor fonde the brachet with a lady/ & how a knyght

assayllede hym for the sayde bracher capitulo xl
How syr Tor ouercame the knyght/and how he loste ys hede
at the requeste of a lady capitulo xj
How kyng pellenore rode after the lady and the knyght that
lade her awaye /& how a lady desyrede helpe of hym and how
he faught with ij knyghtes for that lady of whome he slewe
that one at the fyrst stroke capitulo xij
How kyng Pellynore gate the lady & brought hyr to Came
lot to the courte of kyng arthur capitulo xiij
How on the waye he herde two knyghtes as he laye by nyght
in a laleye & of other aduentures capitulo xiiij
How whan he was comen to camelot he Was sworne vpon a
book to telle the trouthe of his queste capitulo xv

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the fourth book

How merlyn was assotted & dooted on one of the ladyes of
the lake /and how he was shytte in a roche vnder a stone and
there deyed capitulo primo
How .v. kynges came in to this londe to warre ayenst kyng Ar
thur/& what counceyl arthur had ayenst them capitulo ij
How kyng arthur had adoo with them & ouerthrewe them &
slewe the .v. kynges & made the remenaunte to flee iij
How the batayl Was fynysshed or he came /& how the kyng
founded an abbay where the batayl was capitulo iiij
How syr Tor was made knyght of the rounde table and how
lagademagus was displeased capitulo v
How kyng Arthur /kyng Vryens & Syr Accolon of gaule
chaced an hert & of theyr meruayllous aduenture vj
How Arthur took vpon hym to fyght to be delyuerd oute of
pryson/ & also for to delyuer twenty knyghtes that were in
pryson Capitulo vij
How accolon fonde hym self by a welle/& he toke vpon hym
to doo bataylle ayenst Arthur capitulo viij
Of the bataylle bytwene kyng Arthur & Accolon ix
How kyng arthurs swerde that he faught wyth brake/& how
he recouerd of accolon his owne swerde excalibur and ouer
came his enemye Capitulo x
How accolon confessyd the treason of Morgan le fay kyng
arthurs syster & how she wold haue doon slee hym xj

How Arthur accorded the two brethern/ and delyuerd the xx
knyghtes/ & how syr Accolons deyed capitulo xvi
How Morgan wold haue slayn syr Bryens hyr husbond / &
how syr Elwayn hir sone saued hym Capitulo xvii
How quene Morgan le fay made grete sorowe for the deth of
accolon / & how she stale away the scawbard fro arthur xviii
How Morgan le fay sued a knyght that shold haue be drow
ned/ & how kyng Arthur retorned home ageyn capitulo xix
How the damoysel of the lake sued Kynge Arthur from a
mantel which shold haue brente hym capitulo xxi
How syr Galwayn & syr Elwayn mette with vii fayr damoy
selles/ & how they compleyned on syr Marhaus ca xxii
How syr Marhalus Justed with syr Galwayn & syr Elwayn
and ouerthrewe them bothe capitulo xxiii and xxiv
How syr Marhaus syr Galwayn & syr Elwayn mette the da;
moyselles & eche of them toke one capitulo xxv
How a knyght & a dwarf stroof for a lady capitulo xxvi
How kyng Pelleas suffred hym self to be taken prysoner by
cause he wold haue a syght of his lady/ & how syr Galwayn
promysed hym for to gete to hym the loue of his lady xxvii
How syr Galwayn came to the lady Ettard and laye by hyr
& how syr Pelleas fonde them slepyng capitulo xxviii
How syr Pelleas loued nomore ettard by the moyan of the
damoysel of the lake whome he loued euer after ca xxix
How syr marhaus rode with the damoysel and how he came to
the duke of the south marchis Capitulo xxx
How syr Marhaus faught with the duke and his ij sones
and made them to yelde them capitulo xxxi
How syr Elwayn rode with the damoysel of ly yere of age/ &
how he gate the prys at tornoyeng capitulo xxxii
How syr Elwayn fauzt with vii knyghtes & ouercam hem xxxiii
How at the yewes ende alle thre knyghtes with theyr thre da;
moyselles metten at the fontayne capitulo xxxiv

¶ Of the fyfthe book the chapytres folowen

How vii aged Ambassyatours of rome came to kyng Arthur
to demaunde tauage for brytayne capitulo primo
How the kynges and lordes promysed to kyng Arthur ayde
and helpe ageynst the Romayns capitulo ii

Holv kyng Arthur held a parlement at yorke & holv he ordey
ned holv the royame shold be gouerned in his absence iij
Holv kyng Arthur beyng shyppedy & lyeng in his cabay hady
a meruaylous dreme/ & of the exposycion therof capitulo iiij
Holv a may of the contrye tolde to hym of a meruaylous ge
aunte / & holv he faught & conquerdy hym Capitulo v
Holv kyng Arthur sente syr gawayn & other to lucins/ & holv
they were assaylledy & escapedy vvyth vvorshyp Capitulo vj
Holv Lucius sente certeyn espyes in a busshement for to haue
takey hys knyghtes keyngy prysonners / andy holv they vvere
letted capitulo vij
Holv a senatour tolde to Lucius of their dyscomfyture/ & also
of the grete batayl betvvene Arthur & Lucius capitulo viij
Holv Arthur after he had achyeued the batayl ayenst the Ro
mayns entred in to almayn & so in to ytalye Capitulo ix
Of a batayll doon by Gauwayn ayenst a sarasyn/ vvhiche af
ter vvas yeldey & became crystey Capitulo x
Holv the Sarasyns came oute of a vvode for to resolve theyr
bestys / andy of a grete batayll Capitulo xj
Holv syr Gaulvayn retornedy to kyngy Arthur vvyth his pry
soners/ And holv the kyngy vvanne a Cyte / andy holv he vvas
crovvnedy emperour capitulo xij

Here folovveth the chappytres of the vj book

Holv syr Launcelot andy syr Lyonel departedy fro the courte
for to seek auentures/ andy holv syr Lyonel lefte hym slepyng
andy vvas takey Capitulo primo
Holv syr Ector folovvedy for to seek syr Launcelot/ & holv he
vvas takey by syr Turquyne Capitulo ij
Holv iiij quenes fonde Launcelot slepyng/ & holv by enchaun
tement he vvas takey & ledde in to a castel capitulo iij
Holv syr Launcelot vvas deliuerd by the meane of a damosel iiij
Holv a knyght founde syr Launcelot lyeng in his lemmans
bedde/ & holv syr Launcelot faught with the knyght ca v
Holv sir Launcelot vvas vvedded of kyng Bagdemagus dough
ter/ & he made his complaynte to hir fadre Capitulo vj
Holv syr Launcelot byhaued hym in a tournement/ & holv he
mette vvyth syr Turquyn kedyng syr Galeris capitulo vij
Holv syr Launcelot & sy Turquyn faught to gyders ca viij

How ſyr Turquyn was ſlayn/ & how ſyr Launcelot had ſyr
gaheris delyuer al the pryſoners capitulo ix
How ſyr Launcelot rode with the damoyſel & ſlewe a knyght
that diſtreſſid al ladyes/ & alſo a Vylayn þ kept a bridge x
How ſyr launcelot ſlewe ij geauntes & made a caſtel free xi
How ſyr Launcelot rode dyſguyſed in Syr kayes harnoys/ &
how he ſmote doun a knyght Capitulo xij
How ſyr Launcelot Juſted ayenſt four knyghtes of the rounde
table and ouerthrewe theym capitulo xiij
How ſyr Launcelot folowed a bracket in to a caſtel where he
fonde a dede knyght & how he after was requyred of a damoy
ſel to hele hir brother capitulo xiiij
How ſir Launcelot cam in to the chapel perylous & gate there
of a dede corps a pyece of the cloth & a ſwerde capitulo xv
How ſyr Launcelot at the requeſt of a lady recouerd a falcon
ly which he was dereyued capitulo xvj
How ſyr Launcelot ouerwoke a knyght which chaſed hys wyf
to haue ſleyn hyr/& how he sayd to hym capitulo xvij
How ſyr Launcelot came to kyng arthurs court/ & how there
were recounted al his noble feates & actes capitulo xviij

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the ſeuenth booke

How beaumayns came to kyng arthurs courte & demaunded
the petycyons of kyng Arthur Capitulo primo
How ſyr Launcelot & ſyr Gawayn were wroth by cauſe ſyr
kaye mocqued beaumayns /& of a damoyſel whyche deſyred
a knyght to fyght for a lady Capitulo ij
How beawmayns deſyred the batayl/& how it was graunted
to hym/& how he deſyred to be made knyght of ſir Launcelot iij
How beaumayns departed & how he gate of ſyr kaye a ſpere
and a ſhelde / and how he Juſted and faughte with Syr
Launcelot Capitulo iiij
How beaumayns told to ſyr Launcelot his name/ and how he
Was dubbed knyght of Syr Launcelot / and after ouerwoke
the damoyſel Capitulo v
How beaumayns fought & ſlewe ij knyghtes at a paſſage vj
How beaumayns faught with the knyght of the blacke laun
des/& faught With hym tyl he fyl doun & dyed capitulo vij
How the brother of the knyght that was ſlayn mette with

Beaumayns/& fauzt with beaumayns tyl he was yelden Biij
How the damoysel euer rebuked beaumayns/& wold not suf
fre hym to syt at hir table/but calkyd hym kychyn boye iij
How the iij brother calkyd the rede knyght Justed & faught
ayenst beaumayns/& how beaumayns ouercame hym ca v
How syr beaumayns suffred gret rebukes of the damoysel/ &
he suffred it pacyently capitulo vj
How beaumayns faught with Syr Persaunt of ynde /and
made hym to be yelden capitulo vij
Of the godelye comynycacyon bytwene syr Persaunt & beau
mayns/& how he wolde hym that his name was syr gareth viij
How the lady that was bysyged had worde fro hyr syster
how she had brought a knyght to fyght for hyr / and what
batayles he had achyeued Capitulo viij
How the damoysel & beaumayns came to the syege /& came to
a Sycamor tree/& there beaumayns blewe an horne/& thenne
the knyzt of the rede laundes cam to fyght with hym ca ix
How the two knyghtes mette to gyders and of their talkyng
and how they began theyr batayl Capitulo ix
How after longe fyghtyng beaumayns ouercame the knyght
& wold haue slayn hym/but atte requeste of the lordes he sa
ued his lyf & made hym to yelde hym to the lady cap? xj
How the knyzt yelded hym / & how beaumayns made hym to
goo vnto kyng arthurs court & to crye sir lancelot mercy xij
How Beaumayns came to the lady . & when he came to the
castel/ the yates were closed ageynst hym /& of the wordes that
the lady sayd to hym Capitulo xij
How syr beaumayns wode after to resolue his dwarfe /and
came in to the castel where he was capitulo xij
How syr gareth otherwyse calkyd beaumayns cam to ꝑ presence
of his lady/& how they toke acqueyntance/& of their loue xv
How at nyght cam an armed knyght & faught with sir gareth
& he sore hurt in the thyghe smote of the knyghtes hed cap xvj
How the sayd knyght came ageyn the next nyght & was he
hedd ageyn/& how at the feste of pentecost al the knyztes that
syr gareth had ouercome cam & yelded hem to kyng arthur xvij
How kyng Arthur pardoned them /and demaunded of them
where syr Gareth was Capitulo xviij

How the quene of Orkeney came to this feste of pentecoste / &
sir gawayn & his brethern cam to aske hir blessyng wyth wyth
How kyng Arthur sente for the lady Lyonas / & how she lete
crye a tournoye at hir castel / where as came many knyghtes
Capitulo xxbij
How kynge Arthur went to the tornoyment with his knyghtes / and how the lady rewarded hym worshypfully / & how the knyghtes encountred Capitulo xxbiij
How the knyghtes kept them in the kataylle capitulo xxix
Yet of the sayd tornoyment capitulo xxx
How syr Gareth was espyed by the heraudes / and how he escaped oute of the felde capitulo xxxj
How syr Gareth came to a castel where he was wel lodged & he justed with a knyght & slewe hym Capitulo xxxij
How syr Gareth fought wyth a knyght that held within his castel xxx ladyes & how he slewe hym capitulo xxxiij
How syr galayn & syr Gareth fought eche ayenst other / and how they knewe eche other by the damoysel Lynet ca xxxiiij
How syr Gareth knowleched that they loued eche other to kyng Arthur / & of thappoyntement of their weddyng xxxb
Of the grete ryalte & what offycers were made at the feste of the weddyng & of the justes at the feest Capitulo xxxbj

¶ Here folowyn the chappytres of the eyght book

How syr Tzystram de Lyones was borne and how his moder deyed at his byrthe / wherfore she named hym Tristram primo
How the stepmoder of syr Trystram had ordeyned poyson for to haue poysened syr Trystram Capitulo ij
How Syr Trystram was sente in to Fraunce and had one to gouerne hym named Gouernayle / and how he lerned to harpe / halbke and hunte capitulo iij
How syr Marhaus came out of Irelonde for to aske trelwage of Cornewayle or elles he wold fyght therfore capitulo iiij
How Trystram enterprysed the kataylle to fyght for the trelwage of Cornwayl / & how he was made knyght Capitulo v
How Syr Tzystram arryued in to the Iles for to furnysshe the kataylle wyth syr Marhaus Capitulo vj
how syr Tristram faught ayenst Syr Marhaus & atchyeued his kataylle / & how syr Marhaus fledde to his shyppe ca vij

How Syr Marhaus after that he was arryued in Irelonde dyed of the stroke that syr Trystram had gyuen to hym/ and how Trystram was hurte capitulo Biij
How syr Trystram was put to the kepyng of la bele ysoude fyrst for to be helyd of hys wounde Capitulo ix
How syr Trystram wanne the degree at a turnoyment in Irelonde/& there made paxomydes to bere no harnoys in a yere x
How the quene espyed that syr Tristram had slayn hir broder syr Marhaus by his swerde & in what Jeopardye he was xj
How Syr Trystram departed fro the kyng & la beke Isoude out of Irelonde for to come in to cornewayl capitulo xij
How syr Trystram and Kyng Marke hurted eche other for the lone of a knyghtes wyf capitulo xiij
How syr Trystram laye with the lady.and how her husbond faught with syr Trystram Capitulo xiiij
How syr bleoberis demaunded the fayrest lady in kyng markes court whom he toke awaye & how he was fouzten with xv
How syr Trystram faught Wyth two knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xvj
How Syr tristram faught with syr bleoberis for a lady/and how the lady was put to choyse to whome she wold goo xvij
How the lady forsoke syr tristram & abode with Syr bleoberis and how she desyred to goo to hyr husbond ca xviij
How kyng mark sent syr trystram for la bele Isoude towardes Irelond & how by fortune he arryued in to englond xix
How kyng Anguysshe of Irelonde Was somoned to come to Kyng Arthurs courte for treason Capitulo xx
How syr Trystram wesolued a chylde fro a knyght/and how gouernayle tolde hym of Kyng Anguysshe ca xxj
How syr trystram faught for syr anguysshe & ouercame hys aduersarye & how his aduersarye wold neuer yelde hym xxij
How syr Glamor desyred trystram to slee hym/& how syr tristram spared hym & how they took appoyntement xxiij
How syr tristram demaunded la bele Isoude for kynge marke/& how syr trystram & Isoude dronken the loue drynke xxiiij
How syr Tristram & Isoude were in prysone/& how he faughte for hir beaute/& smote of another ladyes hede capitulo xxv
How syr Trystram faught Wyth syr Breunor/ and atte laste

ſmoke of his kde Capitulo xxxj
How ſyr galahad fought wyth ſyr Triſtram/& how ſyr triſ
tram yelded hym & promyſed to felauſhyp With launcelot xxxij
How ſyr Launcelot mette with ſyr Carados keryng albaye ſir
galwayn/& of the reſolus of ſyr Galwayn Capitulo xxxiij
Of the wedyngꝫ of kyngꝫ Marke to la bele Iſoude / andꝫ of
Brangwayn hyr mayde andꝫ of Palamydes xxxiv
How Palamydes demaundeꝫ quene Iſoude/& how lambegus
rode after to reſolue hyr /andꝫ of theſcape of Iſoude xxxv
How ſyr Tryſtram rode after Palamydes andꝫ how he fonde
hym andꝫ fought wyth hym /andꝫ by the moyne of Iſoude the
batayl ſeaſeꝫ Capitulo xxxvj
How ſyr Tryſtram brought quene Iſoude home/andꝫ of the de
bate of kyngꝫ Marke andꝫ Syr Tryſtram capitulo xxxvij
How ſyr Lamerok Juſtedꝫ with xxx knyghtes /& ſyr Triſ-
tram atte requeſte of kyng mark ſmote his hors doun xxxviij
How ſyr Lamerok ſente an hozne to kyngꝫ Marke in deſpyte
of ſyr Tryſtram / Andꝫ how ſyr Tryſtram was dryuen in to
a chapel capitulo xxxviij
How Syr triſtram was holpen by his men/& of quene Iſoude
which was put in a lazarcote/& how triſtrā was hurt xxxix
How ſyr Tryſtram ſeruedꝫ in warre the kyng howel of bry-
tayn andꝫ ſlewe hys aduerſarye in the felde xxxij
How ſyr Suppynabyles wolde ſyr Tryſtram how he was deffa
medꝫ in the courte of kyngꝫ Arthur /& of ſyr lamerok xxxiij
How ſyr Tryſtram andꝫ his wyf arryuedꝫ in wales andꝫ how
he mette there wyth ſyr Lamerok Capitulo xxxiij
How ſyr Tryſtram fought Wyth Syr Nabon /andꝫ ouercame
hym/andꝫ made ſyr Lamerok lordꝫ of the yle xxxiv
How ſyr Lamerok departedꝫ fro ſyr Tryſtram/ & how he mette
wyth ſyr frolle andꝫ after wyth ſyr Launcelot capitulo xxxv
How ſyr Lamerok ſlewe ſyr frolle /andꝫ of the curtoyſe fyght
tyng Wyth ſyr bellyaunce hys brother Capitulo xxxvj

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the ix book

How a yonge man came in to the courte of kyng arthur/and
how ſyr Kaye calledꝫ hym in ſcorne la cote male tayle primo
How a damoyſel came in to the courte & deſyred a knyght to
take on hym an enqueſt which la cote male tayle empriſed ij

How le cote male tayle ouerthrelue syr Dagonet the Kynges fole/ andy of the rebuke that he shdy of the damoysel ca iij
How le cote male tayle fought ayenst an hondred knyghtes/ & how he escapedy by the meane of a lady Capitulo iiij
How syr Launcelot cam to the courte and herde of la cote male tayle/ andy how he folowedy after hym /andy how la cote male tayle was preysoner Capitulo v
How syr Launcelot faught wyth vj knyghtes / & after wyth syr bryan/ andy how he delyuerdy the prysonners vj
How syr Launcelot mette wyth the damoysel namedy maledy saunt/andy namedy hyr the damoysel bien pensaunt vij
How le cote male tayle Was taken prysoner/ & after resolvedy by syr launcelot/ & how syr launcelot ourcam iiij brethern viij
How Syr Launcelot maady le cote mayle lordy of the castel of Pendragon & after was made knyght of the rounde table ix
How la bele Isoude sente letters to syr Trystram by hir mayde brangwayn andy of dyuers auentures of syr Trystram x
How syr Tristram mette with syr lamerok de gales/andy how they faught & after accorded neuer to fyght to gyders xj
How syr palomydes folowed the questyng beest & smote doun syr Trystram andy syr Lamerock Wyth one spere Capitulo xij
How syr lamerok mette wyth syr Meleagaunce/ & faught to gydre for the beaulte of dame Gueneuer capitulo xiiij
How Syr Kaye mette wyth Syr Trystram/andy after of the shame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayl /andy how they Justedy capitulo xv
How Kyng Arthur was brought in to the forest perylous/ & how syr Trystram sauedy his lyf capitulo xvj
How syr Trystram came to la bele Isoude/ & how kehydyous began to loue bele Isoude & of a letter that tristram sonde xvij
How syr Tristram departed fro tyntagyl & how he sorowedy & was so longe in a forest tyl he was out of his mynde xviij
How syr Trystram solysedy dagonet in a welle/ & how Palamydes sente a damoysel to seche Trystram/and how palamydes mette wyth Kyng Marke capitulo xix
How it was noysedy how syr Trystram was dede andy how la bele Isoude wolde haue slayn hyr self capitulo xx
How kyng Marke sonde syr Trystram nakedy andy made hym vj

to be borne home to tyntagyl and how he was there knowen by
a brachet capitulo xxj
How kynge Marke by thauys of his counceyl kannyshedy
syr Trystram ouce of Cornewayl the terme of .y. yere xxij
How a damoysel souzght helpe to helpe sir laũcelot ayenst xxx
knyghtes /& how syr trystram faught With them ca xxiij
How syr Trystram & syr Launcelot came to a lodgynge Where
they must juste wyth two knyghtes capitulo xxiij
How syr Trystram justedy wyth syr Kaye and syr Sagramor
le desyrous/andy how syr Galwayn wrnedy Syr Trystram fro
Morgan le fay Capitulo xxv
How syr Trystram andy syr Gawayn rode to hiue foughten
ayenst the xxx knyghtes/but they durst not come oute xxvj
How damoysel Brangwayn fonde trystram slepyng by a welle
& how she delyuerdy lettres to hym fro kele Isoude ca xxvij
How syr Trystram hady a falle of syr Palomydes /andy how
Launcelot ouerthrewe two knyghtes capitulo xxviij
How syr Launcelot justedy with Palomydes andy ouerthrewe
hym/ & after he was assaylledy with .vij. knyghtes xxix
How syr Trystram bysauedy hym the fyrst day of the tourne-
ment/andy there he hady the prys Capitulo xxx
How syr Trystram retournedy ayenst kyng arthurs partye by
cause he salue syr Palomydes on that partye capitulo xxxj
How Syr Trystram fonde Palomydes by a welle/& brought
hym wyth hym to his lodgynge Capitulo xxxij
How syr Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes /andy how he
justedy Wyth kynge Arthur andy other feates xxxiij
How syr Launcelot hurte syr Trystram /andy how after syr
Trystram smote doun syr Palomydes capitulo xxxiiij
How the prys of the thyrdy day was gyuen to Syr Launcelot
andy syr Launcelot gaf it to syr Trystram ca xxxv
How Palomydes came to the castel Where syr Trystram was
And of the queste that syr Launcelot & .y. knyghtes made for
syr Trystram Capitulo xxxvj
How syr Trystram/ syr Palomydes/andy Syr dynadan were
taken andy put in prysony Capitulo xxxvij
How kyng marke was sory for the goody renommee of syr
Tristram/somme of arthurs knyghtes justed wyth knyghtes

of Cornelbayl Capitulo xxxviij
Of the treason of kynge Marke / and how syr Galeris smote hym doun/and Andred his cosyn capitulo xxxix
How after that syr Trystram /syr Palomydes/and syr Dynadan had be longe in prysone they were delyuerd ca xl
How syr Dynadan rescolued a lady fro syr breuse sauns pyte e how syr Trystram receyued a shelde of Morgan le fay xlj
How syr Trystram took with hym the shelde / and also how he slewe the paramour of Morgan le fay capitulo xlij
How Morgan le fay buryed hyr paramour/and how syr tristram preysed syr Launcelot and hys kynne ca xliij
How syr Trystram at a torneyment bare the shelde that Morgan le fay delyuerd to hym capitulo xliiij
Here folowen the chapytres of the tenth book
How syr Trystram Justed and smote doun Kynge Arthur /by cause he tolde hym not the cause why he bare that shelde ca j
How syr Trystram saued syr Palomydes lyf/e how they promysed to fyght to gyder ayther within fourtenyght capitulo ij
How syr Trystram sought a stronge knyght that had smyten hym doun e many other knyghtes of the rounde table iij
How syr Trystram smote doun syr Sagramor le desyrous /e syr Dodynas le sauage capitulo iiij
How syr Trystram mette at the perron Wyth syr Launcelot /e how they faught to gyder Vnknowen Capitulo v
How syr Launcelot brought syr Trystram to the courte/ and of the Joye that the kynge and other made for the comynge of syr Trystram Capitulo vj
How for despyte of syr Trystram kynge Marke came with ij knyghtes in to englond .and how he slewe one of the knyghtes Capitulo vij
How the kynge came to a fontayne Where he fonde syr Lamerock complaynynge for the loue of Kynge lots Wyf viij
How kynge marke/syr Lamerok/and syr dynadan came to a castel/ and how Kynge Marke was knowen there capitulo ix
How syr Berluses mette with Kynge marke/and how Syr dynadan toke his partye ca x How kyng marke mocked syr dynadan/e how they mette with vj knyghtes of the rounde table xj How the vj knyghtes sente sir dagonet to Juste with

kyng marke & how kynge marke refused hym ca vij
How syr Palamydes by aduenture mette kyng Marke fleyng
& how he ouerthrewe dagonet/ and other knyghtes viij
How kyng marke & syr Dynadan herde syr palomydes ma-
kynge grete sorowe & mornyng for la bele Isoude viiij
How the kyng had slayn syr amant wrongfully tofore kyng
arthur / & syr launcelot fette kynge marke to kyng arthur x
How syr dynadan tolde syr palamydes of the batayl bet wene
Syr Launcelot and syr Trystram Capitulo xj
How syr Lamerok justed with dyuers knyghtes of the cas-
tel/ wherin Was Morgan le fay capitulo xij
How syr Palamydes wold haue justed for syr Lamerock
Wyth the knyghtes of the castel Capitulo xiij
How syr Lamerock justed with syr Palomydes and hurte
hym greuously capitulo xiy
How it was tolde syr Launcelot that Dagonet chaced kyng
marke/ & how a knyght ouerthrewe hym & vj knyghtes xv
How Kyng Arthur lete do crye a Justes/ & how syr Lamo-
rak came in and ouerthrewe syr Galbayn & many other xvj
How Kyng arthur made Kynge marke to be accorded with syr
Trystram & how they departed toward Cornelbayll xvij
How syr Percyuale was made knyght of kyng arthur/ and
how a dombe mayde spack & brought hym to the roũde table xviij
How syr Lamerock laye with kyng lots wyf/ and how syr
Galeris slewe hir whiche was his owne moder ca xviij
How syr agrauayn & syr Mordred mette with a knyght fle-
yng/ and how they bothe were ouerthrowen and of Syr Dyna
dan Capitulo xx
How Kyng Arthur / the quene & Launcelot wrayned letters
oute of Cornelbayle/ & of the answer ageyn ca xxj
How Syr Launcelot was wrothe with the letter that he re-
cayued from kyng Marke/ and of Dynadan whiche made a
laye of kyng Marke capitulo xxij
How Syr Trystram was hurte / and of a warre maad to
Kynge Marke/ And of Syr Trystram how he promysed to
reconne hym Capitulo xxiij
How syr Trystram oueraame the batayl/ & how Elyas desy-
red a man to fyght body for body capitulo xxiy

How syr Elyas & syr Trystram faught to gyder for the tua /
age/ & how syr trystram slewe Elyas in the felde xxx
How at a grete feste that kyng Marke made/ an harper came
and sange the lay that dynadan had made capitulo xxxj
How kyng Marke slewe by treason his brother bolwdyn for
goody seruyce that he had done to hym Capitulo xxxij
How anglydes boudyns wyf escaped with hir yonge sone ali
saundr le orphelyn & came to the castel of arondel xxxiij
How anglydes gaf the blody doblet to alysaunder hir sone the
same day that he was made knyzt & the charge withal xxxiij
How it was tolde to kyng marke of Alysaunder. and how he
wolde haue slayn syr Sadok for sauyng of his lyf xxxv
How syr Alysaunder wanne the pryce at a tournoyment and
of Morgan le fay/ And how he faught wyth Syr Maulgryn
and slewe hym capitulo xxxvj
How quene Morgan le fay had alysaundr in hyr castel / and
how she helyd his wounds capitulo xxxvij
How Alysaunder was delyuerd fro the quene Morgan le
fay by the moyane of a damoysel capitulo xxxviij
How alysaundr mette with alys la beale pylgrym/ and how
he justed with two knyghts / And after of hym and of
Syr Mordred capitulo xxxix
How sir galahalt dyd do crye a justes in surluse/ & quene gue
neuers knyzts shold juste ayenst all that wold come xl
How syr Launcelot fought in the tournoyment / & how syr pa/
lomydes dyd armes there for a damoysell Ca xlj
How syr Galahault & syr Palomydes faught to gyder/ and
of syr dynadan and syr Galahault Capitulo xlij
How syr archade appeled syr Palamydes of treason / & how
syr palamydes slewe hym Capitulo xliij
Of the thyrd day & how syr Palomydes justed with syr La
merok and other thynges capitulo xliiij
Of the iij day & of many grete feates of armes ca xlv
Of the v day & how syr Lamerok behaued hym ca xlvj
How palamydes fought with Corsabryn for a lady / & how
Palamydes slewe corsabryn xlvij
Of the vj day & what Was thenne doon ca xlviij
Of the vij batayll/ and how Syr Launcelot kyng desguysed
viij

lyke a mayde ſmote doun ſyr dynadan capitulo xliv
How by treſon ſyr Triſtram was brought to a turnoyment for
to haue be ſlayn / and how he was put in pryſon xl
How kyng Marke lete do counterfete letters from the pope
& holp ſyr percyual delyuerd ſyr Triſtram oute of pryſon xlj
Holp ſyr Tryſtram & labele Iſoude came in to englond / & holp
ſyr Launcelot brought them to Joyous garde capitulo xlij
Holp by the counceyl of bele yſoude Tryſtram rode armed and
how he mette wyth ſyr Palomydes capitulo xliij
Of ſyr Palomydes and how he mette Wyth ſyr Bleoberys &
wyth ſyr Ector and of ſyr Percyuale Capitulo xliiij
Holp ſyr Tryſtram mette wyth ſyr dynadan & of their deuyſ
ses & what he sayd to ſyr Gawayns brethern xlv
Holp ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doun ſyr agrauayn & ſyr gaheris &
holp ſyr Dynadan was sente fore by la bele Iſoude xlvj
Holp ſyr Dynadan mette wyth ſyr Tryſtram / & wyth Juſtyng
wyth ſyr Palamydes ſyr Dynadan knelde hym xlvij
How they approched the caſtel Lonazep and of other deuyſes
of the deth of ſyr Lamerok Capitulo xlviij
Holp they came to humberlanke / & how they fonde a ſhyppe
there wherin laye the body of kyng Hermaunce xlix
Holp ſyr Tryſtram wyth his felawſhyp came and were with
an hooſt whyche after faught wyth Syr Tryſtram and other
maters capitulo l
Holp Palamydes wente for to fyght wyth two brethern for
the deth of kyng Hermaunce Capitulo li
The copye of the letter wryten for to reuenge the kynges deth
and holp ſyr palamydes faught for to haue the batayll lij
Of the preparacyon of ſyr Palamydes & the ij brethern that
ſholde fyght wyth hym Capitulo liij
Of the batayl betwene ſyr Palamydes & the two brethern and
holp the two brethern were ſlayn capitulo liiij
Holp ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Palamydes mette Bruce ſauns
pyte and holp Syr Triſtram and la beale yſoude wente Vnto
Lonazep Capitulo lv
Holp ſyr Palamydes juſted wyth ſyr Galyhodyn / & after
wyth ſyr Galhayn & ſmote them doun lvj
Holp ſyr Tryſtram & his felauſhyp cam Vnto the tournement

of lonezep andy of dyuers Juſtes andy maters capitulo lxBñ
Holw ſyr Tryſtram andy hys ſclauſhyp Juſtedy & of the noble
feates that they dydy in that wurnoyengy lxBiñ
Holw ſyr Tryſtram was Bnhorſedy & ſmytey doun by ſyr laun
celot/& after that ſyr Triſtram ſmote doun kyng arthur lxix
Holw ſyr Tryſtram chauugedy his harnoys & it was al wedy
andy holw he demenydy hym andy holw Syr Palamydes ſleWe
Launcelottes hors Capitulo lxx
Holw ſyr Launcelot saydy to ſyr Palamydes/ & holw the prys
of that day was gyuey to ſyr Palamydes lxxj
Holw ſyr dynadan prouokedy ſyr Tryſtram to do Wel lxxñ
Holw kyngy Arthur & ſyr Launcelot came to ſee la bele yſoude
& holw Palamydes ſmote doun kyngy arthur Capitulo lxxiiñ
Holw the ſecondy day Palamydes forſoke ſyr Tryſtram / andy
Wente to the contrarye partye ayenſt hym capitulo lxxiiiñ
Holw ſyr Tryſtram departedy out of the felde/& alwakedy Sir
Dynadan andy chaungedy his araye in to blacke ca lxxB
Holw ſyr Palamydes chaungedy his ſhelde & armour for to
hurte ſir triſtram/& holw ſyr launcelot dyd to ſir triſtram lxxBj
Holw ſyr Tryſtram departedy wyth la bele Jſoude /& holw Pa;
lomydes folowedy andy eyauſedy hym capitulo lxxBñ
Holw kyng arthur andy ſyr Launcelot came in to theyr pauc ly
ons as they ſatte at ſouper/andy of Palomydes lxxBiñ
Holw ſyr Tryſtram andy ſyr Palamydes dydy the nexte day
andy holw kyngy Arthur Was Bnhorſedy capitulo lxxiy
Holw ſyr Tryſtram tornedy to kynge Arthurs ſyde/andy holw
Syr Palomydes Wolde not capitulo lxxy
Holw ſyr bleoberis & ſyr Ector reporttedy to quene Gueneuer
of the beaute of la bele Jſoude capitulo lxxyj
Holw Palomydes complaynedy by a Welle /& holw Eppynogris
came andy fonde hym;andy of theyr bothe ſorowes lxxyñ
Holw ſyr palomydes brouzt to ſyr eppynogris his lady/ & holw
ſir palomydes & ſyr safer Were aſſayled ca lxxyiñ & lxxyiiiñ
Holw ſyr Tryſtram made hym redy to reſolve Syr Palomydes
but ſyr Launcelot reſolwedy hym or he came capitulo lxxyB
Holw ſyr Tryſtram andy ſyr Launcelot wyth palomydes came to
Joyous garde/ of Palomydes andy ſyr Tryſtram ca lxxyBj
Holw there Was a day ſette bytWene ſyr Tryſtram andy Syr

palomydes for to fyght/ & how sir tryssram was hurte lxxxviij
How syr palomydes kepte his day for to haue foughten /but
syr Trystram myght not come/ & other thynges ca lxxxviij
¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xj book
How Syr Launcelot rode on his aduentur/ & how he helpe a
dolorous lady fro hyr payne / and how that he faught wyth a
dragon capitulo primo
How syr Launcelot came to Chelles /and of the sangreal/and
how he legate galahad on Elayn kyng pelles douzter ij
How Syr Launcelot was dyspleasyd when he knelve that he
had layen by Elayn/ & how she was delyuerd of galahad iij
How syr lors came to dame Elayn & salve galahad /& how
he Was fedde Wyth the sangreal capitulo iiij
How syr lors made syr pedyuer to yelde hym /& of merualy-
lous aduentures that he had & how he achyeued them ca v
How syr lors departed/& how syr Launcelot was rebuked of
the quene Guenever / and of his excuse capitulo vj
How dame Elayn galahads moder came in grete estate to ca-
melot /and how Launcelot byhaued hym there Capitulo vij
How dame bryseu by enchauntement brought syr Launcelote
to Elayns lede /& how quene gueneuer rebuked hym viij
How dame Elayn was commaunded by quene Gueneuer to
voyde the courte /& how syr Launcelot beam madde ix
What sorowe quene gueneuer made for Syr Launcelot/& how
he was sought by knyghtes of his kynne Capitulo x
How a seruaunte of syr Aglouales was slayn /& what ben-
geaunce syr aglouale & syr percyuale dyd therfore xj
How syr percyuale departed secretely fro his brother /& how
he losed a knyght bounden with a chayne & other thynges xij
How syr Percyuale mette wyth sir Ector/& how they faught
longe and eche had almoost slayne other capitulo xiij
How by myracle they were bothe made hole by the comyng of
the holy vessel of Sangreal Capitulo xiiij
¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xij book
How syr Launcelot in hys madnes took a sworde & faughte
With a knyght and after lepte in to a rede capitulo primo
How syr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lytter /& after syr
Launcelot resolued syr bleyaunte his hoost Capitulo ij

How syr Launcelot faught ayenste a bore & slewe hym/ & how he was hurte/ & brought to an hermytage capitulo iij
How syr Launcelot was knowen by dame Elayn / and was borne in to a chambre & after helyd by the sangreal iiij
How syr Launcelot after that he Was hole & had his mynde he was ashamed / and how that Elayn desyred a castel for hym capitulo v
How syr Launcelot came in to the Joyous yle/ & there he named hym self le chyualer malfet capitulo vj
Of a grete tournoyenge in the Joyous yle /and how syr Percyuale and Syr Ector came thyder and syr Perceyuale fought wyth hym capitulo vij
How eche of them knelwe other/ & of their curtoysye/ & how his brother Ector came to hym /and of theyr Joye viij
How syr bors & syr Eyonel came to kyng Brandegore/ & how syr bors toke his sone helyne le blank & of sir launcelot ix
How syr Launcelot Wyth syr Percyuale & syr ector came to the courte/ and of the grete Joye of hym capitulo x
How la bele yseude counceylled syr Trystram to goo vnto the courte to the grete feste of Pentecoste capitulo xj
How syr Trystram departed vnarmed and mette With syr Palomydes/ and how they smote eche other/ and how Palomydes forbare hym capitulo xij
How Syr Trystram gaue hym harnoys of a knyght wbyche was hurte & how he ouerthrewe syr Palomoydes xiij
How syr Trystram and syr Palamydes fought longe to gyders /and after accorded / and syr Trystram maad hym to be crystened Capitulo xiiij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the xiij book

How at the Bygyle of the feste of Pentecoste entred in to the halle before Kyng Arthur a damoysel/ and desyred syr launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght / and how he Went wyth hyr Capitulo primo
How the letters were founde wryton in the syege perylous & of the meruayllous aduenture of the swerde in a stone ij
How syr Galvayn assayed to drawe oute the swerde / & how

an olde man brought in galahad capitulo iij
How the olde man brought Galahad to the syege perylous &
sette hym therin / & how al the knyghtes merueylled iiij
How kyng Arthur shelued the stone houyng on the water
to Galahad and how he dreue oute the sworde v
How kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes to gyder for to juste
in the medowe besyde wynchester or they departed vj
How the quene desyred to see Galahad / & after al the knyght
tes were replenysshed with the holy sangreal / & how all they
auolued the enqueste of the same capitulo vij
How grete sorowe was made of the kyng and ladyes for the
departyng of the knyghtes / & how they departed viij
How Galahad gaue hym a shelde / and how they spedde that
presumed to take doun the sayd shelde capitulo ix
How Galahad departed with the shelde / and how kyng ene
lake had reserued thys shelde of Joseph of armathye x
How Joseph made a crosse on the wyte shelde with his blode
& how galahad was by a monke brought to a tombe xj
Of the meruayle that syr Galahad salde & here in the tombe
and how he made melyas knyght Capitulo xij
Of thaduenture that Melyas had / & how Galahad reuenged
hym / and how melyas was maryed in to an abbey xiij
How Galahad departed / & how he was commaunded to goo
to the castel of maydens to destroye the wycked custome xiiij
How syr Galahad faught with the knyghtes of the castel &
destroyed the wycked custome capitulo xv
How syr Gawayn came to thabbey for to folowe Galahad / &
how he was shryuen to an heremyte Capitulo xvj
How syr Galahad mette with syr Launcelot & with syr Per
cyuale / and smote hem doun and departed fro them xvij
How syr Launcelot halfe slepyng and halfe wakyng salde
a seek man borne in a lytter / and how he was heled by the
sangreal capitulo xviij
How a boys spake to syr Launcelot / & how he fonde his hors
& his helme borne alwaye / & after wente a foote xix
How syr Launcelot was shryuen & what sorowe he made / & of
goody ensaumples Whycke were shewed to hym ca xx

Here folowen the chapytres of the viij book

How syr Percyuale came to a recluse and ask hyr coun-
cyl/ & how she told hym that she was hys aunte ca primo
How Merlyn lykened the round table to the world/and
how the knyghtes that shold achyeue the sangreal shold be
knowen Capitulo ij
How syr Percyuale came in to a monastery where he fonde
kyng Enelake Whyche was an olde man capitulo iij
How syr Percyuale salue many men of armes kepyng a dede
knyght and how he faught ageynst them capitulo iiij
How a yeman desyred hym to gete ageyn an hors / and how
Syr Percyualles hakenay was slayn /and how he gaue an
hors capitulo v
Of the grete daunger that syr Percyual was in by hys hors
and how he salue a serpent and a Lyon fyght vj
Of the aduysyon that syr percyual salue /and how hys aduy-
syon was expowned /and of hys Lyon capitulo vij
How syr Percyuale salue a shyppe comyng to hym warde / &
how the lady of the shyppe told hym of hir disheryttaunce viij
How syr Percyual promysed hir helpe & how he requyred hir
of loue /and how he was saued fro the fende ca ix
How Syr Percyual for penaunce woof hym self thorugh the
thyghe /and how she was knowen for the deuyl x

Here followth the vj book whyche is of syr Launcelot

How Syr Launcelot came in to a chapel /where he fonde dede
in a whyte sherte a man of relygyon /of on hondred wyntrz
olde capitulo primo
Of a dede man how men wolde haue holpen hym/and it wolde
not be/ & how syr Launcelot toke the hayr of the dede man ij
Of an aduysyon that syr Launcelot had/ and how he tolde it
to an heremyte/and desyred counceyll of hym capitulo iij
How the heremyte expowned to syr Launcelot his aduysyon
& tolde hym that syr Galahad was hys sone capitulo iiij
How syr Launcelot Justed with many knyghtes / & he was
taken Capitulo v
How syr Launcelot tolde hys aduysyon to a Woman / & how
she expowned it to hym capitulo vj

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the vij book

Holw syr Galvayn was nyghe wery of the queste of sangreal
& of his meruayllous dreme capitulo primo
Of the aduyssyon of syr Ector / and how he Justed with syr
Elvayn le auoultres hys sworne brother ca ij
Holw syr Galvayn & syr Ector cam to an hermytage to he con
fessyd & holw they wolde to the hermyte theyr aduyssyons iij
Holw the heremyte exposnedy theyr aduyssyon Capitulo iiij
Of the goody counceyl that the heremyte gaf to them v
Holw Syr Bors mette with an heremyte / andy holw he was
confessyd to hym andy of his penaunce enioyned to hym vj
How syr bors was lodgedy with a lady andy holw he wok on
hym for to fyght ageynst a champyon for hyr lande vij
Of a vysyon whyche Syr bors hady that nyght / andy holw he
faught andy ouercame hys aduersarye capitulo viij
Holw the lady Was restoredy to hyr londes by the batayle of
syr Boors / andy of his departyngy / andy holw he mette syr Ly
onel takey andy bounden Wyth thornes / andy also a mayde which
sholdy haue ben deuouredy Capitulo ix
Holw syr bors lefte to resolve his brother. & resolvedy the da
moysel / & holw it was wolde hym that Lyonel was dede x
Holw syr bors wolde his dreme to a preest / whiche he hady dre
medy & of the counceyl that the preest gaf to hym xj
Holw the deuyl in a womans lykenes wolde haue hady Syr
bors to haue layen by hir / & holw by godes grace he escaped xij
Of the holy companyacyon of an abbot to Syr bors / andy holw
the abbot counceylledy hym capitulo xiij
Holw syr bors mette with his brother syr Lyonel / andy how
syr Lyonel wolde haue slayn syr bors capitulo xiiij
Holw syr Colgreuaunce fought ayenst syr Lyonel for to saue
syr bors / andy holw the heremyte was slayn ca xv
Holw syr Lyonel slewe Syr Colgreuaunce / andy holw after he
wolde haue slayn syr bors capitulo xvj
Holw there came a voys whyche chargedy syr bors to touche not
hym andy of a cloude that came bytwene them capitulo xvij

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the viij book

Holw syr Galahad faught at a turnement/and how he was
knowen of syr galwayn & of syr ector de marris capitulo j
Holw syr Galahad rode with a damoysel / & came to the shyp
where as syr boors and syr Percyuale were in capitulo ij
Holw syr Galahad entryd in to the shyp/ & of a fayr bedde
therin wyth other meruayllous thynges/& of a swerde iij
Of the meruayles of the swerde & of the scaubard iiij
Holw kyng Pelles was smytten thorugh bothe thyes by cause
he drelbe the swerde/& other meruayllous hystoryes v
Holw Salamon toke dauyds swerde by the counceyl of hys
wyf/and of other maters meruayllous Capitulo vj
A wonderful tale of kyng Salamon & his wyf vij
Holw Galahad and hys felowes came to a castel / and how
they were foughten wyth al /& how they slelbe theyr aduer-
saryes and other maters capitulo viij
How the ij knyghtes wyth Percyuales syster came in to the
waste forest/& of an herte & iiij lyons and other thynges ix
Holw they were desyred of a straūge custom/ which they wolde
not obeye /wherfore they faught & slelbe many knyghtes x
Holw Percyuales syster bledde a dysshe ful of blood for to hele
a lady wherfore she dyed / and how that the body was put
in a shyppe Capitulo xj
How Galahad and percyuale fonde in a castel many tombes
of maydens that had bledde to dethe capitulo xij
Holw Syr Launcelot entred in to the shyppe where syr Percy-
uales syster laye deed/ and how he mette wyth Syr Galahad
hys sone capitulo xiij
Holw a knyght brought to syr Galahad an hors/ & bad hym
come from his fader syr Launcelot capitulo xiiij
Holw Launcelot was before the dore of the chambre/wherin the
holy sangreal was capitulo xv
Holw syr Launcelot had layen viij dayes & as many nyghtes
as a dede man & other dyuers maters capitulo xvj
Holw syr Launcelot returned tolward logres and of other ad-
ventures whyche he salde in the waye capitulo xvij
Holw Galahad came to kyng Mordrayns/and of other ma
ters and aduentures Capitulo xviij
Holw syr Percyuale and syr boors mette wyth syr Galahad xviij

& how they came to the castel of carbonek & other matrs xiv
How Galahad & his felowes were fedde of the holy sangreal
& how our lordy apperyd to them and other thynges xv
How Galahad enoyntedy with the blood of the spere the
maymedy kyngy andy of other aduentures capitulo xvj
How they were fedde with the sangreal whyle they Were in
pryson/andy how Galahady was made kyngy capitulo xvij
Of the sorowe that Percyuale and boors made whan galahad
was dede & of Percyuale how he dyedy & other matrs xviij

THere folowen the chapytres of the xviij book

Of the joye of Kyngy Arthur andy the quene hady of thachy;
euement of the sangreal / andy how Launcelot fyl to hys olde
loue agey capitulo primo
How the quene comaundedy syr Launcelot to auoyde the court
andy of the sorowy that Launcelot made capitulo ij
How at a dyner that the quene made there was a knyght en
poysonedy whyche syr Madory layedy on the quene iij
How syr Madory appeched the quene of treasony / & there was
no knyght woldy fyght for hyr at the fyrst tyme iiij
How the quene requyredy syr Boors to fyght for hyr / & how
he grauntedy vpon condycyon /andy how he warnedy syr Laun
celot therof capitulo v
How at the day syr boors made hym redy for to fyght for the
quene/& whan he sholde fyght how another dyscharged hym vj
How syr Launcelot fought agenst syr madory for the quene/&
how he ouercame syr Madory & dyschargedy the quene vij
How the trouthe was knowey by the mayden of the lake/andy
of dyuers other matrs Capitulo viij
How syr Launcelot wode to astolat/ & wery uedy a sleue to here
vpon his helme at the requeste of a mayde capitulo ix
How the tornoye began at Wynchester andy what knyghtes
were at the Justes andy other thynges capitulo x
How sir Launcelot andy syr Lauayn entredy in the felde agenst
them of kyng Arthurs court/ & how launcelot Was hurte xj
How syr Launcelot & syr Lauayn departedy oute of the felde
andy in what Jeopardye Launcelot was capitulo xij

Holb Launcelot was brought to an hermyte for to be helyd of his wounde and of other maters capitulo xiij
Holb syr Galvayn Was lodged with the lord of astolat / & there had knowlege that hit was Syr Launcelot that bare the rede sleue Capitulo xiiij
Of the sorowe that syr boors had for the hurt of Launcelot and of the angre that the quene had by cause Launcelot bare the sleue capitulo xv
Holb Syr boors sought launcelot & fonde hym in the hermytage / & of the lamentacion betwen them Capitulo xvj
Holb syr Launcelot armed hym to assaye yf he myght bere armes & holb his wounded brest oute ageyn capitulo xvij
Holb syr boors returned & tolde tydynges of syr Launcelot / & of the tournoye and to whome the prys was gyuen xviij
Of the grete lamentacyn of the fayr mayde of astolat whan Launcelot sholde departe & holb she dyed for his loue xix
Holb the corpe of the mayde of astolat arryued tofore kynge arthur and of the lurynge / and how syr Launcelot offryd the masse peny capitulo xx
Of grete Justes doon alle a crystemasse / and of a grete Justes and tournoye ordeyned by Kynge Arthur / and of Syr Launcelot Capitulo xxj
Holb Launcelot after that he was hurt of a gentylwoman came to an hermyte and of other maters capitulo xxij
Holb syr Launcelot bycamed hym at the Justes / and other men also Capitulo xxiij
Holb Kynge arthur merueyled mocke of the Justynge in the felde and how he wox & fonde syr Launcelot capitulo xxiiij
Holb twelue yone is lykened to sommer Capitulo xxv

Here followeth the chapytres of the vij book

Holb quene gueneuer rode on mayng with certeyn knyghtes of the rounde table and clad al in grene capitulo primo
Holb syr Melyagraunce toke the quene & al hyr knyghtes Whyche were sore hurte in fyghtyng capitulo ij
Holb syr Launcelot had Word how the quene was taken / & how syr melyagraunce layed a buyssement for launcelot iij

How syr Launcelots hors was slayn / & how how syr Launcelot wox in a carte for to resolve the quene Capitulo iiij
How syr Melyagraunce requyred forgyuenes of the quene / & how she appeased syr Launcelot and other maters v
How Launcelot came in the nyght to the quene and laye wyth hyr / and how syr Melyagraunce appeched the quene of treson capitulo vj
How syr Launcelot answerd for the quene / and waged bataylle ayenst syr melyagraunce / and how syr Launcelot was taken in a trappe Capitulo vij
How syr Launcelot was delyuerd out of pryson by a lady & toke a whyt courser and came for to kepe hys day viij
How syr Launcelot cam the same tyme that syr melyagraũce abode hym in the felde and dressyd hym to bataylle ix
How syr Orre came in to arthurs courte for to be helyd of his Woundes / & how kyng arthur wold begyn to handle hym x
How Kyng arthur handled syr Orre / and after hym many other knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xj
How syr Launcelot was comanded by arthur to handle hys wounds & anone he was al hool / & how they thanked god xij
How there was a party made of an hondred knyghtes ayenst an hondred knyghtes / and of other maters capitulo xiij

¶ Here folowyth the book of the pytyous hystorye whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur / and the chapytres of the twenty book

How syr Agrauayn & syr mordred were besy vpon syr Ga wayn for to dysclose the loue bytwene Syr Launcelot & quene Gueneuer Capitulo primo
How syr Agrauayn dysclosed theyr loue to kyng Arthur / & how kyng Arthur gaf them lycence to take hym ij
How syr Launcelot was espyed in the quenes chambre / and how Syr Agrauayn and Syr Mordred came wyth twelue knyghtes to slee hym Capitulo iij
How syr Launcelot slewe syr colgreuance & armed hym in his harnoys & after slewe syr agrauayn & vij of his felawes iiij
How Syr Launcelot came to syr hors & wolde hym holde he had

ſpedde & in what aduenture he hady ben/& how he eſcaped B
Of the counſyl andy aduys whiche was takey by ſyr Laun-
celot andy by hys frendes for to ſaue the quene Capitulo Bj
How ſyr mordredy rode haſtely to the kyngy / to telle hym of
thaffray & deth of ſyr agrauayn & the other knyghtes Bij
How ſyr Launcelot andy hys kynneſmeny reſcowed the quene
from the fyre andy how he ſlewe many knyghtes Biij
Of the ſorowe & lamentacyon for the dethe of hys neuewes &
other goody knyghtes/& alſo for the quene his wyf iy
How kyngy Arthur at the requeſte of ſyr Galvayn conclu-
dedy to make warre ayenſt ſyr Launcelot / andy layedy ſyege to
his caſtel calledy Joyous garde capitulo y
Of the comynycacyon bytwene kyng Arthur & ſyr Launcelot
andy how kyngy Arthur reproueydy hym capitulo yj
How the coſyns & kynneſmeny of ſyr Launcelot excytedy hym
to goo oute to batayl/andy how they made them redy yij
How ſyr Galvayn Juſtedy andy ſmote doun ſyr Lyonel/andy
how ſyr Launcelot horſedy kyngy Arthur ca yiij
How the Pope ſent doun his bulles to make pees/ & how ſyr
Launcelot brought the quene to kyngy Arthur yiiij
Of the delyueraunce of the quene to the kyng by ſir launcelot
& what langage ſyr Galvayny hady to ſyr Launcelot yB
Of the comynycacyon bytwene ſyr Galvayn andy ſyr Launce-
lot wyth moche other langage capitulo yBj
How ſyr Launcelot departedy fro the kyng & fro Joyous garde
ouer ſee warde andy what knyghtes wente wyth hym yBij
How ſyr Launcelot paſſedy ouer the ſee/& how he made grete
lordes of the knyghtes that wente wyth hym capitulo yBiij
How kyng arthur & ſyr Galvayn made a grete hoſt redy to
goo ouer ſee to make warre on ſyr Launcelot capitulo yix
What meſſage ſyr Galwayn ſente to ſyr Launcelot/ & kynge
Arthur layedy ſyege to kenwyck andy other maters yy
How ſyr launcelot & ſyr Galvayn dydy batayl togyder / andy
how ſyr Galvayn was ouerthrowen andy hurte capitulo yyj
Of the ſorowe that kyngy arthur made for the warre/ & of an
other batayl where alſo ſyr Galvayn hady the werſe yyij

Here folowen the chapytres of the vyj book

Holv Syr Mordred presumed & toke on hym to be kyng of
englond/ & wold haue maryed the quene his faders wyf ca j
How after that kyng arthur had tydynges/he wrothed and
came to dover where syr Mordred mette hym to lette his lan-
dyng /and of the deth of Syr Gawayn Capitulo ij
Holv after syr Gawayns ghoost apered to kynge arthur &
warned hym that he sholde not fyght that day capitulo iij
Holv by mysaduenture of an adder the batayl began / where
Mordred was slayn and arthur hurte to the deth iiij
Holv Kyng arthur comanded to caste his swerd excalybur in
to the water/ & holv he was delyuerd to ladyes in a barge v
Holv syr bedwere fonde hym on the morne dede in an hermy-
tage /and holv he abode there with the hermyte capitulo vj
Of thoppynyon of somme men of the deth of kynge arthur / &
holv quene Gueneuer made hir a nonne in almesbury vij
Holv whan syr Launcelot herde of the deth of kynge arthur &
of syr Galvayn and other maters came in to englond viij
Holv syr Launcelot departed to seche the quene Gueneuer and
holv he fonde hir at almesbury capitulo ix
Holv Syr Launcelot came to thermytage where tharchebysshop
of cauntorbury was/ & holv he toke thabyte on hym x
Holv syr Launcelot went with his seuen felowes to amesbu
ry /& fonde there quene Gueneuer dede/ whom they brought
to glastynbury capitulo xj
Holv syr Launcelot began to sekene/ & after dyed/ whos body
was borne to Joyous garde for to be buryed capitulo xij
Holv syr Ector fonde syr launcelot hys brother dede/and holv
Constantyn reygned next after Arthur/ and of the ende of
thys book capitulo xiij

¶ Explicit the table

¶ Capitulum primum

It befel in the dayes of Uther pendragon when he was kynge of all Englond/and so regned that there was a myzty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme/ And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil/and so by meanes kynge Uther send for this duk/chargyng hym to bryngе his wyf with hym/for she was called a fair lady/ and a passynge wyse/and her name was called Igrayne/

So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn vnto the kynge by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe/ the kynge lyked and loued this lady wel/and he made them grete chere oute of mesure/and desyred to haue lyen by her/But she was a passyng good woman/and wold not assente vnto the kynge/ And thenne she told the duke her husband and said I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured Wherfor husband I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte vnto oure owne castell/ and in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed/ that neyther the kynge nor none of his counceill were ware of their departyng Also soone as kyng Uther knewe of theire departyng soo sodenly/he was wonderly wrothe/Thenne he called to hym his pryuy counceille / and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf /

¶ Thenne they auysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge/ And yf he Wille not come at your somōs/thenne may ye do your best / thenne haue ye cause to make myghty warre vpon hym / Soo that was done and the messagers hade their answers/ And that was thys shortly/ that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym/

Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth/ And thenne the kyng sente hym playne word ageyne / and bade hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysshe hym / for within yl dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath /

¶ Whanne the duke hade thys warnynge / anone he went and furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge Castels of his of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil/ & the other castel hyzt

Terrabyl /So his wyf Dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil/ And hym self he putte in the castel of Terrabyl the whiche had many yssues and posternes oute / Thenne in all haste came Uther with a grete hoost/ and leyd a syege a-boute the castel of Terrabil/ And ther he pyght many pauel-yons/and there was grete warre made on bothe partyes/ and moche peple slayne/ Thenne for pure angre and for grete lo-ue of fayr Igrayne the kyng Uther felle seke/ So came to the kynge Uther Syre Ulfius a noble knyght / and asked the kynge why he was seke/ I shall telle the said the kynge / I am seke for angre and for loue of fayre Igrayne that I may not be hool/ wel my lord said Syre Ulfius/ I shal seke Mer-lyn/ and he shalle do yow remedy that youre herte shalbe ple-ased/ So Ulfius departed / and by aduenture he mette Mer-lyn in a beggars aray/and ther Merlyn asked Ulfius who-me he soughte/and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym/ Well saide Merlyn / I knowe whome thou seke-st / for thou seke-st Merlyn / therfore seke no ferther / for I am he/and yf kynge Uther wille wel rewarde me/ and be sworne vnto me to ful-fille my desyre that shall be his honour & profite more thā myn for I shalle cause hym to haue alle his desyre/ Alle this wylle I vndertake said Ulfius that ther shalle be nothyng reasona-ble/but thow shalt haue thy desyre/Well said Merlyn/he shall haue his entente and desyre/And therfore saide Merlyn/ryde on your wey/for I wille not be long behynde

Capitulum Secundum

Thenne Ulfius was glad and rode on more than a pas tyll that he came to kynge Uther pendragon/and told hym he had met with Merlyn/ where is he said the kyng sir said Ulfius he wille not dwelle long/ ther with al Ulfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the pauelions dore / And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kynge When kyng Uther salue hym he saide he was welcome/syr sa-id Merlyn I knowe al your hert euery dele/so ye wil be swor-n vnto me as ye be a true kynge enoynted to fulfille my desyre ye shal haue your desyre / thenne the kyng was swor-ne vpon the iiij euuāgelistes/ Syre said Merlyn this is my desyre/the first nyzt ꝑ ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her &

whan that is borne that it shall be delyuerd to me for to nou=
risshe there as I wille haue it/ for it shal be youz worship/&
the childis auaille as mykel as the child is worth/ I wyste
wel said the kynge as thow wilt haue it/ Now make you re
dy said Merlyn this nyght ye shalle lye with Igrayne in the
castel of Tyntigayll/ & ye shalle be lyke the duke her husband
Ulfyus shal be lyke Syre Brastias/a knyghte of the dukes
And I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Jordanus a
knyghte of the dukes/But wayte ye make not many questi=
ons with her nor her men/ but saye ye are diseased and soo hye
yow to bedde / and ryse not on the morne tyll I come to yow/
for the castel of Tyntygaill is but .v. myle hens / soo this was
done as they deuysed/But the duke of Tyntigail aspyed hou
the kyng rode fro the syege of tarabil/ & therfor that nyghte he
yssued oute of the castel at a posterne for to haue distressid the
kynges hooste/And so thorolde his owne yssue the duke hym
self was slayne or euer the kynge cam at the castel of Tynti=
gail/so after the deth of the duke kyng Uther lay with Igra=
yne more than thre houres after his deth/and begat on her that
nygt arthur/& or day cam Merlyn cā to the kyng/& bad hym
make hym redy/& so he kist the lady Igrayne and departed in
all hast/But whan the lady herde telle of the duke her husbād
and by all recorde he was dede or euer kynge Uther came to her
thenne she merueilled who that myghte be that laye with her
in lykenes of her lord/so she mourned pryuely and held hir
pees/ Thenne alle the barons by one assent prayd the kynge
of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym/the kynge gaf
hem leue/for fayne wold he haue hen accorded with her / Soo
the kyng put alle the trust in Ulfyus to entrete bitwene them
so by the entrete at the last the kyng & she met to gyder / Now
wille we doo wel said Ulfyus/our kyng is a lusty knyghte
and wyueles/& my lady Igrayne is a passynge fair lady/it
were grete ioye Vnto Vs all and hit myghte please the kynge
to make her his quene / Vnto that they all well accordyd and
meued it to the kynge/And anone lyke a lusty knyghte / he
assentid therto with good wille/and so in alle haste they we
re maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and Joye /
And Kynge Lott of Lothiean and of Orkenay thenne

wedded Margalyse that was Galveyns moder / And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne / All this was done at the request of kynge Uther / And the thyrd syster morgan lefey was put to scole in a nonnery / And ther she lerned so moche that she was a grete Clerke of Nygromancye / And after she was wedded to kynge Uryens of the lond of Goze that was Syr Elvayns le blaunche maynys fader /

Capitulum tercium

THēne quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter & gretter / so it befel after within half a yere as kyng Uther lay by his quene he asked hir by the feith she ouzt to hym whos was the child within her body / thēne was she sore abasshed to yeue answer / Desmaye you not saidy the kyng but telle me the trouthe / and I shall loue you the better by the feythe of my body Syre saide she I shalle telle you the trouthe / the same nyghte ȳ my lord was dede the houre of his deth as his knyztes record ther came in to my castel of Tyntigaill a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenaunce / and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes Barcias and Jordans / & soo I went Vnto bed with hym as I ouzt to do with my lord / & the same nyght as I shal answer Vnto god this child was begoten Vpon me / that is trouthe saide the kynge as ye say / for it was I my self that cam in the lykenesse / & therfor desmay you not for I am fader to the child / & ther he told her alle the cause / how it was by Merlyns counceil / thenne the quene made grete ioye whan she knelve who was the fader of her child / Sone come merlyn Vnto the kynz / & said syr ye must puruey yow / for the nourisshyng of your child / as thou wolt said the kyng be it / wel said Merlyn I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a passyng true man & a feithful / & he shal haue the nourysshyng of your child / & his name is sir Ector / & he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in Englond & walys / & this lordy sir ector lete hym be sent for / for to come & speke with you / & desyre hym your self as he loueth you that he will put his owne child to nourisshynge to another woman / and that his Wyf nourisshe yours / And whan the child is borne lete it be delyuerd to me at yōder pryuy posterne Vncrystened / So that

as Merlyn deuysed it was done/ And when syre Ector was come/ he made fyaūce to the kyng for to nourisshe the child lyke as the kynge desyred/ and there the kyng graunted syr ector greke delbardys/ Thenne when the lady was delyuerd the kynge commaunded ij knyghtes & ij ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold/ & that ye delyuer hym to what powre may ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel/ So the child was delyuerd vnto Merlyn/ and so he bare it forth vnto Syre Ector/ and made an holy man to crysten hym/ and named hym Arthur/ and so sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe/ Thenne within two yeres kyng Uther felle seke of a grete maladye/ And in the meane whyle hys enemyes Usurped vpon hym/ and dyd a grete bataylle vpon his men/ and slewe many of his peple/ Sir said Merlyn ye may not lye so as ye doo/ for ye must to the feld though ye ryde on an hors lyttar/ for ye shall neuer haue the better of your enemyes/ but yf your persone be there/ and thenne shall ye haue the victory So it was done as Merlyn had deuysed/ and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hoste towarde his enemyes/ And at saynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hoost of the north/ And that day Syre Ulfyus and sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes/ and kyng Uthers men ouercome the northeryn bataylle and slewe many peple & putt the remenaunt to flight/ And thenne the kyng retorned vnto london and made grete ioye of his victory/ And thēne he fyll passynge sore seke/ so that thre dayes & thre nyghtes he was speches/ wherfore alle the barons made grete sorowe and asked Merlyn What counceill were best/ There nys none other remedye said Merlyn but god wil haue his wille/ But loke ye al Barons be bifore kynge Uther to morne/ and god and I shalle make hym to speke/ So on the morne alle the Barons with merlyn came to fore the kyng/ thēne Merlyn saide aloud vnto kyng Uther/ Syre shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce/ thenne Uther pendragon turned hym and said in herynge of them alle I gyue hym gods blessyng & myne/ & byd hym pray for my soule/ & righteuously & worshipfully that he clayme ꝑ crowne vpon forfeture of my blessyng/ & therwith he yelde vp the ghost &

thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng/wherfor the que-
ne fayre Igrayne made grete sorowe and alle the Barons /
Thenne stood the reame in grete ieopardy long whyle/for eue
ry lord that was myghty of men maade hym stronge/and ma-
ny wende to haue ben kyng/Thenne Merlyn went to the ar-
chebisshop of Caunterbury / and counceilled hym for to sende
for alle the lordes of the reame/ and alle the gentilmen of ar-
mes that they shold to london come by Cristmas vpon payne of
cursynge / And for this cause ꝑ Jhu that was borne on that
nyghte that he wold of his grete mercy shewe some myracle /
as he was come to be kynge of mankynde for to shewe somme
myracle who shold be rightwys kynge of this reame/ So the
Archebisshop by the aduys of Merlyn sendy for alle the lordes
and gentilmen of armes that they sholdy come by crystmasse
euen vnto london/And many of hem made hem clene of her lyf
that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable vnto gody / Soo
in the grettest chirch of london whether it were holwlis or not
the Frenshe booke maketh no mencyon/ alle the estates were
longe or day in the chirche for to praye/ And whan matyns &
the first masse was done / there was sene in the chirchyard a-
yēst the hyhe aulter a grete stone four square lyke vnto a mar
bel stone / And in mydes therof was lyke an Anuylde
of stele a foot on hyghe / & therin stack a fayre sword naked
by the poynt / and letters ¡there were wrytten in gold about
the sword that saiden thus/who so pulleth oute this sword of
this stone and anuyld/ is rightwys kynge borne of all En-
lond/Thenne the peple merueilled & told it to the Archebisshop
I commande said tharchebisshop that ye kepe yow within your
chirche/and pray vnto gody still that no man touche the swerd
tyll the hyhe masse be all done/So whan all masses were done
all the lordes went to beholde the stone and the sword/ And
whan they salwe the scripture/som assayed suche as wold haue
ben kyng/ But none myght stere the sword nor meue hit He
is not here said the Archebisshop that shall encheue the sword
but doubte not gody will make hym knowen/ But this is my
counceill said the archebisshop/that we lete puruey ye kny3tes
men of goody fame/& they to kepe this sword/so it was ordey
deyned/& thēne ther was made a crye/ꝑ euery mā shold assay ꝑ

Wold for to wynne the swerd/ And upon nelue yeersday the barons lete maake a Justes and a tournement/ that alle knyz tes shal wold Juste or tourneye / there myzt playe/ & all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes to gyders & the comyns/ for the Archebisshop trusted/ that god wold make hym knowe that shold wynne the swerd /So upon nelue yeresday whan the seruyce was done /the barons rode vnto the feld/ some to Juste/ & som to torney/ & so it happed that syre Ector that had gete lyuelode aboute london rode vnto the Justes / & with hym to de syr kaynus his sone & yong Arthur that was hys nourisshed broder/ & syr kay was made knyzt at al halowmas afore So as they rode to ꝑ Justes ward/ sir kay had lost his swerd for he had leste it at his faders lodgyng/ & so he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his swerd/ I wyll wel said Arthur/ & rode fast after ꝑ swerd/ & whan he cam home/ the lady & al were out to see the joustyng/ thenne was Arthur wroth & saide to hym self/ I will ryde to the chircheyard/ & take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone/ for my broder sir kay shal not be without a swerd this day/ so whan he cam to the chircheyard sir Arthur alizt & tayed his hors to the style/ & so he wente to the tent/ & found no knyztes there /for they were atte Justyng & so he handled the swerd by the handels /and lizt ly & fiersly pulled it out of the stone/ & took his hors & rode his way vn tyll he came to his broder sir kay/ & delyuerd hym the swerd/ & as sone as sir kay sawe the swerd he wist wel it was the swerd of the stone/ & so he rode to his fader syr Ector/ & said/ sire/ lo here is the swerd of the stone/ wherfor I must be kyng of thys land/ When syre Ector beheld the swerd/ he retorned ageyne & cam to the chirche/ & there they alizte al thre/ & wente in to the chirche/ And anon he made sir kay to swere vpon a book / how he came to that swerd/ Syr said sir kay by my broder Arthur for he brought it to me/ how gate ye this swerd said sir Ector to Arthur/ sir I will telle you When I cam home for my brothers swerd/ I fond no body at home to delyuer me his swerd And so I thought my broder syr kay shold not be swerdles & so I cam hyder egerly & pulled it out of the stone without ony payn/ found ye ony knyztes about this swerd seid sir ector Nay said Arthur/ Now said sir Ector to Arthur I vnderstāde

ye muſt be kynge of this land/ wherfore I ſayd Arthur and
for what cauſe/Sire ſaide Ector/ for god wille haue hit ſoo
for ther ſhold neuer man haue drawen outr this ſwerde / but
he that ſhal be rightwys kyng of this land/ Now lete me ſee
whether ye can puttr the ſwerd ther as it was/ and pulle hit
outr ageyne/that is no mayſtry ſaid Arthur/ and ſoo he put it
in the ſtone/therwith alle Sir Ector aſſayed to pulle outr the
ſwerd and faylled

¶ Capitulum ſeytum

Now aſſay ſaid Syre Ector vnto Syre kay/ And a-
non he pulled at the ſwerd with alle his myghtr / but
it wold not be/Nolw ſhal ye aſſay ſaid Syre Ector to Arthur
I wyll wel ſaid Arthur and pulled it out eaſily / And ther
with alle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe and Syre
kay/Allas ſaid Arthur myne olvn dere fader and broder why
knele ye to me/Nay nay my lord Arthur/ it is not ſo I was
neuer your fadr nor of your blood/but I wote wel ye are of
an hyer blood than I wende ye were/ And thenne Syre Ec-
tor told hym alle holw he was bitaken hym for to nouriſſhe hym
And by whoos commandement/and by Merlyns delyueraūce
¶ Thenne Arthur made grete dole whan he vnderſtood that
Syre Ector was not his fader / Sir ſaid Ector vnto Arthur
wold ye be my good & gracious lord when ye are kyng/els wo
re I to blame ſaid arthur for ye are the man in the world that
I am moſt be holdyng to/& my good lady & moder your wyf
that as wel as her olvne hath foſtred me and kept / And yf
euer hit be godes will that I be kynge as ye ſay/ye ſhall de-
ſyre of me what I may doo/and I ſhalle not faille yolv/god
forbede I ſhold faille yolv/Sir ſaid Sire Ector/I will aſke
no more of yolv / but that ye wille make my ſone your foſter
broder Syre kay Seuerall of alle your landes/ That ſhalle be
done ſaid Arthur/and more by the feith of my body that neuer
man ſhalle haue that office but he whyle he and I lyne/There
with all they wente vnto the Archebiſſhop/and told hym holw
the ſwerd was enclyeued/and by whome/and on tlvelfth day
alle the barons cam thyder/and to aſſay to take the ſwerd who
that wold aſſay/ But there afore hem alle ther myghte none
take it out but Arthur/ wherfor ther were many lordes wroth

And̄ saide it was gret shame vnto them all and the reame to be ouer gouernyd̄ with a boye of no hygh blood̄ borne / and̄ so they fell oute at that tyme that it was put of tyll Candel=mas/And thenne alle the barons shold̄ mete there ageyne/but allwey the .x. knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the sword day & nyght/ & so they sette a pauelione ouer the stone & ỹ sword & fyue allwayes watched̄/Soo at Candalmasse many moo gret lordes came thyder for to haue wonne the sworde / but there myght none preuaille/ And̄ right as Arthur dyd̄ at Crist=masse/he dyd̄ at Candelmasse and̄ pulled̄ oute the sworde e=asely wherof the Barons were sore agreued̄ and̄ put it of in delay till the hyghe feste of Eester/ And̄ as Arthur syed̄ a=fore/so dyd̄ he at Eester/yet there were some of the gret lordes hād̄ indignacion that Arthur shold̄ be kynge/and put it of in a delay tyll the feest of Pentecoste / Thenne the Archebisshop of Caunterbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the best knyghtes that they myght gete/ And̄ suche knygh=tes as Vtherpendragon loued̄ best and̄ moost trusted̄ in his dayes / And̄ suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn/syre Kaynes/syre Vlfyus/ syre Bar=sias/All these with many other Were allweyes about Arthur day and̄ nyght till the feste of Pentecost

Capitulum septimum

And at the feste of pentecost alle maner of men assayed to pulle at the sworde that wold̄ assay/ but none my=ght preuaille but Arthur / and̄ pulled̄ it oute afore all the lordes and̄ comyns that were there/wherfore alle the co myns cryed̄ at ones We wille haue Arthur vnto our kynḡ We wille put hym nomore in delay / for We alle see that it is goddes wille that he shalle be our kynge/ And̄ who that hol=deth ageynst it We wille slee hym /And therwith all they kne lyd̄ at ones both ryche and poure / and̄ cryed Arthur mercy by cause they had̄ delayed̄ hym so longe / and̄ Arthur forgaf hem /and̄ took the sword̄ bitwene both his handes/and̄ offred it vpon the aulter where the Archebisshop was / and̄ so was he made knyghte of the best man that was there/ And so anon

was the coronacyon made/ And ther was he ſworne vnto his lordes & the comyns for to be a true kyng to ſtand with true Juſtyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf/ Alſo thēne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in/ and to do ſeruyce as they oughte to doo/ And many complayntes were made vnto ſir Arthur of grete wronges that were done ſyn the dethe of kyng Uther/of many londes that were herued lordes knyghtes/ladyes & gentilmen/wherfor kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeuen ageyne vnto them that oughte hem/

¶ Whanne this was done that the kyng had ſtabliſſhed alle the countreyes aboute london/thenne he lete make Syr kay ſenecial of Englond/and ſir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Conſtable/and ſir Olfyus was made chamberlayn/And ſire Ezaſtias was maade wardeyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was ꝑ tyme ꝑ moſt party the kynges enemyes/ But within felve yeres after Arthur wan alle the north ſcotland/and alle that were vnder their obeiſſannce/ Alſo walys a parte of it helde ayenſt Arthur/but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble proweſſe of hym ſelf and his knyghtes of the round table

¶ Capitulum octauum

Thenne the kyng remeued in to walys/and lete crye a grete feſte that it ſhold be holdyn at Pentecoſt after the incoronacion of hym at the Cyte of Carlyon/vnto the feſt come kyng Lott of Lolwtheay/ and of Orkeney/with fyue C knyghtes With hym/ Alſo ther come to the feſte kynge Uryens of gore with four C knyghtes with hym ¶ Alſo ther come to that feeſte kyng Nayntres of garloth with ſeuen C knyghtes with hym/ Alſo ther came to the feeſt the kynge of Scotland with ſixe honderd knyghtes with hym/ and he was but a yong man/ Alſo ther came to the feſte a kyng that was called the kyng with the honderd knyghtes/ but he and his men were paſſyng wel biſene at al poyntes Alſo ther cam the kyng of Cardos with fyue honderd knyghtes/And kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge/ for he wende that al the kynges and knyghtes had come for grete loue/and to haue done hym worſhip at his feſte/wherfor the kyng made grete ioye/and ſente the kynges and knyghtes grete preſentes/ But

the kynges wold̄ none weyue / but rebuked̄ the messagers shamefully/and̄ said̄ they had̄ no ioye to weyue no yeftes of a herdles boye that was come of lowe blood̄ / and̄ sente hym word̄/they wold̄ none of his yeftes/But that they were co/ me to gyue hym yeftes with hard̄ swerdys betwixt the neck and̄ the sholders/And therfore they came thyder/so they told̄ to the messagers playnly/ for it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to haue a rule of soo noble a reaume as this land̄ was / With this answer the messagers departed̄ & told̄ to kyng Arthur this answer/ wherfor by the aduys of his ba/ rons he took hym to a strong towne with/B/C good̄ men with hym/ And̄ all the kynges afore said̄ in a maner leyd a syege tofore hym/but kyng Arthur was well Bytailled̄/ And with in xB dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem in to the Cyte of Carlyon/thenne all the kynges were passyng glade of Mer lyn/and̄ asked̄ hym for what cause is that boye Arthur made your kynge/ Syres said̄ Merlyn/I shalle telle yow the cause for he is kynge Vther pendragons sone borne in wedlok goten̄ on Igrayne the dukes wyf of Tyntigail/ thenne is he a bas/ tard they said̄ al/ nay said̄ Merlyn/ After the deth of the du/ ke more than thre houres was Arthur begoten̄/ And̄ yiij da/ yes after kyng Vther wedded̄ Igrayne/ And̄ therfor I pre ue hym he is no bastard̄/And who saith nay/he shal be kyng and̄ ouercome alle his enemyes / And̄ or he deye/he shalle be long kynge of all Englond̄/and̄ haue vnder his obeyssaunce Walys/yrland̄ and̄ Scotland̄/and̄ moo reames than I will now reherce / Some of the kynges had̄ merueyl of Merlyns wordes and̄ demed̄ well that it shold be as he said̄/And̄ som of hem lough hym to scorne / as kyng Lot/ and̄ mo other cal/ led hym a wytche/ But thenne were they accorded̄ with Mer lyn that kynge Ar thur shold̄ come oute and̄ speke with the kynges/ and̄ to come sauf and̄ to goo sauf/suche suraunce ther was made/ So Merlyn went vnto kynge Arthur / and̄ told̄ hym how he had̄ done/ and̄ badde hym fere not but come oute boldly and̄ speke with hem / and̄ spare hem not / but answere hem as their kynge and̄ chyuetayn/for ye shal ouercome hem all whether they wille or nylle/

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne kynge Arthur came oute of his tour/and had vnder his golvne a Jesseraunte of double maylle/and ther wente with hym the Archebisshop of Caunterbury/and syr Baudelvyn of Bretayne and syr kay/and syre Brastias/these were the men of moost worshipp that were with hym/And whan they were mette/there was no mekenes but stoute wordes on bothe sydes/ but alweyes kynge Arthur answerd them and said/he wold make them to holve and he lyued wherfore they departed with wrath/ and kynge Arthur bade kepe hem wel/and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel/ Soo the kynge retorned hym to the toure ageyne and armed hym and alle his knyghtes/ what will ye do said Merlyn to the kynges ye were better for to stynte/for ye shalle not here preuaille thoughe ye were so many/he we wel auysed to be aferd of a dreme reder said kyng Lot/with that Merlyn vanysshed alweye/ and came to Kynge Arthur/and bad hym set on hem fiersly/& in the mene whyle there were thre honderd good men of the best that were with the kynges / that wente streyghte vnto kynge Arthur/and that comforted hym gretely/Syr said Merlyn to Arthur / fyghte not with the sworde that ye hadd by myracle/ til that ye see ye go vnto the wers/thenne drawe it out and do your best/ So forth with alle kynge Arthur sette vpon hem in their lodgyng/And syre Galvdelvyn syre Kay and syr Brastias slewe on the right hand & on the lyfte hand that it was merueylle/,and alweyes Kynge Arthur on horsback leyd on with a swerd and dyd merueillous dedes of armes that many of the kynges had grete ioye of his dedes and hardyneſſe/ Thenne Kynge Lot brake out on the bak syde/and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes and kyng Carados/and sette on Arthur fiersly behynde hym/ with that Syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes/and smote behynd and before/ and euer sir Arthur was in the formest prees tyl his hors was slayne vndernethe hym/And therwith kynge lot smote doune kyng Arthur/With that his four knyghtes reyued hym and set hym on horsback/thēne he drewe his swerd Excalibur/but it was so bryght in his enemyes eyen/that it gaf light lyke vyy torchys/And therwith he put hem on bak/and slewe moche peple And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and

stauys and slelbe many knyghtes / but alle the kynges hel de them to gyders with her knyghtes that were lefte on lyue/ and so fled and departed/ And Merlyn come vnto Arthur/ and counceilled hym to fololbe hem no further ¶ Ca/x

SO after the feste and iourneye kynge Arthur dzelbe hym vnto london / and soo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calke his barons to cōceil/for Merlyn had tolde the kynge that the sixe kynges that made warre vp on hym wolde in al haste be alwoke on hym & on his landys wherfor the kyng asked counceil at hem al/they coude no coun ceil gyue but said they were bygge ynough/ye saye wel said Arthur/I thanke you for your goode courage/ but wil ye al that loueth me speke With Merlyn ye knolbe wel that he hath done mocke for me/and he knolbeth many thynges / & whan he is afore you/I wold that ye prayd hym hertely of his beste auyse/Alle the barons sayde they wolde pray hym and desyre hym/Soo Merlyn was sente for & fair desyred of al the ba/ rons to gyue them best counceil/I shall say you said Merlyn I warne yolb al/your enemyes are passyng strong for yolb/ and they are goode men of armes as ben on lyue/ & by thys tyme they haue goten to them four kynges mo/and a myghty duke/and onlesse that our kyng haue more chyualry With hym than he may make within ꝑ boundys of his olbn reame and he fyghte with hem in batail/he shal be ouercome & slayn what were best to doo in this cause said al the barons/I shal telle you said Merlyn myne aduys/there ar two brethren be/ yond the see/& they be kynges bothe and merueillous good men of her handes/And that one hyghte Kynge Ban of Benwic And that other hyght Kyng Bors of gaule that is Fraunce And on these two Kynges warrith a myghty man of men the Kynge Claudas/and strydeth With hem for a castel/ and grete were is betwixt them/But this Claudas is so myghty of goodes wherof he geteth good knyztes that he putteth these two kynges moost parte do the werse/wherfor this is my coun ceil that our kyng and souerayne lozde sende vnto the kynges Ban and Bors by two trusty knyghtes With letters wel deuysed/that and they wil come and see kynge Arthur and his courte/& so helpe hym in his warrys that he wil be swozne

vnto them to helpe them in their warrys ageynst kynge Clau-
das/ Now what saye ye vnto this counceill said Merlyn/ thys
is wel counceilled said the kynge & alle the Barons/ right so
in alle haste ther were ordeyned to goo two knyghtes on the
message vnto the two kynges/ Soo there were made letters in
the pleasaunt wyse accordyng vnto kyng Arthurs desyre/ Ol-
fyus and Brastias were made the messagers/ & so rode forth
wel horsed and wel armed/ and as the gyse was that tyme
& so passed the see & rode towards the cyte of Benwyck/ and
there bespyes were viij knyghtes that aspyed them/ And at a
strayt passage they mette with Olfyus & Brastias/ & wold
haue taken hem prysoners/ so they prayd hem that they myght
passe/ for they were messagers vnto kyng Ban & Bors sent
from kynge Arthur/ therfor said the viij knyghtes ye shalle
dye or be prysoners / for We ben knyghtes of kyng Claudas
And therwith two of them dressid their sperys/ and Olfyus
and Brastias dressid theire spewes and ranne to gyder with
grete raundon/ And Claudas knyghtes brack their spewes /
and ther to hylde and bare the two knyghtes out of her sadels
to the erthe/ and so lefte hem lyeng and rode her wayes / And
the other sixe knyghtes rode afore to a passage to mete with
hem ageyne/ and so Olfyus & Brastias smote other two down
And so past on her wayes / And at the fourth passage there
mette two for two/ and bothe were leid vnto the erthe/ so ther
was none of the viij knyghtes but he was sore hurte or brysed
And whan they come to Benwick it fortuned ther were both
kynges Ban and Bors/ And whan it was told the kynges
that there were come messagers/ there were sente vnto them ij
knyghtes of worshyp/ the one hyghte Lyonses lord of the co-
untrey of payarne and Sir phariaunce a worshipful knyght
Anone they asked from whens they came/ and they said from
kynge Arthur kyng of Englond / so they took them in theyre
armes and made grete ioye eche of other / But anon as the ij
kynges wist they were messagers of Arthurs / ther was ma-
de no taryenge/ but forthwith they spak with the knyghtes/ &
welcomed hem in the feythfullest wyse/ & said/ they were most
welcome vnto them before alle the kynges lyuynge/ and ther
with they kyst the letters & delyuerd hem/ And whan Ban

and Bors vnderstood the letters/thenne were they more Welcome than they were before/And after the hast of the letters/ they gaf hem this answer that they wold fulfille the desyre of kynge Arthurs vrytyng & Olfyus & Brastias tary there as longe as they wold/ they shold haue suche chere as myghte be made them in tho marchys/ Thenne Olfyus & Brastias told the kyng of the adnēture at their passages of the eyghte knyghtes/Ha A said Ban and Bors they were my goode frendes I wold I had wyst of hem they shold not haue escaped so So Olfius & Brastias had good chere and grete yeftes as moche as they myghte here awey / and hadde their answere by mouthe and by Wrytynge that tho two Kynges Wold come vnto Arthur in all the hast that they myghte/So the two Knyghtes rode on a fore/ and passed the see/and come to their lord and told hym how they had spedde / wherof Kynge Arthur was passyng glade/At What tyme suppose ye/the ij Kynges wol be here/ Syr said they afore all halowmasse / Thenne the kynge lete puruey for a grete feeste/and lete crye a grete Justes/And by all halowmasse the two kynges were come ouer the see with thre honderd knyghtes wel arayed both for the pees and for the were/And kyng Arthur mette with hem x myle oute of london/ and ther was grete ioye as coude be thought or made / And on al halowmasse at the grete feeste sate in the halle the thre kynges/and syre Kay sencial serued in the halle And Syr lucas the botelere that was duke Corneus sone/& sir gryflet that was the sone of Cardol/these iij knyghtes had the rule of alle the seruyse that serued the kynges/And anon as they had wassben & rysen / al knyghtes that wold juste made hem redy/ by than they were redy on horsback there were vij C knyghtes/And Arthur Ban & Bors with the Archebisshop of Caunterbury/and syre Ector Kays fader they were in a place couerd with clothe of gold lyke an halle with ladyes and gentilwymmen for to beholde who dyde best and theron to gyue Jugement

¶ Capitulum xj

And kynge Arthur and the two Kynges lete departe the vij C knyghtes in two partyes And there were iij C knyghtes of the reame of Benwick and of gaule wened on the other syde than they dressid her sheldes / and

beganne to couche her speres many good knyghtes/ So Gryf-
let was the first that mette with a knyghte one ladynas and
they mett so egerly that al men hadde wonder / And they soo
faughte that her sheldes felle to pyeces / and hors and man
felle to the erthe/ And bothe the frenssche knyghte and the En
glysshe knyghte lay so longe that alle men wend they had ben
dede/ Whan lucas the botteler salve Gryflet soo lye / he horsed
hym ageyne anon/and they two dyd merueillous dedes of ar
mes with many bachelers / Also syre kay came oute of an en-
bussement with fyue knyghtes with hym/and they sixe smo-
te other sixe doune / But syr kay dyd that day merueillous
deedes of armes/that ther was none dyd so wel as he that day
Thenne ther come ladynas & Grastian two knyghtes of fra-
unce/ and dyd passynge wel that alle men preysed them /
Thenne come there Syre placidas a good knyghte and mette
with syr kay and smote hym doune hors and man / wherfore
Syre gryflet was wrothe and mette with Syre placidas soo
harde that hors and man felle to the erthe/ But whan the /B/
knyghtes wyst that syr kay had a falle they were wrothe out
of wyt / And therwith eche of them/B/gaue doune a knyghte/
Whanne kyng Arthur and the two kynges salve hem kegyn
waye wrothe on bothe partyes/they lepte on smale hakeneis/
and lete crye that alle men sholde departe Vnto their lodgynge
And so they wente home and vnarmed them and so to euen
songe and souper / And after the thre kynges wente in to a
gardyn/and gaf the pryce vnto syre kay and to lucas the bot-
teler/and vnto Syre Gryflet / And thenne they wente vnto
counceil/ and with hem gliuenbaus the brother vnto syr Ban
& Bors a wyse Clerk/and thyder wente Olfyus and Gras-
tias and Merlyn / And after they hadd ben in counceill/ they
wente vn to bedde/And on the morne they herde masse and to
dyner/and so to their counceille and made many argumentis
what were best to doo/ At the last they were concludyd / that
Merlyn sholde goo with a token of kyng Ban and that was
a ryngе vnto his men and kynge Bors and Gracian & pla-
cidas sholde goo ageyne and kepe theire castels and her coun-
treyes/as for kynge Ban of Benwick and kynge Bors of
Gaules hadd ordeyned hem/and so passed the see and came to

Benlbyck/And ybhan the peple ſalbe kyng Bans rynge &
gracian and placidas they bere glad/and aſkedy hob the kyn
ges ferdy/and made grete ioye of their belfare and cozdyng/
and accordynge bnto the ſouerayne lozdes deſyre / the men of
barre made hem redy in al haſt poſſyble/ ſoo that they bere yB
M on hozs and foot / and they had grete plente of Bytaylle
bith hem by Merlyns prouyſyon/ But gracian and placidas
bere lefte to furnyſſhe and garnyſſhe the caſtels for drede of
kynge Claudas/ryght ſo Merlyn paſſed the ſee bel Bytaikled
bothe by bater and by land/And bhan he came to the ſee/he
ſente home the foote men agayne and took no mo bith hym/
but y M men on hozſback the mooſt parte men of armes and ſo
ſhypped and paſſedy the ſee in to Englondy/and londedy at Do
uer/and thozob the wytte of Merlyn he lad the hooſt North;
bardy the pryuyeſt bey that coude be thought bnto the foreſt
of Bedegrayne/and there in a Baley he lodged hem ſecretely /
¶ Thenne wde Merlyn bnto Arthur and the two kynges &
tolde hem hob he had ſpedy/ bherof they had grete merneylle /
that man on erthe myghte ſpede ſo ſoone/ and goo and come
So Merlyn tolde them y M bere in the foreſt of Bedegrayne
bel armedy at al poyntes/thenne bas there no more to ſaye/
but to hozſback bente all the hooſt as Arthur had afore pur;
ueyedy/So bith yy M he paſſedy by nyghte and day/but ther
bas made ſuche an ordenaūce afore by Merlyn that ther ſhold
no man of bere ryde noz go in no countrey on this ſyde trent
bater/but yf he had a token from kynge Arthur/ bhere tho;
bold the kynges enemyes durſte not ryde as they dydy to fore
to aſpye

¶ Capitulum xñ

And ſoo bithin a lytel ſpace the thre kynges came bn
to the Caſtel of Bedegrayne / and fondy there a paſ;
ſynge fayr felauſhip and bel be ſene/bherof they had
grete ioye / and Bytaille they wantedy none/ This bas the
cauſe of the northern hooſt that they bere redy for the deſpyte
and rebuke the fyue kynges hady at Carlyon/And thy Bj kyn
ges by her meanes gate bnto hem fyue other kynges / And
thus they beganne to gadre theyr peple ¶ And hob
they ſbare that for bele noz bboo they ſholdy not leue other /

tyll they had destroyed Arthur / and thenne they made an oth The fyrst that beganne the othe was the duke of Candebenet / that he wold bringe with hym v M men of armes the which were redy on horsback / Thenne swore kynge Brandegoris of stranggore that he wold bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Thenne swore kynge Claryuaus of Northumberland he wold bringe thre thousand men of armes / thenne swore the kyng of the C knyghtes that was a passynge goode man and a ponge that he wold bringe four thousand men of armes on horsback / thenne ther swore kynge Lott a passyng good knyzt and syre Galvayus fader that he wold bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kynge Bryence that was syr Owayns fader of the lond of gore and he wold bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kyng Idres of Cornewalle that he wold bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kyng cardelmans to bringe v M mē on horsback / Also ther swore kyng Agwysaunce of Irlond to bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kyng Rentres to bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Also there swore kynge Carados to bringe v M men of armes on horsback / Soo ther hool hoost was of clene men of armes on horsback fyfty thousand and a foot x thousand of goode mennes bodyes / thenne were they soone redy and mounted vpon hors and sente forth their fore rydars / for these vj kynges in ther wayes leyd a syege vnto the castel of Bedegrayne / and so they departed and dreive tolvard Arthur and lefte felve to abyde at the syege for the castel of Bedegrayne was holden of kynge Arthur / and the men that were therin were Arthurs

¶ Capitulum xiij

Soo by Merlyns aduys ther were sente fore rydars to skumme the Countreye / & they mette with the fore rydars of the north / and made hem to telle which wey the hoste cam / and thenne they told it to Arthur / and by kyng Ban and Bors counceill they lete brenne and destroye alle the contrey afore them there they sholde ryde / ¶ The kynge with the honderd knyghtes mette a wonder dreme two nyghtes a fore the batailke / that ther bleive a grete wynde & bleive down her castels and her townes / and after that cam a water and sank hit

alle abbey/Alle that herdy of the fiheuen said/ it was a token of grete batayll/ Thenne by counceill of Merlyn whan they wist whiche wey the yj kynges wold ryde andy lodge that nyght At mydnyght they sette vpon them as they were in theyr pauelyons/But the scoute watche by her hoost cryedy lordes att armes for here be your enemyes at your handy

¶Capitulum viiij

Thenne kynge Arthur andy kynge Ban andy kynge Bors with her good andy trusty knyghtes set on hem so fyersly that he made them ouer throwe her pauelions on her bedys/but the yj kynges by manly prowesse of armes woke a fayre champayne/but there was slayne that morowe tyde y M good mennys bodyes/And so they hady afore hem a strong passage yet were they fyfty M of hardy men/ Thenne it drewe towarde day/now shalle ye doo by myne aduys said Merlyn vnto the thre kynges I wold that kynge Ban andy kynge Bors with her felauship of y M men were put in a wood here besyde in an enbusshement andy kepe them preuy / andy that they be leidy or the lyght of the daye come / andy that they stere not tyll ye andy your knyghtes haue foughte with hem longe Andy whanne hit is daye lyght dresse your batailke euen afore them andy the passage that they maye see alle your hooste/For thenne wyl they be the more hardy whan they see yow but a houre yy M/ andy cause hem to be the gladder to suffre yow and youre hoost to come ouer the passage/ All the thre kynges and the hoole barons sayde that Merlyn said passyngly Wel / andy it was done anone as Merlyn hady deuysedy/Soo on the morn whan eyther hoost salue other/the hoost of the north was well comfortedy /Thenne sir Olfyus andy Brastias were delyuerdy thre thowsandy men of armes / andy they sette on them fyersly in the passage / and slewe on the ryght handy andy on the lyft handy that it was wonder to telle /

¶Whanne that the enleuen kynges salue that there was so fewe a felauship dydy suche dedes of armes they were ashamedy andy sette on hem agayne fyersly / andy ther was syr Olfyus hors slayne vnder hym / but he dydy meruayllously well on foote /

¶But the Duke Eustace of Cambenet

and kynge Clarysaunce of Northumberlandy / were alweye
gruous on Olfyus/ thenne Brastias salve his felalve ferdy
so with al/he smote the duke with a spere that hors & may fell
doune/that salve kyng Clarysaunce and retornedy vnto Bras-
tias/ and eyther smote other soo that hors & may wente to the
erthe/andy so they lay long astonyedy/& their hors knees brast
to the hard bone / Thenne cam Syr kay the sencyal with sywe
felalves with hym/ andy dydy passyng wel / with that cam the
vij kynges/and ther was Gryfflet put to the erthe hors & may
andy lucas the botteleere hors andy may by kynge Brandego-
rys andy kyng Idres & kyng Aglysaunce/ thēne wayed the
medle passynge hardy on bothe partyes / whan syre kay salve
Gryflet on foote/ he rode on kyng Nentres & smote hym doun
andy lad his hors vnto syr gryflet & horsedy hym ageyne/ Al
so syr kay with the same spere smote doun kyng Lott/ & hurt
hym passyng sore/that salve the kyng with the C knyghtes and
ran vnto syr kay andy smote hym doune andy toke his hors/&
gaf hym kyng Lott wherof he said gramercy/whan syr Gryf-
let salve syr kay & lucas the botteleere on foote/he took a sharp
spere grete andy squar / andy rode to pynel a good may of ar-
mes/andy smote hors andy may doune/ Andy thenne he toke
his hors/andy gaf hym vnto syr kay/ Thenne kynge Lot salv
kyng Nentres on foote/he ranne vnto Melot de la roche/& smo-
te hym doune hors andy may & gaf kyng Nentres the hors &
horsedy hym ageyne/Also the kyng of the C knyghtes salve ky-
nge Idres on foot thenne he ran vnto Glysympart de bloy and
smote hym doune hors and may & gaf kynge Idres the hors
& horsedy hym ageyne/& kyng Lot smote doun Clarysaunce de
la foreist saueage & gaf the hors vnto duke Eustace/Andy so
whanne they hady horsedy the kynges ageyne they dreive hem
al vij kynges to gyder andy said they wold be reuengedy of the
dommage that they hady taken that day/The meane whyle cam
in syr Ector with an egyr countenaunce/ and foundy Olfyus
andy Brastias on foote in grete perylle of deth that were fow-
le defoyled vnder horsfeet/ Thenne Arthur as a lyon ranne vn
to kynge Cradelment of North walys / andy smote hym thor
wolve the lyfte syde that the hors andy the kynge fylle doune/
Andy thenne he woke the hors by the rayne / andy lade hym

vnto Wolfyus & ſaid haue this hors myn old frend / for gre-
te nede haſt thold of hors / gramercy ſaid Wolfyus/thenne ſyre
Arthur dyd ſo merueillouſly in armes that all men had won
dyr/Whan the kynge with the C knyghtes ſalve kyng Cradel-
ment on foote / he ranne vnto ſyre Ector that was wel horſed
ſyr kayes fader/and ſmote hors and man doune/and gaf the
hors vnto the kynge/and horſed hym ageyne/and when kyng
Arthur ſalve the kyng ryde on ſyr Ectors hors he was wroth
and with his ſwerd he ſmote the kynge on the helme /that a
quarter of the helme and ſhelde fyll doune / and ſo the ſwerd
carf doune vnto the hors neck/and ſo the kyng & the hors fyll
doune to the grounde/Thenne ſyr kay cam vnto ſyr Morgano-
re ſenciall with the kyng of the C knyghtes & ſmote hym doun
hors and man/and lady the hors vnto his fader ſyre Ector /
thenne ſyr Ector ranne vnto a knyght hyghte lardans/& ſmo
te hors & man doune/ & lady the hors vnto ſyr Braſtias that
grete nede had of an hors and was grevouſly deſoyled/ Whan
Braſtias behelde lucas the botteler that lay lyke a dede man
vnder the horſe feet/and euer ſyr Gry flet dyd merueillouſly
for to reſcolve hym/and there were alweyes viij knyghtes on
ſyr lucas/ & thenne Braſtias ſmote one of hem on the helme/
that it wente to the teeth/ & he rode to another and ſmote hym
that the arme flewe in to the feld/Thēne he wente to the third
and ſmote hym on the ſholder that ſholder and arme flewe in
the feld/And whan Gryflet ſalve reſcolves/he ſmote a kny-
ght on the tempils that hede & helme wente to the erthe/ and
gryflet took the hors of that knyght & lady hym vnto ſyr lu-
cas/& lady hym mounte vpon the hors & wevenge his hurtes/
For Braſtias had ſlayne a knyghte to fore & horſed gryf-
let/

Capitulum xb

Thenne lucas ſalve kyng Aglvyſaunce that late hadde
ſlayne Morys de la roche/and lucas ran to hym with
a ſhort ſpere that was grete/that he gaf hym ſuche a falle that
the hors felle doun to the erthe/Alſo lucas found there on ſo-
te bloyas de la flaundres and ſyr Glvynas ij hardy knyghtes
& in that woodenes that lucas was in / he ſlewe ij bachelers &
horſed hem ageyn/thēne wayid the batail poſſyng hard on both
partyes/but arthur was glad y his knyghtes were horſed ayene

& thēne they foughte to gyders that the noyse and sowne rang by the water & the wood/ wherfor kyng Ban and kyng Bors made them redy and dressyd theyr shelds and harneys/ and they were so courageous that many knyghtes shoke & kuerd for egrenes/ Ak this whyle lucas and Gwynas & bryaunte & Bellyas of Flaundrys held strong medle ayenst bj kynges/ that was Kynge Lott/ kynge Nentres/ kyng Brandego rys/ Kyng Idres/ kyng Uryens & kyng Agwysaunce/ Soo with the helpe of syre kay & of syr gryflet / they held these bj kynges hard that vnnethe they had ony power to defend them But whan syr Arthur sawe the batail wold not be endyd by no maner / he ferd wood as a lyon/ & stered his hors here & there on the right hand & on the lyft hand. that he stynte not tyl he had slayne xx knyghtes/ Also he wounded kyng Lot sore on the sholder and made hym to leue that ground / for syre kay & gryflet dyd with kyng Arthur there grete dedes of armes/ Thenne Ulfyus and Brastias & sir Ector encountred ageynst the duke Eustace & kyng Cradelment & kyng Cradelmāt and kynge Clarysaunce of Northumberland & kyng Carados & ageynst the kyng with the C knyghtes/ So these knyghtes encountred with these kynges that they made them to auoyde the grounde/ thēne Kyng Lott made grete dool for his dommages & his felawes/ & said Now the bj kynges but yf ye wil do as I deuyse we shalle be slayn & destroyed/ lete me haue the kynge with the C knyghtes & kyng Agwysaunce & kyng Idres and the duke of Canbenec / & we bj kynges wol haue xb M men of armes with bs & we wille go on parte/ whyle ye bj kynges holde the medle with yij M/ & we see that ye haue fought with hem long thēne wille we come on fyersly/ & elles shall we neuer matche hem said kynge Lot but by this meane So they departed as they were deuysed/ & bj kynges made ther party strongy ageynst Arthur and made grete warre longe / In the meane whyle brake the enbusshement of Kynge Ban and kynge Bors and Lyonses and Sharyaunce had the auant garde/ and they two knyghtes mette with kyng Idres and his felaushyp/ and there began a grete medle of bre kyng of spers and smytynge of swerdys with sleynge of men and horses/ And kynge Idres was nere at discomforture

That salve Aglysanne the kynge and put lyonses and pha
ryaunce in poynte of dethe/ for the duke of Canbenek came on
with all with a grete felauship/ soo these two knyghtes were
in grete daunger of their lyues that they were fayn to retorne
but alweyes they reſcowed hem self and their felauship mer-
ueillously/Whan kynge Bors salve tho knyghtes put on bak
it greued hym sore/thēne he cam on so fast that his felauship
semed as blak as Inde/ Whan kyng Lot had aspyed kynge
Bors/he knelyd hym wel/ thenne he said O Jhesu defende vs frō
deth & horryble maymes/ for I see wel we ben in grete perylle
of dethe/for I see yonder a kynge one of the most worshipful
lest men & one of the best knyztes of the worldy ben enclyned
vnto his felauship/What is he said the kynge with the C knyz
tes/it is said kyng Lot kyng Bors of gaule/ I merueile how
they come in to this countreye without wetynge of vs all
It was by Merlyns auyse said the knyghte/ As for hym sa-
yd kynge Carados/I wylle encountre with kynge Bors/and
ye wil reſcowe me whan myster is/go on said they al/we wil
do all that we may/ thenne kyng Carados & his hoost wente on a
softe pace tyl that they come as nyghe kynge Bors as a lolve
draughte/thenne eyther batail lete their hors renne as fast as
they myghte / And Bleoberys that was godson vnto kynge
Bors he bare his chyef standardy/ that was a passynge goody
knyghte/Now shall we see said kyng Bors how these northe-
ren Brewons can bere the armes/& kyng Bors encountred with
a knyght/and smote hym thorolv out with a spere that he fel
dede vnto the erthe/ and after dreive his swerdy & dyd mer-
ueillous dedes of armes that all partyes had grete wōder ther
of/& his knyztes failled not but dyd their part/ & kyng Ca-
rados was smyten to the erthe/ With that came the kyng with
the C knyztes & reſcued kyng Carados myztely by force of ar
mes/ for he was a passyng goody knyght of a kynge/& but a
yong man

Capitulum xxij

By than come in to the feldy kynge Ban as fyers as a
lyon with bandys of grene/& therupon gold/Ha a sa
id kyng Lot we must be discomfyte/for yonder I see the moste
valyaunt knyght of the worldy/ and the man of the most re-
noume/for suche ij brethren as is kyng Ban & kyng bors ar

not lyuynge/wherfore we *must* nedes loyde or deye/ And but yf we auoyde manly and wyfely/ther is but dethe / whanne kynge Ban came in to the batayll/he cam in so fiersly/that the strokes redounded ageyne fro the woode and the water/ wher-fore kynge Lott wepte for pyte and dooke that he salve so many goody knyztes take theyr ende/ But thorowe the grete forze of kyng Ban they made both the Northewey batayles that were departed/hurtledy to gyders for grete drede/and the thre kynges & their knyghtes slewe ony euer that it was pyte ony to beholy that multitude of the people that sledde / But kynge Lott and kynge of the honderd knyztes & kynge Morganore gadred the pple to gyders passyng knyghtly/and dyd grete prowesse of armes/and held the batayll all that daye lyke hard/ Whanne the kynge of the honderd knyghtes beheld the grete damage that kynge Ban dyd / he threst vnto hym with his horse and smote hym on hyhe vpon the helme a grete stroke and stonyed hym sore/ Thenne kynge Ban was wroth with hym/and folowed on hym fyersly / the other salve that/ and cast vp his sheld & spored his hors forward / But the stroke of kynge Ban felle doune and carfe a cantel of the sheld/ and the swerd slode doune by the hauberk behynde his back / & cut thorowe the trappere of steele/and the hors euen in two pyeces that the swerd felle the erthe/ Thenne the kynge of the C knyghtes loyded the hors lyghtly and with his swerd he brocched the hors of kyng Ban thorowe and thorowe / with that kynge Ban loyded lyghtly from the dede hors / and thenne kynge Ban smote at the other so egrely/ and smote hym ony the helme that he felle to the erth/ Also in that yre he feld kyng Morganore and there was grete slaughter of good knyghtes and moche peple/by than come in to the prees kynge Arthur/ and fond kynge Ban stondynge among dede men and dede hors fyghtynge on foote as a woody lyon / that ther came none nyghe hym as fer as he myght reche With his swerd/but he caughte a greuous buffet wherof kynge Arthur had grete pyte / And Arthur was so blody that by his sheld ther myght no man knowe hym / for all was blood and braynes on his swerd/ And as Arthur loked by hym he salve a knyght that was passyngly wel horsed / and therwith syre Arthur ranne

to hym/and smote hym on the helme that his swerde lyente vnto his teeth/and the knyght sanke doune to the erthe dede/& anon Arthur woke the hors by the rayne and ladde hym vnto kynge Ban & said fair broder/ haue this hors / for ye haue grete myster therof & me repenteth sore of your grete dammage Hit shall be soone reuengid said Kynge Ban/for I truste in god myn eure is not suche but some of them may sore repente thys/I wol wel said Arthur/ for I see your dedes full actual Neuertheles I myghte not come at yow at that tyme / But whanne Kynge Ban was mounted on horsback/ thenne there beganne nelbe bataille the whyche was sore and hard/and passyng grete slaughter/ And so thurgh grete force Kynge Arthur/Kynge Ban and Kynge Bors made her knyghtes a lytel to withdrawe them/ But allwey the yj Kynges with her chyualrye neuer tornedy bak/and so withdrewe hem to a lytil woode/and so ouer a lytyl ryuer/& there they rested hem / for on the nyghte they myghte haue no rest on the feldy/And thē / ne the yj kynges and knyghtes put hem on a hepe all to gyders as men adrady and out of all comforte/but ther was no man myghte passe them/they helde hem so hard to gyders bothe behynde and before that kynge Arthur hady merueille of their dedes of armes and was passynge wrothe/A syr Arthur said kynge Ban and kynge Bors blame hem nought / For they doo as goody men ouzt to doo/For by my feith said kyng Ban/they are the best fyghtyng men and knyghtes of moost prowesse that euer I salve or herd speke of/And tho yj kynges are men of grete worship/ And yf they were longyng vnto yow/ there were no kynge vnder the heuen hadde suche yj knyghtes and of suche worship/I may not loue hem said Arthur/ they wolde destroye me / that wote we wel said kynge Ban and Kynge Bors/ for they are your mortal enemyes/ and that hath ben preued afore handy/And this day they haue done theire parte / and that is grete pyte of theire wilfulnes Thenne alle the yj kynges drewe hem to gyder/ And thenne said kynge Lott/lordes ye muste other wayes than ye do/ or els the grete losse is behynde/ye may see what peple we haue lost/ and what goody men we lese/by cause we wayte allweyes on these foote men / and euer in sauynge of one of the foote men

we lese ye horsmen for hym/ therfore this is myne aduys / lete vs put our foote men from vs/for it is nere nyghte / For the noble Arthur wille not tary on the foote men/ for they maye saue hem self/the woode is nere hand/And whan we horsmen be to gyders/ loke euerych of yolu kynges lete make suche ordinaunce that none breke vpon payne of dethe/ And who that seeth ony man dresse hym to flee/lightly that he be slayne/for it is better that we slee a colvardy than yorolu a colvardy alle we to be slayne/Holu saye ye said kynge Lott/answere me alle ye kynges/it is wel said quod kynge Nentres/so said the kynge of the honderd knyghtes/the same saide the kynge Carados and kyng Uryence/so dyd kynge Idres and kyng Brandegorys/and so dyd kyng Cradulmas and the duke of Cānedenet/ the same said kyng Claryaunce & kyng Aglysaunce and sware they wold neuer faille other neyther for lyf nor for dethe/ And who so that fledde but did as they dyd shold be slayne/ Thenne they amended their harneys and ryghted their sheldes and woke nelve sperys and sette hem on theire thyes and stode stille as hit had ben a plompe of wood /

¶ Capitulum xviij

WHanne Syre Arthur and kynge Ban and bors hyelde them and all her knyghtes they preysed hem moche for their noble cheer of chyualrye for the hardyest fyghters that euer they herd or salve/ with that there dressyd hem al noble knyghtes and saide vnto the thre kynges / they wold breke their bataille/ these were her names Lyonses/pharyaunce Olfyus/brastias/Ector /kaynes/ lucas the botteliere/ Gryflett la fyse de dieu/mariet de la roche/Glyonas de bloy/ briãt de la foreyst saueage/bellaus/ Moryans of the castel maydyns/flãnedrus of the castel of ladyes / Annecians that was kynge bors godsone a noble knyght/ ladynas de la rouse /Emerause Caulas/Gracyens le castelevn/one bloyse de la caase/and sywe Colgreueaunce de gorre, all these knyghtes rode on a fore with sperys on their thyes / and spurred their horses myghtely as the horses myght renne/ And the vj kynges with parte of her knyghtes russched with their horses as fast as they myght with their speres/& ther they dyd on both partyes merueillous dedes of armes/soo came in to the thycke of the prees Arthur ban &

lors & slelbe doune right on both handes that her horses went in blood vp to the fytlokys/ But euer the vj Kynges and their hoste was euer in the vysage of Arthur/ wherfore Ban and Bors had grete merueille consyderyng the grete slaugh ter that there was/ but at the last they were dryuen abak ouer a lytil ryuer/ with that came Merlyn on a grete black hors/ and said vnto arthur tholv hast neuer done/ hast thou not do ne ynough/ of thre score thousand this day hast tholv lefte on lyue but vB M/ and it is tyme to saye ho for god is wrothe with the that tholv wolt neuer thue done/ for yonder vj kyng ges at this tyme will not be ouerthrolven/ but and tholv tary on them ony lenger/ thy fortune wille torne and they shall en creace/ And therfor withdralve yolv vnto your lodgyng and reste yon as soone as ye may and rewarde your good knyghtes with gold and with syluer / for they haue wel deserued hit/ there may no rychesse be to dere for them/ for of so selve men as ye haue ther were neuer men dyd more of prolvesse than they haue done to day! for ye haue matched this day with the beste fyghters of the world/ that is trouthe said kyng Ban and hors! Also said Merlyn / withdralve yolv where ye lyst/ For this thre yere I dar vndertake they shalle not dere yolv/ And by than ye shalle here nelve tydynges/ And thenne Merlyn sa id vnto arthur/ these vj kynges haue more on hand than they are ware of/ for the Sarasyns ar londed in their countreyes mo than xl M that brenne and sley/ and haue leid syege att the castel Wandesborolv and make grete destruction/ therfore drede yolv not this thre yere/ ¶ Also syre al the goodes that ben goten at this bataill lete it be serched / And whanne ye haue it in your handys lete it be gyuen frely vnto these tlvo kynges Ban and Bors that they may rewarde theyr knyghtes with all/ And that shalle cause straungers to be of better wyll to do yolv seruyse at nede / Also ye be able to rewarde youre olvne knyghtes of your olvne goodes whan someuer it lyketh you It is wel said qd Arthur And as tholv hast deuysed so shal it be done/ whanne it was delyuerd to Ban & Bors they gaf the goodes as frely to their knyghtes as fully as it was gyuen to them/ Thenne Merlyn took his leue of Arthur and of the vj kynges for to go and see his mayster Bleyse that dwelde

in Northumberlandy/andy so he departedy andy cam to his maiſ
ter that was paſſyng glady of his comynge/& there he tolde/
how Arthur andy the two kynges had ſpedy at the grete bata;
yll/andy how it was endedy/and toldy the names of euery ky;
ng andy knyght of worſhip that was there / Andy soo Blayse
wrote the bataill wordy by wordy as Merlyn told hym how it
began/& by whome/& in lyke wyſe how it was endydy/ And
who hady the werre/All the batails that were done in arthurs
dayes/merlyn dydy his maiſter Blayse do wryte/Alſo he did
do wryte all the batails that euery worthy knyght dydy of ar
thurs Courte/After this Merlyn departedy from his mayſter
andy came to kynge Arthur that was in the caſtel of Bede;
grayne/that was one of the caſtels that ſtondyn in the forrſt
of Sherwoody/ Andy Merlyn was ſo diſguyſedy that kynge
Arthur knewe hym not for he was al be furred in black ſhe;
pe ſkynnes andy a grete payre of hooſes / andy a bolde andy a;
wolues in a ruſſet gowne/ and brought wild gyſe in his hād
andy it was on the morne after candelmas day/ but kyng Ar
thur knewe hym not/Syre ſaid Merlyn vnto the kynge/Wil
ye gyue me a yefte/wherfor ſaid kyng Arthur ſholdy I gyue
the a yefte chorle/Sir ſaid Merlyn ye were better to gyue me
a yefte that is not in your hand than to leſe grete rycheſſe/for
here in the ſame place there the grete bataill was is grete treſo;
ur hydy in the erthe/who toldy the ſo chorle ſaid Arthur/Mer;
lyn toldy me ſo ſaidy he/ thenne Olfyus and Braſtias knelt
hym wel ynough andy ſmyledy/Syre ſaid theſe two knyghtes
It is Merlyn that ſo ſpeketh vnto yolt/ thenne kyng arthur
was gretely abaſſhedy andy hady merueyll of Merlyn/& ſo had
kynge Ban andy kynge Bors/andy ſoo they hady grete dyſ;
port at hym / Soo in the meane whyle there cam a damoyſel
that was an erlys doughter his name was Sanam/ audy her
name was Lyonors a paſſynge fair damoyſel/and ſo ſhe cam
thyder for to dohomage as other lordes dydy after the grete ba
tail/Andy kyngy Arthur ſette his loue gretely vpon her and
ſo dydy ſhe vpon hym/andy the kyngy hady adoo with her/ andy
gat on her a childy / his name was Borre that was after a
goody knyghte andy of the table roundy/thenne ther cam word
that the kyng Rycne of Northen walys maade grete werre on

kynge Lodegreance of camylyardy/for the whiche thyng arthur was wroth for he loued hym wel and hated kyng Ryence/for he was allwey ageynst hym/So by ordenaunce of the thre kynges that were sente home vnto Wenwyck/ alle they wolde departe for drede of kynge Claudas and pharyaunce and Antemes and Grasians and lyonses/payarne with the leders of tho that sholde kepe the kynges landys

¶ Capitulum xviij

And thenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban & kyng Bors departed with her felauship a xx M and came within vj dayes in to the countrey of Cmyliarde and there resolued kynge Lodegreaunce and sholde ther moche people of kynge Ryence vnto the nombre of x M men and put hym to flyghte; And thenne had these thre kynges grete chere of kyng Lodegreaunce that thanked them of their grete goodnesse that they wold reuenge hym of his enemyes/and there hadde Arthur the fyrst syght of gwenewer the kynges doughter of Camylyard/and euer after he loued her/After they were wedded as it telleth in the booke/Soo breuely to make an ende/ they took theyr leue to goo in to theyre owne Countreyes for kynge Claudas dyde grete destruction on their landes/Thenne said Arthur I wille goo with yow/Nay said the kynges ye shalle not at this tyme/ for ye haue moche to doo yet in these landes/therfore we wille departe / and with the grete goodes that we haue gotten in these landes by youre yeftes we shalle wage goode knyghtes & withstande the kynge Claudas mayre/for by the grace of gode and we haue nede we wille sende to yow for youre socour/And yf ye haue nede sende for vs/ and we wille not tary by the feythe of our bodyes/Hit shalle not saide Merlyn nede that these two kynges come ageyne in the wey of were / But I knowe wel kynge Arthur maye not be longe from yow/for within a yere or two ye shalle haue grete nede/And thenne shalle he reuenge yow on youre enemyes as ye haue done on his / For these vj kynges shal deye all in a day by the grete myghte and prowesse of armes of ij Valyaunt knyghtes as it telleth after/her names ben Balyn le Saueage and Balan his broder that ben merueillous good knyghtes as ben ony lyuynge/¶ Nowe turne we to the vj

kynges that retorned vnto a cyte that hyght Sorhaute / the
whiche cyte was within kynge Oryens / and ther they refres-
shed hem as wel as they myght / and made leches sercke theyr
woundys and sorowed gretely for the dethe of her peple / with
that ther came a messager and told how ther was comen in to
their landes peple that were laukes as wel as sarasyns a yl
M / and haue brent & slayne al the peple that they may come
by without mercy / and haue leyd syege on the castel of wā-
disborow / Alas sayd the yj kynges here is sorow vpon sorow
And yf we had not warryd ageynst Arthur as we haue do
ne / he wold soone reuenge vs / as for kyng Lodegryaunce he lo
ueth Arthur better than vs / And as for kyng Ryence / he hath
ynough to doo with Lodegreans / for he hath leyd syege vnto
hym / Soo they consentyd to gyder to kepe alle the marches of
Cornewayle / of walys and of the northe / soo fyrst they putte
kynge Idres in the Cyte of Nauntys in Bretayne with iiij
tholvsand men of armes / to watche bothe the water and the
land / Also they put in the cyte of Wyndesan kynge Nauntres
of garlott with four thousand knyghtes to watche both on wa
ter and on lond / Also they had of other men of were moo
than eyght thousand for to fortyfye alle the fortresses in the
marches of Cornewaylle / Also they put moo knyghtes in alle
the marches of walys and scotland with many goody men of
armes / and soo they kepte hem to gyders the space of thre yere
And euer alyed hem with myghty kynges and dukes and
lordes / And to them felle kynge Ryence of North walys / the
whiche was a myghty man of men & Nero that was a mygh-
ty man of men / And alle this whyle they furnyssheed hem and
garnyssheed hem of goody men of armes and Bytaille and of
alle maner of abylement that pretendith to the were to anen-
ge hem for the bataille of Bedegrayne / as it telleth in the book
of auentures folowynge

Capitulum xix

Thēne after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng
Bors kynge Arthur rode vnto Carlyon / And thyder
cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a messa-
ge / but she was sente thyder to aspye the Courte of kynge Ar-
thur / and she cam rychely besene with her four sones / galwayn

Gaherys/Agrauaynes/ and Gareth with many other knyghtes and ladyes/for she was a passynge fayr lady! Wherfore the kynge cast grete loue vnto her/and desyred to lye by her/so they were agreed/and he begate vpon her Mordred / and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne/ So ther she rested her a moneth and at the last departed/ Thenne the kyng dremed a merueillous dreme wherof he was sore adrad/But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster/ Thus was the dreme of Arthur/hym thought ther was come in to this land Gryffons and Serpentes / And hym thoughte they brente and slough alle the peple in the lãd And thenne hym thoughte/he faughte with hem/and they dyd hym passynge grete harme/and wounded hym ful sore/but at the last he slewe hem/Whanne the kynge awaked/ he was passynge heuy of his dreme/ and so to put it oute of thoughtes/ he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge / As soone as he was in the forest/ the kynge salue a grete hert afore hym/this herte wille I chace said kynge Arthur/ And so he spored the hors/and rode after longe/And so by fyne force ofte he was lyke to haue smyten the herte/where as the kynge had chaced the herte soo longe that his hors had loste hys brethe and fylle doune dede / Thenne a yoman sette the kynge another hors/ So the kyng salue the herte enbussshed and his hors dede/he sette hym doune by a fontayne and there he fell in grete thoughtes / And as he satte so hym thoughte he herde a noyse of houndes to the somme of xxx/ And with that the kynge salue comyng toward hym the straungest best that euer he salue or herd of/so the best wente to the welle and dranke/ and the noyse was in the bestes bely lyke vnto the questyng of xxx coupyl houndes/but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bely/and therwith the best departed with a grete noyse/wherof the kyng had grete merueyll/And so he was in a grete thoughte/ and therwith he fell on slepe/ Ryght so ther came a knyght a foote vnto Arthur/ and sayd knyght full of thought and slepy / telle me yf thow salueest a straunge best passe this waye / Suche one salue I said kynge Arthur/ that is past two myle/what wold ye with the best said arthur Syre I haue folowed that best longe tyme / and kylled myne

hors /so wold god I had another to folowe my queste/ ryght so came one with the kynges hors/ and whan the knyght sa; We the hors / he prayd the kyng to yeue hym the hors/for I haue folowed this queste this yere moneth/and other I shal en cheue hym or blede of the best blood of my body/Pellinore that tyme kynge folowed the questynge best/and after his deth sir Calamydes folowed hit

¶ Capitulum xx

SYr knyghte said the kynge leue that queste/and suffre me to haue hit/and I wyll folowe it another yere mo; neth / A foole said the knyghte vnto Arthur/it is in Beyne thy desyre / for it shalle neuer ben encheued but by me/ or my next kyn/there with he sterte vnto the kynges hors and mounted in to the sadel/and said gramercy this hors is myn owne/wel said the kynge thou mayst take myn hors by force But and I myghte preue the whether thou were better on hors back or I/ wel said the knyght seke me here whan thou wolt and here nygh this wel thou shalt fynde me/ and soo passed on his weye/thenne the kyng sat in a study and bad his men fetche his hors as faste as euer they myghte/ Right soo came by hym Merlyn lyke a child of viii yere of age and salewed the kyng/and asked hym why he was so pensyf/I may wel be pensyf sayd the kynge/for I haue sene the merueylleste syght that euer I salve/that knowe I wel said Merlyn as wel as thy self and of all thy thoughtes/but thou art but a foole to take thought/for it wylle not amend the/ Also I knowe what thou arte/and who was thy fader/and of whome thou were begoten/kynge Vtherpendragon was thy fader/ and begat the on Igrayne/that is trus said kyng Arthur/how sholdest thou knowe it/for thou arte not so old of yeres to knowe my fa; der/yes sayd Merlyn I knowe it better than ye or ony man lyuynge/I wille not bileue the said Arthur and was wroth with the child / Soo departed Merlyn and came ageyne in the lykenes of an old man of iiii score yere of age/wherof the kynge was right glad/for he semed to be right wyse

Thenne saide the old man why are ye so sad/I maye wel be hevy said Arthur for many thynges/ Also here was a child and told me many thynges that me semeth/he shold not kno we/for he was not of age to knowe my fader/yes said the old

man / the child wold yow trouthe / and more wold he haue
wolde yow and ye wolde haue suffred hym / But ye haue don
ne a thynge late that god is displeasyd with yow/ for ye ha
ue layne by your syster / and on her ye haue gotten a chyld /
that shalle destroye yow and all the knyghtes of your realme
What are ye said Arthur that telle me these tydynges / I am
Merlyn/and I was he in the childes lykenes/A sayd kyng
Arthur ye are a merueillous man / but I merueylle moche /
of thy wordes that I mote dye in bataille/ Merueylle not sa-
id Merlyn/ for it is gods wyll youre body to be punyssked for
your folvle dedes /but I may wel be sory said Merlyn/ for I
shalle dye a shameful deth to be put in the erthe quyck/and ye
shall dye a worshipful deth/And as they talked this/ cam one
with the kynges hors/ and so the kyng mounted on his hors
and Merlyn on another and so wode Vnto Carlyon / & anone
the kynge asked Ector and Ulfyus how he was bigoten/ &
they told hym Vtherpendragon was his fadr & quene Igra-
yn his moder/ thenne he sayd to Merlyn I wylle that my mo
der be sente for that I may speke with her/And yf she saye so
her self/ thẽne wylle I byleue hit/In all hast the quene was
sente for/and she cam & broughte with her Morgan le fay her
doughter that was as fayre a lady as ony myghte be / & the
kynge welcomed Igrayne in the best maner /

RYght soo cam Ulfyus & saide ¶ Capitulum xxj
openly that the kynge and all myght here that were se-
sted that day/ ye are the falsest lady of the world and
the most traitresse Vnto the kynges person/ Beware saide Ar-
thur what thou saist/thou spekest a grete word / I am wel wa
re said Ulfyus what I speke/ & here is my glove to preue hit
Vpon ony man that wille seye the contrary/ that this quene I-
grayne is causar of your grete domage / & of your grete werre
For and she wold haue vttered it in the lyf of kyng Vtherpẽ-
dragon of the byrthe of yow/and how ye were begoten ye had
neuer had the mortal werrys that ye haue had for the moost
party of your lawns of your realme knelve neuer whos sone
ye were/nor of whome ye were begoten/ & she that kare yow of
her body shold haue made it knowen openly in excusyng of her
worshipe & yours / & in lyke Wyse to alle the reame/ wherfor I

preue her fals to god and to yow and to al your realme and
who wyll saye the contrary I wyll preue it on his body
Thenne spak Igrayne and sayd I am a woman and I may
not fyghte/but rather than I shold be dishonoured/ther wold
some good man take my quarel//More she sayd/Merlyn kno
weth wel and ye syr Olfyus how kynge Other cam to me in
the Castel of Tyntagaill in the lykenes of my lord that Was
dede thre houres to fore/ and therby gat a child that nyght vp
on me/And after the viij day kynge Other wedded me/ and
by his commaundement whan the child was borne it was de-
lyuerd vnto Merlyn and nourysshed by hym/and so I salve
the child neuer after / nor wote not what is his name/for I
knelve hym neuer yet / And there Olfyus saide to the quene
Merlyn is more to blame than ye/ wel I wote said the quene
I have a child by my lord kyng Other/but I wote not where
he is become / thenne Merlyn toke the kynge by the hand sa-
yeng/this is your moder /and therwith syr Ector have wytnes
how he nourysshed hym by Others commaundement/And ther
with kynge Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his ar
mes and kyst her/and eyther wepte vpon other/And thenne
the kyng lete make a feest that lasted eyght dayes/Thenne on
a day ther come in the courte a squyer on hors back ledynge a
knyght before hym wounded to the dethe/ and told hym how
ther Was a knyght in the forest hady rrrdy vp a pauelione by
a well and hath slayne my mayster a good knyght/ his na-
me was mylis /wherfor I beseche yow that my mayster maye
be buryed/and that somme knyzt maye wruenge my maysters
deth/thenne the noyse was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the
Court/and euery man said his aduys/thenne came Gryflett
that was but a squyer / and he was but ponge of the age of
the kyng Arthur/soo he besoughte the kyng for alle his seruyse
that he hady done hym to gyue hym the ordre of knyghthode .

Capitulum xxij

Thou arte full yong and tendyr of age sayd Arthur
for to take so hyghe an ordre on the / Sir said gryflet
I beseche yow make me knyzt/Syr said Merlyn it were gre-
te pyte to lese Gryflet / for he wille be a passynge good man/
whanne he is of age / abydynge with yow the terme

me of his lyf/ And yf he auenture his body with yonder knyght at the fontayne it is in grete peryll yf euer he come ageyne/ for he is one of the beſt knyghtes of the world/ and the ſtrongeſt man of armes/ wel ſaid Arthur/ ſo at the deſyre of gryflet the kynge made hym knyght / Now ſaid Arthur vnto ſyre Gryflet/ Sythen I haue made yow knyghte thow muſt yeue me a gyfte/ what ye will ſaid Gryflet/ thou ſhalt promyſe me by the feythe of thy body whan thou haſt Juſted with the knyght at the fontayne/ whether it falle ye be on foote or on horſ/ back/ that rycht ſo ye ſhal come ageyne vnto me without maner kynge ony more debate/ I wyll promyſe yow ſaid Gryflet as yow deſyre/ Thenne toke Gryflet his hors in grete haſte/ & dreſſed hym his ſheld and toke a ſpere in his hand/ and ſo he rode a grete wallop tyll he cam to the fontayne/ and ther by he ſalue a ryche pauelion/ and ther by vnder a clothe ſtode a fayr hors wel ſadeled and brydeled/ and on a tree a ſheld of dyuerſe colours and a grete ſpere / Thenne Gryflet ſmote on the ſheld with the bott of his ſpere that the ſhylde felle doune to the grounde/ with that the knyght cam oute of the pauelione / & ſayd fair knyght why ſmote ye doune my ſheld / for I wil Juſte with yow ſaid gryflet/ it is better ye do not ſayd the knyghte for ye are but yong and late made knyght/ and your myghte is nothyng to myn / as for that ſaide Gryflet I wylle Juſte with yow/ that is me loth ſaid the knyght/ but ſythen I muſte nedes I wille dreſſe me therto/ of whens be ye ſayd the knyzte ſyre I am of Arthurs courte/ So the two knyghtes ranne to gyder that gryflets ſpere al to sheuered/ and ther with all he ſmote Gryflet thorowe the ſheld & the lyfte ſyde / and brake the ſpere that the tronchon ſtack in his body / that hors and knyghte fylle doune

¶ Capitulum xxiij

Than the knyght ſalue hym lye ſoo on the grounde/ he alyght and was paſſynge heuy / for he wende he had ſlayne hym / and thenne he vnlaced his helme and gafe hym wynde/ and ſo with the tronchon he ſet hym on his hors and gafe hym wynde/ and ſo bytoke hym to gode/ and ſeid he had a myghty hert and yf he myght lyue he wold preue a paſſynge good knyzt/ & ſo ſyr Gryflet rode to the court where grete dooke

was made for hym/But therolde goody leches he was heledy / and sauedy/Ryght so cam in to the Courte yñ knyztes & were aged men/and they cam from thempreour of Rome/& they asked of Arthur truage for this realme / other els thempreour wold destroye hym & his landy / Wel said kyng Arthur ye are messagers/therfor ye may say what ye wil other els ye shold dye therfore/But this is myn answer I olde thempreour noo truage nor none will I holdy hym / but oy a fayr felde I shall yeue hym my truage that shal be with a sharp spere / or els with a sharp swerd/& that shall not be long by my faders soule Pendragon/& therwith the messagers departed passyngly wroth/& kyng arthur as wroth/for in euyl tyme cam they thenne/for the kyng was passyngly Wroth for the hurte of sir Gryflet/& soo he commaundedy a pryuy may of his chambre / that or hit be day his best hors and armour with all that longeth vnto his persone be without the cyte or to morowe daye Ryght so or to morowe day he met With his may and his hors and so mountedy vp and dressid his sheldy / & toke his spere and bady his chamberlayne tary there tyll he came ageyne / And so Arthur rode a softe pas tyll it was day / & thenne was he ware of thre chorles chacynge Merlyn/and wold haue slayne hym/thenne the kyng rode vnto them/ and had them flee chorles/ thenne were they aferd whan they salve a knyght and fledy/O Merlyn said Arthur/ here haddest thou be slayne for all thy craftes hady I not byn/ Nay said Merlyn not soo/ for I coude saue my self and I woldy / and thou arte more nere thy dethe than I am for thow gost to the dethward & godly be not thy frendy / So as they wente thus talkyng/they came to the fontayne/and the ryche pauelione there by hit / thenne kyng Arthur was ware where sat a knyght armedy in a chayer/Syr knyght said Arthur/for what cause abydest thow here that ther maye no knyght ryde this wey but yf he juste with the said the kynge / I rede the leue that custome said Arthur This customme saide the knyght haue I vsedy and wille vse magre who saith nay/ & who is greuedy with my custome/lete hym amende hit that wol/I wil amende it said Arthur/I shal defende the said the knyzt/anony he toke his hors & dressid his shylde & toke a spere & they met so hard either in others sheldes

that al to sheuered their sperys/ther with anone Arthur pul-
led oute his swerd/ nay not so said the knyght/it is fayre sa
yd the knyzt that we tweyne wenne more to gyders with sharp
sperys/I wille wel said Arthur and I fynd ony mo sperys
I haue ynow said the knyzt/ so ther cam a squyer and brouzt
ij good sperys/and Arthur chose one & he another/so they spo
red their horses & cam to gyders with al the myghtes/that ey
ther brak her speres to her handes/thenne Arthur sette hand on
his swerd/nay seid the knyght/ye shal do better/ye are a pas-
synge good Juster as euer I mette with al/& ones for the loue
of the hyghe ordre of knyzthode lete vs Juste ones ageyn/I as
sente me said Arthur/anone there were brought two grete spe-
rys/and euery knyght gat a spere / and therwith they ranne
to gyders that Arthurs spere al to sheuered / But the other
knyghte hyt hym so hard in mydes of the shelde/ that horse &
man felle to the erthe/and ther with Arthur was egre & pul-
led oute his swerd/ and said I wille assay the syr knyghte on
foote/for I haue lost the honour on horsback/I wille be on hors
back said the knyght/ thenne was Arthur wrothe and dressid
his shelde tolward hym with his swerd drawen/ whan the kny
ght salue that/he a lyghte/for hym thought no worship to ha
ue a knyght at suche auaille he to be on horsback and he on foot
and so he alyght & dressid his shelde vnto Arthur & ther bega
a strong bataille with many grete strokes/ & soo helue with her
swerdes that the cantels flewe in the feldes/ and moche blood
they bledde bothe/ that al the place there as they faught was
ouer bledde with blood/ and thus they fought long and rested
hem/and thenne they wente to the batayl ageyne/and so hurt
ledy to gyders lyke two rammes that eyther felle to the erthe
So at the last they smote to gyders that both her swerdys met
euen to gyders/But the swerd of the knyght smote kyng ar-
thurs swerd in two pyeces/ wherfor he was heuy/thenne saidy
the knyghte vnto Arthur/ thou arte in my daunger Whether
me lyst to saue the or slee the/ and but thou yelde the as ouer
come and recreaunt/thou shalt deye/as for deth said kyng ar-
thur welcome be it whan it cometh/ But to yelde me vnto the
as recreaunt I had leuer deye than to be soo shamedy / And
ther with al the kynge kepte vnto Pellinore & toke hym by

the mydell and therbe hym doune and rased of his helme /
Whan the knyght felt that/he was adrad / for he was a pas-
synge bygge man of myghte / and anone he brought Arthur
Vnder hym/and rased of his helme and wold haue smyten of
his hede/ ¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Ther with all came Merlyn and sayd knyghte / hold
thy hand/ For and thou slee that knyghte thou put
test this reame in the grettest dammage that euer was
reame/ For this knyght is a man of more worshipp than thou
wotest of/Why/who is he said the knyghte/it is kyng Arthur
Thenne wold he haue slayn hym for dredc of his wrathe/ and
hewe vp his swerd / and therwith Merlyn cast an enchaunte
ment to the knyghte that he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe /
Thenne Merlyn woke vp kyng Arthur and rode forth on the
knyztes hors/ Allas said Arthur what hast thou done merlyn
hast thou slayne this goody knyzhte by thy crafte s/there ly-
ueth not soo worshipful a knyghte as he was / I had leuer
than the stynte of my land a yere that he were on lyue/ are ye
not sayd Merlyn/for he is holer than ye/for he is but on slepe
and will awake within thre houres/I told you said Merlyn
what a knyghte he was/ Here had ye be slayn had I not ben
Also ther lyueth not a bygger knyght than he is one/and he
shal here after do yow ryght good seruyse & his name is Pel-
inore/ and he shal haue two sones that shal be passyng good
men sauf one / they shalle haue no felawe of prowesse and of
good lyuynge/and her names shal be Perseual of walys/&
Lamerak of walis/& he shal telle yow the name of your own
sone bygoten of your syster that shal be the destruction of alle
this royame ¶ Capitulum xxv

Ryghte so the kyng and he departed & wente vn tyl an
hermyte that was a good man and a grete leche/Soo
the heremyte serched all his woundys & gaf hym good salues
so the kyng was there thre dayes & thenne were his wounde s
wel amendyd that he myght ryde and goo/& so departed/& as
they rode Arthur said I haue no swerd/no forte said Merlyn
here by is a swerd that shalle be yours and I may/Soo they
rode tyl they came to a lake the whiche was a fayr watez/ and
brood/And in the mydde s of the lake Arthur was ware of

an arme clothed in white samyte / that held a fayr sword in that hand/ loo said Merlyn yonder is that sword that I spak of/with that they salve a damoisel goyng vpon the lake/what damoysel is that said Arthur/that is the lady of the lake said Merlyn /And within that lake is a roche / and therin is as fayr a place as ony on erthe and rychely besene/and this damoysell wylle come to yolv anone / and thenne speke ye fayre to her that she will gyue yolv that sword/Anone with all came the damoysel vnto Arthur/and salewed hym/and he her a geyne/Damoysel said Arthur/what sword is that/that yonder the arme holdeth aboue the watre/ I wold it were myne/ for I haue no sword/ Syr Arthur kynge said the damoysell/ that sword is myn / And yf ye will gyue me a yefte whan I aske it yolv/ ye shal haue it by my feyth said Arthur / I will yeue yolv what yefte ye will aske/wel said the damoisel go ye in to yonder barge/& rowe your self to the sword/ and take it/and saubart with yolv/& I will aske my yefte whan I see my tyme/So syr Arthur & merlyn alyght & tayed their horses to two trees/& so they went in to the ship/& whanne they came to the sword that the hand held/syre Arthur toke it vp by the handels/& toke it with hym/& the arme & the hād went vnder the water/ & so come vnto the lond & rode forth/& thēne syr Arthur salve a ryche pauelion/ what sygnyfyeth yō der pauelion/ys ys knyghtes pauelion seid merlyn ys ye fought with last/syr Pellinore/but he is out/he is not there/he hath a do with a knyght of yours that hyght Egglame/& they haue fought ten to gyder/but at the last Egglame fledde and els he had ben dede/& he hath chaced hym euen to Carlyon/and we shal mete with hym anon in the hygh wey/that is wel sayd/ said Arthur/nolv haue I a sword/nolv wille I wage batayll with hym & be auenged on hym/sir ye shal not so said Merlyn/for the knyght is wery of fyghtyng & chacyng so that ye shal haue no worship to haue a do with hym/Also he will not be lyghtly matched of one knyght lyuyng/& therfor it is my counceil/lete hym passe/for he shal do you good seruyse in shorte tyme & his sones after his dayes/ Also ye shal see that day in short space ye shal be right glad to yeue him your sister to wedde Whan I see hym I wil doo as ye aduyse me sayd Arthur

Thenne syre Arthur lokede on the swerde / and lykede it passynge wel / whether lyketh yow better sayd Merlyn the swerd or the scaubard / Me lyketh better the swerde sayde Arthur / ye are more vnwyse sayde Merlyn / for the scaubarde is worth x of the swerdys / for whyles ye haue the scaubarde vpon yow ye shalle neuer lese no blood / be ye neuer so sore wounded therfor kepe wel the scaubarde alweyes with yow / so they rode vnto Carlyon / and by the wey they met with syr Pellinore / but Merlyn had done suche a crafte / that pellinore salve not Arthur / and he past by without ony wordes / Me merueylle sayde Arthur that the knyght wold not speke / syr said Merlyn / he salve yow not / for and he had sene yow ye had not lyghtly departed / Soo they come vnto Carlyon / wherof his knyghtes were passynge glad / And whanne they herd of his auenturs / they merueilled that he wold ieoparde his persone soo al one / But alle men of worshyp said it was mery to be vnder suche a chyuetayne that wolde put his persone in auenture as other poure knyghtes dyde /

Capitulum xxviij

This meane whyle came a messager from kynge Rions of Northwalys / And kynge he was of alle Ire / land and of many Iles / And this was his message kynge wel kynge Arthur in this maneze wyse sayenge / that kynge Rions had discomfyte and ouercome vij kynges / and euerych of hem did hym homage / and that was this / they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of / as moche as ther was / wher for the messager came for kyng Arthurs berd / For kyng Rions had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes / and there lacked one place of the mantel / wherfor he sente for his berd or els he wold entre in to his landes / and brenne and slee / & neuer leue tyl he haue the hede and the berd / wel sayd Arthur thow hast said thy message / the whiche is the most vylaynous and lewdest message that euer man herd sente vnto a kynge / Also thow mayst see / my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit / But telle thow thy kynge this / I olve hym none homage / ne none of myn elders / but or it be longe to / he shall do me homage on bothe his kneys / or els he shall lese his hede by the feith of my body / for this is the most shamefulleste message

that euer I herd speke of/I haue aspyed/thy kynge met neuer yet with worshipful man/ant telle hym/I wyll haue his hede without he doo me homage/ thenne the messager departed ¶ Nowe is there ony here said Arthur that knowyth kyng Ryons/thenne answerd a knyght that hyght Naram/ Syre I knowe the kynge wel/he is a passyng good man of his body/ as selue ben lyuynge/and a passyng prowde man/ and sir doubte ye not/ he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyssaunce/wel said Arthur I shall ordeyne for hym in short tyme

¶ Capitulum xxviij

THene kyng arthur lete sende for al the childrē born on may day begotē of lordes & born of ladyes/for Merlyn told kynge Arthur that he that sholde destroye hym/ sholde be borne in may day/wherfor he sent for hem all vpon payn of deth and so ther were founde many lordes sones/and all were sente vnto the kynge / and soo was Mordred sente by kyng Lotts wyf/and all were put in a ship to the see/ and some were iiij wekes old and some lasse/And so by fortune the shyp drofe vnto a castel and was al to ryuen and destroyed the most part sauf that Mordred was cast vp and a good man fonde hym/ and nourysshed hym tyl he was viij yere olde / & thenne he brought hym to the Court / as it rehercith afterward towardy the ende of the deth of Arthur/So many lordes and barons of this reame were displeasyd/for her children were so lost/ and many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur/so what for drede and for loue they helde their pees/But whanne the messager came to kynge Ryons/ thenne was he woode oute of mesure and purueyed hym for a grete host as it rehercyth after in the book of Balyn le sauuage that folowyth next after/ how by aduenture Balyn gat the swerd

¶ Explicit liber primus

¶ Incipit liber secundus

AFter the dethe of Vtherpendragon regned Arthur his sone/the which had grete werre in his dayes for to gete al Englond in to his hand/ For there were many kynges within the realme of Englond and in walys/Scotland and Cornewaille/Soo it befelle on a tyme/ whanne kyng Arthur

was at London ther came a knyght and tolde the kynge tydynges how that the kynge Ryons of Northwalys had werred a grete nombre of peple/and were entryd in to the land and brente and slewe the kynges true liege peple/ yf this be trwe said Arthur/it were grete shame vnto myn estate/but that he were myghtely withstand/ it is trouthe sayd the knyghte/for I salve the hoost my self/wel saide the kynge/lete make a crye/ that all the lordes knyghtes and gentylmen of armes shold drawe vnto a castel called Camelot in tho dayes/ and ther the kynge wold lete make a counceil general and a grete Justes So whan the kynge was come thyder with all his baronage and lodged as they semed best/ther was come a damoisel the which was sente on message from the grete lady lylle of auelyon/And whan she came bifore kynge Arthur/she told from whome she came/and how she was sent on message vnto hym for these causes Thenne she lete her mantel falle that was richely furred/ And thenne was she gyrd with a noble swerd wherof the kynge had merueill/ and said Damoysel for what cause are ye gyrd with that swerd/it bisemeth yow not/
Now shall I telle yow said the damoysel/ This swerd that I am gyrd with al doth me grete sorowe and combraunce/ for I may not be delyuerd of this swerd/but by a knyghte / but he must be a passyng good man of his handes and of his dedes and without vylonye or trecherye and without treason/And yf I may fynde suche a knyghte that hath alle these vertues / he may drawe onte this swerd oute of the shethe / for I haue ben at kyng Ryons/it was told me ther were passyng good knyghtes/and he and alle his knyghtes haue assayed it and none can spede/This is a grete merueill said Arthur/yf this be sothe/I wille my self assaye to drawe oute the swerd/not presumynge vpon my self that I am the best knyghte / but that I will begynne to drawe at youre swerd in gyuyng ensample to alle the Barons that they shall assay euerychone after other whan I haue assayed it/Thenne Arthur toke the swerd by the shethe and by the gyrdel and pulled at it egrely / but the swerd wold not oute / ¶ Sire seid the damoysell ye nede not to pulle half so hard/ for he that shall pulle it out shal do it with lytel myghte/ ye say wel said Arthur /Now assaye

ye al my barons/but kelware ye be not defoyled with shame tre
chery ne gyle/thenne it wille not auayle sayd the damoysell/
for he must be a clene knyght without vylony and of a gentil
strene of fader syde and moder syde/ Moost of all the barons of
the round table that were there at that tyme assayed alle by
rewe/but ther myght none spede / wherfor the damoysel made
grete sorowe out of mesure and sayd Allas I wende in this
Court had ben the best knyghtes without trechery or trson/
By my feythe sayth Arthur here are good knyghtes as I de
me as ony ben in the world / but theyr grace is not to helpe
yow/ wherfor I am displeasyd ¶ Capitulum ij

Thenne felle hit soo that tyme/ ther was a poure kny-
ght with kynge Arthur/that had hym prysoner with
hym half a yere & more for sleynge of a knyghte/ the
whiche was cosyn vnto kynge Arthur/ the name of this kny-
ght was called Balen / and by goode meanes of the barons
he was delyuerd oute of pryson/for he was a good man na-
med of his body/and he was borne in northumberland / and
soo he wente pryuely in to the Courte / and salve this aduen-
ture/wherof hit reysed his herte/ and wolde assaye it as other
knyghtes dyd/but for he was poure and pourely arayed he
put hym not forre in prees/ But in his herte he was fully as
sured to doo as wel yf his grace happed hym as ony knyght
that there was/ And as the damoysel toke her leue of Arthur
and of alle the barons so departyng / this knyght Balen cal
led vnto her and sayd Damoysel I praye yow of your cur-
tosy/suffre me as wel to assay as these lordes though that I
be so pourely clothed / in my herte me semeth I am fully assu-
red as somme of these other / And me semeth in my herte to
spede ryght wel / The damoysel beheld the poure knyght /and
salve he was a lykely man / but for his poure arrayment she
thoughte he sholde be of no worshipp without vylonye or tre-
chery / And thēne she sayd vnto the knyght/sir it needeth not to
put me to more payn or labour /for it semeth not yow to spe
de there as other haue failled/ A fayr Damoysel said Balen
worthynes and goode tatches and good dedes are not only in
arrayment / but manhoode and worshipp is hyd within mans
persone and many a worshipful knyghte is not knowen vn

to aske people / and therfore worship and hardynesse is not in
arayment / By god sayd the damoysel ye say sothe / therfor ye
shal assaye to do what ye may / Thenne Balen took the swerd
by the gyrdel and shethe / and drelve it out easyly / and when
he loked on the swerd hit pleasyd hym moche / thenne had the
kynge and alle the barons grete merueille that Balen hadde
done that auenture / many knyghtes had grete despyte af Ba
len / Certes said the damoysel / this is a passynge good knyght
and the best that euer I found and moost of worship with ;
oute treson / trechery or bylony / and many merueylles shalle he
do / Nolde gentyl and curtois knyght yeue me the swerd ayene
nay said Balen / for this swerd wylle I kepe but it be taken
from me with force / Wel saide the damoysel ye are not wyse to
kepe the swerd from me / for ye shalle slee with the swerd the
best frende that ye haue and the man that ye moste loue in the
worlde / and the swerd shalle be your destruction / I shal take
the aduenture sayd Balen that god wille ordeyne me / but the
swerd ye shalle not haue at this tyme by the feythe of my bo;
dy / ye shalle repente hit within short tyme sayd the damoysel /
For I wold haue the swerd more for your auayle than for
myne / for I am passyng heuy for your sake / For ye wil not
byleue that swerd shal be youre destruction / and that is grete
pyte / with that the damoysel departed makynge grete sorowe /
Anone after Balen sente for his hors and armour / and soo
wolde departe fro the Courte and toke his leue of kynge Ar;
thur / nay sayd the kynge I suppose ye wyll not departe so lyg;
tely fro this felaushyp / I suppose ye are displesed that I ha;
ue shewed yow vnkyndenes / Blame me the lasse / for I was
nys senformed ageynst yow / but I wende ye had not ben suche
a knyght as ye are of worshyp and prowesse / and yf ye wyll
abyde in this courte among my felaushyp / I shalle so auaun;
ce yow as ye shalle be pleased / god thanke your hyghnes said
Balen / your bounte and hyghnes may no man preyse half to
the valewe / but at this tyme I must nedes departe / bysechyng
yow alwey of your goody grace / Truly said the kynge I am
ryght wrothe for your departyng / I pray yow faire knyghte /
that ye tary not long / and ye shal be ryght welcome to me / &
to my barons / and I shalle amende all myssse that I haue

done ageynſt yow/ gody thanke your grete lordſhip ſaid Ba-
len/and therwith made hym redy to departe/ Thenne the mooſt
party of the knyghtes of the round table ſayd that Balen did
not this auenture al only by myghte but by wytchecraft

Capitulum Tercium

The meane whyle that this knyght was makyng hym
redy to departe/there came in to the Court a lady that
hyght the lady of the lake / And ſhe came on horſback rychely
byſene/and ſalewed kynge Arthur/ and there aſked hym a
yefte that he promyſed her whan ſhe gaf hym the ſwerd; that
is ſothe ſaid Arthur/a gyfte I promyſed yow / but I haue
forgoten the name of my ſwerd that ye gaue me / The name
of it ſaid the lady is Excalibur that is as moche to ſay as cut
ſtele/ ye ſaye wel ſaide the kynge / Aſke what ye wil and ye
ſhalle haue it/and hit lye in my power to yeue hit/ wel ſayd
the lady / I aſke the hede of the knyghte that hath wonne
the ſwerd / or elſe the damoyſels hede that brought hit / I
take no force though I haue sothe their hedes/for he ſlewe my
broder a good knyzte and a true/and that gentil woman was
cauſar of my faders deth /Truly ſaid kynge Arthur I maye
not graunte neyther of her hedes with my worſhip/ therfor aſ
ke what ye wille els/and I ſhalle fulfille your deſyre/I wil
aſke none other thyng ſaid the lady/ whan Balyn was redy
to departe he ſalwe the lady of the lake that by her menes had
ſlayne Balyns moder and he had ſoughte her thre yeres/and
whan it was told hym that ſhe aſked his hede of kynge Ar-
thur he went to her ſtreyte and ſaid euyl be you foūde/ye wold
haue my hede / and therfore ye ſhalle leſe yours/and with hys
ſwerd lyghtly he ſmote of hir hede before kynge Arthur/ al-
las for ſhame ſayd Arthur why haue ye done ſo/ye haue ſha-
med me and al my Courte/for this was a lady that I was
beholden to / and hyther ſhe came vnder my ſauf conduyte/I
ſhalle neuer forgeue you that treſpas/Sir ſaid Balen me for
thynketh of your diſpleaſyr / for this ſame lady was the vn-
trueſt lady lyuynge / and by enchauntement and ſorſſery ſhe
hath ben the deſtroyer of many good knyghtes /and ſhe was
cauſer that my moder was brente thorow her falſhede and tre-
chery/ what cauſe ſoo euer ye had ſayd Arthur ye ſholde haue

forborne her in my presence/ therfor thynke not the contrary ye
shalle repente it/for suche another despyte had I neuer in my
Courte/therfor withdrawe yow oute of my Courte in al haste
that ye may/Thenne Balen toke vp the heed of the lady and
bare it with hym to his hostry/and there he met with his squy
er that was sory he had displeasyd kyng Arthur/and so they
rode forth oute of the towne/Now said Balen we must depar-
te/take thou this hede and bere it to my frendys/and telle hem
how I haue sped/ and telle my frendys in Northumberland
that my most foo is ded/Also telle hem how I am oute of pry
son/and what auenture befelle me at the getyng of this swerd
Alas said the squyar ye are gretely to blame for to displease
kyng Arthur/as for that said Balen I wylle hyde me in al
the hast that I may to mete with kynge Ryons and destroye
hym eyther els to dye therfor/and yf it may happe me to wyn-
ne hym/thenne wille kynge Arthur be my good and gracious
lord/where shal I mete with yow saide the squyer/in kynge
Arthurs Court said Balen/ so his squyer and he departed
at that tyme/ thenne kynge Arthur and alle the Court made
grete doole and hady shame of the deth of the lady of the lake
Athenne the kyng buryed her ryche ly Capitulum iiij
At that tyme ther was a knyghte/ the whiche was the
kynges sone of Irlond and his name was Launce-
or/the whiche was an orgulous knyzt/and counted hym self
one of the best of the Courte/and he had grete despyte at Ba-
len for the enchesynge of the swerd that ony shold be aboun-
ted more hardy or more of prowesse/and he asked kynge Ar
thur yf he wold gyue hym leue to ryde after Balen and to re
uenge the despyte that he had done/Doo your best said Arthur
I am right wroth said Balen I wold he were quyte of the
despyte that he hath done to me and to my Courte/ Thenne this
Launcelot went to his hostry to make hym redy/In the meane
whyle cam Merlyn vnto the Court of kyng Arthur and there
was told hym the aduenture of the swerd and the deth of the
lady of the lake/Now shal I saye yow said Merlyn/ this sa
me damoysel that here standeth that broughte the swerde vnto
your Court/I shalle telle yow the cause of her comynge / she
was the falsest damoysel that lyueth/say not so said they / She

hath a broder a passynge goody knyght of prolbesse andy a ful true many/andy this damoysel louedy another knyght that helde her to peramour/ andy this goody knyght her brodr mett with the knyght that heldy her to peramour and slelbe hym by force of his handes/ whany this fals damoysel Vnderstoody thys/ she wente to the lady lyle of Auelione/ and besought her of help/ to be auengyd ony her owne broder

Capitulum quintum

And so this lady lyle of Auelion toke her this swerd that she broughte with her/andy toldy there sholdy noo man pulle it oute of the shethe but yf he be one of the best knyghtes of this reame/andy he sholdy be hard andy ful of prolbesse/andy with that swerdy he shold slee her broder / this was the cause that the damoysel came in to this Courte/I knowe it as wel as ye / Wolde godly she had nat comen in to thys Courte/but she came neuer in felaushyp of worshyp to do go; od but allbeyes grete harme/and that knyght that hath enchaued the suerd shal be destroyed by that suerd; for the whiche will be grete dommage/for ther lyueth not a knyzt of more prolbesse than he is/andy he shalle do Vnto yolb my lord Arthur grete honour andy kyndenesse/and it is grete pyte he shall not endure but a whyle / for of his strengthe andy hardynesse I knolbe not his matche lyuynge/ Soo the knyght of Irlonde armedy hym at al poyntes/ and dressid his shelde on his sholder andy mounted vpon horsback andy toke his spere in his handy/ andy rode after a grete paas as mocke as his hors myght goo/andy within a lytel space ony a montayne he hady a syghte of Balyn/and with a lolude voys he cryed abyde knyght /for ye shal abyde whether ye will or nyll/and the shelde that is to fore you shalle not helpe/whan Balyn herdy the noyse / he tourneday his hors fyersly/and saide faire knyghte what wille ye with me/ wille ye juste with me/ye said the Iryssbe knyghte/therfor come I after yolb/ parauenture said Balyn it hady ben better to haue hold yolb at home/ for many a man weneth to putte his enemy to a rebuke/and ofte it falleth to hym self/of what courte be ye sente fro said Balyn / I am come fro the Courte of kynge Arthur saydy the knyghte of Irlondy / that come hyder for to wuenge the despyte ye dyd this day to kyng arthur

and to his courte/ wel said Balyn/I see wel I must haue
adoo with yow that me forthynketh for to greue kyng arthur
or ony of his courte/and your quarel is ful symple said Ba
lyn vnto me/ for the lady that is dede/ dyd me grete domma
ge & els wold I haue ben lothe as ony knyghte that lyueth
for to slee a lady/Make yow redy sayd the knyght launcelot /
and dresse yow vnto me / for that one shalle abyde in the feld
thenne they toke their speres/and cam to gyders as moche as
their horses myght dryue/and the Iryssh knyght smote Ba
lyn on the shelde that alle wente sheuers of his spere/ & Ba
lyn hyt hym thorugh the shelde / and the hauberk perysshed/ &
so percyd thurgh his body and the hors croppe/and anon wor
ned his hors fyersly and dreue oute his swerde and wyste
not that he had slayn hym/ and thenne he salue hym lye as a
dede corps

Capitulum vj

Thenne he loked by hym and was ware of a damoysel
that came ryde ful fast as the hors myghte ryde on a
fayr palfroy /and whan she aspyed that launcelot was
slayne/she made sorowe oute of mesure and sayde O Balyn
two bodyes thou hast slayne and one herte and two hertes in
one body/and two soules thow hast lost/ And therwith she toke
the swerd from her loue that lay dede and fylle to the grounde
in a swoune/And whan she awoos she made grete dole out of
mesure/the whiche sorowe greued Balyn passyngly sore/and
he wente vnto her for to haue taken the swerde oute of her hād
but she helde it so fast/ he myghte not take it oute of her hande
onles he shold haue hurte her / and sodenly she sette the pomell
to the grounde/and rofe her self thorow the body/ whan balyn
aspyed her dede he was passynge heuy in his herte and asha
med that so fair a damoysell had destroyed her self for the loue
of his dede/ Allas said Balyn me repenteth sore the dede of this
knyght for the loue of this damoysel/for ther was moche true
loue betwixe them bothe / and for sorowe myght not lenger be
hold hym but torned his hors and loked toward a grete forest
and ther he was ware by the armes of his broder Balan/and
whan they were mette they putte of her helmes and kyssed to
gyders and wepte for ioye and pyte/Thenne Balan sayde/I

lytel wende to haue met with yow at this sodayne auenture/ I am ryght glady of youre delyueraunce andy of youre dolorous pryſonement/for a mā told me in the castel of four stones that ye were delyuerd/& that many had sene you in the court of kyng Arthur/& therfor I cam hyder in to this countrey/for here I supposed to fynde you/anon the knyzt balyn told his brother of his aduenture of the ſwerd & of the deth of the lady of the lake/& how kyng arthur was displeasyd with hym wherfor he sente this knyzt after me that lyeth here dede/& the dethe of this damoysel greueth me sore/so doth it me said Balan/but ye muſt take the aduenture that gody wil ordeyne yow/ Truly said Balyn I am ryght hevy that my lord Arthur is displeasyd with me/ for he is the mooſt worſhipful knyght that regneth now on erthe/ & his loue will I gete or els I wil put my lyf in auenture/ for the kyng Ryons lyeth at a ſyege atte castel Tarabil & thyder will we drawe in all haſt to preue our worſhip & prowesſe vpon hym/I wil wel said Balan that we do & we wil helpe eche other as bretheren ouzt to do/ ¶ Ca vij

NOw go we hens said Balyn & wel be we met/the mene whyle as they talked ther cam a dwarf from the cyte of camelot on horſback as mocke as he myght & fōūd the dede bodyes/wherfor he made grete dole & pulled out his here for sorou & saide which of you knyztes haue done this dede/ where by askeſt thou it said Balan/for I wold wete it said the dwarfe/it was I said Balyn that ſelue this knyght in my defendaūt for hyder he cam to chace me & other I muſt ſles hym or he me/& this damoyſel ſlewe her ſelf for his loue whiche repenteth me/& for her sake I ſhal owe al wymmen the better loue/ Alas said the dwarf thow haſt done grete dommage vnto thy ſelf/for this knyght that is here dede was one of the moſt valyaunts men that lyued/and truſt wel Balyn the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow thorowe the worldy tyl they haue ſlayne yow/ As for that sayd Balyn I fere not gretely/but I am ryght hevy that I haue diſpleaſyd my lordy kyng arthur for the deth of this knyght/ Soo as they talkedy to gyders there came a kynge of Cornewaille rydynge / the which hyght kynge Mark / ¶ Andy whanne he ſalue theſe two bodyes dede and vnderſtood how they were dede by the ij knyghtes

aboue saide/thenne maade the kynge grete sorowe for the true
loue that was betwix them/& said I wil not departe tyl I haue
ony this erthe made a tombe/and there he pyght his pauelions
and soughte thurgh alle the countrey to fynde a tombe/ and ony
a chirche they found one was fair and ryche/& thenne the ky-
nge lete put hem bothe in the erthe & put the tombe vpon hem /
and wrote the names of them bothe on the tombe/Holw here ly
eth launcelot the kynges sone of Irlond that at his owne re-
quest was slayne by the handes of balyn/& holw his lady co-
mbe and peramoure slewe her self with her owes swerdy for
dole and sorowe

Capitulum viij

The mene whyle as this was a doyng / in cam merlyn
to kyng mark seyng alle his doynge said/ Here shalle
be in this same place the grettest batailles betwixt two
knyghtes that was or euer shall be/and the trueste louers/and
yet none of hem shalle slee other/ and there Merlyn wrote her
names vpon the tombe with letters of golde that shold fyghte
in that place/ whos names were Launcelot de lake/and Tryf-
tram / tholw art a merueillous man saide kynge Marke vnto
Merlyn that spekest of suche merueilles/ thou art a boystous
man and an vnlykely to telle of suche dedes/what is thy na-
me said kynge Marke/ at this tyme said Merlyn I will not
telle / but at that tyme whan syr Tryftram is taken with his
souerayne lady/ thenne ye shalle here and knowe my name/ &
at that tyme ye shal here tydynges that shal not please yolw /
Thenne said merlyn to balyn thou hast done thy self grete hurt
by cause that tholw saueste not this lady that slewe her self that
myght haue saued her & tholw wolde/by the feyth of my body
sayd balyn I myght not saue her for she slewe her self sodenly
Me repenteth saide Merlyn by cause of the dethe of that lady
thou shalt stryke a stroke most dolorous that euer man stroke
except the stroke of oure lorde/ for thou shalt hurte the trueste
knyzt & the man of most worshipp that nolw lyueth/ & thorolw
that stroke iij kyngdoms shal be in grete pouerte myserie & wret
chidnes yij yere/ & the knyzt shal not be hool of that wou̅d ma
ny yeres/then merlyn toke his leue of balyn & balen said yf
I wist it were soth that ye say I shold do suche a perylloys dede
as that I wold slee my self to make the a lyar/therwith merlyn

Kanysshedy albey sodenly/ andy thenne kalyn andy his broder to
ke her leue of kynge Mark/fyrst said the kynge telle me yo⁹
ur name/syr said Balen ye may see he bereth two swerdes ther
by ye may calle hym the knyght with the two swerdes & soo
departedy kyng marke Into camelot to kynge Arthur & kalyn
toke the wey toward kyng Ryons/ andy as they rode to gyder
they mett with Merlyn desguysedy but they knewe hym not /
whyder ryde yolu said Merlyn/we haue lytel to do saide the ij
knyztes to telle the/but what is thy name said Balen at this
tyme said Merlyn I will not telle it the/ it is euyl sene said
the knyghtes that thou art a true man that thou wolt not tel
le thy name/as for that saydy Merlyn/be hit/ as it be may I
can telle yolu wherfor ye ryde this wey for to mete kyng Ry⁹
ons but it will not auaille you without ye haue my counceill
A said Balyn ys are Merlyn we wyl be rulydy by youz cou⁹
ceill/ come on said Merlyn ye shal haue grete worship & loke
that ye do knyztely for ye shal haue grete nede/as for that sa⁹
id Balen dzede yolu not we will do what we may/

¶ Capitulum iy

THenne Merlyn lodged them in a wode amonge leuys
kesyde the hyke way & toke of the bzydels of their hozs
ses & put hem to gras & leid hem doun to reste hem tylle
it was nyke mydnyzt/Thenne Merlyn badde hem ryse/& make
hem redy/for the the kynge was nygh them that was stolen a⁹
wey from his hoost with a iij score hozses of his best knyztes &
yy of hem rode to foze to warne the lady de Ware that the ky⁹
ng was comyng/ for that nyzt kyng Ryons shold haue layn
With her/whiche is the kyng said Balyn/abyde said Merlyn
here in a streyte wey ye shal mete with hym & therwith he she⁹
wed Balyn & his broder where he rode/ anon kalyn & his bro
der mette with the kyng & smote hym doune & wounded hym
syerfly & leid hym to the ground/& there they slewe on the ry⁹
ght hand & the lyfte hand & slewe moo than yl of his men/ &
the remenaunt fled/ thenne went they ageyne to kyng Ryons
& wold haue slayn hym had he not yelded hym Into her grace
Thenne said he thus knyghtes ful of prowesse slee me not/for
by my lyf ye may wynne/ & by my dethe ye shalle wynne noo
thynge/Thenne sayd these two knyghtes ye say sothe & trouth

and so leyd hym on on hors lyttar / with that Merlyn was
kanysshed and came to kyng Arthur afore hand & told hym
how his most enemy was taken and discomfyted/ by whome
said kynge Arthur/ by two knyghtes said Merlyn that wold
please your lordship / and to morowe ye shalle knowe What
knyghtes they are/ Anone after cam the knyght with the two
swerdes and balan his broder / and brought With hem kynge
Ryons of Northwalys and there delyuerd hym to the porters
and charged hem With hym / & soo they two wexned ageyne
in the daunyng of the day/kynge Arthur cam thenne to kyng
Ryons and said Syr kynge ye are welcome/ by what auen=
ture come ye hyder/syr said kyng Ryons I cam hyther by an
hardy aueuture/who wanne yow said kyng Arthur/ syre said
the kyng the knyght With the two swerdes & his broder whi=
che are two merueillous knyghtes of prowesse/ I knowe hem
not sayd arthur but moche I am beholden to them/ A said mer
lyn I shal telle yow it is balen that enchieued the swerd & his
broder balan a good knyght / ther lyueth not a better of pro=
wesse & of worthynesse/and it shal be the grettest dole of hym
that euer I knewe of knyght / for he shalle not long endure/
Allas saide kynge Arthur that is grete pyte for I am moche
beholdyng vnto hym/ & I haue yll deserued it vnto hym for his
kyndenes/ nay said Merlyn he shal do moche more for yow/
and that shal ye knowe in hast/ but syr are ye purueyed said
Merlyn for to morne the hooste of New kynge Ryons broder
Wille sette on yow or none With a grete hoost and therfor ma
ke yow redy for I wyl departe from yow

Capitulum x

Thenne kyng Arthur made redy his hoost in x batails
and New was redy in the felde afore the castel Ta=
rabil with a grete hoost/ & he had x batails With many mo pe
ple than Arthur had/Thenne New had the kalward With the
moost party of his peple/ & merlyn cam to kyng lot of the yle
of Orkeney/ and held hym With a tale of prophecye til New
and his peple were destroyed / & ther syr kay the sencyal dyd
passyngly wel that the dayes of his lyf the Worship went ne=
uer frō hym & sir heruys de reuel did merueillous dedes With

with kynge Arthur/ and kynge Arthur slewe that daye xx knyghtes & maymed xl/ At that tyme cam in the knyzte with the two swerdys and his broder Balan/ But they two did so merueillously that the kynge and alle the knyghtes mer= ueilled of them/ and alle they that behelde them said they were sente from heuen as aungels or deuyls from helle/ & kynge Arthur saidy hym self they were the best knyghtes that euer he salve/for they gaf suche strokes that all men had wonder of hem In the meane whyle came one to kynge Lott and told hym / whyle he taryedy there new was destroyed andy slayne with al his peple/Allas saydy kynge Lot I am ashamedy/ for by my defaute ther is many a worshipful may slayne/ for and we hady ben to gyders there hadde ben none hoste vnder the heuen that hady ben abel for to haue matchedy with vs / This faytor with his prophecye hath mockedy me/ Al that dyd Merlyn for he knewe wel that and kyng Lot had ben with his body there at the fyrst bataille/kynge Arthur hady be slayne/and alle his peple destroyedy / & wel Merlyn knewe the one of the kynges shold be dede that day/& both was Merlyn that ony of them both sholde be slayne/But of the twayne he hady leuer kyng Lotte hady be slayne than kynge Arthur / Now what is best to doo saydy kyng Lot of Orkeney whether is me better to treate with kynge Arthur or to fyghte / for the gretter party of oure peo= ple are slayne/and destroyed/Syr said a knyght set on arthur for they are wery and forfoughten and we be fresshe / As for me sayd kyng Lot I wolde euery knyght wolde do his parte as I wold doo myn / And thenne they auaunced baners and smoten to gyders and al to sheuered their spewes/and arthurs knyghtes with the helpe of the knyght with two swerdes & his broder balan put kyng lot & his hoost to the werse / But alweyes kyng Lot helde hym in the formest frunte & dyd mer ueillous dedes of armes/for alle his hooste was borne vp by his handes for he abode al knyghtes/ allas he myght not endu re the which was grete pyte that so worthy a knyght as he was one sholde be ouermatchedy that of late tyme afore hadde ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs & wedded the sister of kyng arthur & for kyng Arthur lay by kyng lots wyf the which was ar= thurs syster & gat on her Mordred/therfor kyng lot held ayeste

Arthur/So ther was a knyght that was calledy the knyghte with the straunge keeste/ andy at that tyme his ryght name was calledy Pellinore / the whiche was a goody man of pro= wesse/andy he smote a myghty stroke att kynge Lot as he fo= ught with alle his enemyes/andy he fayledy of his stroke/andy smote the hors neck that he fylle to the grounde with kyng lot Andy therwith anony Pellinore smote hym a grete stroke tho= rowe the helme & hede vnto the brolbes & thenne alle the hoste of Orkeney fledy for the dethe of kynge Lott / andy there were slayn many moders sones/But kynge Pellinore kare the wy= ffe of the dethe of kynge Lot/wherfore syr Galwayne reuengedy the dethe of his fader the y yere after he was made knyght and slewe kynge Pellinore with his owne handes/Also there we= re slayne at that batailke yñ kynges on the syde of kyng Lot with Rew/ andy alle were buryedy in the chircke of saynt Ste uyns in Camelot/andy the remenaunt of knyghtes andy of o= ther were buryedy in a grete rocke ¶Capitulum vj

SO at the enterement cam kynge Lots wyf Morgause with her foure sones Galwayne/ Agrauayne/Galerys andy Gareth/Also ther came thyder kyng Uryens syr Wayns fader andy Morgan le fay his wyf that was kyng Arthurs syster / Alle these cam to the enterement/but of alle these yñ kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kynge Lot passyng rychely/andy made his tombe by his owne / andy thenne Arthur lete make yñ ymages of latoy andy couper/ & ouer gylt hit with goldy in the sygne of yñ kynges/& echon of hem helde a tapyr of way that brent day andy nyzt/ & kyng Arthur was made in sygne of a sygure standynge aboue hem with a swerd drawen in his hand/ & alle the yñ sygures hady countenaunce lyke vnto men that were ouercome/ All this ma de Merlyn by his subtyl crafte and ther he told the kyng whā I am dede/these tapers shalle brenne no lenger/andy soone af= ter the aduentures of the Sangrayll shalle come among yow andy be encheued/Also he toldy Arthur how Balyn the wor= shipful knyght shal gyue the dolourous stroke/ wherof shalle falle grete vengeaunce/O where is Balen & Balan & Pelli= nore saide kynge Arthur/as for Pellinore saydy Merlyn/ he wyl mete with yow soone/ ¶Andy as for Balyn

he wille not be longe from yolb/but the other broder wil depar te ye ſhalle ſee hym no more/ By my feyth ſaid Arthur they are tbo merueylous knyghtes/and namely Balyn paſſeth of prowesſe of ony knyghte that euer I found/for mocke be holden am I vnto hym/ wold god he wold abyde with me/ Syr sayd Merlyn loke ye kepe wel the ſaubard of Excali bur/for ye ſhalle leſe no blood wbyle ye haue the ſauberd vp on yolb though ye haue as many wounded vpon yolb as ye may haue/ Soo after for grete truſt Arthur betoke the ſaubard to Morgan le fay his ſyſter/and ſhe loued another kny ght better than her huſband kynge Vryens or kynge Arthur And ſhe wold haue had Arthur her broder ſlayne/And ther for ſhe lete make another ſauberd lyke it by enchauntement and gaf the ſauberd Excalibur to her loue/ and the knyghtes name was called Accolon that after had nere ſlayne kyng ar thur/After this Merlyn told vnto kynge Arthur of the pro phecye/that there ſhold be a grete batail beſyde Salyſbury and Mordred his owne ſone ſholde be ageynſte hym/ Alſo he tolde hym that Vaſdemegus was his coſyn and germayn vnto ky nge Vryence

¶ Capitulum vñ

Wythin a daye or tbo kynge Arthur was somwhat ſe ke/and he lete pytche his pauelione in a medowe / & there he leyd hym doune on a paylet to ſlepe/ but he my ght haue no reſt/Rygbt ſo he berd a grete noyſe of an hors and therwith the kynge loked oute at the porche of the pauelione/ and ſawe a knyght comynge euen by hym makyng grete dole Abyde fair ſyr ſaid Arthur/ & telle me wherfor thou makeſt this ſorowe/ye maye lytel amend me ſaid the knyghte and ſoo paſſed forthe to the caſtel of Melyot / Anone after ther cam ba ken/and whan he ſawe kynge Arthur/ he alyght of his hors/ and cam to the kynge on foote/ and ſaluted hym/By my hede ſaide Arthur ye be welcome / Sire rygbt nowe cam rydynge this way a knyght makynge grete moorne/ for what cauſe I can not telle/wherfor I wold deſyre of yow of your curteſye and of your gentylneſſe to fetche ageyne that knyght/ eyther by force or elſe by his good wil/ I wil do more for your lord ſhip than that ſaid Balyn/and ſo he rode more than a paas and found the knyght with a damoyſel in a foreſt & ſaid ſir knyght

ye muſt come with me vnto kynge Arthur for to telle hym of your ſorowe/that wille I not/ ſayd the knyghte/for hit wylle ſcathe me gretely/and do yow none auaylle/ſyr ſayd Balyn I pray yow make yow redy for ye muſt goo with me/ or els I muſt fyghte with yow and brynge yow by force/and that were me both to doo/wylle ye be my Warraunt ſaid the knyght and I goo with yow/ye ſaide Balyn or els I wylle deye therfore/ And ſo he made hym redy to go with Balyn / and lefte the damoyſel ſtylle/And as they were euen afore kynge Arthurs pauelione / there came one inuyſybel and ſmote thys knyghte that went with Balyn thorow oute the body with a ſpere/Allas ſayd the knyght I am ſlayne vnder youre cõduyt with a knyght called Garlon/therfor take my hors that is better than yours and ryde to the damoyſel and forowe the queſt that I was in/ as ſhe wylle lede yow and reuenge my deth whan ye may/ That ſhalle I doo ſayd Balyn/and that I make a vowe vnto knyghode/ and ſo he departed from thys knyghte with grete ſorowe/Soo kyng Arthur lete berye thys knyght ryche/y and made a menſyon on his tombe/how there was ſlayne Herlews le berbeus / and by whome the trechery was done the knyght garlon/ But euer the damoyſel bare the trunchyon of the ſpere with her that ſyr Harlews was ſlayn with al

Capitulum viii

So Balyn and the damoyſel rode in to a foreſt/& there met with a knyght that hade ben on huntynge / and that knyght aſked Balyn for what cauſe he made ſo grete ſorowe/me lyſt not to telle yow ſaide Balyn / Now ſaide the knyghte and I were armed as ye be I wolde fyghte with yow/that ſholde lytel nede ſayd Balyn / I am not aferd to telle yow/and told hym alle the cauſe how it was A ſayd the knyght is this al/Here I enſure yow by the feithe of my body neuer to departe from yow whyle my lyf laſteth /& ſoo they went to the hoſtry and armed hem/ and ſo rode forth with Balyn/And as they came by an hermytage euen by a Chyrche yerd/ther cam the knyghte garlon inuyſybel and ſmote thys knyghte Peryn de mountebeliard thurgh the body with a ſpere / Allas ſaide the knyghte I am ſlayne by this traytour

knyght that rydeth inuysyble/ Allas said balyn it is not the fyrst dispyte he hath done me/and there the heremyte and Balyn beryed the knyght vnder a ryche stone and a tombe royal And on the morne they fond letters of golden wryten / how syr Galveyn shalle reuenge his faders deth kynge Lot/on the kynge Pellinore / Anone after this balyn and the damoysel rode tyl they came to a castel and there balyn alyghte / and he and the damoysel wende to goo in to the castel/and anone as balyn came within the castels yate the portcolys fylle doune at his bak/and there felle many men about the damoysel/and wold haue slayne her / when balyn salve that/he was sore agreued/for he myghte not helpe the damoysel / and thenne he wente vp in to the toure and lepte ouer the walles in to the dyche/and hurte hym not/and anone he pulled oute his suerd and wold haue fouzten with hem/and they all sayd nay they wold not fyghte with hym/ for they dyd no thyng but thold custome of the castel/ and told hym how her lady was seke/& had layne many yeres/and she myghte not be hole but yf she had a dysshe of syluer ful of blood of a clene mayde & a kynges doughter/and therfore the custome of this castel is/ there shalle no damoysel passe this way but she shal blede of her blood in a syluer dysshe ful/wel said balyn she shal blede as moche as she may blede/but I wille not lese the lyf of her whyles my lyf lasteth / & soo balyn made her to blede by her good will/but her blood halpe not the lady/ and so he & she rested there al nyght/ & had there ryght good chere/and on the morn they passed on their wayes/And as it telleth after in the sangraylle that syre Percyualis syster halpe that lady with her blood wherof she was ded

Capitulum xiiij

Thenne they rode thre or foure dayes and neuer mette with aduenture / and by happe they were lodged with a gentyll man that was a ryche man and well at ease/ And as they sat at her souper balyn herd ouer complayne greuously by hym in a chayer / what is this noyse said balen/forsothe said his hoost I wylle telle yow/I was but late att a justynge/ and there I justed with a knyghte that is broder vnto kynge Pellam/and thoyes smote I hym doune/ & thenne

he promysed to quyte me on my beſt fryende/ and ſo he woun-
ded my ſone that can not be hole tyll I haue of that knyghtes
blood/and he rydeth alwey Inuyſyble/but I knowe not his
name/ A ſayd Balyn/I knowe that knyght/his name is
Garlon/he hath ſlayne two knyghtes of myn in the ſame ma-
ner/ therfor I had leuer mete with that knyght than alle the
gold in this realme/for the deſpyte he hath done me/Wel ſaid
his ooſte I ſhalle telle yow kynge Pellam of lyſtyneyſe hath
made do crye in all this countrey a grete feeſt that ſhal be with
in theſe xx dayes/ & no knyght may come ther but yf he bryn-
ge his wyf with hym/or his paramour/& that knyzte youre e-
nemy and myn ye ſhalle ſee that daye/ Thenne I beholde yow
ſayd Balyn parte of his blood to hele youre ſone with alle/
We wille be forward to morne ſayd his ooſt/ So on the morne
they rode all thre towardy Pellam/and they had vij dayes jo-
urney or they cam thyder/ and that ſame day began the grete
feeſte/and ſoo they alyght and ſtabled theyr horſes/& went
in to the Caſtel/ but balyns ooſt myght not be kept in by cauſe
he had no lady/thenne Balyn was wel receyued & brought
Into a chamber and Vnarmed hym/and there were brought
hym robes to his pleaſyr/ and wold haue had Balen leue
his ſwerdy behynde hym/ Nay ſayd Balen that doo I not for
it is the cuſtomme of my Countrey a knyghte alweyes to ke-
pe his wepen with hym and that cuſtomme wylle I kepe/or
els I wyll departe as I cam/thenne they gaf hym leue to we-
re his ſwerdy/ and ſo he went Into the caſtel/and was ſette
amonge knyghtes of worſhip and his lady afore hym/Soo-
ne balyn aſked a knyght/is ther not a knyghte in this court
whos name is Garlon/yonder he goth ſayd a knyght/he with
the blak face/he is the merueylleſt knyzt that is now lyuyng
for he deſtroyeth many good knyghtes/for he goth Inuyſyble
A wel ſaid Balen is that he/thēne balyn auyſed hym longe
yf I flee hym here I ſhall not ſcape/ And yf I leue hym now
peraventur I ſhalle neuer mete with hym ageyne at ſuche a
ſteuen/ and moche harme he wille doo and he lyue/Ther with
this Garlon eſpyed that this Balen beheld hym/ and thenne
he came and ſmote Balyn on the face with the bak of his
hand/ / and ſayd knyzt why beholdeſt thow me ſo for ſhame

therfor ete thy mete and doo that thow cam for/Thow sayst for the said Balyn/this is not the fyrst despyte that thow hast done me/and therfor I will doo that I cam for and rose vp fyersly and claue his hed to the sholders/gyue me the truncheon sayd Balyn to his lady where with he slewe your knyghte / anone she gaf it hym/for alwey she bare the troncheon with her And therwith Balyn smote hym thurgh the body/ and sayd openly with that truncheon thow hast slayn a good knyghte/ and now it stycketh in thy body/And thenne Balyn called vnto hym his hoost/sayenge/ now may ye fetche blood ynough to hele your sone with all/

Capitulum xv

Anone all the knyghtes awos from the tabyl for to set on Balyn/and kynge Pellam hym self awos vp fyersly/ & sayd knyzt hast thow slayn my broder/thow shalt dye therfor or thou departe/wel said kalen do it your self yis sayde kyng pellã/ ther shall no mã haue ado with the/but my self for the loue of my broder/Thenne kyng Pellam cauzt in his hand a grym wepen and smote egrely at kalyn/but kalyn put his swerd betwixe his hede and the stroke/and therwith his swerd brest in sonder/ And whan kalyn was wepenles he ranne in to a chamber for to seke somme wepen/ and soo fro chamber to chamber/and no wepen he coude fynde/ and alwayes kynge Pellam after hym/ And at the last he entryd in to a chambyr that was merueillously wel dyzte and rychely/and a bedde arayed with clothe of gold the rychest that myghte be thought/ and one lyenge therin / and therby stode a table of clene gold with four pelours of syluer / that bare vp the table/and vpon the table stood a merueillous spere straungely wrought/And whan kalyn salve that spere / he gat it in his hand and torned hym to kyng Pellam / and smote hym passyngly sore With that spere that kynge Pellam felle doune in a swoune/and therwith the castel woke and wallys brake and fylle to the erthe/ and kalyn felle doune so that he myghte not stere foote nor hand/ And so the mooste party of the castel that was falle doune thorugh that dolorous stroke laye vpon Pellam and kalyn thre dayes

Capitulum xvj

THenne Merlyn cam thyder and toke vp Balyn and gat hym a good hors for his was dede / and bad hym ryde oute of that countrey/ I wold haue my damoysel sayd Balyn/ Loo sayd Merlyn where she lyeth dede & kynge Pellam lay so many yeres sore wounded / and myght neuer be hole tyl Galahad the haute prynce heled hym in the queste of the Sangraille/ for in that place was part of the blood of our lord Ihesu cryst that Joseph of Armathe brought in to this lond/ and ther hym self lay in that ryche bed/ And that was the same spere that Longeus smote oure lorde to the herte/ and kynge Pellam was nyghe of Joseph kynne / and that was the moost worshipful man that lyued in tho dayes/ and gre-te pyte it was of his hurte/ for thorolb that stroke wrned to grete dole tray and tene/ Thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn and sayd in this worlde we mete neuer nomore / Soo he rode forth thorolbe the fayr countreyes and Cytees & fond the peple dede slayne on euery syde/ and alle that were on lyue cryed O balyn tholb hast caused grete dommage in these cō trayes for the dolorous stroke tholb gaueste Vnto kynge Pellā thre contreyes are destroyed/ and doubte not but the vengeaunce wil falle on the at the last/ Whanne Balyn was paste tho contrayes he was passyng fayne/ so he rode eyght dayes or he met with auenture / And at the last he came in to a fayr forest in a valey and was ware of a Toure/ And there beside he salbe a grete hors of were tayed to a tree / and ther beside satte a fayr knyght on the grounde and made grete mornynge and he was a lykely man and a wel made/ Balyn sayd God saue yow why be ye so hey/ telle me and I wylle amende it and I may to my power/ Syr knyghte said he ageyne tholb doeste me grete greef/ for I was in mery thoughtes and nolb thou puttest me to more payne/ Balyn wente a lytel from hym/ & loked on his hors/ thenne herd Balyn hym saye thus/ a fair lady why haue ye broken my promyse/ for tholb promyseste me to mete me here by none / and I maye curse the that euer ye gaf me this swerde/ for with this swerde I slee my self/ and pulled it oute/ and therwith Balyn sterte vnto hym & took hym by the hande/ lete goo my hande sayd the knyght or elis I shal slee the/ that shal not nede said balyn/ for I shal promyse

yolv my helpe to geete yolv your lady / andy ye vvilte telle me vvhere she is/vvhat is your name sayd the knyght/myn name is Balyn le saueage/ A syr I knolve yolv vvel ynough ye are the knyght vvith the tvvo svverdys andy the man of moost prolvesse of your handes lyuyng/ vvhat is your name sayd ba lyn/my name is garnysshe of the mount a poure mans sone / But by my prolvesse andy hardynesse a duke hath maade me knyght/andy gaf me landes/his name is duke Hermel/ andy his doughter is she that I loue andy she me as I demedy/hou fer is she hens sayd Balyn/but by myle saidy the knyghte Nolv ryde vve hens sayde these tvvo knyghtes/so they rode mo re than a paas tylt that they cam to a fayr castel vvel vvallyd andy dyched/I vvylle in to the castel sayd Balen / andy loke yf she be ther/ Soo he vvente in and serched fro chamber to chã bir/andy fondy her bedde but she vvas not there/Thenne Balen loked in to a fayr litil gardyn/andy vnder a lauvel tre he salve her lye vpon a quylt of grene sampte andy a knyght in her ar mes fast halsynge eyther other andy vnder their hedes grasse & herbes/ vvhan Balen salve her lye so vvith the folvlest knyghte that euer he salve andy she a fair lady / thenne Balyn vvente thurgh alle the chambers ageyne andy told the knyghte holv he fondy her as she hady slepte fast/ andy so brought hym in the place there she lay fast slepynge

Capitulum xviij

And vvhan Garnysshe beheldy hir so lyeng for pure sorou his mouth and nose brast oute on bledynge and vvith his svverd he smote of bothe their hedes/ andy thenne he maade sorolve oute of mesure and sayd O Balyn/Moche sorolv hast tholv brought vnto me / for hadeste tholv not shevved me that syght I sholdy haue passedy my sorolv/forsoth said balyn I did it to this entent that it sholde better thy courage/ and that ye myght see andy knolve her falshede / andy to cause yolv to leue loue of suche a lady / godys knolveth I dydy none other but as I vvold ye dydy to me/ Alas said garnysshe nolv is my sorou doubel that I may not endure / Nolv haue I slayne that I moost louedy in al my lyf/and therwith sodenly he roofe hym self on his olvn svverdy vnto the hyltys/vvhen balen salve that

he dreſſid hym thens ward/ leſt folke wold ſay he had ſlayne them/ and ſo he wode forth / and within thre dayes he cam by a croſſe/ & theron were letters of gold wryte that ſaid/ it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this Caſtel/ thēne ſalue he an old hore gentylman comyng towardy hym that sayd Balyn le Sauuage thow paſſyſt thy bandes to come this waye / therfor torne ageyne and it will auaille the/ and he vanyſſhed awey anone/ and ſoo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a beſt/ That blaſt ſaid Balyn is blowen for me / For I am the pryſe and yet am I not dede/ anone with al he ſaw be an hondred ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr ſemblaunt and made hym paſſyng good cheres Into his ſyght and ledde hym in to the caſtel/ and ther was daunſynge and mynſtralſye and alle maner of Joye/ Thenne the chyef lady of the caſtel ſaid/ knyghte with the two ſuerdys ye muſt haue adoo and Juſte with a knyght hereby that kepeth an Iland/ for ther may no man paſſe this way but he muſt Juſte or he paſſe/ that is an vnhappy cuſtomme ſaid Balyn that a knyght may not paſſe this wey/ but yf he Juſte/ ye ſhalle not haue adoo but with one knyghte ſayd the lady/ Wel ſayd Balyn ſyn I ſhalle therto I am wery but traueil lynge men and hors of bothe wery and their horſes to / but though my hors be wery/ my hert is not wery/ I wold be fayne ther my dethe ſhold be/ Syr ſaid a knyght to Balyn/ me thynketh your ſhyld is not good/ I wille lene yow a bygger/ therof I pray yow/ and ſo he toke the ſhyld that was vnknowen and lefte his owne and ſo rode into the Iland/ and put hym and his hors in a grete boote/ and when he came on the other ſyde / he met with a damoyſel/ and ſhe ſaid/ O knyght Balyn why haue ye lefte your owne ſhyld/ alas ye haue put your ſelf in grete daunger; for by your ſhyld ye ſhold haue ben knowen/ it is grete pyte of yow as euer was of knyght/ for of thy proweſſe & hardynes thou haſt no felawe lyuynge/ Me repenteth ſaid Balyn that euer I cam within this Countrey / but I maye not torne now ageyne for ſhame and what auenture ſhalle falle to me be it lyf or dethe I wille take the aduenture that ſhalle come to me &/ thenne he loked on his armour/ & vnderſtood he was wel armed / and therwith bleſſid hym and mounted

vpon his hors

Thenne afore hym he salve come rydynge oute of a cas
tel a knyght and his hors trapped all redy and hym
self in the same colour/ Whan this knyghte in the redy
felde Balyn hym thought it shold be his broder Balen by
cause of his two swerdys/but by cause he knelve not his shold
he demed it was not he/ And so they auentryd theyr spewes &
came merueillously fast to gyders / and they smote other in
the shelders/but theire spewes and theire cours were soo bygge
that it bare doune hors & man that they lay bothe in a swoun
But balyn was brysed sore with the falle of his hors/ for he
was wery of trauaille/ And Balan was the fyrst that rose
on foote and drelve his swerdy and wente towardy Balyn /
and he arose and wente ageynst hym/ But balan smote ba-
lyn fyrste / and he put vp his shelde and smote hym thorowh
the shelde and tamyd his helme / thenne Balyn smote hym
ageyne with that vnhappy swerdy and wel nygh had felled
his broder Balan /and so they fought ther to gyders tyl the-
yr brethes faylled/ thenne Balyn loked vp to the castel and
salve the Tolwrs stand ful of ladyes/ Soo they went vnto
bataille ageyne and wounded euerych other dolefully / and
thenne they brethed oftymes/and so wente vnto bataille that
alle the place there as they fought was blody redy/ And att
that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hade eyther
smyten other seuen grete wounds so that the lest of them myght
haue ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this Worldy/
Thenne they wente to batail ageyn so merueillously that dou-
ble it was to here of that bataille for the grete blody shedynge
And their halwberkes vnnailled that naked they were on e-
uery syde/Atte last balan the yonger broder withdrelve hym a
lytel & leid hym doune/ Thenne said balyn le Saueage what
knyghte arte tholv/for or nolv I foundy neuer no knyght that
matched me / my name is said he balan broder vnto the goody
knyght balyn/ Allas saydy balyn that euer I shold see this
day/andy therwith he felle backward in a swoune/Thenne ba-
lan yede on al four feet and handes and put of the helme of
his broder andy myght not knowe hym by the vysage/ it was
so ful helwey and bledde/but whan he awoke he saydy O balan

my broder thow hast slayne me and I the / wherfore alle the wyde worldy shalle speke of vs bothe/ ¶ Alas sayd Balan that euer I salve this day that thorow thy myshap I myght not knowe yow/for I aspyed wel your two swerdys/but by cause ye hady another shildy I demedy ye hady ben another knyzt Alas saide Balyn all that maade an vnhappy knyght in the castel/for he causedy me to leue myn owne shelde to our bothes destruction / and yf I myzt lyue I woldy destroye that castel for ylle customes / that were wel done said Balan/ For I hady neuer grace to departe fro hem syn that I cam hyther/for here it happedy me to slee a knyght that kepte this Iland / & syn myght I neuer departe/and nomoze sholdy ye broder & ye myght haue slayne me as ye haue and escaped your self with the lyf/ Right so cam the lady of the Toure with iiij knyghtes and vj ladyes and vj yomen vnto them and there she herd how they made her mone eyther to other and sayd we came bothe oute of one wombe that is to say one moders bely / And so shalle we lye bothe in one pytte/So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true seruyse / that she woldy burye them bothe in that same place there the batailke was done/and she grauntedy hem with wepynge it sholdy be done rychely in the best maner/ Now wille ye sende for a preest that we may receyue our sacrament and receyue the blessid body of our lord Ihesu cryst/ye said the lady it shalle be done/and so she sente for a preest and gaf hem her ryghtes/Now sayd Balen whan we are buryedy in one wombe and the mensyon made ouer vs / how ij brethren sleve eche other/there wille neuer goody knyght nor goody man see our wombe but they wille pray for our soules/& so alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyte/ Thenne anone Balan dyed but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after/and so were they buryedy bothe/and the lady lete make a mensyon of Balan how he was ther slayne by his brodirs handes/but she knewe not Balyns name/

¶ Capitulum xix

IN the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte Balyns name on the wombe with letters of goldy/ that here lyeth Balyn le Saueage that was the knyzt with the two swerdes

and ye that ſmote the dolorous ſtroke/ Alſo Merlyn lete ma=
ke there a bedde/that ther ſholde neuer man lye therin / but he
wente oute of his wytte / yet Launcelot de lake fordyde that
bed throwe his nobleſſe / and anone after Balyn was dede/
merlyn toke his ſwerde/and toke of the pomel and ſet on an
other pomel/ſo merlyn had a knyght that ſtode afore hym han=
dled that ſwerde/and he aſſayed/and he myght not handle hit
Thenne Merlyn lough/ why laugh ye ſaid the knyghte/this is
the cauſe ſaid Merlyn/ther ſhalle neuer man handle this ſwerd
but the beſt knyght of the worlde/and that ſhalle be ſyr Laun=
celot or elſe Galahadde his ſone/and Launcelot with this ſwerde
ſhalle ſlee the man that in the worlde he louedde beſt that ſhalle
be ſyr Gawayne / Alle this he lete wrytte in the pomel of the
ſwerd/Thenne Merlyn lete make a brydge of yron & of ſteele
in to that Ilande/and it was but half a foote brode/ & there
ſhalle neuer man paſſe that brydge nor haue hardynes to goo
ouer/but yf he were a paſſyng goodde man and a goodde kny=
ght without trechery or vylonye / Alſo the ſcaubarde of Ba=
lyns ſwerde Merlyn lefte it on this ſyde the Ilande that ga
lahadde ſholde fynde it/Alſo merlyn lete make by his ſubtylyte
that Balyns ſwerde was put in a marbel ſtone ſtandyng
vpryght as grete as a mylle ſtone / and the ſtone floued al=
weyes aboue the water and dydde many yeres/ and ſo by aduē
ture it ſwam doun the ſtreme to the Cyte of Camelot that is in
engly ſſhe wynchēſtre/& that ſame day galahad the haute prynce
came with kyng Arthur / and ſoo galahadde brought with
hym the ſcaubarde and encheuedde the ſwerde/ that was there in
the marbel ſtone/ floyngē vpon the water/ And on whytſon=
day he encheued the ſwerde as it is reherced in the book of Sāc
grayle/ Soone after this was done Merlyn came to kyng Ar=
thur and tolde hym of the dolorous ſtroke that Balyn gaf to
kyng Pellam/and how Balyn and Balan foughte to gy=
ders the merueillous batail that euer was herde of / and how
they were buryedde bothe in one Tombe/ Allas ſaid kyng Ar=
thur / this is the grettyſt pyte that ouer I herde telle of two
knyghtes/for in the world I knowe not ſuche two knyghtes /
¶ Thus endeth the tale of Balyn and of Balan two bre=
thewn born in northūberlād good knightes/¶ Sequitur in̄ liber

¶ Capitulum primum

IN the begynnynge of Arthur after he was chosen kyng by aduenture and by grace for the moste party of the barons knewe not that he was Vther pendragons sone/ But as Merlyn made it openly knowen/ But yet many kynges & lordes helde grete werre ayenst hym for that cause/ But wel Arthur ouercame hem alle/ for the mooste party the dayes of his lyf he was ruled moche by the counceil of Merlyn/ Soo it fell on a tyme kyng Arthur sayd vnto Merlyn / my barons wille lete me haue no rest but nedes I muste take a wyf/ and I wylle none take/but by thy counceill and by thyne aduys/it is wel done said Merlyn/ that ye take a wyf/for a man of your bounte and nobleesse shold not be without a wyf/ Nowe is there ony that ye loue more than another/ye saide kyng Arthur/I loue Gweneuer the kynges doughter Lodegrean of the land of Camelerd/the whiche holdeth in his hows the table round that ye wold he had of my fader Vther/ And this damoysel is the moste valyaunt and fayreste lady that I knowe lyuynge or yet that euer I coude fynde / Syre sayd Merlyn as of her beaute and fayrnes she is one of the fayreste on lyue / But and ye loued her not so wel as ye doo/ I shold fynde yowe a damoysel of beaute and of goodnesse that shold lyke yowe & plese yowe and your herte were not sette/ But there as a mans herte is set/he wylle be lothe to remwe/that is trouth said kyng Arthur/but Merlyn warned the kynge couertly that gweneuer was not holsome for hym to take to wyf/ for he warned hym that launcelot shold loue her and she hym ageyne/ and so he torned his tale to the auentures of Sancgreal/Thenne merlyn desyred of the kynge for to haue men with hym that shold enquere of gweneuer/and so the kyng graunted hym/ & Merlyn wente forth vnto kyng Lodegrean of Camylleerd / & tolde hym of the desyre of the kyng that he wold haue vnto his wyf Gweneuer his doughter/that is to me sayd kyng Lodegreans the beste tydynges that euer I herd that so worthy a kyng of prowesse and nobleesse wille wedde my doughter /. And os for my landes I wylle gyue hym wyst I it myght please hym/

but he hath londes ynowe/hym nedeth none/but I shalle sende hym a gyfte shalle please hym moche moze/ foz I shalle gyue hym the table roundy/the whiche Utherpendragon gaue me/& when it is ful complete/ther is an C knyghtes & fyfty/ Andy as foz ony C goody knyghtes I haue my self/ but I fawte/ I foz so many haue ben slayne in my dayes/and so Eadegwans delyuerd his doughter Gweneuer vnto Merlyn/andy the table roundy with the C knyghtes/and so they rode fressly with gre te royalte/what by water andy what by landy / tyl that they came nyghe vnto london

¶ Capitulum Secundum

When kyng Arthur herdy of the comyng of gweneuer andy the C knyghtes with the table roundy/thenne kynge Arthur made grete Joye foz her comyng/ andy that ryche presente/andy said openly this fair lady is passyngy welcome vnto me / foz I haue louedy her longe/ Andy therfore ther is nothyng so lyef to me / Andy these knyghtes with the round table pleasen me moze than ryght grete rychesse/ And in alle hast the kynge lete ordeyne foz the maryage andy the Co / ronacyon in the mooste honorable wyse that coude be deuysedy Nowe Merlyn said kyng Arthur/ goo thowe andy aspye me in al this landy l knyghtes whiche ben of most prowesse & wor/ ship/within shozt tyme merlyn hady founde suche knyztes that sholdy fulfylle yy C Viij knyghtes but no mo he conde fynde Thenne the Bisshop of Cauntrbury was fette andy he blessid the syeges with grete Royalte andy deuocyon/ andy there sette the Viij andy yy knyghtes in her syeges / andy whany this was done/Merlyn said fayr syrs ye must al aryse and come to kyng Arthur foz to doo hym homage/ he will haue the better wil to mayntene yowe/andy so they arose andy dydy their homage/ & whenn they were gone/merlyn fondy in euery syeges letters of gold that toldy the knyghtes names that hady sytty therin / But two syeges were voyde/And so anone cam yong galwayn & asked the kyng a yefte Aske said the kyng/ & I shal graunte it yow/syr I aske that ye will make me knyzt/ that same day ye shalle wedde faire Gweneuer/ I will do it With a good wil said kyng arthur & do knowe yowe all the worship that I may / foz I must by wyfy ye ar myn neuew my susters sone/ ¶ Ca iij

Forth with alle ther cam a poure man in to the Courte
and brought with hym a fayre yonge man of xviij
yere of age rydynge vpon a lene mare/and the poure
man asked all men that he met/ where shall I fynde kyng ar
thur/ yonder he is sayd the knyghtes / wylt thou ony thynge
with hym, ye sayd the poure man/therfor I cam hyder/ anone
as he came before the kyng he salewed hym and sayd O kyng
Arthur the floure of all knyghtes and kynges I beseche the
su saue the/ Syr it was told me that at this tyme of your ma
ryage ye wolde yeue any man the yefte that he wold aske/
oute except that were vnreasonable/that is trouth said the ky;
nge suche cryes I lete make/and that will I holde so it apay;
e not my realme nor myne estate/ye say wel and graciously
said the poure man/Syre I aske no thyng els but that ye will
make my sone here a knyghte/it is a grete thynge thou askest
of me said the kyng/what is thy name said the kyng to the po;
ure man/syr my name is Aryes the Colvherd/whether cometh
this of the or of thy sone said the kyng/Nay syre said Aryes/
this desyre cometh of my sone and not of me/ For I shal telle
you I haue xiij sones/& alle they will falle to what labour
I put them & wille be ryght glady to doo labour/but this child
wylle not laboure for me for ony thyng that my wyf or I may
doo / but allweyes he wille be shetynge or castynge dartes /
and glady for to see batailles and to beholde knyghtes/ And
allweyes day and nyghte he desyreth of me to be made a knyzt
what is thy name sayd the kynge vnto the yonge man/ Syre
my name is Tor/ the kyng beheld hym fast/and salve he was
passyngly wel vysaged and passyngly wel made of his yeres
Wel said kyng Arthur vnto Aryes the Colvherd fetche al thy
sones afore me that I may see them/and so the poure man did
and al were shapen mocke lyke the poure man/ But Tor was
not lyke none of hem al in shap ne in contenaunce/for he was
mocke more than ony of hem/Now said kyng Arthur vnto the
Colvherd/where is the sverd he shalle be maade knyght with
al/it is here sayd Tor/take it oute of the shethe sayd the ky;
nge/and requyre me to make yow a knyght
Thenne Tor alyght of his mare and pulled oute his sverd
kneelynge and requyrynge the kynge / that he wold maake

hym knyght/ & that he myghte be a knyght of the table roundy
As for a knyzt I will make yow/ & therwith smote hym in
the neck with the swerd sayeg be ye a good knyzt/& so I pray
to gody so ye may be / & yf ye be of prowesse andy of worthy-
nesse ye shalle be a knyght of the table roundy / Now Merlyn
sayd Arthur say whether this Tor shall be a goody knyghte /
or no/ ye syre he ought to be a goody knyght / for he is comen
of as goody a man as ony is on lyue/andy of kynges blood/
how so syr saydy the kynge/ I shalle telle yow sayd Merlyn/
This poure man Arwes the colherdy is not his fadr/he is no
thyng syb to hym/for kynge Pellinore is his fadr/I suppose
nay saidy the Colherdy/fetche thy wyf afore me said merlyn/
andy she shalle not say nay/anon the wyf was fet which was
a fair housewyf/andy there she answerd Merlyn ful womanly/
andy there she told the kynge andy Merlyn that whan she was
a maide & went to mylke kyen/ther met with her a sterne kny-
ght/& halfe by force he had my maidenhede/ & at that tyme he bi
gat my sone Tor/& he toke alwey from me my greyhound that
I had that tyme with me/& saide that he wold kepe the grey
hound for my loue / A said the Colherdy I wende not thys/
but I may bileue it wel/for he had neuer no fatches of me/sir
said Tor Now Merlyn dishonoure not my moder/syr said mer-
lyn it is more for your worship than hurte/ for your fadr is
a good man & a kyng/& he may ryght wel auaunce you and
your moder/for ye were begoten or euer she was wedded/that
is trouth said the wyf/hit is the lasse greef vnto me saydy the
Colherd

¶ Capitulum Quartum

SOony the morne kyng Pellinore cam to the Court of
kynge Arthur/ whiche had grete ioye of hym and told
hym of Tor/ how he was his sone/andy how he hade
made hym knyght at the requeste of the Colherdy/ Whan Pel-
linore beheld Tor/he pleasydy hym moche/so the kyng made Ga-
wayne knyght/but Tor was the fyrste he made at the feeste/
What is the cause said kyng Arthur that there ben two places
voyde in the syeges/Syre said Merlyn/ther shalle no man syt
in tho places/but they that shall be of moost worship/ But in
the sege perillous there shalle no man sytte therin but one/and
yf ther be ony so hardy to doo it he shalle be destroyedy/ & he that

ſhalle ſytte there ſhalle haue no felawe/ And therwith Merlyn woke kynge Pellinore by the hande/and in the one hande next the two ſeges and the ſege perylous he ſaid in open audyence this is your place and beſt ye are worthy to ſytte there in of ony that is here/ there at ſat ſyr gauayne in grete enuy & told Galerys his broder/yonder knyghte is put to grete worſhip/the whiche greueth me ſore / for he ſlewe our fader kynge Lot/therfor I wille ſlee hym ſaid Gauayne with a ſwerde / that was ſente me that is paſſyng trenchaunt/ ye ſhalle not ſoo ſaid Galerys at this tyme/ For at this tyme I am but a ſquyer/and whan I am made knyght/I wol be auengyd on hym and therfor broder it is beſt ye ſuffre tyl another tyme that we may haue hym oute of the Courte/for & we dyd ſo/we ſhold trouble this hyghe feeſt / I wyl wel ſaid gauayn as ye wylle/

¶ Capitulum quintum

¶ Thenne was the hyghe feeſte made redy/and the kynge was wedded att Camelott vnto Dame Gweneuer in the chirche of ſaynt ſteuyns with grete ſolempnyte/And as euery man was ſet after his degree / Merlyn wente to alle the knyghtes of the roundy table/and bad hem ſytte ſtyll that none of hem remeue/for ye ſhalle ſee a ſtraunge and a merueilous aduenture/ Right ſo as they ſat ther came rennyng in a whyte hert ny to the halle and a whyte brachet next hym and xxx couple of blak rennyng houndes cam after with a grete crye/and the hert went aboute the table roundy as he went by other boordes/ the whyte brachet bote hym by the buttok & pulled out a pees/ where thurgh the herte lepte a grete lepe/and ouerthrewe a knyght that ſat at the boord ſyde/and therwith the knyzt aroos & toke vp the brachet/ & ſo went forth oute of the halle & toke his hors & rode his wey with the brachet/ right ſo anone cam in a lady on a whyte palfrey & cryed aloude to kyng Arthur/ Syre ſuffre me not to haue this deſpyte for the brachet was myn that the knyght lad awaye/I maye not doo therwith ſaidy the kynge ¶ With this there came a knyght rydynge al armed on a grete hors/and toke the lady awey with hym with force/ and euer ſhe cryedy and made grete dole/whanne ſhe was gone the kynge was glad for ſhe

made ſuche a noyſe/ Nay ſaid merlyn/ ye may not leue this ad
uẽtures ſo lyghtely/ For theſe aduentures muſt be brought a;
gayne or els it wolde be diſworſhip to yolu and to your feeſt
I wyll ſaid the kynge that al be done by your aduys/ Then;
ne ſaide merlyn lete calle ſyr gauayne/ for he muſt brynge a;
geyne the whyte herte / Alſo ſyr ye muſt lete calle Syre Tor/
for he muſt brynge ageyne the bracket / and the knyght or els
ſlee hym/ Alſo lete calle kynge Uellinore for he muſt brynge a
geyne the lady and the knyght or els ſlee hym/ and theſe thre
knyghtes ſhalle doo merueillous auẽtures or they come agayn
Thenne were they called al thre as it rehercth afore/ and eue
ryche of hem toke his charge/ and armed them ſurely/ But ſir
gauayne had the fyrſt requeſt/ and therfore we wille begynne
at hym/

¶ Capitulum Vj

Syr gauayne rode more than a paas and gaderyſe his
broder that rode with hym in ſtede of a ſquyer to doo
hym ſeruyſe/ Soo as they rode they ſawe two knyghtes
fyghte on horſback paſſyng ſore/ ſo ſyr gauayn & his broder ro;
de betwixe them / and aſked them for what cauſe they foughte
ſo/ the one knyght anſwerd and ſayd/ we fyghte for a ſymple
matter/ for we two be two brethren born & begoten of one man
& of one woman/ allas ſaid ſir gauayn why do ye ſo/ ſyr ſaid
the eldar/ ther cam a whyte hert this way this day & many hũ
des chaced hym/ & a whyte bracket was alwey next hym/ and
we vnderſtood it was auenture made for the hyghe feeſt of ky;
nge Arthur / and therfore I wold haue gone after to haue
wonne me worſhip/ and here my yonger broder ſaid he wolde
go after the herte/ for he was better knyght than I/ And for
this cauſe we felle at debate/ & ſo we thouzt to preue whiche of
vs bothe was better knyzt/ This is a ſymple cauſe ſaid ſir ga;
uayn/ vncouth mẽ ye ſhold debate with al & no broder with bro
der/ therfor but yf ye wil do by my cõſeil I wil haue ado with
yow/ that is ye ſhal yelde you vnto me/ & that ye go vnto kyng
Arthur and yelde yow vnto his grace/ ſir knyzt ſaid the ij bre
thren we are forfoughten & moche blood haue we loſte thorow
our wilfulneſſe/ And therfore we wolde be loth to haue ado
with yow/ thenne do as I wille haue yow ſaid ſir gauayne/

we wille agree to fulfylle your wylle / But by whom ſhalle we ſaye that we be thyder ſente/ye maye ſay/by the knyzt that folowyth the queſt of the herte that was whyte/Now what is youz name ſayd gauayne/Sorlouſe of the foreſt ſaid the eldare my name is ſayde the yonger Syzan of the foreſt and ſoo they departed and wente to the kynges Court/ and Syr gauayne on his queſt/and as gauayne folowed the herte by the crye of the houndes euen afore hym ther was a grete Ryuer/ and the hert ſwamme ouer / and as ſyr gauayne wold folowe after/ther ſtode a knyght ouer the other ſyde and ſayd/ Syre knyghte come not ouer after this herte/but yf thou wilt Juſte with me/ I wille not faille as foz that ſaid ſir gauayn to folowe the queſt that I am in / and ſoo maade his hozs to ſwymme ouer the water/ and anone they gat theire ſperes/ and ranne to gyder ful hardy / but ſyre gauayne ſmote hym of his hozs / and thenne he wzned his hozs & lady hym yelde hym/Nay ſayd the knyght not ſo though thow haue the better of me on hozſback/I pray the kalyaunt knyght alyghte a foote and matche we to gyders with ſwerdes / what is youre name ſaid ſir gauayne/ Alardyn of the Ilys ſaid the other/ thenne eyther dreſſid her ſheldes and ſmote to gyders /but ſir gauayne ſmote hym ſo hardy thorowh the helme that it went to the braynes and the knyght felle doune dede/ A ſaid Galeryſe that was a myghty ſtroke of a yonge knyght/

Capitulum Septimum

THene Gauayne and Galeryſe rode moze than a paas after the whyte herte / and lete ſlyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes / and ſo they chace the herte in to a caſtel/and in the chyef place of the caſtel they ſlewe the hert/ſyr gauayne and galeryſe folowed after/Ryght ſoo there came a knyght oute of a chamber with a ſwerdy drawe in his hand and ſlewe two of the greyhoundes euen in the ſyghte of ſyre gauayne/and the remenaunte he chaced hem with his ſwerdy oute of the caſtel / And whan he cam ageyne he ſayd/ O my whyte herte/me repenteth that thow art dede/foz my ſouerayne lady gaf the to me/and euyll haue I kepte the/and thy deth

ſhalle be dere bought and I lyue/and anone he went in to his chamber and armed hym/and came oute fyerſly/& there mette he with ſyr gauayne/ why haue ye ſlayne my houndes ſaid ſyr gauayn / for they dyd but their kynde/and leuer I had ye had wroken your angre vpon me than vpon a dom beſt tho ſaiſt trouth ſaid the knyght I haue auengyd me on thy houndes and ſo I wille on the or thou goo/ Thenne ſyr Gauayne alyght afoote and dreſſid his ſhelde and ſtroke to gyders myghtely/and clafe their ſheldes and ſtoned their helmes and brak their habirkes that the blood ranne doune to their feet/ Atte laſt ſyr gauayne ſmote the knyght ſo hard that he felle to the erthe/and thenne he cryed mercy/ and yelded hym and beſought hym as he was a knyghte and gentylman / to ſaue his lyf/thou ſhalt dye ſaid ſir gauayne for ſleyng of my houndes/I wille make amendys ſaid the knyght vnto my power/ Syr gauayne wold no mercy haue but vnlaced his helme to haue ſtryken of his hede/ Right ſoo came his lady oute of a chamber and felle ouer hym / and ſoo he ſmote of her hede by myſauenture/ Alas ſaide Gaheryſe that is foule and ſhamefully done/that ſhame ſhal neuer from yow/Alſo ye ſhold gyue mercy vnto them that aſke mercy/for a knyzt without mercy is withoute worſhip / Syr gauayne was ſo ſtonyed of the deth of this fair lady/that he wiſte not what he dyd/ and ſaid vnto the knyght aryſe I wille gyue the mercy / nay nay ſaid the knyght/I take no force of mercy now/ for thou haſt ſlayne my loue and my lady that I loued beſt of alle erthely thynge/Me ſore repenteth it ſaid ſyr gauayn/for I thoughte to ſtryke vnto the/ But now thou ſhalt goo vnto kyng Arthur and telle hym of thyne aduentures and how thou arte ouercome by the knyghte that wente in the queſte of the whyte herte/I take no force ſaid the knyzt whether I lyue or I dye but ſo for drede of deth he ſwore to goo vnto kynge Arthur/ & he made hym to bere one greyhound before hym on his hors and another behynde hym / what is your name ſaid ſir gauayn or he departe/my name is ſaid the knyght Ablamor of the marſe/ſoo he departed toward Camelot

¶ Capitulum Octauum

And ſyr gauayne went in to the caſtel and made hym redy to lye there al nyght/and wold haue harmed hym / what wylle ye doo ſayd gaheryſe/wylle ye harme yolu in this Countrey/ ye may thynke ye haue many enemyes here / they had not ſooner ſayd that word but ther cā four knyghtes wel armed and aſſayled ſyr gauayne hard and ſaid vnto hym thou nelue made knyght tholu haſt ſhamed thy knyghthode/for a knyght withoute mercy is diſhonoured Alſo tholu haſt ſlayne a fayr lady to thy grete ſhame to the worldes ende/and doubte tholu not tholu ſhalt haue grete nede of mercy or tholu departe from vs / And therwith one of hem ſmote ſyr gauayne a grete ſtroke that nygh he felle to the erthe/and gaheryſe ſmote hym ageyne ſore/ and ſoo they were on the one ſyde and on the other/that ſyr gauayne and gaheryſe were in ieopardy of their lyues/and one with a bolde archer ſmote ſyr gauayne thurz the arme that it greued hym wonderly ſore/And as they ſhold haue ben ſlayne/ there cam four fair ladyes/ and beſought the knyghtes of grace for ſyre gauayne/and goodely atte requeſt of the ladyes they gaf ſyr gauayne and gaheryſe their lyues / & made hem to yelde them as pryſoners/thenne gauayne and gaheryſe made grete dole/ Allas ſayd ſyre gauayne myn arme greueth me ſore/ I am lyke to be maymed and ſo made his complaynt pytuſly/erly on the morow ther cam to ſyr gauayne one of the four ladyes/that hard herd alle his complaynte and ſaid ſyr knyzte what chere/not good ſaid he it is your owne defaulte ſayd the lady / for ye haue doone a paſſynge foule dede in the ſleynge of the lady/the whiche will be grete bylany vnto yolu / But be ye not of kynge Arthurs kyn ſaide the lady / yes truly ſayd ſyr gauayne/what is your name ſaide the lady/ye muſt telle it me or ye paſſe/my name is gauayne the kyng Lott of Orkeney ſone / and my moder is kynge Arthurs ſyſter / Athenne are ye neuewe vnto kyng Arthur ſayd the lady/ and I ſhalle ſo ſpeke for yolu that ye ſhall haue conduyte to go to kynge Arthur for his loue / and ſoo ſhe departed/ and tolu the foure knyghtes holu theire pryſoner was kynge Arthurs nenelue / and his name is ſyr gauayne kyng Lots ſone of Orkeney/and they gaf hym the hetes hede by cauſe it was in

his queſt/ ¶ Thenne anone they delyuerd ſyr Gauayne vnder this promyſe that he ſhold bere the orde lady with hym in this maner / The hede of her was hanged about his neck and the hole body of hyr lay before hym on his hors mane/Ryght soo rode he forth vnto Camelot/ And anone as he was come merlyn aſyrd of kyng Arthur ꝑ Syre Gauayne ſhold be ſworne to telle of alle his auentures/ and how he ſlewe the lady/ and how he wold gyue no mercy vnto the knyght / where thurgh the lady was ſlayne / Thenne the kynge and the quene were gretely diſpleaſyd with ſyr gauayn for the ſleynge of the lady/ And ther by ordenaunce of the quene ther was ſet a queſt of ladyes on ſyr gauayn/and they Juged hym for euer why he he lyued to be with alle ladyes & to fyȝte for her quarels/ & that euer he ſholde be curtays/ & neuer to refuſe mercy to hym/ that aſketh mercy/ Thus was gauayne ſworne vpon the four euuangelyſtes that he ſholde neuer be ageynſt lady ne gentil woman/ but yf he fought for a lady/ and his aduerſary fouȝt for another/ And thus endeth the auenture of ſyr gauayn that he dyde at the maryage of kyng Arthur Amen

¶ Capitulum iy

Than Syre Tor was redy he mounted vpon his hors blak/and rode after the knyght with the brachet / ſo as he rode he mette with a dwarf ſodenly / that ſmote hys hors on the hede with a ſtaf/that he wente backward his ſpere lengthe/ why doſt thou ſo ſaid ſyre Tor/ for thou ſhalt not paſſe this way/ but yf thou juſte with yonder knyghtes of the pauelions/Thenne was Tor ware where two pauelions were/ & grete ſperys ſtood oute/and two ſheldes henge on trees by the pauelions /I may not tary ſaid ſyr Tor/for I am in a queſt that I muſt nedes folowe /thou ſhalt not paſſe ſaid the dwarf and therwith alle he blewe his horne/ thenne ther cam one armed on horſback/and dreſſyd his ſhelde / and cam faſt forward Tor/and he dreſſid hym ageynſt hym/and ſo ranne to gyders that Tor bare hym from his hors/ and anone the knyght yelde hym to his mercy/ But ſyr I haue a felawe in yonder pauelione that wille haue ado with yow anone/ he ſhall be welcome ſaid ſyr Tor/ Thenne was he ware of another knyght comyng with grete raundon / and eche of them dreſſid to other / that

merueille it was to see/But the knyght smote syre Tor a gre-
te stroke in mydes of the shelde that his spere all to sheuered
And syr Tor smote hym thurgh the shelde by lowe of the shelde
that it wente thorowe the coost of the knyzt/but the stroke sle-
we hym not/And therwith syr Tor alyght & smote hym on
the helme a grete stroke/and therwith the knyght yelded hym
and besought hym of mercy/I wille wel said syr Tor/ But
thou and thy felawe must goo vnto kynge Arthur/and yelde
yowe prysoners vn to hym/by whome shalle we say are we thy-
der sente/ye shall say by the knyght that wente in the queste of
the knyght that wente with the bracket/ Nowe what be your ñ
names said syr Tor / my name is sayd the one Sire Felot of
Langduk/& my name is saidy the other Sir Petypase of wyn
chylse/Nowe go ye forth saide syre Tor andy goody spede yowe &
me / Thenne cam the dwarf andy saide vnto syr Tor/ I praye
yowe gyue me a yefte/I wylle wel saidy syr Tor/aske/I as-
ke nomore saide the dwarf / but that ye wille suffre me to doo
yowe seruyse/for I will serue no more recreaunt knyghtes /
Take ay hors said syr Tor andy ryde on with me / I wote ye
ryde after the knyght with the whyte bracket / andy I shalle
bryngе yowe there he is said the dwerf/ Andy soo they rode tho-
rowe oute a forest/and at the last they were ware of two pauel
ions 'euen by a pryory with two shelders / Andy the one shylde
was enewed with whyte/andy the other shelde was redy

Capitulum y

Ther with syr Tor alyghte and toke the dwarf his gla
yue/andy soo he cam to the whyte pauelione/andy salwe
thre damoysels lye in it/and one paylet slepyng/& so he wente
to the other pauelione/ andy foundy a lady lyeng slepyng ther
in/ But ther was the whyte bracket that bayed at her fast/and
therwith the lady yede oute of the pauelione & all her damoy
sels/But anone as syr Tor aspyed the whyte bracket/he took
her by force andy wok her to the dwerf/what/ wille ye so saydy
the lady take my bracket from me/ye saydy syr Tor/ this bra-
chet haue I sought from kynge Arthurs Courte hyder / wel
said the lady/knyght ye shalle not go fer with her/but that ye
shalle ke mette andy greued/I shalle abyde what auenture that

cometh by the grace of god / and so mounted vpon his hors / and passed on his way toward Camelot / but it was so nere nyght he myght not passe but lytel ferther / knowe ye ony lod / ging sayd Sir I knowe none sayd the dwarf / but here besyde is an hermytage / and there ye muste take lodgynge as ye fynde / And within a whyle they cam to the heremytage & took lodging / and was there gras otys and breed for their horses soone it was sped / and full hardy was their souper but there they rested hem al nyght tyl on the morne / and herd a masse deuoutely / and toke their leue of the hermyte / and syre Tor prayed the hermyte to pray for hym / he sayd he wold and he toke hym to god / And so mounted vpon horsback and rode toward Camelot a long whyle / with that they herd a knyght calle lowde that came after hem / and he sayd knyght abyde / & yelde my bracket that thou took from my lady / Syr Tor returned ageyne / and beheld hym how he was a semely knyght and wel horsed and wel armed at al poyntes / thenne Syre Tor dressyd his shelde and took his spere in his handes and the other cam fyersly vpon hym / and smote bothe hors & man to the erthe / anone they arose lyghtely and drewe her swerdes as egrely as lyons and put their sheldes afore them and smote thorow the sheldes that the cantels felle of bothe partyes / Also they tamyd their helmes that the hote bloody ranne oute / and the thyck maylles of their halbergeons they carfe and rofe in sonder that the hote bloody ranne to the erthe / and both they had many wounded and were passyng wery / But syr Tor aspyed that the other knyght faynted / and thenne he sewed fast vpon hym and doubled his strokes and garte hym go to the erthe on the one syde / thenne Syre Tor bad hym yelde hym / that wille I not said Abilleus whyle my lyf lasteth and the soule is within my body onles that thou wilt yeue me the bracket / that wylle I not doo sayd syre Tor / for it was my queste to bringe ageyne thy bracket / the or bothe /

Capitulum vj

Wyth that cam a damoysel rydynge on a palfrey as fast as she myght dryue and cryed with a lowde voys vnto Syre Tor / What wille ye with me sayd syr Tor / I beseche the

said the damoysel for kynge Arthurs loue/gyue me a yefte/ I requyre the gentyl knyght as thou arte a gentilman / Now saidy For Aske a yefte andy I wille gyue it you/ gramercy said the damoysel/Now I aske the hede of the fals knyght Abelleus/for he is the mooste outragyous knyght that lyueth & the gretest murtherer/ I am loth seid syr For of that gyfte I haue gyuen you/ lete hym make amendys in that he hath tres spased vnto you/nowe said the damoysel he may not/for he slewe myn owne broder afore myn owne eyen that was a better knyght than he/andy he badde hady grace/andy I kneledy half an houre afore hym in the myre for to saue my broders lyf that hady done hym no dammage but fought with hym by auentu re of armes/andy so for al that I coude do/he stroke of his hede Wherfore I requyre the as thou arte a true knyght to gyue me my yefte or els I shal shame the in al the Court of kyng Arthur/for he is the falsest knyght lyuynge andy a grete des troyer of good knyghtes/Thenne when Abelleus herd this/ he was more aferd/andy yeldedy hym andy askedy mercy/I may not nowe saide syr For / but yf I shouldy be founde fals of my promesse/for whyle I wold haue taken you to mercy/ye wold none aske but yf ye hady the bracket ageyn that was my queste And therwith he woke of his helme/andy he arose andy fledy/ andy syr For after hym andy smote of his hede quyte/ Now syr said the damoysel/it is nere nyght/I pray you come & lody ge with me here at my place/it is here fast by/I wille Wel saidy syr For/for his hors and he had ferdy euyll syn they departedy from Camelot/ andy soo he rode with her andy hady passyng goy ody chere with her/andy she hadde a passyng fair old knyght to her husbandy that made hym passynge goody chere andy wel eay sydy bothe his hors and he/and on the morne he herd his masse andy brake his fast and tooke his leue of the knyghte andy of the lady that besought hym to telle hym his name/Truly he sai id my name is syr For that was late made knyght/and this was the fyrste queste of armes that euer I dydy to bringe a y geyn that this knyght Abelleus toke alwey fro kyng arthurs courte/O fayr knyght said the lady andy her husbandy/and ye come here in oure marches/ come andy see oure poure lodgynge/ and it shalle be allweyes at your commaundement / Soo syre

Tor departed and came to Camelot on the thyrde day by nos one/and the kyng & the quene & alle the Courte was passyng fayne of his comyng and made grete ioye that he was come a geyne, for he wente from the Court with lytel socour/ but as kyng Pellinore his fader gaf hym an old courser/ and kyng Arthur gaf hym armour and a swerd/ and els had he none other socour/but wor so forthe hym self alone/ And thenne the kyng and the quene by merlyns aduys made hym to shewe to alle of his auentures/ and soo he told and made preuues of his dedes as it is afore rehercd/wherfor the kyng and the quene made grete ioye/nay nay saide Merlyn these ben but Japes to what he shalle doo / for he shalle preue a noble knyght of prowesse as good as ony is lyuyng and gentyl and curteis & of good tatches and passyng true of his promesse/and neuer shalle outrage where thorow Merlyns wordes kynge Arthur gaf hym an erldome of londes that felle vnto hym/and here endeth the queste of Syr Tor kynge Pellenors sone

¶ Capitulum vii

Thenne kynge Pellinore armed hym and mounted vp on his hors and rode more than a paas after the lady that the knyzt ladde alwey/ And as he rode in a foreste he salwe in a valey a damoysel sitte by a welle and a wounded knyght in her armes/and Pellenore salewed her/ And whan she was ware of hym she cryed ouer lowde / helpe me knyghte for crystes sake kynge Pellinore & he wold not tarye he was so eger in his queste/ and euer she cryed an C tymes after help Whanne she salwe he wold not abyde / she prayd vnto god to sende hym as moche nede of help as she had/and that he myzt fele it or he dyed/ Soo as the book telleth the knyght there dyed that there was wounded/wherfor the lady for pure sorowe slewe her self with his swerd/ As kynge Pellinore rode in that valey he met with a poure man a labourer / Salwest thow not saide Pellinore a knyghte rydynge and ledynge alweye a lady / ye saide the man / I salwe that knyght and the lady that made grete dole/ And yonder bynethe in a valey ther shalle ye see two pauelions and one of the knyztes of the pauelions

chalengyd that lady of that knyght and sayd she was his cosyn nere/ wherfor he sholde lede her no ferther / And soo they wageden batail in that quarel / the one saide he wolde haue her by force / and the other saide he wolde haue the rule of her by cause he was her kynnesman and wold lede her to her kyn/ for this quarel he lefte them fyghtynge / And yf ye wille ryde a pas ye shalle fynde them fyghtyng/ and the lady was beleft with the two squyers in the pauelions / gode thanke the sayd kynge Pellenore/ Thenne he rode a wallop tylle he had a syght of the two pauelions and the two knyghtes fyghtyng/ anon he rode vnto the pauelions / and salue the lady that was his queste/ and sayd fayre lady ye must goo with me vnto the court of kynge Arthur/ Syr knyght said the two squyers that were with her yonder are two knyghtes that fyghte for thys lady/ goo thyder and departe them/ and be agreed with hem/ & thenne may ye haue her at your pleasyr/ ye say wel sayd kyng Pellenore/ And anone he rode betwixt them and departed hem and asked hem the causes why that they fought/ Sir knyght said the one/ I shalle telle yow/ this lady is my kynneswo man nygh myn auntes doughter/ And whan I herd her com playne that she was with hym maulgre her hede/ I waged batail to fyghte with hym/ Syre knyght sayd the other whos name was Pontzlake of wentland/ and this lady I gat by my prowesse of armes this day at Arthurs courte/ that is vn truly said/ said kynge Pellenore/ for ye cam in sodenly ther as we were at the hyghe feest and woke awey this lady or ony man myght make hym redy and therfore hit was my queste to bryngе her ageyne and yow bothe/ or els the one of vs to abyde in the felde/ therfor the lady shalle goo with me/ or I wille dye for it/ for I haue promysed hit kynge Arthur/ And ther for fyghte ye no more / for none of yow shalle haue no parte of her at this tyme/ And yf ye lyst to fyzte for her/ fyzte with me/ and I wille defende her/ wel said the knyghtes make you redy/ and we shalle assaille yow with al our power/ And as kynge Pellenore wold haue put his hors fro them fyr Pontz lake roose his hors thorolw with a swerdy and said/ Now art tholu on foote as wel as We are / whan kynge Pellinore af pyedy that his hors was slayne/ lyztly he lepte from his hors/

and pulledy oute his ſwerdy / andy put his ſheldy afore hym/ andy sayde knyghte kepe wel thy hede/ for wolde ſhalt haue a buffet for the ſleyng of my hors/So kyng Pellenore gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke vpon the helme that he clafe the hede doune to the chynne that he fylle to the erthe dede

Capitulum viij

AAndy thenne he torned hym to the other knyzte that was ſore woundedy / but whan he ſalue the others buffet / he wo ldy not fyghte / but kneledy doune andy ſaydy take my coſyn the lady with yolde at youre requeſt/ andy I requyre yolde as ye be a true knyghte/ put her to no ſhame nor vylony/ What saydy kynge Pellenore wylle ye not fyghte for her / no ſyr saydy the knyghte I wylle not fyghte with ſuche a knyzte of prowe ſſe as ye be/wel ſaid Pellenore /ye ſay wel/I pro; myſe yolde ſhe ſhalle haue no vylony by me as I am true kny ; ght/but nolde me lacketh any hors ſaid Pellinore/but I wylle haue hontzlakes hors/ye ſhalle not nede ſaydy the knyght/ for I ſhalle gyue yolde ſuche an hors as ſhalle pleaſe yolde/ ſo that ye wille lodge with me/for it is nere nyghte/I wille Wel ſa; yd kynge Pellenore abyde with yolde al nyghte / andy there he hadde with hym ryght good chere/andy farydy of the beſt with paſſynge goody wyne andy had mery reſt that nyghte/ And ony the morne he herdy a maſſe andy dynedy/Andy thenne was bro; ughte hym a fayre bay courſer / andy kynge Pellenors ſadel ſette vpon hym/ Nolde what ſhalle I calle yolde ſaid the knyzte in as moche as ye haue my coſyn at your deſyre of your queſt Syr I ſhalle telle yolde my name is kyng Pellenore of the Ile lys andy knyghte of the table roundy / Nolde I am glady saidy the knyght that ſuche a noble man ſhalle haue the rule of my coſyn/Nolde what is your name ſaid Pellenore/ I pray yolde telle me/ Syr my name is ſyr Meliot of Logurs/ andy this la dy my coſyn hyght Nymue/andy the knyghte that was in the other pauelione is my ſwozne brodet a paſſynge good knyzte andy his name is Bryan of the Ilys/and he is ful loth to do wronge and ful lothe to fyghte with ony man/but yf he be ſo; te ſouzt on/ſo that for ſhame he may not leue it/ It is merueil

ſaid Pellinore that he wille not haue adoo with me/ſyr he wil not haue adoo with no man but yf it be at his requeſt/ Bryn⁊ ge hym to the Courte ſaid Pellenore one of theſe dayes/Syr we wylle come to gyders/ and ye ſhalle be welcome ſaid Pel⁊ linore to the Courte of kynge Arthur / and gretely alloweth for your comynge and ſo he departeth with the lady/ & brouȝt her to Camelot/Soo as they rode in a valey it was ful of ſto⁊ nes/and there the ladyes hors ſtumbleth and threwe her doun that her arme was ſore bryſed and nere ſhe ſwouned for pa⁊ yne/Alas ſyr sayd the lady myn arme is oute of lythe wher thorow I muſt nedes reſte me/ ye ſhall wel saidꝫ kyng Pelli⁊ uore/and ſo he alyȝt vnder a fayr tree Where was fayr graſſe and he put his hors therto / and ſo leyd hym vnder the tre/ and ſlepte tyl it was nyghe nyght/And when he awoke/ he wold haue ryden/Sir ſaid the lady it is ſo derke that ye may as wel ryde backward as forward/ſoo they abode ſtyll & made there their lodgyng/ Thenne ſyr Pellenore put of his armour thēne a lytel afore mydnyȝt they herd the trottynge of an hors be ye ſtyll ſaid kyng Pellenore/for we ſhalle here of ſomme a⁊

uenture Capitulum xiiii

And ther with he armed hym/ ſo ryght euen afore hym ther met two knyghtes/ the one cam frowardꝫ Came⁊ lot/and the other from the northe/ and eyther ſalewed other/ what tydynges at Camelot sayd the one/by my hede ſaide the other ther haue I ben & aſpyed the courte of kynge Arthur And ther is ſuche a felauſhip they may neuer be broken/ and wel nyghe al the worldꝫ holdeth with Arthur/ for there is the flour of chyualrye/Now for this cauſe I am rydyng in to the north to telle our chyuetayns of the felauſhip that is withhol den with kyng Arthur/as for that ſaid the other knyght I ha⁊ ue brought a remedy with me that is the gretteſt poyſon that euer ye herd ſpeke of & to Camelot wyll I with it / for we ha ue a frendꝫ ryght nyghe kyng Arthur and wel cheryſſhedꝫ that ſhal poyſone kynge Arthur/ for ſo he hath promyſedꝫ oure chy uetayns & requyedꝫ grete yeftes for to do it/ Beware ſaid the other knyght of Merlyn/ for he knowyth alle thynges by the deuyls craftꝫ/therfore wille I not lete it ſaid the knyghte / & ſo they departedꝫ in ſonder/ Anone after Pellenore maade hym

rdy and his lady and rode toward Camelot/ And as they cam by the wel there as the wounded knyght was and the lady/there he fond the knyghte and the lady eteyn with lyons or wylde beestes al sauf the hede/wherfor he made grete sorowe and wepte passynge sore and said Allas her lyf myghte I haue saued/but I was so fyers in my queste therfore I wold not abyde/wherfore make ye suche doole said the lady/ I wote not said Pellinore/but my herte mourneth sore of the deth of her for she was a passyng fayr lady and a yonge/ Now wylle ye doo by myne aduys said the lady/ take this knyghte and lete hym be buryed in an heremytage/ and thenne take the ladyes hede and bere it with yow vnto Arthur/ Soo kyng Pellinore took this dede knyght on his sholders / and brought hym to the heremytage and charged the heremyte with the corps/that seruyse shold be done for the soule / and take his harneys for your payne/it shalle be done said the heremyte as I wille answer vnto god

Capitulum xb

And ther with they departed and cam there as the hede of the lady lay with a fair yelow here that greued kyng Pellinore passyngly sore whan he loked on hit/ for moche he caste his herte on the vysage/ And soo by none they came to Camelot/and the kynge and the quene were passyng fayn of his comynge to the Courte/ And there he was made to shewe vpon the four euuangelystes to telle the trouth of his queste from the one to the other/ A syr Pellinore sayd quene Guenever ye were gretely to blame that ye saued not this ladyes lyf/Madame said Pellinore ye were gretely to blame and ye wold not saue your owne lyf & ye myght/but sauf your pleasir I was so furyous in my queste that I wold not abyde/& that repenteth me & shal the dayes of my lyf/Truly saide Merlyn ye ought sore to repente it/for that lady was your owyn doughter begotyn on the lady of the rule / & that knyght that was dede was her loue/and shold haue wedded her/and he was a ryght good knyght of a yonge man and wold haue preued a good man/& to this court was he comyng & his name was sir Myles of the landys/& a knyght cam behynde hym/& slewe hym with a spere & his name is Sorayne le sauuage a fals knyght & a traytour / & she for grete sorow & dole slewe her self with

his ſwerdꝛ/and her name was Eleyne/And by cauſe ye wold not abyde andꝛ helpe her /ye ſhalle ſee youre beſt frende faylle yolb whan ye be in the gretteſt diſtreſſe that euer ye were / oꝛ ſhalle be/Andꝛ that penaũce godꝛ hath ozdeynedꝛ yolb foꝛ that dede/that he that ye ſhalle moſt truſte to of onꝛ manꝛ alyue/ he ſhalle leue yolb ther ye ſhalle be ſlayne/ Me foꝛthynketh ſaid kynge Pellinoꝛe that this ſhalle me betyde but godꝛ may foꝛdoo wel deſteny/Thus whan the queſt was done of the whyte berte/the whiche folowedꝛ ſyr galhayne andꝛ the queſt of the bracket folowedꝛ of ſyr Toꝛ Pellenoꝛs ſone/ & the queſt of the lady that the knyghte woke alweye/ the whiche kyng Pellinoꝛe at that tyme folowed/ Thenne the kyng ſtablyſſhed all his knyghtes and gaf them that were of londes not ryche/he gaf them londes/ and chargedꝛ hem neuer to doo outragyouſyte noꝛ moꝛdre/andꝛ alweyes to flee treaſonꝛ/Alſo by no meane to be cruel/but to gyue mercy vnto hym that aſketh mercy vpon paynꝛ of foꝛfeture of their worſhip and lordſhip of kyng Arthur foꝛ euermoꝛe / andꝛ alweyes to doo ladyes/damoyſels/andꝛ gentylwymmen ſocour vpon payne of dethe / Alſo that no manꝛ take noo batails in a wrongful quarel foꝛ noo lalbe ne foꝛ noo worldes goodes / Vnto this were all the knyghtes ſwoꝛne of the table wundꝛ both oldꝛ and yongꝛ/Andꝛ euery yere were they ſwoꝛne at the hyghe feeſt of Pentecoſt

¶ Explicit the weddynge of kynge Arthur

¶ Sequitur quartus liber ¶ Capitulũ primũ

So after theſe queſtys of Syr Galvyne / Syre Toꝛ/andꝛ kynge Pellinoꝛe/It felle ſo that Merlyn felle in a dottage onꝛ the damoiſel that kyng Pellinoꝛe broughte to Courte/ andꝛ ſhe was oꝛne of the damoyſels of the lake that hyzte Nyneue /But Merlyn wold lete haue her no reſt but alweyes he wold be with her/And euer ſhe maade Merlyn good chere tyl ſhe hadꝛ lernedꝛ of hym al maner thynge that ſhe deſyred andꝛ he was aſſotedꝛ vpon her that he myghte not be from her / Soo onꝛ a tyme he told kynge Arthur that he ſholde not dure longe but foꝛ al his craftes he ſholdꝛ be put in the erthe quyck and

so he wold the kynge many thynges that sholde befalle/but alle wayes he warned the kynge to kepe wel his swerde and the scaubarde / for he wolde hym how the swerde and the scaubarde sholde be stolen by a woman from hym that he most trusted/ Also he wolde kynge Arthur that he sholde mysse hym/ yet had he leuer than al your landes to haue me ageyne/ A sayde the kynge/syn ye knowe of your aduenture puruey for hit/ and put awey by your crafres that mysauenture/Nay said Merlyn it wylle not be/soo he departed from the kynge/And within a whyle the damoysel of the lake departed / and Merlyn went with her euermore where some euer she went / And oftymes merlyn wold haue had her pryuely awey by his subtyle crafres /thenne she made hym to swere that he sholde neuer do none enchauntement vpon her yf he wolde haue his wylle/And so he swarc / so she and Merlyn went ouer the see vnto the land of Benwyck there as kynge Ban was kynge that had grete warre ageynst kynge Claudas / and there Merlyn spake with kynge Bans wyf a fair lady and a good/and her name was Elayne/and there he salue yonge Launcelot/there the quene made grete sorowe for the mortal werre ꝑ kyng claudas made on her lord and on her landes/Take none heuynesse said Merlyn/for this same child within this yy yere shall reuenge yow on kynge Claudas that all Crystendom shalle speke of it And this same child shalle be the mooste man of worshyp of the worlde / and his fyrst name is Galahad/that knowe I wel said Merlyn/ And syn ye haue conformed hym Launcelot/that is trouthe said the quene/his fyrst name was Galahad / O Merlyn said the quene shalle I lyue to see my sone suche a man of prowesse/ye lady on my parel ye shal see hit/ and lyue many wynters after/And soo soone after the lady and Merlyn departed/ and by the waye Merlyn shewed her many wondres/ and cam in to Cornewaille / And alweyes Merlyn lay aboute the lady to haue her maydenhode/ and she was euer passynge wery of hym / and fayne wold haue ben delyuerd of hym/for she was afeerd of hym by cause he was a deuyls sone / and she cude not leschyfe hym by no meane / ¶ And soo on a tyme it happed that Merlyn shewed to her in a roche where as was a greete wonder / and wrought by

enchaunȩment that wenȩ vnder a gwęte ſtone/ So by her ſuȣ ſyle wyrchynge ſhe maade Merlyn to goo vnder that ſtone to ſete her wete of the merueilles thew/ but ſhe wrought ſo ther for hym that he cam neuer oute for alle the craftę he coude doo/ And ſo ſhe departed and lefte Merlyn /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

And as kynge Arthur rode to Camelot/and helde ther a gwęte feeſt with myrthe and Joye/ſo ſoone after he re torued vnto Cardoylle/ and there cam vnto Arthur nelue ty ꝛ dynges that the kynge of Denmarke and the kynge of Ire land that was his broder and the kynge of the Sale and the kynge of Soleyſe/and the kynge of the yle of Longtaynſe al theſe fyue kynges with a gręte hooſt were entrid in to the lād of kynge Arthur and brente and ſtewe clene afore hem/ both Cytees and caſtels that it was pyte to here/ ¶ Allas ſayd Arthur yet had I neuer reſte one monethe ſyn I was cro wned kyng of this land/Now ſhalle I neuer reſte tyl I me te with tho kynges in a fayre feld/that I make myn auowe for my true lyege peple ſhalle not be deſtroyed in my defaul ꝛe/goo with me who wille and abyde who that wylle/thenne the kynge lefte wryte vnto kynge Pelleaore and prayd hym in alle haſte to make hym redy with ſuche peple as he mygħt lyꝛ ſtyeſt were and hye hym after in al haſt/ All the Sawns we re preuely wrothe/that the kynge wold departe ſo ſodenly but the kynge by no meane wold abyde/ but made wrytynge vn to them that were not there/ and bad them hye after hym ſu che as were not at that tyme in the Courte/ Thenne the kynge came to quene gweneuer and ſayd lady make yow redy / for ye ſhall goo with me/for I may not longe myſſe yow/ ye ſhal cauſe me to be the moze hardy/what auenture ſo befalle me/I wille not wete my lady to be in no ieopardy/ Sire ſaid ſhe I am at your commaundement/and ſhalle be redy what tyme ſo ye be redy/So on the morne the kynge and the quene departed with ſuche felauſhip as they hadde/ and came in to the Northe in to a foreſt beſyde humber and there lodged hem

¶ Whanne the wordȩ tydynge came vnto the fyue kynges

aboue sayd that Arthur was besyde humber in a foreste there was a knyght broder vnto one of the fyue kynges that gaue hem this counceille / ye knowe wel that syre Arthur hath the floure of Chyualrye of the worlde with hym as it is preued by the grete bataille he dyde with the vj kynges/ And therfore hye vnto hym nyghte and daye tyl that we be nyghe hym/ for the lenger he taryeth the bygger he is/and we euer the waiker And he is so courageous of hym self that he is come to the felde with lytel peple/ And therfore lete vs set vpon hym or day and we shalle slee doune of his knyghtes ther shal none escape

Capitulum Tercium

THan to this counceille these fyue kynges assented/ and so they passed forth with her hoost thorolw Northwales and came vpon Arthur by nyghte and sett vpon his hoost as the kynge and his knyghtes were in their pauelions kynge Arthur was vnarmed/and had leid hym to rest with hys quene Gweneuer/Sir said syr kaynus it is not good we be vnarmed/we shalle haue no nede said syre Galvayne and Syr Gryflet that laye in a lytel pauelione by the kynge / With that they herd a grete noyse and many cryed treson treson/Alas said kynge Arthur we ben bitrayed/ Vnto armes felawes thenne he cryed/so they were armed anone at al poynctes/Thenne cam ther a wounded knyghte vnto the kynge & saide syr saue your self and my lady the quene for our hoste is destroyed and moche peple of ours slayne/ Soo anone the kynge and the quene and the thre knyghtes took her horses & rode tolward humber to passe ouer it/and the water was so rough that they were aferd to passe ouer/Now may ye chese sayd kynge Arthur whether ye wille abyde and take the aduentur on this syde/for and ye be taken/they wille slee yolw/It were me leuer sayd the queue to dye in the water than to falle in your enemyes handes & there be slayne/ And as they stode soo talkyng/syr kaynus salve the fyue kynges comynge on horsback by hem self alone with her speres in her handes euen tolward hem/loo said syr kaynus yonder be the fyue kynges/lete vs go to them and matche hem/ that were foly sayd sire galvayne / for we are but thre and they ben fyue that is trouthe said syre Gryflet/ No force said syr kay I wille vndertake for two of

them/and thenne may ye thre vnderfake for the other thre/and ther with al syr kay lete his hors renne as fast as he myght and strake one of them thorow the shelde/ and the body a fadom that the kynge felle to the erthe stark dede/That salve syr Galvayne and ranne vnto another kyng so hard that he smote hym thurgh the body/ And ther with all kyng Arthur ran to another / and smote hym thurgh the body With a spere that he fylle to the erthe dede/Thenne syr Gryflet ranne vnto the iiij kyng and gaf hym suche a falle that his neck brake / Anone syr kay ranne vnto the fyfthe kynge and smote hym so hard on the helme that the stroke clafe the helme and the hede to the erthe/that was wel stryken sayd kynge Arthur / and thor shipfully hast thou holde thy promesse/therfor I shal honoure the / whyle that I lyue/and ther with all they set the quene in a barge in to humber/but allweyes quene gweneuer prayed syr kay for his dedes/and sayd what lady that ye loue/ and she loue you not ageyne she were gretely to blame/ and amonge ladyes saidy the Quene I shalle bere youre noble fame/ for ye spak a grete word and fulfylled it worshipfully and therwith the qnene departed / Thenne the kyng and the thre knyghtes rode in to the forest/for there they supposed to here of them that were escaped/and there he fond the most party of his peple / and bold hem all how the fyue kynges Were dede/and therfor lete vs hold vs to gyders tyll it be day/ and whan their hoost haue aspyed that their chyuetayns be slayn they wille make suche dole that they shalle not molde helpe hem self/and ryght so as the kynge saidy/so it was/for whan they fonde the fyue kynges dede, they made suche dole that they fell fro their horses/Ther with all cam kyng Arthur but with a fewe peple and slewe on the lyfte hand and on the ryght hand that wel nyke ther escaped no man/but alle were slayne to the nombre of xxx M/And whan the batailke was all ended the kynge kneled doune and thanked god mekely / and thenne he sente for the quene and soone she was come / and she maade grete Joye of the ouercomynge of that batailke

¶ Capitulum iiij

THere with alle came one to kynge Arthur/ and told hym that kyng Pellinore was within thre myle with a grete hoost/and he saidy/ go vnto hym and lete hym vnderstande how we haue spedde/ Soo within a whyle kynge Pellinore cam with a grete hoost/ and salewed the peple and the kyng/ and ther was grete ioye made on euery syde/ Thenne the kyng lete serche how moche people of his party ther was slayne/And ther were founde but lytel past two hondred men slayne and viij knyghtes of the table round in their pauelions Thenne the kynge lete wete and deuyse in the same place there as the batail was done a faire abbeye and endowed it with grete reuelde and lete it calle the Abbey of la beale aduenture/but whanne somme of them cam in to their Countreyes ther of the fyue kynges were kynges and told hem how they were slayne/ther was made grete dole / And alle kynge Arthurs enemyes as the kynge of Northwales and the kynges of the North wyste of the bataille they were passynge ioyf/ and soo the kynge retorned vnto Camelot in hast/ And whan he was come to Camelot/ he called kynge Pellinore vnto hym & sayde ye vnderstande wel that we haue loste viij knyghtes of the beste of the table round/ and by your aduys we wille chese viij a geyne of the beste we may fynde in this Courte/ Syr said Pellinore/I shal counceille yow after my conceyte the beste / there are in your Courte ful noble knyghtes bothe of old & yonge And therfor by myn aduys ye shal chese half of the old and half of the yonge/ whiche be the old said kyng Arthur / Syre said kynge Pellinore me semeth that kynge Oryence that hath wedded your syster Morgan le fay and the kynge of the lake and syr Heruyse de reuel a noble knyght/ and syr galagars the iiij/this is wel deuysed said kyng Arthur and right soo shal it be/Now whiche are the four yong knyghtes said Arthur Syre saide Pellinore the fyrst is syr Galvayne your neueue that is as goody a knyght of his tyme/as ony is in this lād And the seconde as me semeth beste is syre Gryflet le fyse the one that is a goody knyght and ful desyrous in armes/ and who may see hym lyue he shal preue a goody knyghte / And the thyrd as me semeth is wel to be one of the knyghtes of the roundy table syr kay the seneschal for many tymes he hath done

ful worshipfully/ And now at your last batayll he dyd full honourably for to vndertake to slee two kynges/ By my hede said Arthur he is best worthy to be a knyght of the rounde table of ony that ye haue rehersed/and he had done no more prowesse in his lyf dayes

Capitulum Quintum

NOw said kynge Pellenore I shalle putte to yow two knyghtes/ and ye shalle chese which is moost worthy/ that is Syr Bagdemagus and syr Tor my sone / But by cause Syre Tor is my sone I may not prayse hym / but els and he were not my sone/ I durst saye that of his age ther is not in this land a better knyghte than he is nor of better condycions and lothe to doo ony wronge /and loth to take ony wronge/ By my hede said Arthur he is a passyng good knyght/ as ony ye spak of this day that woote I wel said the kyng/for I haue sene hym preued but he seyth lytyll and he doth mocke more/for I knowe none in al this courte & he were as wel borne on his moder syde as he is on your syde that is lyke hym of prowesse and of myghte / And therfor I wille haue hym at this tyme and leue syr Bagdemagus tyll another tyme/ Soo whan they were so chosen by the assente of alle the barons / Soo were there founden in her syeges euery knyghtes names that here are rehersed/and so were they set in their syeges/ wherof syr Bagdemagus was wonderly wrothe that syr Tor was auaunced afore hym/ and therfore sodenly he departed from the Courte and toke his squyer with hym/ & rode longe in a forest tyll they came to a crosse and there alyzt and sayd his prayers deuoutely/ The meane whyle his squyer founde wrytyen vpon the crosse that Bagdemagus shold neuer retorne vnto the Courte ageyne/ tyll he had wonne a knyztes body of the round table body for body/ so syr said his squyer/ here I fynde wrytyng of yow/ therfor I rede yow retorne ageyne to the Courte/ that shalle I neuer said Bagdemagus tyl men speke of me grete worship/ and that I be worthy to be a knyghte of the rounde table/ and soo he rode forthe/ And ther by the way he founde a braūche of an holy herbe that was the sygne of the Sancgraill/ and no knyght founde suche tokens but he were a good lyuer/ So as sir Bagdemagus rode

to see many aduentures/it happed hym to come to the welle/there as the lady of the lake had put Merlyn vnder the stone/ and there he herde hym make grete dole/ wherof syre Bagdemagus wold haue holpen hym and went vnto the grete stone/ and he was so heuy that an C men myght not lyfte hyt vp/when Merlyn wyste he was there he had leue his labour/for al was in vayne/for he myght neuer be holpen but by her that put hym ther/and so Bagdemagus departed and dyd many auentures and preued after a full good knyght/and came ageyne to the Courte and was made knyght of the round table/ So on the morne ther felle nelve tydynges and other auentures

Capitulum Sextum

Thenne it befelle that Arthur and many of his knyghtes rode on huntynge in to a grete forest/and it happed kyng Arthur/kynge Vryens and syr Accolon of gaule folowed a grete herte for they thre were wel horsed / and soo they chaced so fast that within a whyle they thre were thenne y myle from her felaushyp/ And at the last they chaced so sore that they slelve theyr horses vndernethe them/thenne were they al thre on foote / and euer they salve the herte afore them passynge wery and enbusshed/What wille we doo said kyng arthur We are hard bestad/ lete vs goo on foote said kyng Vryens tyl we may mete with some lodgynge/ Thenne were they ware of the herte that lay on a grete water banke/and a brachet bytynge on his thwote and mo other houndes cam after / Thenne kynge Arthur sleve the pryse and dyghte the herte / Thenne the kynge loked aboute the world / and salve afore hym in a grete water a lytel ship al apparailled with sylke doune to the water/ and the shyp cam rygħte vnto hem and lãded on the sandes/Thenne Arthur went to the banke & loked in/and salve none erthely creature therin/Sirs said the kyng come thens / and lete vs see what is in this ship / Soo they went in al thre and founde hit ryche ly behanged with clothe of sylke/By thenne it was derke nyght / and there sodenly were aboute them an C torches sette vpon alle the sydes of the shyp bordes and it gaf grete lyght/ And ther with all there

cam out tlvelue fayr damoyſels andy ſalevvedy kynge Arthur on her knees andy calledy hym by his name/andy ſaydy he vvas vvyght vvelcome/ andy ſuche chere as they hady he ſholdy haue of the beſt/the kynge thanked hem fayre/ There vvith all they lad the kyng andy his tlvo felalves in to a fair chambre/and ther vvas a clothe leydy rychely byſene of al that longedy vnto a ta bel/andy there vvere they ſeruedy of al vvynes andy metes that they coude thynke/of that the kynge hady grete merueille / for he ferdy neuer better in his lyf as for one ſouper /And ſo vvhen they hady ſouped at her leyſer/kyng Arthur vvas ledde vnto a chamber/a rycher beſene chamber ſalve he neuer none / andy ſoo vvas kynge Oryens ſeruedy/andy ledde in to ſuche another chā ber / andy ſyr Accolon vvas ledde in to the thyrd chamber paſ= ſynge rychely andy vvel byſene/andy ſo vvere they layde in the= ire beddes eaſyly / Andy anone they felle on ſlepe / andy ſlepte merueillouſly ſore all the nyght/ Andy on the morovve kynge Oryens vvas in Camelott abed in his vvynes armes Morgan le fay/ And vvhan he avvoke / he hady grete merueylle/ hovv he cam there/ for on the euen afore he vvas tlvo dayes Journey frō Camelot/ Andy vvhan kyng Arthur avvoke he found hym ſelf in a derke pryſon herynge aboute hym many complaynes of vvoful knyghtes

Capitulum Septimum

What are ye that ſoo complayne ſaidy kynge Arthur / We ben here yy knyghtes pryſoners ſaydy they/ & ſome of vs haue layne here ſeuen yere andy ſomme more andy ſomme laſſe/for vvhat cauſe ſayd Arthur/ We ſhalle telle yovv ſaid the knyghtes/ this lordy of this caſtel his name is ſyr Damas/ & he is the falſeſt knyght that lyueth/ andy ful of treaſon/and a very colvardy as ony lyueth / andy he hath a yonger brodr a goody knyght of proweſſe / his name is ſyr Ontzlake/ andy this traytour Damas the eldr brodr vvylle gyue hym noo parte of his lyuelode / But as ſyre Ontzlake kepeth thorolv proweſſe of his handes/andy ſo he kepeth from hym a ful fair maner andy a ryche andy therin ſyre Ontzlake dvvelleth vvor= ſhipfully/and is vvel biloued of al peple/ & this ſyre Damas our maiſter is as euyll belouedy for he is vvithout mercy/and

he is acolbardy / and grete werre hath ben betwyxe them bothe / but Ontzlake hath euer the better / andy euer he profereth syr Damas to fyghte for the lyuelode body for body / but he wylle not doe / other els to fynde a knyghte to fyghte for hym / Unto that syr Damas hath graunted to fynde a knyghte / but he is so euyll bybuedy andy hated / that there nys neuer a knyghte wylle fyghte for hym / Andy whan Damas sawe this that ther was neuer a knyght / wold fyghte for hym / he hath daily layn a wayte with many knyghtes with hym / andy taken alle the knyghtes in this countrey to see andy aspye her auentures / he hath taken hem by force and broughte hem to his pryson / andy so he woke vs seueratly as we wor on our auentures / & many goody knyztes haue dyedy in this pryson for hongre to the nombre of xviij knyghtes / Andy yf ony of vs alle that here is or hath ben wold haue foughten with his broder Ontzlake / he wold haue delyuerdy vs / but for by cause this Damas is so fals andy so ful of treason we wold neuer fyghte for hym to dye for it / Andy we be soo lene for hongre that vnnethe we may stande on oure feete / gody delyuer yow for his mercy saydy Arthur / Anone there with alle ther cam a damoysel vnto Arthur / andy askedy hym what cher / I can not say saydy he / sir saydy she andy ye wylle fyghte for my lord ye shall be delyuerd oute of pryson / andy els ye escape neuer the lyf / Now saydy Arthur that is hardy / yet hady I leuer to fyghte with a knyght than to dye in pryson / With this said Arthur I may be delyuerdy andy alle these prysoners I wylle doo the batail / yes saidy the damoysel / I am redy saydy Arthur andy I hady hors and armour / ye shall lacke none said the damoysel / Me semeth damoysel I shold haue sene yow in the Courte of Arthur / Nay saidy the damoysel I cam neuer there / I am the lordes doughter of this castel / yet was she fals for she was one of the damoysels of Morgan le fay / Anone she went vnto syr Damas andy tolde hym how he wold doo bataille for hym / andy so he sente for Arthur / Andy whan he cam he was wel colouredy and wel made of his lymmes / that al knyztes that sawe hym said it were pyte that suche a knyghte shold dye in pryson / soo syr Damas andy he were agreedy that he shold fyghte for hym vpon this couenaũt that alle other knyghtes shold be delyuerd

And vnto that was syr Damas sworne vnto Arthur/ and also to doo the batailke to the vttermest/And with that all the xx knyghtes were brought oute of the derke prysom in to the halle and delyuerd/and so they all abode to see the batailke

Capitulum Octauum

NOw sone we vnto Accolon of Gaulle that whanne he awoke/he found hym self by a depe welle syde Within half a foote in grete perylle of dethe / And there cam oute of that fontayne a pype of syluer/ and oute of that pype ranne water all on hyhe in a stone of marbel/ whan Syre Accolon sawe this/he blessyd hym and sayd Jhesu saue my lorde kynge Arthur and kynge Vryens/for these damoysels in this shippe haue bitrayed vs/they were deuyls and noo wymmen/ And yf I may escape this misauenture/I shalle destroye all where I may fynde these fals damoysels that vsen enchaūtmentys/ Right With that ther cam a dwarf with a grete mouthe & a flat nose and salewed syre Accolon and said how he came from Quene Morgan le fay / and she greteth yow wel/and bydeth yow be of strong herte/for ye shal fyzte to morne with a knyghte at the houre of pryme/ And therfore she hath sente yow here Excalibur Arthurs swerd and the scaubard /and she bydeth yow as ye loue her that ye doo the batail to the vttermest without ony mercy lyke as ye had promysed her whā ye spake to gyder in pryuete/And what damoysel that brynggeth her the knyghtes hede whiche ye shal fyghte with al/ she wille make her a quene / Now I vnderstand yow wel sayd Accolon/I shalle holde that I haue promysed her now I haue the swerd/whan salue ye my lady Quene Morgan le fay Ryghte lake sayd the dwarf / thenne Accolon wroke hym in his armes/and said recommaunde me vnto my lady Quenes/ and telle her all shal be done that I haue promysed her/ and els I wille dye for hit /Now I suppose said Accolon she hath made alle these craftes and enchauntement for this batailke / ye may wel bileue it said the dwarf/Ryzt so there cam a knyght and a lady with syxe squyers/ and salewed Accolon / and prayd hym for to aryse and come and reste hym at his

maner/and̄ so Accolon mounted vpon a coyde hors/ & went with the knyght vnto a fayre maner by a pryory/ and̄ there he had̄ passynge good cheer/Thenne sir Damas sente vnto his broder syr Ontzelake/ and̄ bade make hym redy by to morne at the houre of pryme/ and̄ to be in the felde to fyghte with a good̄ knyght/for he had̄ founden a good̄ knyght that was redy to doo batail at all poyntes/whan this word cam vnto sir Ontzelake/he was passyng heuy/ for he was wounded a lytel to fore thorow both his thyes With a spere/and made grete doke/But as he was wounded he wold̄ haue taken the bataille on hand̄/Soo it happed̄ at that tyme by the meanes of Morgan le fay Accolon was with syr Ontzelake lodged/ and whan he herd̄ of that bataille and how Ontzelake was woūded̄/he sayd̄ that he wold̄ fyghte for hym by cause Morgan le fey had̄ sente hym Excalibur and̄ the shethe for to fyzte with the knyght on the morne/This was the cause syr Accolon toke the bataille on hand̄/ thenne syre Ontzelake was passynge glad/and thāked syr Accolon with alle his herte that he wold do so moche for hym/ & ther with al syr Ontzelake sente word vnto his broder syre Damas /that he had̄ a knyzte yͤ for hym shold̄ be redy in the felde by the houre of pryme/ Soo on the morne syr Arthur was armed̄ and wel horsed̄ / and̄ asked̄ syr Damas whan shalle we to the felde/ syr said syr Damas ye shalle here masse/and̄ so Arthur herd̄ a masse/ And whan masse was done/there cam a squyer on a grete hors & asked̄ syr Damas yf his knyght were redy / for ourr knyght is redy in the felde/Thenne syre Arthur mounted̄ vpon horsback/ & there were alle the knyghtes and̄ comyns of that countrey/ & so by alle aduyses ther were chosen yͥ good men of the countrey for to wayte vpon the two knyghtes/And ryght as Arthur was on horsback/ther cam a damoisel from Morgan le fey and brought vnto syr Arthur a swerd lyke vnto Excalibur/ and̄ the scaubard̄/ and̄ sayd̄ vnto Arthur Morgan le fey sendeth here your swerd for grete loue/and he thanked her/ & wende it had̄ ben so/but she was fals/for the swerd̄ and the scaubard̄ was counterfeet & brutyll and̄ fals

Capitulum ix

And thenne they dressyd hem on bothe partyes of the felde/ & lete their horses renne so fast that eyther smote other in the mydes of the shelde/ with their spewes he de/ that bothe hors and man wente to the erthe / And thenne they sterte vp bothe/ and pulled oute their swerdys/ the mean whyle that they were thus at the bataille cam the damoysel of the lake in to the felde/ that put Merlyn vnder the stone / & she cam thyder for loue of kynge Arthur/ for she knewe how Morgan le fay had soo ordeyned / that kynge Arthur shold haue ben slayne that daye/ and therfor she cam to saue his lyf And so they went egrely to the bataille / and gaf many grete strokes/ but allweyes Arthurs swerd bote not lyke Accolon swerd/ But for the most party euery stroke that Accolon gaf he wounded sore Arthur/ that it was merueylle he stode/ And alweyes his blood fylle from hym fast/ whan Arthur behelde the ground so sore bebledde he was desmayed/ and thenne he demed treason that his swerd was chaunged / for his swerd bote not styl as it was wonte to do/ therfor he dredde hym so we to he dede / for euer hym semed that the swerd in Accolons hand was Excalibur/ for at euery stroke that Accolon stroke he delte blody on Arthur / Now knyght said Accolon vnto Arthur kepe the wel from me/ but Arthur answerd not agayne/ and gaf hym suche a buffet on the helme that he made hym to stoupe nygh fallynge doune to the erthe / Thenne syr Accolon withdrewe hym a lytel / and cam on with Excalibur on hyghe/ and smote syr Arthur suche a buffet that he felle nyghe to the erthe / Thenne were they wroth bothe/ and gaf eche other many sore strokes/ but allweyes syr Arthur lost so mocke blody that it was merueille he stode on his feet/ but he was soo ful of knyghthode that knyghtly he endured the payne/ And syr Accolon lost not a dele of blood/ / therfor he wayt passynge lyghe/ and syr Arthur was passynge feble/ and wende verily to haue dyed/ but for al that he made countenaunce as thogh he myghte endure/ and held Accolon as shorte as he myght/ But Accolon was so bolde by cause of Excalibur that he wayted passynge hardy/ But alle men that behelde hym sayd they salve neuer knyghte fyghte so wel as Arthur dyd onely dryng the blood that he bled/ Soo was all the peple sory for

hym/ but the two brethern wold not accorde/ thenne allweyes they fought to gyders as fyers knyghtes / and syre Arthur Withdrewe hym a lytel for to reste hym/ and syre Accolon cal led hym to bataille and saide it is no tyme for me to suffre the to reste/ And therwith he cam fyersly vpon Arthur/ and syre Arthur was wrothe for the blood that he had lost/ and smote Accolon on hyse vpon the helme soo myghtely that he made hym nyse to falle to the erthe/ And therwith Arthurs swerde brast at the crosse and felle in the grasse amonge the blood and the pomel and the sure handels he helde in his handes/ When syr ar thur sawe that/ he was in grete fere to dye/ but allweyes he held vp his shelde and lost no ground nor lafte no chere/

Capitulum v

Thenne syre Accolon beganne with wordes of treason and sayde knyght thow arte ouercome / and mayste not endure and also thow arte wepenles/ and thow hast loste moche of thy blood/ and I am ful lothe to slee the/ therfor yelde the to me as recreaunt/ Nay saide syre Arthur I maye not so/ for I haue promysed to doo the bataille to the vttermest by the feythe of my body whyle me lasteth the lyf/ and therfor I had leuer to dye with honour than to lyue with shame/ And yf it were possyble for me to dye an C tymes I had leuer to dye so ofte/ than yelde me to the/ for though I lacke wepen/ I shalle lacke no worship/ And yf thow slee me wepenles that shalle be thy shame/ wel sayde Accolon as for the shame I wyl not spare/ Now kepe the from me for thow arte but a dede mā And therwith Accolon gaf hym suche a stroke that he felle nyg he to the erthe / and wolde haue had Arthur to haue cryed hym mercy/ But syre Arthur pressed vnto Accolon with his shelde/ and gaf hym with the pomel in his hand suche a buf fet that he went thre strydes abak/ whan the damoisel of the la ke beheld arthur/ how ful of prowesse his body was & the fals treson that was wrouzt for hym to haue had hym slayn she had grete pyte that so good a knyzt & suche a mā of worship shold so be destroyed/ And at the next stroke syr Accolon stroke hym suche a stroke that by the damoysels enchauntement the swerd Excalibur felle oute of Accolons hande to the erthe / And therwith alle Syre Arthur lyghtely lepte to hit/ and gate hit

in his hand̄/and forthwith al he knelwe that it was his swerd Excalibur/& sayd̄ thow hast ben̄ from me al to long/& moche dommage hast thow done me / & ther with he aspyed̄ the scau; bard̄ hangynge by his syde / and sodenly he steerte to hym and̄ pulled̄ the scaubard̄ from hym and̄ threlwe hit fro hym as fer as he myghte thrwlwe hit / O knyghte saide Arthur this daye hast thow done me grete dommage with this swerd̄/ Now are ye come vnto your dethe / for I shalle not warraunt yow but ye shalle as wel be rewarded̄ with this swerde or euer we de; parte as thow hast rewarded̄ me/ for moche payne haue ye ma de me to endure/and̄ moche blood̄ haue I lost / And therwith syr Arthur russhed̄ on hym with alle his myghte and pulled̄ hym to the erthe/and thēne russhed̄ of his helme/and̄ gaf hym suche a buffet on the hede that the blood̄ cam oute at his ewes / his nose & his mouthe/ Now wylle I slee the said Arthur / Slee me ye may wel said Accolon and it please yow/for ye ar the best knyghte that euer I fonde/and I see wel that god is with yow/But for I promysed to doo this batail said Acco; lon to the vttermest and neuer to be recreaunt whyle I lyued̄ therfore shal I neuer yelde me with my mouthe / but god doo with my body what he wyll/ ¶ Thenne syr Arthur remembrid hym and̄ thoughte he shold̄ haue sene this knyghte/Now telle me said Arthur or I wylle slee the/of what cōtrey art thou and̄ of what courte/Syre knyghte sayd̄ syr Accolon I am of the courte of kynge Arthur/& my name is Accolon of gaule Thenne was Arthur more desmayed̄ than he was before hand̄ For thenne he remembryd̄ hym of his syster Morgan le fay / and̄ of the enchauntement of the ship/ O syre knyght sayd̄ he I pray yow telle me Who gaf yow this swerd and̄ by whom ye had it/

¶ Capitulum vj

Thenne syre Accolon bethowghte hym and said̄ wo worth this swerd̄/for by hit haue I geten my dethe/ it may wel be/said̄ the kynge/Now syre said̄ Accolon I wil telle yow this swerd̄ hath ben̄ in my kepynge the moost party of this twelue moneth/ And̄ Morgan le fay kynge Vrpens wyf sente it me yester daye by a dwerf to this entente that I shold̄ slee kynge Arthur her broder/ For ye shall̄ vnderstand

entente to slee kyng Arthur her broder/ for ye shal Understand kynge Arthur is the man in the world that she mooste hateth by cause he is mooste of worship and of prowesse of ony of her blood/ Also she loueth me oute of mesure as paramour/ and I her ageyne/ And yf she myghte bringe aboute to slee Arthur by her crafte/ she wold slee her husband kynge Uryens lyghtely/ And thenne hadde she me deuysed to be kyng in this land/ and soo to regne / and she to be my quene / but that is nowe done saide Accolon/ for I am sure of my dethe wel sayd syre Arthur/ I fele by yowe ye wold haue ben kynge in this land/ It had ben grete dommage to haue destroyed your lord sayd Arthur/ it is trouth said Accolon/ but now I haue told yowe trouthe/ wherfore I praye yowe telle me of whens ye are and of what courte / O Accolon sayd kynge Arthur now I lete the wete / that I am kynge Arthur to whome thowe haste done grete dommage/ Whanne Accolon herd that/ he cryed on lowde fayre swete lord haue mercy on me / for I knelue not yowe / O syr Accolon sayd kynge Arthur mercy shalt thowe haue/ by cause I fele by thy wordes at this tyme / thowe knowest not my persone / But I Understand wel by thy wordes that thowe hast agreed to the dethe of my persone/ and therfore thowe arte a traytour/ but I wyte the the lasse/ for my syster Morgan le fay by her fals crafte made the to agree and consente to her fals lustes / but I shalle be sore auengyd vpon her and I lyue that alle Crystendome shalle speke of it/ god knoweth/ I haue honoured her and worshipped her more than alle my kynne/ and more haue I trusted her than myn owne wyf and alle my kynne after)

¶ Thenne syr Arthur called the kepars of the felde and said Syrs cometh hyder/ for here are we two knyghte that haue foughten now a grete dommage vnto vs both/ and lyke echone of vs to haue slayne other/ yf it had happed soo/ And hadde ony of vs knowen other / here had ben no batailke/ nor stroke stryken ¶ Thenne al a lowde cryed Accolon vnto alle the knyghtes and men that were thēne there gadred to gyder/ and sayd to them in this maner/ O lordes this noble knyghte that I haue foughten with all / the whiche me sore repenteth is the mooste man of prowesse of manhode and of

worship in the world/for it is hym self kynge Arthur our alther liege lord & with myshap and with mysauēture haue I done this batail with the kyng and lord that I am holden with all

¶ Capitulum xvij

Thenne alle the peple felle doune on her knees and cryed kynge Arthur mercy / mercy shalle ye haue sayd Arthur / here maye ye see what auentures befallen oftyme of erraunte knyghtes how that I haue foughten with a knyght of myn owne vnto my grete dommage and his bothe/ But syrs by cause I am sore hurte and he bothe/ and I haue grete nede of a lytel rest / ye shalle vnderstande the oppynyon betwixe yow two bretheren as to the syre Damas/for whom I haue ben champyon and wonne the feld of this knyghte / yet wylle I juge by cause ye syre Damas are called an orgulous knyghte and full of vylony and not worthe of prowesse of youre dedes / therfor I wylle that ye gyue vnto your broder alle the hole manoir with the appertenaūce vnder thys forme/that sir Ontzelake holde the manoir of yow/and yerely to gyue yow a palfrey to ryde vpon / for that wylle become yow better to ryde on than vpon a courser / Also I charge the syre Damas vpon payne of deth/ that thow neuer destresse no knyghtes erraunte that ryde on their aduenture/And also that thow restore these yy knyghtes that thow hast longe kepte prysoners of all their harneis that they be contrnt for/and yf ony of hem come to my court and complayne of the/ by my hede thou shalt dye therfore/ Also syre Ontzelake as to yow by cause ye are named a goode knyghte and ful of prowesse and true and gentyl in all youre dedes this shalle be youre charge I wylle gyue yow that in al goodely haste ye come vnto me and my courte and ye shalle be a knyghte of myne/and yf your dedes be therafter I shall so profere yow by the grace of god that ye shalle in shorte tyme be in ease for to lyue as worshipfully as your broder syre Damas / Gode thanke your largenesse of your goodenes & of your bounte/I shall be from hens forward at all tymes at your commanndement/ For syr said syr Ontzelake as gode wolde as I was hurte but late with an aduentures knyght thurgh both my thyes that greued me sore/ & els

hadꝫ I done this batailke with yolb/ godꝫ wolde sayde Arthur it hadꝫ ben so / for thenne hadꝫ not I ben hurte as I am / I shalke telke yolb the cause wbyꝫ for I hadꝫ not ben hurte as I am hadde not ben myne owne swerdꝫ / that was stolen from me by treason/ Andꝫ this batailke was ordeynedꝫ afore hand to haue slayne me/andꝫ so it was brouzte to the purpos by fals treason andꝫ by fals enchauntrement/Allas saidꝫ syr Ontzelake that is gwete pyte that euer soo nobke a man as ye aꝛe of your dedes andꝫ prolbesse/that ony manꝫ oꝛ woman myzt fyn; de in their hertes to wozcke ony treasonꝫ ageynst yolb/ I shalke welbardꝫ them saidꝫ Arthur in shozt tyme by the grace of godꝫ Nolb telke me saide Arthur holde fer am I from Camelot/syr ye aꝛe tlbo dayes iourneꝫ therꝫ fro/I wolde fayn be at some pla ce of wozship saidꝫ syr Arthur that I myghte reste me/ Syre said syr Ontzelake/here by is a ryche abbey of your eldeꝛs foū dacyon of Nonnes but thre myle hens /So the kynge took his leue of alke the peple/andꝫ mountedꝫ bpon hozsbak/and sir Ac colon with hym/ Andꝫ wban they were come to the Abbaye / he lete fetche leche and serche his woundes and Accolons bothe/ but syr Accolon dyedꝫ within four dayes / for he hadꝫ bledꝫ soo moche bloodꝫ that he myghte not lyue/but kyng Arthur was wel wouerdꝫ/Soo wban Accolonꝫ was dede/ he lete sende hym on an hozsbere with syxe knyghtes bnto Camelot/andꝫ saide/ he re hym to my syster Morgan le fay / andꝫ say that I sende her hym to a presente/andꝫ telke her I haue my swerd Eycalibur andꝫ the saubardꝫ/soo they departedꝫ with the body

Capitulum viij

THe meane wbyle Morgan le fay hadde wendꝫ kynge Arthur hadꝫ ben dede / soo on a day she aspyedꝫ kynge Vryens lay in his bedde slepynge/thenne she called bnto her a mayden of her counceyll/ & saidꝫ go fetche me my lordes swerd for I salde neuer better tyme to slee hym than nolb /
TO Madame saydꝫ the damoysel/andꝫ ye slee my lordꝫ ye can neuer escape / Care not yolb saidꝫ Morgan le fay/for nolb I see my tyme in the wbiche it is best to doo hit/And therfoꝛ hye the fast andꝫ fetche me the swerd/ Thēne the damoisel departed

fonde ſyre Owayne ſleppynge vpon a bedde in another chamber
ſoo ſhe wente vnto ſire Owayne and awaked hym/and badde
hym aryſe and wayte on my lady youre moder / for ſhe wille
ſlee the kynge your fader ſleppynge in his bedde/ for I goo to
fetche his ſwerd/wel ſaid ſyr Owayne go on your waye/and
lete me dele/ Anone the damoyſel brought Morgan the ſwerd
with quakynge handes/ and lyghtly took the ſwerd/& pul-
led it out/and wente boldely vnto the beddes ſyde/ and alway
ted how and where ſhe myght ſle hym beſt / And as ſhe lyfte
vp the ſwerd to ſmyte/ſir Owayne kepte vnto his moder and
caught her by the hand and sayd A fende what wilt thou do
And thou were not my moder with this ſwerd I ſhold ſmy
te of thy hede/ A sayd ſyr Owayn men ſaith that Merlyn was
begoten of a deuylle / but I may saye an erthely deuylle bare
me/O fayre sone Owayne haue mercy vpon me/I was temp
ted with a deuylle/wherfore I crye the mercy/ I wylle neuer
more doo ſoo and saue my worſhip and diſcouer me not / On
this couenaunt ſaid ſyr Owayne I wille forgyue it yow/ ſoo
ye wille neuer be aboute to doo ſuche dedes/ Nay ſone ſaid ſhe/&
that I make yow aſſuraunce/

Capitulum xiiij

Thenne came tydynges vnto Morgan le fay that Ac-
colon was dede/and his body brought vnto the chirche
And how kynge Arthur had his ſwerd ageyne /
But whanne Quene Morgan wyſte that Accolon was dede/
ſhe was ſoo ſorouful that nere hir herte to braſt/But by cauſe
ſhe wolde not it were knowen /oute ward ſhe kepte her counte-
nance/& maade no ſemblaunt of ſorowe/But wel ſhe wyſte
and ſhe abode tyll her broder Arthur cam thyder / there ſhold
no gold goo for her lyf

Thenne ſhe wente vnto Quene Gweneuer / and aſkede her
leue to ryde in to the countreye / ye maye abyde ſayde Quene
Gweneuer tyll youre brother the kynge come home / I maye
not sayde Morgan le fay / for I haue ſuche haſty tydynges /
that I maye not tary / wel ſaide Gueneuer ye maye departe

whanne ye wille / Soo erly on the morne or hit was daye she
woke her hors and wde alle that daye and mooste parte of the
nyghte/And on the morn by none she cam to the same Abbay
of Nonnes/where as lay kyng arthur/& she knowyng he was
there she asked where he was/ And they answerd how he had
keyd hym in his bed to slepe/ for he had had but lytel reste these
thre nyghtes / Wel saidy she I charge yow that none of yow
awake hym tyl I doo/and thenne she alyghte of her hors/ &
thought for to stele awey Excalibur his swerd/ and soo she
wente streyghte vnto his chamber/ And noo man durste dys-
obeye her commaundement/ and there she fond Arthur a slepe
in his bedde and Excalibur in his ryght hand naked/ Whan
she salwe that she was passynge hevy that she myghte not ac-
me by the swerd without she had awaked hym/ and thenne
she wyst wel she had ben dede / Thenne she woke the scauhardy
and wente her wey on horsback/ whan the kynge awoke and
myssed his scauhardy/he was wrothe/ and he asked who had
ben there/and they said his syster quene Morgan had ben ther
and had put the scauhardy vnder her mantel and was gone /
Allas sayd Arthur falsly ye haue watched me / Syre sayd
they alle we durste not disobeye your systers commaundement
A said the kynge lete fetche the best hors maye be founde/And
byd syre Ontzlake arme hym in al hast/and take another good
hors and ryde with me/ Soo anone the kynge and Ontze
lake were wel armed/ and rode after this lady/ and soo they
cam by a crosse and fownd a Corbeyd / and they asked the
poure man yf ther cam ony lady late rydynge that way/Syre
said this poure man/ rygh late cam a lady rydynge with a yl
horses/and to yonder forest she rode/ Thenne they spored their
horses/and followed fast/And within a whyle Arthur had
a syghte of Morgan le fay/thenne he chaced as fast as he my-
ghte/whanne she aspyed hym followynge her/ she rode a gretter
paas thorowe the forest tyl she cam to a playne/ And whanne
she salwe she myghte not escape she rode vnto a lake ther by/&
sayd what soo euer come of me/my broder shall not haue this
scauhardy / Andy thenne she lete throwe the scauberdy in the dy-
pest of the water soo it sanke/for it was ryuy of gold and pre-
cious stones ¶ Thenne she rode in to a Valeye

where many grete stones were/ And when she salve she muste
be ouertake she shope her self hors and man by enchauntemēt
Into a grete marbyl stone/ Anone with al cam Syr Arthur/
and syr Ontzelake where as the kynge myght knowe his syf
ter and her men /and one knyght from another / A sayd the
kynge here may ye see the vengeaunce of god/and nowe am I
sory that this mysauenture is befalle/ & thenne he lokede for the
saubarde/but it wolde not be founde/ so he retorned to the ab-
beye there he came fro/So when Arthur was gone/she torned
alle in to the lykenesse as she and they were before / and sa-
yde syrs nowe may we goo where we wylle/

¶ Capitulum xb

Thenne said Morgan salve ye Arthur my broder/ ye sa
id her knyghtes ryght wel / and that ye sholde haue
founde and we myghte haue steredy from one stede/for by his
armyuestal contenaunce he wolde haue causedy vs to haue fled
I byleue yowe said Morgan/ Anone after as she rode she met
a knyght ledyng another knyzt on his hors before hym boun-
de hande and foote blyndefeld to haue drounedy hym in a fon-
tayne /when she salve this knyzt so boūde/she asked hym what
wylle ye doo with that knyght/ lady said he I wylle drowne
hym/for what cause she askedy/ for I fonde hym with my wyf
and she shalle haue the same dethe anone/that were pyte sayde
Morgan le fay/Nowe what saye ye knyzt is it trouthe ꝑ he sa-
ith of yowe she said to the knyght that sholde he drowned/ nay
truly madame he seith not ryght on me / Of whens be ye sayde
Morgan le fay and of what countre / I am of the Courte of
kynge Arthur / and my name is Manassey cosyn vnto Acco-
lon of gaulle/ye say wel said she / and for the loue of hym ye
shalle be delyuerd / and ye shalle haue your aduersary in the
same caas ye be in/ So Manessey was losedy & the other kny-
ght bounde/ And anone Manessey vnarmedy hym and armedy
hym self in his harneis/ and soo mountyd on horsback/and the
knyght afore hym and soo thrwe hym in to the fontayne and
drowned hym / And thenne he rode vnto Morgan ageyne/&
asked yf she wolde ony thyng vnto kynge Arthur/Telle hym
that I rescuedy the/not for the loue of hym but for the loue of
Accolon/and telle hym I fere hym not whyle I can make me

and them that ben with me in lykenes of stones / And lete hym wete I can doo mocke more whan I see my tyme / And so she departed in to the countrey of Gorze/and there was she ryckely receyued/ and maade her castels and townes passynge strongе/for allweyes she drad mocke kynge Arthur/ Whanne the kynge had wel rested hym at the Abbey he rode vnto Camelot/and fonde his quene and his lawns ryght glad of his comynge/And whan they herd of his straunge auentures as is afore rehercedy / they alle hadde merueille of the falshede of Morgan le fay/many knyghtes wysshed her brent/ thenne cam Manessen to courte and tolde the kyng of his auenture/ Well said the kynge she is a kynde syster/ I shalle soo be auengid on her and I lyue/that alle Crystendome shalle speke of hit/ So on the morne ther cam a damoisel from Morgan to the kynge and she brought with her the ryckest mantel that euer was sene in that Courte/ for it was sette as ful of precious stones as one myght stand by another /and there were the ryckest stones that euer the kynge salve/ And the damoysel saide youre syster sendeth yow this mantel/and desyreth that ye shold take this gyfte of her/ And in What thyng she hath offended you she wille amende it at youre owne pleasyr/ whan the kyng beheld this mantel it pleasyd hym mocke/but he saidy but lytel

Capitulum xxj

Wyth that came the damoysel of the lake vnto the kyng and said syr I must speke with yow in prypycke/say on said the kynge what ye wille / Syr saydy the damoysel put not on yow this mantel tyl ye haue sene more/and in no wyse lete it not come on yow nor on no knyghte of yours tyl ye commaunde the bryngez thewf to put it vpon her/ Wel said kynge Arthur/It shalle be done as ye counceille me/ And thenne he saidy vnto the damoysel that cam fro his sister/damoisel this mantel that ye haue brought me I wille see it vpon yow/syr she saidy/it wille not biseme me to were a kynges garment/by my hede saidy Arthur/ye shalle were it or it come on my back or ony mans that here is/and so the kyng made it to be putt vp on her/And forth with al she felle doune dede/and neuer more

ſpake wordȝ after and ȝeue to coles/Thenne was the kyng wonderly wrothe more than he was to fore handȝ/ andȝ ſaydȝ Vnto kynge Vryens my ſyſter your wyf is alwey aboute to bytraye me/andȝ wel I wote outher ye or my neuelbe youre ſone is of counceille with her to haue me deſtroyedȝ/But as for yow ſaid the kyng to kynge Vryens I deme not gretely that ye be of her counceill/ For Accolon confeſſyd to me by his owȝ mouth that ſhe wold haue deſtroyedȝ yow as wel as me ther for I hold yow excuſedȝ/ But as for your ſone Syr Owayn I holdȝ hym ſuſpect/therfore I charge yow put hym oute of my courte/So ſyr Owayne was diſchargedȝ/And whanne Syr Galvayne wyſt that he made hym redy to go with hym/ & ſaid who ſo kannyſſheth my coſyn germayn/ſhal kannyſſhe me Soo they two departedȝ/andȝ rode in to a grete foreſt/ andȝ ſoo they came to an Abbay of Monkes/andȝ ther were wel lodged But whanne the kynge wyſt that ſyr Galvayne was depar/ ted from the Courte/ther was made grete ſorowe amonge alle the eſtates/Now ſayd Galeryȝ Galvayns broder we haue loſt two good knyghtes for the loue of one/So on the morne they herdȝ theiz maſſes in the abbay/andȝ ſo they rode forth tyl that they came to a grete foreſt/ thenne was ſyr Galvayne ware in a Baley by a turret yñ fayre damoyſels/and two knyghtes ar medȝ on grete horſes/and the damoyſels wente to and fro by a tree/ Andȝ thenne was ſyr Galvayne ware how he hange a white ſhelde on that tree/Andȝ euer as the damoyſels cam by it/they ſpyte vpon it/andȝ some threwe myre vpon the ſheldȝ/

Capitulum yBñ

Thenne ſyr Galvayne andȝ ſyr Owayne wente and ſa lewedȝ them/andȝ askedȝ why they dyd that deſpyte to the ſhelde / Syrs ſaiden the damoyſels/we ſhalle telle yow/ There is a knyght in this cõtrey that owneth this white ſheld andȝ he is a paſſyng goodȝ man of his handes/ but he hateth al ladyes andȝ gentylwymmen/andȝ therfor we doo alle this deſ/ pyte to the ſhelde/ I ſhal ſay yow ſaid ſyr galvayne/hit byſe/ meth euylle a goodȝ knyghte to deſpyſe all ladyes andȝ gentil wymmen/ Andȝ parauenture though he hate yow he hath ſomme

And parauenture he loueth in somme other places ladyes and gentylwymmen/and to be louedy ageyne/and he be suche a mā of prowesse as ye speke of/Now what is his name/syr sayd they/his name is Marhaus the kynges sone of Irelond / I knowe hym wel sayd syre Owayne / he is a passynge goody knyght as ony is on lyue/for I salve hym ones preuedy at a Justes where many knyghtes were gaderedy / and that tyme ther myghte no man withstande hym/ A sayd syr Galvayne Damoysels me thynketh ye are to blame/for hit is to suppose/ he that benge that sheldy ther/he wille not be longe ther fro / & thenne may tho knyghtes matche hym on horsback / andy that is more your worship than thus / For I wille abyde no lenger to see a knyghtes sheldy dishonouredy/ Andy therwith syre Owayne andy Galvayne departedy a lytel fro them/And thenne were they ware where syre Marhaus cam rydynge on a grete hors streyghte towardy them / Andy whanne the yȳ damoysels sawe syr Marhaus they fled in to the turret as they were wylde so that somme of them felle by the wey / Thenne the one of the knyghtes of the Toure dressidy his shelde andy said on hyghe syr Marhaus defende the / andy soo they ranne to gyders that the knyzt brake his spere on Marhaus /& Marhaus smote hym so hardy that he brake his neck andy the hors back/ That salve the other knyght of the turret and dressydy hym towardy Marhaus / andy they mette so egrely to gyders that the knyhht of the Turret was soone smyteny doune hors and many stark dede/

Capitulum xviij

And thenne syre Marhaus rode vnto his shelde/ and salve hold it was defowledy/andy saydy of this despyte I am a parte auengyd/But for her loue that gaf me this whyte shelde I shalle were the/ andy hange myn where thold was andy soo he hangedy it aboute his neck/ Thenne he rode streyght vnto syr Galvayn and to syr Owayne/and asked them what they dydy there / They answerdy hym that they cam from kynge Arthurs courte for to see auentures/ wel sayd syre Marhaus here am I redy an auentures knyghte that wille fulfylle ony

aduenture that ye wylle desyre / And soo departed fro them/ to fetche his raunge/ lete hym goo seid syr Owayn Unto syre Galwayne / for he is a passynge good knyghte as ony is ly; uynge/I wold not by my wille that ony of Vs were matched with hym/ Nay said sir Galwayne not so/it were shame to Vs were he not assayed; were he neuer soo good a knyghte/ Wel said syr Owayne I wylle assaye hym afore yow / for I am more weyker than ye/ And yf he smyte me doune/thenne may ye reuenge me/soo these two knyghtes cam to gyders with gre te raundon that syr Owayne smote syr Marhaus that his spe re braste in pyeces on the shelde / and Syre Marhaus smote hym so sore that hors and man he bare to the erthe / and hurte syre Owayne on the lyfte syde/ Thenne syr Marhaus torned his hors and rode toward Galwayne with his spere/ and when syr Galwayne sawe that/he dressid his shelde/ and they auen; tryd their speres/and they cam to gyders with alle the myzte of their horses/that eyther knyght smote other so hard in myd des of theyr shildes/but syr Galwayns spere brak/ but sir mar shaus spere held/ And therwith syre Galwayne and his hors russhed doune to the erthe / And lyghtly syr Galwayne wose on his feet/and pulled out his swerd/and dressyd hym toward syr Marhaus on foote/ and syr marhaus sawe that/and pul; led oute his swerd/and beganne to come to syr Galwayne on horsback/Syre knyght said syr galwayn alyzte on foote or els I wylle slee thy hors / gramercy sayd syr Marhaus of youre gentylnes ye teche me curtosye/for hit is not for one knyzt to be on foote/and the other on horsback / & therwith syr Mar; haus sette his spere ageyne a tree and alyghte and tayed his hors to a tree/and dressid his shelde / and eyther cam Unto o; ther egerly/and smote to gyders with her swerdes that her shel des flewe in cantels/ and they brysed their helmes and their hauberkes and wounded eyther other/ but Syre galwayne fro it passed ix of the clok wayed euer stronger and stronger/ for thenne hit cam to the houre of noone & thryes his myghte Was encreased/ Alle this aspyed syr Marhaus and had grete wonder hold his myghte encreased/ and so they wounded other passynge sore/ And thenne when it was past noone/and when it drewe toward euensonge syre galwayns strengthe febled &

wayt passynge sayncte that vnnethes he myght dure ony ken-
ger/and syr Marhaus was thenne bygger and bygger/ syre
knyght saidy syr Marhaus/I haue wel felt that ye are a pas-
synge goody knyghte and a merueyllous may of myghte as
euer I felt ony/whyle hit lasteth/And oure quarels are not
gnete/and therfor it were pyte to doo yolv hurte / for I felle ye
are passynge feble/A said syr Galvayn gentyl knyghte ye say
the wordy that I sholdy say/And therwith they wok of theire
helmes/and eyther kyssedy other/ and there they swore to gy-
ders eyther to loue other as bretheren/And syr Marhaus pra-
ydy syr galvayn to lodge with hym that nyghte/ Andy so they
toke theyr horses/andy rode towardy syr Marhaus hous/ Andy
as they rode by the wey/syr knyghte said syr galvayne I ha-
ue merueylle that so valyaunt a man as ye be loue no ladyes
ne damoysels/ Syre saydy syr marhaus they name me wrong-
fully tho that gyue me that name/but wel I wote it ben the
damoyseles of the Turret that so name me andy other suche as
they be/Nolv shalle I telle yolv for what cause I hate them/
For they be sorceresses andy enchaunters many of them/& be a
knyzt neuer so good of his body and ful of prolvesse as may
may be/they wille make hym a staik colvardy to haue the bet-
ter of hym / andy this is the prynapal cause that I hate them
& to al goody ladyes andy gentyl wymmen I olve my ser-
uyse as a knyght ouzte to do/ As the book reherseth in frenshe
ther were many knyghtes that ouermatchedy syr galvayne for
alle the thryes myghte that he had/Syr Launcelot de lake/syr
Trystrams/syr Boors de ganys/syr Percyuale/syr Pellias &
syr Marhaus/these sixe knyztes hady the better of sir galvayn
Thenne within a lytel whyle they cam to syr Marhaus place /
whiche was in a lytel pryory/ andy there they alyghte and la-
dyes and damoysels vnarmedy them/and hastely loked to the-
yr hurtes/for they were alle thre hurte/and so they had alle thre
goody lodgynge with syr Marhaus andy goody chere/for whan
he wyste that they were kynge Arthurs systers sones / he maade
them al the chere that lay in his power/ andy so they sciourned
there a vij nyghte/and were wel easydy of their woundes and
at the last departedy / Nolv saidy syre Marhaus ve wylle not
departe soo lyztely/ for I wylle bringe you thorolv the forest

And rode daye by daye wel a seuen dayes or they fond ony a-
uenture/ At the last they cam in to a grete forest that was na
med the countreye and foreste of Arroy and the countrey of
straunge auentures/In this countrey sayd syr Marhaus am
neuer knyghte syn it was crystened / but he fonde straunge
auentures/ and soo they rode/ and cam in to a depe valey ful
of stones/and ther by they salve a fayr streme of water/ abo-
ue ther by was the hede of the streme a fayr fontayne / & thre
damoysels syttynge therby/ And thenne they rode to them/ and
eyther salewed other / and the eldest had a garland of gold
about her hede / and she was thre score wynter of age/or more
and her here was whyte vnder the garland / The second da-
moysel was of thyrtty wynter of age with a serkelet of gold
about her hede / The thyrd damoysel was but xv yere of age/
and a garland of flowres about her hede/ when these knygh-
tes had soo beholde them/ they asked hem the cause why they
sat at that fontayne / we be here sayd the damoysels for thys
cause/yf we may see ony ernaunt knyghtes to ecke hem vnto
straunge auentures/and ye be thre knyghtes that seken auen
tures and we be thre damoysels/and therfore ecke one of yow
must chese one of vs / And whan ye haue done soo/ we wylle
lede yow vnto thre hyke waues/ and there ecke of yow shal che
se a wey and his damoysel with hym / And this day twelue
monethe ye must mete here ageyn/and god sende yow your ly
ues/and there to ye must plyzte your trouthe/this is wel sa-
id sayd syr Marhaus

Capitulum xx

Now shalle euerycke of vs chese a damoysel / I shalle
telle yow sayd syre Owayne I am the yongest and
moost weykest of yow bothe/therfor I wyl haue the eldest da-
moysel/for she hath sene moche and can best helpe me whan I
haue nede/for I haue moost nede of helpe of yow bothe/Now
said syr Marhaus I wylle haue the damoysel of thyrtty wyn-
ter age for she falleth best to me/wel sayd syre galvayne/ I
thanke yow for ye haue lefte me the yongest and the fayrest/
and she is moost leueste to me/ Thenne euery damoysel took her

knyght by the rayns of his brydel/ and brought him to the thir ways/ and there was their othe made to mete at the fontayne that day twelue moneth and they were lyuynge / and so they kyst and departed/and euerych knyghte sette his lady behynd hym/ and syr Wwayne took the wey that lay west And syr Marhaus took the wey that lay southe/ and syr gawayne took the weye that laye northe/ Now wylle we begynne at syr galwayne that helde that wey tyll that he cam vnto a fayre manoir where dwellyd an old knyghte & a good housholder/ and there syr Galwayn asked the knyght yf he knewe ony auentures in that countrey/ I shalle shewe yow somme to morne sayd the old knyghte/ and that meruaylous/ Soo on the morne they rode in to the forest of auentures tyl they cam to a launde/ and ther by they fond a crosse/ and as they stode and houed/ ther cam by them the fayrest knyght and the semelyest man that euer they salve / makynge the grettest dole that euer man made/ And thenne he was ware of syr galvayn and salewed hym and praid god to sende hym moche worshyp/ As to that said syr galvayn gramercy/ Also I praye to god that he sendy yow honour and worshyp/ A said the knyghte I may laye that on syde / for sorowe and shame cometh to me after worshyp /

Capitulum xxj

And ther with he passed vnto the one syde of the launde/ And on the other syde salve syr Galvayne .x. knyghtes that houed styll and make hem redy with her shildes and spetes ageynst that one knyght that cam by syr galvayn/ Thenne this one knyght auentryd a grete spere / and one of the .x. knyghtes encountred with hym/ but this woful knyght smote hym so hard that he felle ouer his hors taylle/ So this same dolorous knyght serued hem al/ that at the lest way he smote doune hors and man/ and alle he dyd with one spere/ and soo whan they were all .x. on fote/ they wente to that one knyght/ and he stode stone styll/ and suffred hem to pulle hym doune of his hors/ and bound hym hande and foote/ and tayed hym vnder the hors bely/ and so lede hym with hem/ O Jhesu

sayd syr galbayne this is a dooleful syghte / to see the yonder knyghte so to be entreted / and it semeth by the knyght that he suffreth hem to bynde hym soo/ for he maketh no resystence/ Noo said his hoost that is trouthe/for and he wolde they al were to weyke soo to doo hym/Syr said the damoysel vnto syr Galbayn / me semeth hit were youre worshyp to helpe that doloreus knyghte/ for me thynketh he is one of the best knyghtes that euer I salve/I wold doo for hym sayd syre galbayn but hit semeth he wylle haue no helpe / thenne sayd the damoysel me thynketh ye haue no luste to helpe hym/ Thus as they talked they salve a knyzte on the other syde of the launde al armed sauf the hede/ And on the other syde ther cam a dwerf on horsback all armed sauf the hede with a grete mouthe/and a shorte nose/And whan the dwerf came nygh he said where is the lady shold mete vs here/and ther with all she came forth out of the wood/ And thenne they began to stryue for the lady/ For the knyghte sayd he wold haue her/ & the dwerf sayd he wold haue her/Wylle we doo wel sayd the dwerf/yonder is a knyght at the crosse/lete vs put it bothe vpon hym/and as he demeth so shalle it be/I wylle wel said the knyght/and so they wente all ther vnto syre galbayn and told hym wherfor they strofe/wel syrs said he wylle ye put the matter in my hand/ ye they sayd both/Nowe damoysel sayd syr galbayn ye shal stande betwixe them both/ and whether ye lyst better to go to/he shal haue yow/ And whan she was sette betwene them both she left the knyghte and wente to the dwerf / and the dwerf took her and wente his waye syngynge/ and the knyghte wente hys wey with grete mornyng/Thenne came ther two knyghtes all armed and cryed on hyghe Syre galbayn, knyghte of kynge Arthurs make the redy in al hast and juste with me/ soo they ranne to gyders that eyther felle doune / and thenne on foote they dzelve their swerdes and dyd ful actually/the mene whyle the other knyghte wente to the damoysel / and asked her / why she abode with that knyghte/and yf ye wold abyde with me/I wylle be your feythful knyghte and with yow wylle I be said the damoysel/ for with syr Galbayn I may not fynde in myn herte to be with hym/ For nowe here was one knyzt soomfyte ye knyghtes/And at the laste he was cowardly ledd

awey/and therfore lete vs two goo whyleſt they fyghte/and ſyre Galvayn fought with that other knyght longe/ but at the laſt they accorded both/And thenne the knyght prayd ſyr Gawayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / Soo as ſyre Galvayn wente with this knyghte he aſkedy hym what knyghte is he in this countrey that ſmote doune the iry knyghtes/ for whan he hady done ſo manfully he ſuffredy hem to bynde hym handy andy foote/andy ſoo ledde hym awey/A ſayd the knyghte that is the beſt knyght I trowe in the worldy/and the mooſt many of proweſſe / andy he hath he ſeruedy ſoo as he was ẽne more thany x tymes/and his name hyghte ſyr Pelleas/ and he louethy a gre te lady in this countrey and her name is Ettard/and ſo whenny he lovedy her there was cryedy in this countrey a greete Juſtes thre dayes/And alle the knyghtes of this countrey were there and gentylwymmeny/ And who that preued hym the beſt knyght ſhold haue a paſſyng good ſwerd and a Serklet of gold andy the ſerklet the knyght ſholdy gyue hit to the fayreſt lady that was at the Juſtes/Andy this knyghte ſyre Pelleas was the beſt knyghte that was there/andy there were fyue honderdy knyghtes / but there was neuer many that euer ſyre Pelleas met with al/but he ſtroke hym doune or els from his hors / Andy euery day of thre dayes he ſtrake doune twenty knygh tes/therfore they gaf hym the pryſe/& forthe with all he wente there as the lady Ettard was/andy gaf her the ſerklet/& ſaidy openly/ſhe was the fayreſt lady that there was/ & that woldy he preue vpon ony knyghte that wold ſay nay/ ¶ Ca xxij

And ſoo he choſe her for his ſouerayne lady / & neuer to loue other but her / but ſhe was ſo proude that ſhe hady ſcorne of hym and ſayd that ſhe wold neuer loue hym thouz he wold dye for her/wherfor al ladyes and gentylwym meny hadde ſcorne of her that ſhe was ſo proude / for there were fayrer than ſhe/& there was none that was ther but & ſir Pel leas wold haue proferd hem loue they wold haue loued hym for his noble proweſſe/ & ſo this knyzt promyſed the lady et tard to folowe her in to this cõutrey/& nener to leue her tyl ſhe loued hym/& thus he is here the mooſt party nyghe her and lod ged by a pryory/and euery weke ſhe ſendeth knyghtes to fyzte with hym/And whan he hath put hem to the vers than wylle

he ſuffre hem wylfully to take hym pryſoner by cauſe he wold haue a ſyghte of this lady/ And alweyes ſhe doth hym grete deſpyte/for ſome tyme ſhe maketh her knyghtes to taye hym to his hors tayle and ſome to bynd hym vnder the hors bely Thus in the mooſt ſhamefulleſt wyſe that ſhe can thynke he is brought to her/ And alle ſhe doth hyt for to cauſe hym to leue this countrye and to leue his louynge/ But all this may not make hym to leue/for and he wold haue fought on foote he myghte haue had the better of the ten knyghtes as wel on foote as on horſback / Allas ſayd ſyr galvayn it is grete pyte of hym/ And after this nyghte I wylle ſeke hym to morowe in this foreſt to doo hym alle the helpe I may/So on the morne ſyr galvayne tooke his leue of his hoſt ſyre Carados and rode in to the foreſt / And at the laſt he mette with ſyr Pelleas as making grete moone oute of meſure/ſo eche of hem ſalved other/and aſked hym why he made ſuche ſorowe/ And as it is aboue reherced/ſyre Pelleas told ſyre Galvayne/but alweyes I ſuffre her knyghtes to fare ſoo with me as ye ſalve yeſterdaye in truſte at the laſt to wynne her loue/for ſhe knoweth wel alle her knyghtes ſhold not lyghtely wynne me / and me lyſte to fyghte with them to the vttermeſt / Wherfore and I loued her not ſo ſore I hade leuer dye an honderd tymes/ and I myght dye ſoo ofte rather than I wold ſuffre that deſpyte/but I truſte ſhe wylle haue pyte vpon me at the laſte / for loue cauſeth many a good knyght to ſuffre to haue his entent/but allas I am vnfortunate/ And ther with he maade ſoo grete dole & ſorowe that vnnethe he myghte holde hym on horſback ¶ Nowe ſayd ſyre gawayne leue your mornynge and I ſhalle promyſe yowe by the feythe of my body to doo alle that lyeth in my power to gete yowe the loue of your lady/and ther to I wylle plyte yowe my trouthe/ A ſayd ſyr Pelleas of what Courte are ye telle me I praye yowe my good frend/ And thenne ſyr galvayne ſayd I am of the courte of kynge Arthur/and his ſuſters ſone / and kynge Lott of Orkeney was my fader / and my name is ſyre Galvayne/ And thenne he ſayd my name is Syre Pelleas borne in the Iles/and of many Iles I am lord / and neuer haue I loued lady nor damoyſel tyl nowe in an vnhappy tyme/and ſyr

knyghte syn ye are soo nyghe cosyn Vnto kynge Arthur andy a kynges sone/therfor bytraye me not but helpe me/for I may neuer come by her but by somme goody knyghte/for she is in a stronge castel here fast by within this four myle/ and ouer alle this countrey she is lady of/ Andy so I may neuer come to her presence/but as I suffre her knyghtes to take me/andy but yf I dyd so that I myghte haue a syghte of her I had ben dede long or this tyme/andy yet sayde word had I neuer of her/ but whā I am brought to fore her she rebuketh me in the folbleste ma ner/ Andy thenne they take my hors andy harneis and putten me oute of the yates / andy she wylle not suffre me to ete nor dzynke/ andy alweyes I offre me to be her prysoner/ but that she wylle not suffre me/for I wold dyspyte no more what payne so euer I hady/soo that I myzte haue a syghte of her daily/wel sayd syr galbayne/ Al this shalle I amende andy ye wylle do as I shal deuyse/ I wylle haue your hors and your armour/andy so wylle I ryde Vnto her castel andy telle her that I haue slayne yolb/andy soo shal I come withynne her to cause her to cherysshe me/ And thenne shalle I doo my true parte that ye shalle not faylle to haue the loue of her

¶ Capitulum xxiiii

Andy there with syr Galbayne plyghte his trouthe Vnto syr Pelleas to be true andy feythful Vnto hym / soo eche one plyghte their trouthe to other/and soo they chaunged horses andy harneis / andy sire Galbayn departedy/andy came to the castel where as stoode the pauelions of this lady without the yate/ Andy as soone as Ettardy had aspyedy syr Galbayn she fledde in towardy the castel/syre Galbayn spak on hyghe/ andy badde her abyde/for he was not syre Pelleas/ I am anos ther knyghte that haue slayne syr Pelleas/ doo of youre helme said the lady Ettardy that I maye see your vysage/ Andy soo whan she salbe that it was not syr Pelleas/she made hym alyghte/andy ledde hym Vnto her castel/ andy askedy hym feythfully/whether he hady slayne syr Pelleas/andy he saydy her ye/ and toldy her his name was syre galbayn of the courte of kynge Arthur andy his systers sone/Truly saydy she that is grete pyte for he was a passynge goody knyghte of his body / but

of al men on lyue I hated hym moost / for I coude neuer be quyte of hym / And for ye haue slayne hym / I shalle be your woman and to doo ony thynge that myghte please yow / Soo she made syr Gawayne good chere / Thenne syr galhayn sayd that he loued a lady / and by no meane she wold loue hym / Sir is to blame sayd Ettard and she wylle not loue yow / for ye that be soo wel borne a man and suche a man of pw & weste / there is no lady in the worlde to good for yow / wylle ye sayd syre Gawayne promyse me to doo alle that ye maye by the feythe of youre body to gete me the loue of my lady / ye syre sayd she / and that I promyse yow by the feythe of my body / Now sayd syre Gawayne it is your self that I loue so wel / therfore I praye yow holde your promyse / I maye not chese sayd the lady Ettard / but yf I sholde be forsworne / and soo she graunted hym to fulfylle alle his desyre /

¶ Soo it was thenne in the moneth of May that she and syre Gawayn wente oute of the castel and soupedē in a pauelione / and there was made a bedde / and there syre gawayne and the lady Ettard wente to bedde to gyders / and in another pauel= ione she layd her damoysels / and in the thyrd pauelione she leyd parte of her knyghtes / for thenne she had no drede of syr Pelleas / And there syre gawayn lay with her in that pauel= ione two dayes and two nyghtes / And on the thyrd day in the morneng erly syr Pelleas armed hym / for he hadde neuer slepte syn syr Gawayn departed from hym / for syr Gawayne had promysed hym by the feythe of hys body to come to hym vnto his pauelione by that pryory within the space of a daye and a nyghte ¶ Thenne syre Pelleas moun= ted vpon horsback / and cam to the pauelions that stode without the castel / and fonde in the fyrst pauelione thre knyghtes in thre bedes / and thre squyers lyggynge at theire feet / thenne wente he to the seconde pauelione & fond four gentyl wymmen lyenge in four bedes / & thenne he yede to the thyrd pauelion & fond syr gawayn lyggyng in bedde with his lady Ettard & eyther clyppyng other in armes / and whan he salve that his herte wel nyghe brast for sorow / & said Allas that euer a knyzt shold be founde so fals / and thēne he took his horse & myzt not abyde no lenger for pure sorowe / And whanne he hadde ryden

nyghe half a myle he tornedy ageyne and thoughte to slee hem bothe/Andy whanne he salve hem bothe soo lye slepynge faste / Vnnethe he myght holde hym on horsbak for sorowe/andy saydy thus to hym self/ though this knyght be neuer soo fals I wyl neuer slee hym slepynge/ For I wylle neuer destroye the hy= gh ordre of knyghode/audy therwith he departedy ageyne
Andy or he hadde ryden half a myle he tornedy ageyne/ andy thoughte thenne to slee hem bothe / makynge the gretteste sorow that euer man made /Andy whanne he came to the pauelions/ he tayedy his hors vnto a tree/andy pulledy oute his swerd na kedy in his handy/andy wente to them there as they lay/ andy yet he thought it were shame to slee them slepynge/ andy layd the nakedy swerdy ouerthwart bothe their throtes/ andy soo to= oke his hors andy rode his waye
¶ Andy whanne syre Pelleas came to his pauelions he told his knyghtes andy his squyers how he hady spedy / andy saydy thus to them for your true and good seruyse ye haue done me I shalle gyue yow alle my goodes/ for I wylle goo vnto my bedde andy neuer aryse vntyl I am dede / Andy whan that I am dede/ I charge yow that ye take the herte oute of my body andy bere it her betwyxe two syluer dysshes/andy telle her how I salve her lye with the fals knyght Syr Galvayne/ Rygh= soo syr Pelleas vnarmedy hym self andy wente vnto his bedde makynge merueyllous dole andy sorowe /
¶ Thenne syre Galvayne andy Ettardy alvoke of her slepe / & fonde the nakedy swerdy ouerthwart theire throtes / thenne she knelve wel it was syr Pelleas swerdy/ Allas saydy she to sir Galvayne ye haue bitrayedy me andy syr Pelleas bothe/ for ye toldy me ye had slayne hym/and nowe I knowe wel it is not soo he is on lyue/ Andy yf syre Pelleas hady ben as vncurteis to yow as ye haue ben to hym ye hadde ben a dede knyghte/ but ye haue decyuedy me andy bytraydy me falsely/ that al la dyes and damoysels may belware by yow andy me/ And ther with syr galvayn made hym redy/andy wente in to the forest/ Soo it happedy thenne that the damoysel of the lake Nymue mette with a knyghte of syr Pelleas that wente on his foote in the forest makyng grete dole / andy she askedy hym the cause Andy soo the wofull knyghte toldy her how his mayster andy

lorde was bitrayed thurgh a kny ghte and a lady / and holde he wyll neuer aryse oute of his bed tyl he be dede/ Bryngе me to hym sayd she anone/and I wyl waraunt his lyf he shal not dye for loue/and she that hath causedе hym so to loue / she shalle be in as euyl plyte as he is or it be long to/ for it is no Joy of suche a prowde lady that wylle haue no mercy of suche a Valyaunt knyght/anone that knyghte broughte her vnto hym And whan she salve hym lye in his bedde/ she thoughte she sawe neuer so lykely a knyght/and ther with she thrwe an enchauntement vpon hym/and he felle on slepe/And ther whyle she rode vnto the lady Ettard / and chargedе no man to awake hym tyl she came ageyne / Soo within two houres she broughte the lady Ettardе thyder/and both ladyes fonde hym on slepe/ loo sayd the damoysel of the lake ye oughte to be ashamed for to murdre suche a knyght / And therwith she threwe suche an enchauntement vpon her that she louedе hym sore/that wel nyghe she was oute of her mynde / O lordе Jhesu saide the lady Ettardе/holde is it befallen vnto me/that I loue nowe hym that I haue mooste hated of ony man alyue/ that is the ryghte wys Jugement of godе sayde the damoysel/ And thenne anone syr Pelleas awakedе and loked vpon Ettardе/ And whan he salve her/he knelve her/& thēne he hated her more than ony woman alyue/ andе saidе alwey traitresse come neuer in my syght And whan she herdе hym say so/she wepte andе made grete sorou oute of mesure

Capitulum xxiiij

Syr knyght Pelleas sayde the damoysel of the lake/ take your horse/ and come forthe with me oute of this countrey/and ye shal loue a lady that shal loue yowe / I wylle wel said syr Pelleas/for this lady Ettardе hath done me grete despyte andе shame / andе there he woldе her the begynnynge andе endynge/And howe he had purposed neuer to haue aryseu tyll that he hadde ben dede/And nowe suche grace godе hath sente me / that I hate her as mochе as euer I louedе her thankedе he onr lordе Jhesus/ Thanke me sayde the damoysel of the lake

anone syr Pellas armedy hym andy woke his hors andy com-
maundedy his meny to bryngе after his pauelions andy his
stuffe where the damoysel of the lake wolde assigne/soo the la
dy Ettardy dyedy for sorowe/andy the damoysel of the lake re-
ioysedy syr Pellas andy bouedy to gyders durynge their lyf da-
yes/

Capitulum xxb

NOw torne we vnto syr Marhaus that rode with the da
moysel of xxx wynter of age southardy/ andy soo they
cam in to a depe foreste/ andy by fortune they were nyg-
tedy/andy rode longe in a depe way/ andy at the last they came
vnto a courtelage/andy there they askedy herborowe/but the mā
of the courtelage wold not lodge them for no treatyse that they
coude trete/but thus mocke the goody man saydy/andy ye will
take the aduenture of youre lodgyng/I shal bryngе you there
ye shalle be lodgedy/what auenture is that that I shal haue/
for my lodgynge saydy syr Marhaus/ye shalle were whan ye
come there sayd the good man/syr what auenture so it be bryng
me thyder I pray the saydy syr Marhaus/for I am wery/ my
damoysel andy my hors/ So the goody man wente andy opened
the gate/andy within an houre he broughte hym vnto a fayre
castel/andy thenne the poure man calledy the porter/ andy anon
he was lete in to the castel/& soo he toldy the lord how he brought
hym a knyght erraunt andy a damoysel that woldy he lodgedy
with hym/lete hym in said the lordy/ it may happen he shalle re
pente that they toke their lodgyng here/So syr Marhaus was
lete in with torche lyghte/ andy there was a goodely fyghte of
yonge meny that welcomedy hym / Andy thenne his hors was
ledde in to the stable/andy he andy the damoysel were broughte
in to the halle/andy there stode a myghty duke and many go-
odely meny about hym/ thēne this lordy askedy hym what he hy-
ghte/andy fro whens he cam/andy with whome he dwelt / syre
he saidy I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs andy knyght of the
table roundy / andy my name is syr Marhaus/ andy borne I
am in Irlandy / Andy thenne saydy the duke to hym/ that me
sore repentith/ the cause is this / for I loue not thy lordy / nor

none of thy felawes of the table wounde/ And therfor ease thy
self this nyght as wel as thou mayst/for as to morne I &
my fyve sonnes shal matche with yow/Is ther no remedy but
that I must haue a doo with yow and your vj sones at ones
sayde syr Marhaus/No sayde the duke for this cause I maade
myn auowe/for syr gawayne slewe my seuen sonnes in a re-
counter/therfore I made myn auowe/there shold neuer knyzt
of kynge Arthurs court lodge with me or come there as I my-
ght haue adoo with hym/but that I wold haue a reuengyng
of my sonnes dethe/ what is your name saide syr Marhaus I
requyre yow telle me and it please yow/ wete thou wel I am
the duke of south marchys/A sayde sir Marhaus I haue herd
saye that ye haue ben longe tyme a grete foo vnto my lord ar-
thur and to his knyghtes/that shalle ye fele to morne said the
duke / Shalle I haue adoo with yow sayde syr Marhaus/ye
sayde the duke/therof shalt thou not chese / and therfore take
yow to your chambre and ye shalle haue all that to yow lon-
geth/So syr Marhaus departed and was led to a chamber/
and his damoysel was led vnto her chamber/And on the morn
the duke sente vnto syre Marhaus and bad make hym redy /
And so syr Marhaus awose and armed hym/and thenne ther
was a masse songe afore hym and brake his fast/and so mon-
ted on horsback in the courte of the castel there they shold do
the batail/ So ther was the duke al redy on horsback clene ar
med and his fyve sonnes by hym/and euerych had a spere
in his hand/and soo they encountred where as the duke and
his two sones brak theyr speres vpon hym/but sir Marhaus
held vp his spere and touched none of them/

¶ Capitulum xxbj

THenne cam the foure sones by couple/and two of them
brake their speres/and soo dyd the other two / And
alle this whyle syre marhaus touched hem not/Thenne sir mar
haus.ranne to the duke / and smote hym with his spere that
hors and man felle to the erthe/And so he serued his sones/
And thenne syr Marhaus alyghte doune and bad the duke

yelde hym or els he wold flee hym/ And thenne some of his sones recouerd/and wold haue set vpon syr Marhaus/thenne syr Marhaus sayd to the duke seace thy sones or els I will doo the vttermest to yow all/Thenne the duke salve he myghte not escape the deth he cryed to his sones and charged them to yelde them to syr Marhaus/And they kneled al doune/and put the pomels of theire swerdes to the knyght/and soo he receyued them / And thenne they halp vp their fader/ and soo by their comynal assente promysed to syr Marhaus neuer to be foes vnto kynge Arthur/ and therupon at whytsontyde after to come he and his sones and putte them in the kynges grace Thenne syr Marhaus departed and within two dayes his damoysel brought hym where as was a grete tornement that the lady de Malvse had cryed/ And who that dyd best sholde haue a ryche serklet of gold worthe a thousand besauntes/And there syr Marhaus dyd so nobly that he was wnomed/& had somtyme doune fourty knyghtes/ and soo the serklet of gold was welvarded hym / Thenne he departed fro thens with grete worship/And soo within seuen nyghtes his damoysel brought hym to an erles place/his name was the erle Fergus/that after was syre Trystrams knyghte / and this Erle was but a yonge man/and late come in to his landes/ and there was a gyant fast by hym that hyzte Taulurd/ and he had another brodr in Cornewaille that hyghte Taulas that syr Trystram slewe whanne he was oute of his mynde/So this Erle maade his complaynte vnto syre Marhaus that there was a gyaunt by hym that destroyed al his londes / & how he durst nowhere ryde nor goo for hym/ Syr sayd the knyghte Whether vseth he to fyghte on horsback or on foote/ nay sayd the erle there maye no hors bere hym/Wel said syr marhaus thenne Wille I fyghte With hym on foote/ Soo on the morne syr Marhaus prayd the erle that one of his men myghte bringe hym where as the gyaũt Was/and so he Was/for he sawe hym sytte vnder a tree of hoolly/and many clubbes of yron and gysarms about hym Soo thys knyghte dressid hym to the gyant puttyng his shelde afore hym/and the gyant toke an yron clubbe in his hande/ & at the fyrste stroke he clafe syre Marhaus shelde in ij pyeces/ And there he Was in grete peryl/for the gyant was a Wyly

fyghter/but atte laſt ſyr Marhaus ſmote of his ryght arme
aboue the elbowe/ thēne the gyant fledde and the knyght after
hym/and ſoo he droſe hym in to a water / but the gyant was
ſoo hyghe that he myghte not wade after hym/And thenne ſir
Marhaus made the erle Fergus man to fetche hym ſtones / &
with tho ſtones the knyghte gaf the gyaunt many ſore knoc-
kes/tyl at the laſt he made hym falle doune in to the water/ &
ſo was he there dede/thēne ſyr Marhaus wēte vnto the gyants
caſtel/and there he delyuerde xxiiij ladyes and tuelue knyg-
tes oute of the gyants pryſon/and there he had grete ryche ſſe
without nombre / ſoo that the dayes of his lyf he was neuer
poure man/thenne he retorned to the erle Fergus / the whiche
thanked hym gretely/and wold haue gyuen hym half his lā-
des but he wold none take/Soo ſyr Marhaus dwelled with
the erle nyghe half a yere/for he was ſore bryſed with the gy-
aunt/and at the laſte he took his leue/ And as he rode by the
way)he mette with ſyr Galhayne and ſyr Owayne/and ſo by
aduenture he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte /
the fyrſt was ſyr Sagramore deſyrus/ ſyr Ozanna/ſyr Do-
dynas le ſaueage/and ſyre felot of lyſtynoyſe/ and there ſyr
Marhaus with one ſpere ſmote doune theſe foure knyghtes /
and hurte them ſore/Soo he departed to mete at his day afore
ſette

Capitulum xxviij

Nolde wayne we vnderſtande ſyr Owayne that rode weſtwarde
with his damoyſel of thre ſcore wynter of age / and
ſhe brought hym there as was a turnement nyghe the marche
of walys/and at that turnement ſyre Owayne ſmote doune
xxx knyghtes/ therfore was gyuen hym the pryſe / and that
was a gerfaukon / and a whyte ſtede trapped with clothe of
gold/ Soo thenne ſyr Owayn dyd many ſtraunge auentures
by the meanes of the old damoyſel/and ſo ſhe brought hym
to a lady that was called the lady of the roche/the which was
moche curtois/So there were in the countrey two knyghtes that
were bretheren/and they were called two perylous knygh-
tes/the one knyght hyght ſyre Edward of the redy caſtel/ &

the other syr Hue of the rede castel/ And these two brethern had disherytede the lady of the roche of a Bawnry of landes by their extorsion/ And as this knyzt was lodged with this lady she made her compleynt to hym of these two knyghtes/ Madame sayde syr Owayne/they are to blame/for they doo a-geynst the hyghe ordre of knyghode & the othe that they made/ And yf hit lyke yow I wille speke with hem by cause I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs/ and I wylle entrete them with fayrenesse/ And yf they wylle not I shalle doo batailke with them and in the deffense of youre ryghte/ gramercy sayde the lady/and there as I maye not acquyte yow/ gode shalle/ Soo on the morne the two knyghtes were sente for/ that they sholde come thyder to speke with the lady of the roche/and were ye wel they fayledē not/for they cam with an C hors/ But whan this lady salve them in this maner soo byggē/she wold not suffre syr Owayne to goo oute to them Upon no surete ne for no fayr langage/ but she made hym speke with them ouer a toure/but fynally these two brethern wolde not be entreatede and answerde that they wold kepe that they had/wel said syr Owayne/ thenne wylle I fyghte with one of yow/and pre-ue that ye doo this lady wronge/ that wille we not said they For and we doo batailke we two wyl fyghte with one knyzt at ones/and therfore yf ye wille fyghte soo we wille be rede at what houre ye wille assigne/ And yf ye wynne vs in batai-ille the lady shal haue her landes ageyne/ ye say wel sayde sir Owayne/therfor make yow rede so that ye be here to morne in the defence of the ladyes ryght

Capitulum xxviij

So was there sykernesse made on both partyes that no treason sholde be wrought on neyther partye/soo thenne the knyghtes departede and made hem rede / and that nyghte syr Owayn hade grete chere/ And on the morne he arose erly and herde masse and brake his fast/ and soo he rode Into the playn without the gates where houed the two brethern a-bydynge hym/ Soo they rode to gyders passynge sore that syre Edwarde and syr Hue brake their speres Upon syr Owayne

And syr Owayne smote syre Edward that he felle ouer his hors and yet his spere brast not / And thenne he spored his hors and came vpon syr Hue and ouerthrewe hym/ but they soone recouerd and dressid their sheldes and drewe their swerdes and had syre Owayne alyghte and do his batail to the Stermest/ Thenne syr Owayn remoyded his hors sodenly / & put his shelde afore hym and drewe his slverde / and soo they dressyd to gyders and eyther gaf other suche strokes/ & there these two brethern wounded syr Owayne passyng grwously that the lady of the roche wende he shold haue dyed/ And thus they fought to gyders fyue hours as men rageden oute of reason/ And at the laste syr Owayne smote syr Edward vpon the helme suche a stroke that his swerde kerued vnto his canel bone / and thenne syr Hue abated his courage/ but syr Owayn pressed fast to haue slayne hym/ That salue syr Hue he knelled doune and yelde hym to syr Owayne and he of his gentilnesse receyued his swerde and took hym by the hand & went in to the castel to gyders/ thenne the lady of the roche was passyng glad and the other broder made grete sorowe for his broders dethe /thenne the lady was restored of al her landes/ and syr Hue was commaunded to be at the Courte of kynge Arthur at the next feest of pentecost/ So sir Owayn dwelt with the lady nyghe half a yere/ for it was longe or he myghte be hole of his grete hurtes/ and soo whan it drwe nygh the terme day that syr galwayn syr Marhaus and syre Owayne sholde mete at the crosse way/ thenne euery knyght drwe hym thyder to holde his promyse that they had made / & syr Marhaus and syr Owayne broughte their damoysels with them/ but sir Galwayn had lost his damoysel as it is afore rehersed

Capitulum xxix

Ryght soo at the twelue monethes ende they mette alle thre knyghtes at the fontayne and their damoisels but the damoysel that syr galwayn had coude saye but lytel worshyp of hym / soo they departed from the damoysels and wode

thurgh a grete forest / and there they mette with a messager that cam fro kynge Arthur that had sought them wel nyhe a yñ moneth thorou oute al Englond / walys and Scotland / and charged yf euer he myght fynde syre Galvayn and syre Owayn to bryngе hem to the courte ageyne / And thenne were they al glade / and soo prayd they syre Marhaus to ryde with hem to the kynges courte / And soo within twelue dayes they cam to Camelot / and the kynge was passyng glad of their comynge and soo was alle the Courte / thenne the kyng made hem to sitte vpon a book to telle hym alle theire aduentures that had befalle hem that twelue monethe and soo they dyd / And there was sir Marhaus wel knowen / for ther were knyghtes that he had matched afore tyme / and he was named one of the best knyghtes lyuyng / Ageyne the feest of pentecost cam the damoysel of the lake and brought with hir syr Pelle as / and at that hyhe feest there was grete Justynge of knyghtes / and of al knyghtes that were at that Justes / syr Pelle as had the pryse / and syr Marhaus was named the next / but syr Pelleas was soo stronge / there myght but felve knyghtes sytte hym a buffet with a spere / And at that next feest sir pelleas and syr marhaus were made knyghtes of the table rou̅d / For there were two seges voyde / for two knyghtes were slayn that twelue moneth / and grete ioye had kynge Arthur of sire Pelleas and of sire Marhaus / but Pelleas loued neuer after sire Galvayne but as he spared hym for the loue of kyng arthur / But oftymes at Justes and turnementes sire Pelleas quyte sire Galvayn / for so it reherceth in the book of Frensshe / Soo sire Trystram many dayes after faughte with sire Marhaus in an yland / and there they dyd a grete bataylle / but at the last sire Trystram slewe hym / soo sire Trystram was wou̅ded that vnnethe he myght recouer and lay at a nonnery halfe a yere / and sire Pelleas was a worshipful knyghte / & was one of the four that encheued the sancgreal / and the damoysel of the lake made by her meanes that neuer he had ado with sire launcelot de lake / for where sire launcelot was at ony Justes / or ony turnement / she wold not suffre hym be there that daye / but yf it were on the syde of sire launcelot /

¶ Explicit liber quartus

¶ Incipit liber quintus

WHanne kyng Arthur had after longe werre re-
sted/and held a Ryal feeste and table rounde
with his alyes of kynges/prynces/and noble
knyghtes alle of the wundy table/there cam in to
his halle he syttynge in his throne Ryal yñ aũ-
cyen men/berynge eche of them a braunche of Olyue in token
that they cam as Embassatours and messagers fro the Empe
rour Lucyus/which was called at that tyme/ Dictatour or
procutour of the publyke wele of Rome/which sayde messa-
gers after their entryng & comyng in to the presence of kynge
Arthur dyd to hym theyr ekcyssaũce in makyng to hym reue-
rence said to hym in this wyse/The hyghe & myghty Empewour
Lucyus sendeth to the kyng of Bretayne gretyng/cõmaũdyng
the to knoulecche hym for thy lordy/ and to sende hym the trua-
ge due of this Royamme vnto thempyre/which thy fader and
other to fore thy predessours haue paid as is of record/ And
thou as rebelle not knowlyngе hym as thy souerayne withhol-
dest and detaynest contrary to the statutes and decrees maade
by the noble and worthy Julius Cezar conquerour of this
Royame/and fyrst Empewour of Rome/ And yf thou refuse
his demaunde and commaundement/knowe thou for certayne
that he shal make stronge werre ageynst the/ thy Royames &
londes/and shall chastyse the and thy subgettys/that it shal be
ensample perpetuel vnto alle kynges and prynces/for to denye
their truage vnto that noble empyre which domyneth vpon the
vnyuersal world/Thenne when they hady shewed theffecte of
their message/the kyng commaunded them to withdrawe them
And said he shold take auyce of counceylle and gyue to them
an answere/Thenne somme of the ponge knyghtes herynge this
their message wold haue wonne on them to haue slayne them
sayenge that it was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there kyng
present to suffre them to saye so to the kynge / And anone the

kynge commaundedy that none of them vpon payne of dethe to myssaye them ne doo them ony harme/andy commaũded a knyghte to brynge them to theiz lodgynge / andy see that they haue alle that is necessary andy requysyte foz them/with the best chere/andy that noo deyntee be sparedy/Foz the Romayns ben grete lozdes/and though theyr message please me not ne my court yet I must remembre myn honour/¶ After this the kynge lete calle alle his lordes andy knyghtes of the wundy table to counceyl vpon this matter/andy dsyredy them to saye theire aduys/thenne syr Cadoz of Cornelbaile spacke fyrste andy saydy Syre this message lyketh me wel/foz we haue many dayes restedy vs andy haue ben ydle / andy nowe I hope ye shalle make sharp warre on the Romayns where I doubte not we shal gete honour/I byleue wel saydy Arthur that this matter pleaseth the wel/but these answers may not be answerdy/ foz the demaunde greueth me sore/ Foz truly I wyl neuer paye truage to Rome/wherfore I pray yowe to counceylle me/I haue vnderstande that Bellinus andy Brenius kynges of Britayne haue had thempyre in their handes many dayes/Andy also Constantyn the sone of Heleyne / whiche is an open euydence that we owe noo tribute to Rome / but of ryght we that ben descendedy of them haue ryght to clayme the tytle of thempyre /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

Thenne answerdy kynge Anguysshe of Scotlandy/ Syre ye oughte of ryght to be aboue al other kynges / foz vnto yowe is none lyke ne pareylle in Crystendome/of knyghthode ne of dygnyte/& I counceylleyou neuer to obeye the Romayns/foz whan they regnedy on vs/ they destroyedy oure elders/andy putte this landy to grete extorcions & taylles/ wherfore I make hewe myn auowe to auenge me on them/ and foz to strengthe youre quarel I shal furnysshe yy M goody men of warre andy wage them on my costes / whiche shal abyde on yowe with my self whan it shal please yowe/andy the kyng of lytel Bretayne grauntedy hym to the same yyy M / wherfor kynge Arthur thankedy them / Andy thenne euery man

agreed to make warre / and to ayde after their power / that is
to wete the lord of westwales promysed to brynge xxx M men
And syr Owayne / syre Ider his sone with their cosyns pro-
mysed to brynge xxx M / thenne syre launcelot with alle other
promysed in lyke wyse euery man a grete multytude / ¶ And
whan kynge Arthur vnderstood theire courages and good
wylles / he thanked them hertely / and after lete calle themba-
sadours to hym theire answere / And in presence of alle his lor-
des and knyghtes he sayd to them in thys wyse / I wylle that
ye retorne vnto your lord and procutour of the comyn wele for
the Romayns / and saye ye to hym Of his demaunde and com
maundement I sette nothyng / And that I knowe of no tru
age ne tribute that I owe to hym / ne to none erthely prynce /
Crysten ne hethen / but I pretende to haue and occuppye the so-
uerayntee of thempyre / wherin I am entytled by the ryght of
my predecessours somtyme kynges of this londe / and saye to
hym that I am delybered and fully concluded to goo with
myn armye with strengthe and power vnto Rome by the gra
ce of god to take possession in thempyre / and subdue them that
ben rebelle / wherfore I commaunde hym and alle them of Ro
me that incontynent they make to me their homage & to knou
lecche me for their Emperour and gouernour vpon payne that
shalle ensiewe / And thenne he commaunded his tresorer to gy
ue to them grete and large yeftes / and to paye alle theyr dis
pencys / and assygned syre Cador to conueye them oute of the
lande / and soo they took theire leue and departed / and tooke
theyr shyppynge at Sandwyche / and passed forthe by flaun-
drys / Almayn / the montayns / and all ytalye vntyl they cam
vnto Lucius / And after the reuerence made / they made relacy-
on of their answer lyke as ye to fore haue herde / whan thempe
rour Lucyus had wel vnderstonde theyre credence / he was sore
meued as he had ben al arageth / & sayd / I had supposed that
Arthur wold haue obeyed to my commaundement / and haue
serued yow hym self / as hym wel besemed or ony other kyng
to doo / O syre sayd one of the senatours late be suche rayny wor
des / for we late yow wete that I and my felawes were ful
sore afeerd to beholde his countenaunce / I rede me ye shue made
a rode for your self / for he entendeth to be lord of this empyre

Whiche sore is to be doubted yf he come/ for he is al another mã
than ye wene/and holdeth the moste noble courte of the worlde
alle other kynges ne princes maye not compare Vnto his no-
ble mayntene/On newe yeres daye we salwe hym in his estate
Whiche was the ryalleste that euer we salwe/for he was serued
at his table with ix kynges/and the noblest felaushyp of other
princes lordes and knyghtes that ley in the worlde/and eue
ry knyghte approued and lyke a lorde and holdeth table roũd
And in his persone the mooste manly man that lyueth/ and is
lyke to conquere alle the worlde/for Vnto his courage it is to
lytel/Wherfore I aduyse yow to kepe wel youre marches and
straytes in the montayns/For certaynly he is a lorde to be do-
ubted/ Wel sayde Lucius bifore Cester I suppose to passe the
moũtayns and soo forth in to fraunce/ and there byleue hym
his londes with janeweyes and other myghty warryours of
Tuskane and lombardye/ And I shall sende for them all that
ley subgettys and alyed to thẽpyre of Rome to come to myn
ayde/and forthwith sente olde wyse knyghtes Vnto these coun-
trayes folowynge/fyrste to ambage and arrage/to Alysaun-
drye/to ynde.to hermonye/where as the ryuer of Eufrates ren-
neth in to Asye/to Auffryke/ and Europe the large/to ertay-
gne and Elampe to Arabye/Egypte and to damaske/to da-
myete and Cayer/to Capadoce/to tarce/ Turkye/pounce/and
pampoyse/to Surrye and galacye/And alle these were sub-
gette to Rome and many moo/as Grece/Cypres/Macydone/
Calabre/Catelandy/portyngale with many thousandes of spay
nardys/Thus alle these kynges/dukes/and admyrals assem
bledy aboute Rome with xbj kynges attones with grete mul-
tytude of peple/ whan themperour Vnderstoody their comyng/he
made wdy his Romayns/ and alle the peple bytwene hym &
Flaundres ¶ Also he hadde goten wyth
hym fyfty Geaunts whiche hady ben engendred of fendys
And they were ordeyned to garde his persone / and to breke
the frounte of the batayle of kynge Arthur/
And thus departedy fro Rome and came doune the montayns
for to destroye the londes that Arthur hady conquerdy and cam
Vnto Coleyne/and bysegedy a Castel there by/ and wanne it
soone and stuffedy hit with two hondred sarasyns or Infydeles

and after destroyed many fayr countrees/which Arthur had wonne of kyng Claudas / And thus Lucius cam with alle his hoost which were dispersplyd ly myle in brede / and commaunded them to mete with hym in Burgoyne/ for he purposed to destroye the Royame of lytyl Bretayne/

Capitulo xxiiio

Now leue we of Lucius the emperour and speke we of kynge Arthur/that commaunded alle them of his retenue to be redy atte Pask of hyllary for to holde a parlement at yorke/And at that parlement was concluded to areste alle the naupe of the lond and to be redy within xl dayes at sandwyche/and there he shelved to his armye how he purposed to conquere thempyre which he ought to haue of ryght/And there he ordeyned two gouernours of this Royame that is to say Syre Baldewyn of Bretayne for to counceille to the best and syr Constantyn sone to syre Cador of Cornewayle/ which after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme/And in the presence of alle his lordes he resyned the rule of the royame and Gweneuer his quene to them / wherfore syre launcelot was wrothe; for he lefte syre Trystram with kynge marke for the loue of beal Isoulde/Thenne the quene Gweneuer made grete sorowe for the departynge of her lord and other /and swouned in suche wyse that the ladyes bare her in to her chambre
Thus the kyng with his grete armye departed leuyng the quene and Royamme in the gouernaunce of syre Baldwyn and Constantyn/And whan he was on his hors/he sayd with an hyghe voys yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that syre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royame as next of my blood/ And after departed and entred in to the see atte Sandwyche with alle his armye with a grete multitude of shyppes/galeyes/Cogges /and dromoundes/sayllynge on the see/

¶ Capitulum iiij

And as the kyng laye in his cabane in the shyp/ he sylle in a slomerynge and dremed a merueylous dreme / hym semed that a dredful dragon dyd drolvne mocke of his peple/and he cam fleynge oute of the vvest/and his hede vvas enameled vvith asure/and his sholders shone as gold/ his he ly lyke maylles of a merueylous helve/ his tayle ful of tat ters/his feet ful of fyne sable/ & his clavves lyke fyne gold And an hydous flamme of fyre flelve oute of his mouthe / lyke as the londe and vvater had flammed all of fyre/ After hym semed there came oute of thorient/a grymly bore al blak in a clovde / and his palves as bygge as a post/he vvas rugh ged lokynge roughly / he vvas the foulest beest that euer man salve/he vomed and vomed soo hydously that it vvere merueille to here/Thenne the dredful dragon auaunced hym and cam in the vvynde lyke a falcon gpuynge grete strokes on the bore / and the bore hytte hym ageyne vvith his grysly tuskes / that his brest vvas al blody / and that the hote blood made alle the see red of his blood /

Thenne the dragon flelve alvey al on an heyghe/ and came doune vvith suche a svvough and smote the bore on the rydge vvhiche vvas .x. foote large fro the hede to the tayle/ and smote the bore all to polvdre bothe flesshe and bonys /that it flytteryd al abrode on the see/ And therwith the kynge alvoke anone /and vvas sore abasshed of this dreme/And sente anone for a vvyse philosopher/ commaundynge to telle hym the sygnyfycacion of his dreme/Syre sayd the philosopher / the dragon that tholv dremedest of/ betokeneth thyn olvne persone that sayllest here/& the colours of his vvynges ben thy Royames that tholv haste vvonne/And his tayle vvhiche is al to tattrd sygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the round table ¶ And the bore that the dragon slough comyng fro the clovdes/betokeneth some tyraunt that tormenteth the peple/ or els tholv arte lyke to fyghte vvith somme Geaunt thy self/keynge horryble and abhomynable Vvhos pere ye salve neuer in your dayes/ vvherfore

of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thynge / but as a Con=
querour come forth thy self / Thenne after this soone they had
syghte of londe and sayled tyl they arryued atte Barfleete
in Flaundres / and whanne they were there he fond many
of his grete lordes redy / as they had ben commaunded to alba=
yte vpon hym

¶ Capitulum v

Thenne came to hym an husbondy man of the countrey /
and told hym how there was in the countre of Con=
stantyn beyde Bretayne a grete gyaunt whiche hadde
slayne murtheredy and deuouredy moche peple of the countreye
and hady ben susteyned seuen yere with the childrem of the co=
myns of that landy / in soo moche that alle the childrem ben alle
slayne and destroyedy / and now late he hath taken the ducheſſe
of Bretayne as she rode with her meyne / and hath lede her
to his lodgynge whiche is in a montayne for to rauyſſhe and
lye by her to her lyues ende / and many people folowedy her
moo than v C / but alle they myghte not reſcolue her / but they
lefte her shrykyng and cryenge lamentably / wherfore I sup=
pose that he hath slayn her in fulfyllynge his foule lust of le=
chery / She was wyf vnto thy Cosyn syre Hoel / whome we
alle ful nyhe of thy blood / Now as thou a rygh tful kynge
haue pyte on this lady / and reuenge vs al as thou arte a no
ble conquerour / ¶ Alas sayd kynge Arthur / this is a grete
meschyef / I hady leuer than the best Royame that I haue /
that I hadde ben a forlonge way to fore hym for to haue reſco=
wed that lady / ¶ Now felawe sayd kynge
Arthur canst thou bryngе me there as thys gyaunt haunteth /
ye syre sayd the goody man / loo yonder where as thou seest tho
two grete fyres / there shalt thou fynde hym / and more tresour
than I suppose is in al Fraunce / whanne the kynge hadde vn
derstanden this pyteous caas / he retorned in to his tente /
¶ Thenne he called to hym syre Kaye and syre Bedewere / &
commaunded them secretely to make redy hors and harneis for
hym self and them tweyne / For after euensonge he wold
ryde on pylgremage with them two only vnto saynt Mychels

mounte/ And thenne anone he maad hym redy/and armed hym at alle poyntes/and tooke his hors and his sheld/ And soo they thre departed thens and rode forthe as faste as euer they myght tyl that they cam to the forbond of that mount And there they alyghted/ and the kynge commaunded them to tarye there/ for he wold hym self goo vp in to that mounte And soo he ascended vp in to that hylle tyl he came to a grete fyre/and there he fonde a careful wydowe wryngynge her handes and makyng grete sorowe syttynge by a graue newe made/ And thenne kynge Arthur salewed her / and demaunded of her wherfore she made suche lamentacion/ to whome she answerd and sayd Syre knyghte speke softe/for yonder is a deuyll yf he here the speke / he wylle come and destroye the / I hold the vnhappy what dost thow here in this mountayne / For yf ye were suche fyfty as ye be / ye were not able to make resystence ageynst this deuyl/ here lyeth a ducheſſe dede the whiche was the fayrest of alle the worldy wyf to syre Hoel/ duc of Bretayne / he hath murthred her in forcynge her / and hath slytte her vnto the nauyl/ ¶ Dame sayd the kynge/ I come fro the noble Conquerour kynge Arthur for to treate with that tyraunt for his lyege peple/ Fy on suche treatys sayd she/ he setteth not by the kynge ne by no man els / But and yf thou haue broughte Arthurs wyf dame Gweneuer / he shalle be gladder than thow haddest gyuen to hym half fraunce/ Belbate approche hym not to nygh/ for he hath raynquysshed yo kynges / and hath maade hym a cote ful of precious stones enbrowdred with theyre herdes/ whiche they sente hym to haue his loue for sauacion of theyr peple at this laste Crystemasse/ And yf thow wylt/ speke with hym at yonder grete fyre at souper/ wel sayd Arthur I wylle accomplysshe my message for al your ferdful wordes/ and wente forth by the creaste of that hylle / and sawe where he satte atte souper gnawynge on a lymme of a man/ bekynge his brode lymmes by the fyre and brecheles/ and thre fayr damoysels tornynge thre brochez whereon were brochedy twelue yonge childrey late borne lyke yonge byrdes ¶ Whanne kynge Arthur beheld that pyteous syght / he had grete compassion on them so that his hert

bledde for sorowe/and sayled hym sayeng in this wyse he that alle the world weldeth gyue the shorte lyf & shameful dethe/ And the deuyl haue thy soule/ why hast thou murthred these yonge Innocent children/ and murthrdy this ducheſſe/Therfore aryse and dresse the thou glotony/For this day shalt thou dye of my handy/ Thenne the glotony anone starte vp and toke a grete clubbe in his handy/ and smote at the kynge that his coronal fylle to the erthe/and the kynge hytte hym ageyn that he carf his bely and alle of his genytours/ that his guttes & his entrayles fylle doune to the grounde/ thenne the gyaunt threwe alwey his clubbe / and caught the kynge in his armes that he crusshyd his rybbes/ Thenne the thre maydens knelyd doune and callyd to Cryst for helpe and comforte of Arthur And thenne Arthur weltred and wrong/that he was other while vnder and another tyme aboue/ And so weltryng and walowynge they rolled doune the hylle / tyl they came to the see marke/and euer as they soo weltred/ Arthur smote hym with his daggar/and it fortuned they came to the place/ where as the two knyghtes were and kepte Arthurs hors/then/ ne when they salue the kynge fast in the gyaunts armes/they came and losed hym/ And thenne the kynge commaunded syr kaye to smyte of the gyaunts hede/and to sette it vpon a trunchon of a spere/and bere it to syre howel/ and telle hym that his enemy was slayne/ and after lete this hede be bounden to a barbycan that alle the peple may see and beholde hit/and go ye two vp to the montayn/and fetche me my shelde/my swerde and the clubbe of yron/ And as for the tresour take ye it/ for ye shalle fynde there good oute of nombre/So I haue the kertyl and the clubbe I desyre no more/This was the fyerst gyaunt that euer I mette with/sauf one in the mount of Arake/ whiche I ouercame/but this was gretter and fyerser/Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe and the kyrtyl/ and some of the tresour they took to them self/and retorned ageyne to the host And anone this was knowen thurgh alle the countrey/ wher for the peple came and thanked the kynge / And he sayde ageyne yeue the thanke to gode/and departe the goodes among yow/ And after that kynge Arthur sayde and commaunded his Cosyn howel that he shold ordeyne for a chirche to be bylded

on the same hylle in the worship of saynte Mychel / ¶ And on the morne the kynge remeuyd with his grete bataylle / and came in to Champayne and in a valeye / and there they pyght their tentys / and the kynge beynge set at his dyner / there cam in two messagers / of whome that one was Marchal of fraūce and sayd to the kyng that themperour was entryd in to fraunce / and hyd destroyed a grete parte and was in Burgoyn and hyd destroyed and made grete slaughter of peple & brente tounes and townes / wherfor yf thou come not hastely / they must yelde vp their bodyes and goodes /

¶ Capitulum sextum

Thenne the kynge dyd doo calle syre Galvayn / syre Bore / syr Lyonel and syre Bedwere / and commaunded them to goo strayte to syre Lucius / and saye ye to hym that hastely he remeue oute of my land / And yf he wil not / bydde hym make hym redy to bataylle and not distresse the poure peple / Thenne anone these noble knyghtes dressyd them to horsback / And whanne they came to the grene wood / they sawe many pauelions sette in a medowe of sylke of dyuerse colours beside a ryuer / And themperours pauelone was in the myddle with an egle displayed aboue / To the whiche tente our knyghtes rode forthard / and ordeyned syr Galvayn and syre Bors to doo the message / And lefte in a busshement syre Lyonel / and syre Bedwere / And thenne syre Galvayn and syr Bore dyd their message / and commaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde his lond / or shortly to adresse hym to bataylle / To whome Lucius answerde and sayd ye shalle retorne to your lord and saye ye to hym that I shalle subdue hym and alle his lordes / Thenne syre Galvayn was wrothe and sayde I hadde leuer than alle Fraunce fyghte ageynste the / and soo hadde I saide syr Bore leuer than alle Bretayne or Burgoyne ¶ Thenne a knyght named syre Gaynus nyghe cosyn to the Emperour sayde / loo how these Bretons ben ful of pryde and boost / and they bragge as though they bare vp alle the worlde / Thenne syre Galvayne was sore greued

with these wordes/and pulled out his swerde and smote of his hede/ And therwith turned theyr horses and wode ouer wa ters and thurgh woods tyl they came to theyre busshement / where as syr Eyonel and syr Sedeuer were houyng/ The wo mayns folowed fast after on horsback and on foote ouer a chā payn vnto a wood/ thenne syre Boors turned his hors/ and salde a knyght come fast on/ whome he smote thurgh the bo dy with a spere that he fylle dede doune to the erthe/ thenne cam Calyburne one of the strongest of paupe and smote doun ma ny of Arthurs knyghtes/ And whan syr Bors salde hym so soo mocke harme he adressyd towardes hym & smote hym thurz the brest that he fylle doune dede to the erthe / Thenne syr Fel denak thought to reuenge the dethe of gaynus vpon syre Ga wayn/ but syre gawayn was ware therof and smote hym on the hede/ whiche stroke styntedy not tyl it came to his breste / And thenne he returned and came to his felawes in the bus shement/ And there was a rebountre/ for the busshement brake on the Romayns / and slewe and hewe doune the Romayns and forced the Romayns to flee and returne/ whome the no ble knyghtes chaced vnto theyr tentes / Thenne the Romayns gadred more peple/ and also foote men cam on/ and ther was a nelbe batailles and soo mocke peple that syr Bors and syr Berel were taken/ but Whan syre gawayn salde that/ he woke with hym syre Idrus the good knyght and sayd he wold ne uer see kynge Arthur but yf he rescued them/ and pulled out galatyn his goode swerde/ and folowed them that ledde tho ñ knyghtes albaye/ and he smote hym that lad syr Bors/ and took syr Bors fro hym and delyuerd hym to his felawes / And syre Idrus in lyke wyse rescowed syr Berel / thenne beganne the batail to be grete that oure knyztes were in grete Jeopardy/ wherfore syre Galbayn sente to kyng Arthur for so cour and that he hye hym for I am sore wounded / and that oure prysoners may paye goode oute of nombre/ And the mes sager came to the kyng and told hym his message/ And anon the kynge dyd doo assemble his armye/ but anone or he depar ted the prysoners were comen / and syre gawayn and his fe lawes gate the felde and put the Romayns to flyght/ and af ter returned and came with their felauship in suche wyse / that

no man of worship was lost of them/ sauf that syr Gawayn was sore hurte /Thenne the kynge dyd do ransake his wounds and comforted hym / And thus was the begynnynge of the fyrst iourney of the brytons and Romayns/and ther were slayne of the Romayns moo than ten thousandy / and grete ioye and myrthe was made that nyghte in the hoost of kynge Arthur / And on the morne he sente aske the prysoners in to parys Vnder the garde of syre Launcelot with many knyghtes & of syr Cador

Capitulum Vij

Now forne we to the Emperour of Rome whiche aspyed that these prysoners sholde be sente to Parys/ and anone he sente to leye in a busshement certayne knyghtes and prynces with syxty thousandy men for to resceyve his knyghtes and lordes that were prysoners/ And on the morne as Launcelot and syre Cador chyuetayns and gouernours of all them that conueyed the prysoners as they sholde passe thurgh a wode syr Launcelot sente certayne knyghtes espye yf ony were in the woodes to lette them/ And whanne the said knyghtes cam in to the wody/anone they aspyed and salue the grete embusshement/and retorned and told syr Launcelot that ther lay in a wayte for them thre score thousandy Romayns/ And thenne syr Launcelot with suche knyghtes as he hadde and men of warre to the nombre of .v. M put them in araye and met with them and foughte with them manly / and slewe and dreschid many of the Romayns/ and slewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the party of the Romayns and sarasyns/ ther was slayne the kynge of lylye and thre grete lordes Aladuke /ferraude and ferryngdale/but syr Launcelot fought soo nobly that no man myght endure a stroke of his hande/ but where he came he shewed his prowesse and myght / for he slewe doune ryght on euery syde / And the Romayns and sarasyns fledde from hym as the shrep fro the wulf or fro the lyon/and putt them alle that abode alyue to flyght/ And so longe they fouzte that tydynges came to kynge Arthur/ And anone he graythed hym and came to the bataille /and salue his knyghtes how they had

Kaynquyſſhed the bataylle /he enbraced them knyghte by knyghte
in his armes and ſaid ye be worthy to welde all your honour
and worſhip/there was neuer kynge ſauf my ſelf that had ſo
noble knyghtes/Syre ſayd Cador there was none of vs fail
led other/but of the prowesſe and manhode of ſyre Launcelot
were more than wonder to telle/ and alſo of his owyns whi-
che dyd that daye many noble feates of werre/ And alſo ſyre
Cador wolde who of his knyghtes were ſlayne/ as ſyr beriel &
other ſyr Morys and ſyr Maurel two goode knyghtes/then-
ne the kynge wepte and dryed his eyen with a keuerchyef/ &
ſayd your courage had nere hand deſtroyed yow/ For though
ye hadd returned ageyne /ye had loſt no worſhip/ For I calle
hit foly/knyghtes to abyde whan they be ouermatched / Nay
ſayd Launcelot and the other/ For ones ſhamed maye neuer
be recouerd

Capitulum viii

Now leue we kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes
whiche had wonne the felde/and had brought theyre
pryſoners to parys/ and ſpeke we of a ſenatour whiche eſca-
ped fro the batailles/and came to Lucius themperour & ſayd to
hym/Syre emperour I aduyſe the for to withdrawe the/what
doſt thow here / thow ſhalt wynne noo thynge in theſe marches
but grete ſtrokes oute of al meſure/ For this day one of Ar-
thurs knyghtes was worth in the batayll an honderd of ours
Fy on the ſayd Lucius thow ſpekeſt cowardly/for thy wor-
des greue me more than alle the loſſe that I had this day/and
anone he ſendes forth a kynge whiche hyghte ſyr leompe with a
grete armye/ and badde hym hye hym faſt to fore/ and he wold
folowe haſtely after/ kynge Arthur was warned prpuely/ &
ſente his peple to Seſſoyne/and toke vp the townes & caſtels
fro the Romayns/ Thenne the kyng commaunded ſyr Cador to
take the rerwarde/ & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of
the rounde table/and ſyre Launcelot / ſyre Bors/ſyr kay/ſyre
Marrok with fyve Marhaus ſhalle alwayes on our perſone /
Thus the kynge Arthur diſperpleyd his hoſt in dyuerſe par
tyes/to thende that his enemyes ſholde not eſcape/ whanne the

Emperour was entryd in to the Vale of Sessoyne/ he myght see where kynge Arthur was enbataillyd and his baner dysplayed/and he was bysette wondy about with his enemyes/ that nedes he must fyghte or yelde hym/for he myght not flee / But sayd openly vnto the Romayns/syrs I admoneste you that this day ye fyghte and acquyte you as men/and remembre how Rome domyneth and is chyef and hede ouer alle the erthe and vnyuersal world/ and suffre not these brewns thys day to abyde ageynste vs/& ther with he dyd commaunde hys trōpettes to blowe the blody sownes in suche wyse that the ground trembled and dyndled / Thenne the batails approuched and shoue and sholved on bothe sydes and grete strokes were smyten on bothe sydes/ many men ouerthrowen/hurte & slayn and grete Valyaunces/prowesses and appertyces of were were that day shelved/ which were ouer long to recounte the noble feates of euery man/For they sholde conteyne an hole Volume/ But in especyal kynge Arthur rode in the bataille exhortynge his knyghtes to doo wel/ and hym self dyd as nobly with his handes as was possyble a man to doo / he drewe oute Excalibur his swerd/and alwayed euer where as the romayns were thyckest and moost greued his peple/and anone he adressyd hym on that parte and hewe and slewe doune ryght and rescued his peple/and he slewe a grete gyaunt named galapas/which was a man of an huge quantyte and heyghte he shorted hym and smote of bothe his legges by the knees/ sayenge Nolv arte tholv better of a syse to dele with/ than thou were/and after smote of his hede / there syre galwayn foughte nobly and slewe thre admyrales in that bataille/And so dyd alle the knyghtes of the round table/Thus the bataille bitwene kynge Arthur and Lucius thempereour endured longe/Lucius had on his syde many sarasyns/which were slayn/and thus the bataille was grete / and ofttydes that one party was at a fordele and anone at an afterdele/ which endured so longe tyl at the last kyng Arthur aspyed/where Lucius thempereour fought/and dyd wonder with his owne handes/ And anon he rode to hym/And eyther smote other fyersly/ and atte last Lucyus smote Arthur thwart the vysage / and gaf hym a large wound/ And whanne kyng Arthur felte hym self hurte/anon

he ſmote hym ageyne with Eycalibur that it cleft his hede fro
the ſomette of his hede / and ſtynted not tyl it cam to his breſte
And thenne themperour fylle doune dede/and there ended his
lyf/And whan it was knowen that themperour was ſlayne
anone alle the Romayns with alle their hooſt put them to fly-
ght/and kynge Arthur with alle his knyghtes followed the
chas/and ſlewe doune ryght alle them that they myghte at-
teyne / And thus was the victory gyuen to kynge Arthur &
the tryumphe / and there were ſlayne on the party of Lucius
moo than an hondred thouſandy/And after kyng Arthur dyd
doo ranſake the dede bodyes/and dyd doo burye them that were
ſlayne of his retenue euery man accordynge to theſtate & de-
gree that he was of/And them that were hurte he lete the ſur-
gyens doo ſerche their hurtes and woundes / and commaun-
dedy to ſpare no salues ne medecynes tyl they were hole/
Thenne the kyng rode ſtraycte to the place where themperour lu
cius lay dede / and with hym he fonde ſlayne the Solwdan of
Surrey / the kynge of Egypte and of Ethyope / whiche were
two noble kynges with yoñ other kynges of dyuerſe regy-
ons/and alſo ſyxty ſenatours of Rome al noble men/ whome
the kynge dyd do balme and gomme with many good gom-
mes aromatyk/and after dyd do cure them in ſyxty folde of re
dy clothe of Sendale/and leyd them in cheſtys of leedy/by ca-
uſe they ſhold not chauffe ne ſauoure / and vpon alle theſe bo-
dyes their ſheldes with theire armes and baners were ſette/to
thende they ſholde be knowen of what countrey they were/and
after he sende thre Senatours whiche were on lyue to whome
he sayd/for to ſaue your lyues I wylle that ye take these dede
bodyes/and carye them with yow vnto grete Rome / and pre-
ſente them to the poteſtate on my behalue ſhewynge hym my let
ters/and telle them that I in my perſone ſhal haſtely be atte
Rome/And I ſuppoſe the Romayns ſhalle beware how they
ſhal demaunde ony tribute of me/And I commaunde yow to
ſaye whan ye ſhal come to Rome to the poteſtate and alle the
counceylle and Senate/ that I sende to them these dede bodyes
for the tribute that they haue demaunded/And yf they be not
content with theſe/I ſhal paye more at my comynge/for other
tribute owe I none/ne none other wyſſe I paye / And me

thynketh this suffyseth for Bretayne/ Irlondy and al Almay-
ne with germanye/ And ferthermore I charge yow to saye
to them/that I commaunde them vpon payne of theyre hedes ne
uer to demaunde trybute ne taye of me ne of my londes
Thenne with this charge and commaundement the thre Sena-
tours afore sayd departed with alle the sayd dede bodyes le-
ynge the body of Lucius in a carre couerd with tharmes of the
Empyre al alone/ And after alwey two bodyes of kynges in
a charyot/and thenne the bodyes of the Senatours after them
and soo wente towardy Rome/and shewed theyr legacyon &
message to the potestate and Senate /recountyng the bataylle
done in Fraunce/and how the feldy was lost and mocke peo-
ple & Innumerable slayne/ wherfore they aduysed them in no
wyse to meue no more warre ageynste that noble conquerour
Arthur/ For his myght and prowesse is most to be doubted
seen the noble kynges and grete multytude of knyghtes of
the wound table/to whome none erthely prynce may compare/

Capitulo nono

Now torne we vnto kynge Arthur and his noble kny-
ghtes whiche after the grete bataylle achieued ageynste
the Romayns/entryd in to Lorayne brabant and Flaundres
and sythen retorned in to hault Almayn/and so ouer the mō
tayns in to lombardye/ and after in to Tuskane/wherin was
a Cyte/whiche in no wyse wold yelde them self ne obeye/ wher
fore kynge Arthur besieged it/and lay longe aboute hit/ and
gaf many assaultes to the Cyte / And they within deffended
them valyauntly/ Thenne on a tyme the kynge called syr flo-
rence a knyght/and sayd to hym they lacked Bytaylle / and
not ferre from hens ben grete forestes and woodes / wherin ben
many of myn enemyes with moche bestyayl/ I wyl that thou
make the redy and goo thyder in forreyng/ and take with the
syr Galwayn my neuew/Syre wysshard / syre Clegys/Syre
Clewemond and the Captayn of Cardef with other/ & bryngе
with yow alle the beestes that ye there can gete / And anone
these knyghtes made them redy/and rode ouer holtys & hylles
thurgh forestes and woodes/tyl they cam in to a fayr medow

ful of fayre flours and grasse/And there they rested them & theyr horses alle that nyghte / And in the springynge of the day in the next morne / syre Galvayn took his hors and stale alvay from his felaushipp to seke some aduentures/And anon he was ware of a man armed walkynge his hors easyly by a wodes syde/and his sheld lacked to his sholdre syttynge on a stronge courser without ony man sauyng a page berynge a myghty spere. The knyght bare in his sheld thre gryffons of gold in sable charbuncle the chyef of syluer/when syre Gavayn aspyed this gay knyght/he fettryd his spere and rode strayt to hym/and demaūded of hym from whens that he was that other answerd and sayd he was of Tuscane/ and demaunded of syre galvayn / what profryst thou proude knyghte the so boldly/here getest thou no praye/thou mayst proue whā thou wylt/for thou shalt be my prysoner or thou departe/

¶ Thenne sayd galvayn/thou auaunterst the gretely and spekest proude wordes/I coūcylle the for alle thy boost that thou make the redy/and take thy gere to the / to fore greter grame falle to the

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne they took theyr speres and ranne eche at other with alle the myghte they had / and smote eche other thurgh their sheldes in to theyr sholders/ wherfore anone they pulled oute their swerdes/and smote grete strokes that the fyre sprange oute of their helmes/Thenne syre galvayne was al abasshed and with galatyn his good swerd he smote thurgh shelde and thycke haukerke made of thyck maykles and al to russhed and brake the praious stones/and made hym a large wounde/that men myghte see bothe lyuer and long/Thenne grouned that knyght/and adressyd hym to syre Galvayn/ & with an alvke stroke gaf hym a grete wound and kytte a vayne/ whiche greued galvayn sore/and he bledde sore/ ¶ Thenne the knyghte sayd to syre Galvayn/ bynde thy wounde or thy blee chaunge/for thou bybledest al thy hors and thy fayre armes / For alle the Barbours of Bretayne shal not conne staunche thy blood/For who someuer is hurte with this blade he shalle

neuer be stauncheth of bledynge/ Thenne answerth gawayn hit
greueth me but lytyl / thy grete wordes shalle not feare me ne
lasse my courage/but thou shalt suffre tene and sorowe or we
departe/but telle me in hast who maye stauncke my bledynge/
That may I doo sayth the knyght yf I wylle/ And so wylle
I yf thou wylt socoure and ayde me that I maye be crystened
and byleue on goth / And therof I requyre the of thy man-
hode/and it shalle be grete meryte for thy soule/ I graunte sai-
th Galwayne so goth helpe me tacomplysshe alle thy desyre/
But fyrst telle me what thou soughtest here thus allone/and
of what londe and legeaunce thou artc of/ Syre he sayd my na
me is Priamus/and a grete prynce is my fader/and he hath
ben rebelle vnto Rome and ouer ryden many of theyr londes/
My fader is lyneally descended of Alysaunder and of hector
by ryght lygne / And duke Josue and Machabeus were of
oure lygnage/I am ryght enherytour of Alysaunder and au
ffryke and alle the oute yles/ yet wyl I byleue on thy lord
that thou byleuest on/ And for thy laboure I shalle yeue the
tresour ynough/ I was soo elate and hautayn in my hert that
I thought no man my pere ne to me semblable / I was sente
in to this were with seuen score knyghtes/ and now I haue
encountred with the whiche hast gyuen to me of fyghtyng my
fylle/wherfore syr knyghte I pray the to telle me what thou
arte/I am no knyght sayd galbayn/I haue ben brought vp
in the garderobe with the noble kynge Arthur many yeres for
to take hede to his armour and his other araye/and to poyn-
te his paltockes that longen to hym self/ At yole last he made
me yoman and gaf to me hors and harneys and an hondred
pound in money/And yf fortune be my frend/I doubte not/
but to be wel auaunced and holpen by my lyege lord/ A sai-
d Priamus/yf his knauys be so kene and fyers/his knyg-
tes ben passynge good/Now for the kynges loue of heuen whe
ther thou be a knaue or a knyghte telle thou me thy name/
By god sayd syre Galwayn/ Now wyl I saye the sothe/my
name is syre galbayn and knowen I am in his courte and in
his chambre/and one of the knyghtes of the round table/ he
dubbed me a duke with his owne hand/Therfor grutche not
yf this grace is to me fortuned / hit is the goodnesse of god

that lente to me my strengthe/Nowe am I better pleasyd sayd Priamus than thou haddest gyuen to me al the prouynce and parys the ryche/I had leuer to haue ben worn with wylde horses/than ony harlet had wonne suche hoos/or ony page or prysoner shold haue had prys on me / But nowe syre knyghte I warne the/that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye and the noblest men of Dolphyne and lordes of lombardye / with the garneson of godard / and sarasyns of Southland ynombred by M of goode men of armes / wherfore but yf we hye vs hens/it wylle harme vs bothe/for we ben sore hurte/neuer lyke to recouer/ but take hede to my page that he no horne blowe/ For yf he doo ther ben houynge here fast by an C knyghtes albaytynge on my persone/ and yf they take the/ther shall no raunson of gold ne syluer acquyte the/Thenne syre galbayne rode ouer a water for to saue hym/ And the knyghte folowed hym / and soo rode forthe tyl they came to his felawes/ whiche were in the medowe/ where they had ben al the nyghte Anone as syre wychard was ware of syre galbayn and salue that he was hurte/he ranne to hym soroufully wepynge / and demaunded of hym who had soo hurte hym/and galbayn told how he had foughten with that man / and eche of them hadde hurte other/and how he had salues to hele them/but I can telle yow other tydynges / that soone we shal haue adoo with many enemyes/Thenne syre priamus and syre galbayn alyghted/and lete theire horses grase in the medowe and vnarmed them/ And thenne the blood ranne fresshly fro theyre wounes/ And priamus toke fro his page a bysshe ful of the four waters that came oute of paradys / and with certayne kaume enoynted theyr woundes/and wesshe them with that water/ & within an houre after/they were hole as euer they were/ And thenne with a trompet were they alle assembled to counceylle/ And there priamus told vnto them/ what lordes and knyghtes had sworne to resolue hym/and that without faill they shold be assailled with many thousandes/wherfor he counsailled them to withdrawe them/ Thenne syre gawayn sayd it were grete shame to them to auoyde without ony strokes / Wherfore I aduyse to take oure armes and to make vs redy to mete with these sarasyns and myscreuyng men/ and with

the helpe of god we shal ouerthrowe them and haue a fayre day on them / And syre Flozens shall abyde styll in thys felde to kepe the stake as a noble knyghte / and we shal not forsake yonder felawes / Nowe sayd Pryamus seasse your wordes / for I warne yow ye shal fynde in yonder woodes many perylloꝰ ius knyghtes / they wylle put forthe keestes to calle yow on / they be out of nombre / and ye are not past Vij C whiche ben oꝰ uer felde to fyght with soo many / Neuertheles sayd syr galha yn we shal ones encountre them / and see what they can do and the beste shalle haue the victory

¶ Capitulo xj

THenne syre Florence calkyd to hym syre florydas with an hondred knyghtes and droofe forth the herde of beestes / Thenne folowed hym Vij hondred men of armes / and syr Feraunt of spayne on a fayr stede came sprygynge oute of the woodes / and came to syre Florence and axyd hym why he fledde / Thenne syre Florence took his spere / and rode ageynste hym / and smote hym in the forhede and brake his necke bone / Thenne alle thother were meued / and thought to auenge the dethe of syr Feraunt / and smote in emonge them ; and there was grete fyghte and many slayne and leyd doune to grouꝰ unde / and syr Florence with his C knyghtes allwey kepte the stale and foughte manly / ¶ Thenne whan Pryamus the good knyght perceyued the grete fyght / he wente to syre Galwayn / and badde hym that he sholde goo and socoure his felauship / whiche were sore bystad with their enemyes / Syr grete we yow not sayd syre Galwayn / For theyr gree shall be theirs I shalle not ones meue my hors to them ward / but yf I see more than ther ben / For they ben stronge ynough to matche them / & with that he salve an erle called syre Ethelwold and the duke of duchemen cam lepyng out of a wood with many thousādes & pryamus knyztes / & cam strayte by to the bataylle / thēne sir galwayn comforted his knyghtes / and bad them not to be aꝰ basshed / for al shalbe ours / thēne they began to walloppe & mette with their enemyes / ther were mē slayn & ouerthrowen on euery

ſyde /Thenne threſtyd̄ in amonge them the knygh̄es of the ta=
ble round̄/ and̄ ſmote doune to the erthe alle them that with=
ſtode them/in ſoo moche that they made them to recuyelle & flee/
By god̄ sayd̄ ſyr Gawayn this gladeth my herte / for now
ben they laſſe in nombre by xx M/Thenne entryd̄ in to the ba
taylle Iubaunce a geaunt/and̄ fought and̄ ſlewe doune rygh̄t
and̄ diſtreſſyd̄ many of our knygh̄es/ emonge whome was
ſlayne ſyr Gherard a knygh̄t of walys/Thenne oure knygh̄=
tes toke herte to them/and̄ ſlewe many ſaraſyns/And̄ thenne
came in ſyr Priamus with his penon̄/and̄ rode with the kn=
ygh̄tes of the round̄ table/ and̄ fought ſo manfully that ma=
ny of their enemyes loſt theyr lyues/ And̄ ther ſyr Pryamus
ſlewe the Marquys of Moyſes land̄/ and̄ ſyre gawayn with
his felawes ſo quytte hem that they had̄ the feld̄ / but in that
ſtoure was ſyr Cheſtelayne a chyld̄ and̄ ward̄ of ſyre Ga=
wayne ſlayne/wherfore was moche ſorow made/ and̄ his deth
wes ſoone auengyd̄/ Thus was the bataille ended̄ and̄ ma=
ny lordes of lombardye and̄ ſaraſyns left dede in the feld̄/
¶Thenne ſyre florence and̄ ſyre Gawayne herbewed̄ ſurely
theyr peple/and̄ token grete plente of beſtyal of gold & ſyluer
and̄ grete treſour and̄ richeſſe and̄ retorned̄ vnto kyng Ar=
thur which lay ſtyl at the ſyege/And̄ whanne they came to
the kynge/they preſented̄ theyr pryſoners and̄ recounted the=
yre aduentures/and̄ how they had̄ kaynquyſſhed̄ theyre ene=
myes

¶Capitulum xvij

Now thanked̄ he god̄ sayd̄ the noble kynge Arthur /
But what maner man is he that ſtandeth by hym ſelf
hym ſemed no pryſoner/ Syre sayd Gawayne this is a good̄
man of armes/he hath matched me/but he is yolden vnto god
and to me for to bycome Cryſten. had̄ not he haue be we ſhold̄
neuer haue rowned̄/wherfore I pray yow that he may be bap=
tyſed/for ther lyueth not a nobler man ne better knygh̄t of his
handes/thenne the kyng lete hym anon̄ be cryſtned̄/ and̄ dyd̄
doo calle hym his fyrſte name Pryamus/and̄ made hym a du=
ke and̄ knygh̄t of the table round̄ ¶And thenne anon̄
the kynge lete do crye aſſaulte to the cyte /and̄ there was re=
rynḡe of ladders brekyng of walls and̄ the dyche fylled̄ /

that men with lytel payne myght entre in to the cyte/thēne cam out a duchesse/& Clarysyn the countesse with many ladyes & damoyseles/and knelyng bifore kynge Arthur requyred hym for the loue of god to reseyue the cyte/& not to take it by assaylle for thenne shold many gyltles be slayne/thēne the kyng aualyd his byser with a meke & noble cōtenaūce/ & said madame ther shal none of my subgettys mysdoo you ne your maydens/ne to none that to yolde longen/but the duke shal abyde my Jugement/thenne anone the kyng commaunded to leue the assault/& anon the dukes oldest sone brought out the keyes/& knelyng delyuerd them to the kyng/& bysouzt hym of grace/& the kyng seased the toun by assent of his lordes/& toke the duc & sent hym to douer there for to abyde prysoner terme of his lyf & assigned certayn rentes for the dolver of the duchesse & for her childeren/Thenne he made lordes to rule tho londes & lalbes as a lordy ought to do in his olvne countrey/& after he took his iourney tolvard Rome/& sent sir Flozys & syr flozydas to fore with v C men of armes/& they cam to the cyte of Vrbyne & leid there a bussement there as them semed most best for them/& to de to fore the toune/vvhere anon yssued out moche peple & sore mussled with the fore rydars/thēne brake out the bussement & wan the brydge & after the toun/& set vpon the vvalls the kynges baner/thēne cam the kynge vpon an hille & salve the Cyte & his baner on the vvalles/ by vvhiche he knelve that the Cyte was vvonne/& anone he sente & commaunded that none of his lyege men shold defoule ne lygge by no lady/vvyf/ne maide/& vvhan he cam in to the cyte/he passid to the castel/and comforted them that vvere in sorou/& ordeyned ther a captayn a knyzt of his olvn cōtrey/& vvhan they of Melane herd that thylk cyte was vvōne/they sent to kyng Arthur grete sōmes of money/& besouzt hym as their lord to haue pyte of them/promysyng to be his subgettys for euer/& yelde to hym homage & fealte for the lādes of plesaūce & pauye/ peūrsaynt & the port of tremble/ & to gyue hym yerly a melyon of gold al his lyf tyme/thēne he rydeth in to Tuskane & vvynneth tounes & castels & vvasted al in his vvay that to hym vvil not obeye/& so to spolute & Viterbe & fro thens he rode in to the hale of Vyecoūte emong the Vynes And fro thens he sente to the senatours to vvete/ vvhether they

wold knowe hym for theyr lord / But soone after on a sater day came vnto kynge Arthur alle the senatours that were left on lyue / and the noblest Cardynals that thenne dwelled in Rome / And prayd hym of pees / and profered hym ful large And besought hym as gouernour to gyue lycence for hi wes kes for to assemble alle the Romayns / And thenne to crowne hym Emperour With creme as it belongeth to so hyke astate / I assente sayd the kynge lyke as ye haue wuysed / and at cry stemas there to be crowned / and to holde my round table with my knyghtes as me lyketh / And thenne the senatours maade redy for his Introny sacyon / And at the day appoynted as the Romaunce telleth he came in to Rome / and was crouned em perour by the popes hand with all the ryalte that coude be ma de / And sudgerned there a tyme / and estably ssshed all his lon des from Rome in to Fraunce / and gaf londes and royammes vnto his seruauntes and knyghtes to euerych after his desert in suche wyse that none complayned ryche ne poure / & he gaf to syre Phryamus the duchye of Lozayne / and he thanked hym and sayd he wold serue hym the dayes of his lyf / and after made dukes and erles / and made euery man ryche / Thenne after this alle his knyghtes and lordes assembled them afore hym / and sayd blessyd be god your warre is fynyssshed and your conqueste achieued / in soo moche that we knowe none soo grete ne myghty that dar make warre ageynst you / wherfore we beseche you to wetorne homeward / and gyue vs lycence to goo home to oure wyues / fro whome we haue ben longe / and to reste vs / for your Journey is fynyssshed with honour & wor ssship / Thenne sayd the kyng / ye saye trouthe / and for to temp te god it is no wysedome / And therfore make you redy and retorne we in to Englond / Thenne there was trussyng of har neis and bagage and grete caryage / And after lycence gyuen he retorned and commaunded that noo man in payne of dethe sshold not robbe ne take bytaylle / ne other thynge by the way but that he sshold paye therfore / And thus he came ouer the see and londed at sandwyche / ageynste whome Quene Gweneuer his wyf came and mette hym / and he was nobly receyued of alle his comyns in euery cyte and burgh / and grete yefres presented to hym at his home comyng to welcome hym with /

¶ Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conqueste that kynge Arthur hadde ageynste Lucius the Emperoure of Rome/and here folowyeth the fyxth book whiche is of fyr Launcelot du lake

¶ Capitulum primum

SOone after that kyng Arthur was come/ fro rome in to Englond/thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round resorted vnto the kyng/ & made many Justes & turnementes/& some there were that were but knyghtes whiche encreaced so in armes and worshyp that they passed alle their felawes in prowesse and noble dedes/and that was wel preued on many/ But in especyal it was preued on fyre launcelot du lake/ for in al turnementys and Justes and dedes of armes both for lyf and deth he passed al other knyghtes/ and at no tyme he was neuer ouercome/but yf it were by treson or enchauntement/so fyr Launcelot encreaced soo merueyllously in worshyp/and in honour/therfor is he the fyrst knyght that the frenssh book maketh mencyon of after kynge Arthur came fro rome/wherfore quene gwenyuer had hym in grete fauour aboue al other knyghtes· and in certayne he loued the quene ageyne aboue al other ladyes damoyselx of his lyf / And for her he dyd many dedes of armes and saued her from the fyer thorou his noble chyualry / Thus fyre launcelot rested hym longe with play & game / And thenne he thought hym self to preue hym self in straunge auentures/ thenne he bade his neuelbe fyre Eyonel for to make hym redy/ for we two wylle seke aduentures/So they mounted on their horses armed at al ryghtes /and rode in to a depe forest & soo in to a depe playne/ ¶ And thenne the weder was hote about noone/and fyre launcelot had grete luste to slepe/Thenne fyr lyonel aspyed a grete Appyl tree that stode by an hedge/& said broder yonder is a fayre shadowe / there maye we reste vs on oure horses/ hit is wel saide faire broder said fyr launcelot/for this vij yere I was not so slepy as I am nowe/and so they were alyghted & tayed their horses vnto sondry trees/and so fyr launcelot layd hym doune vnder an appyl tree / and his helme he layd vnder his hede/ And Syre

lyonel wakedy whyle he slepte / Soo syr launcelot was a slepe passynge fast / And in the mene whyle there came thre knyghtes ryoynge as faste fleynge as euer they myghte ryde And there folowed hem thre but one knyghte / And whanne syr lyonel salue hym / hym thought he salue neuer soo grete a knyghte nor soo wel farynge a man neyther soo wel apparayled vnto al ryghtes / Soo within a whyle this strong knyzt had ouertaken one of these knyghtes / and there he smote hym to the colde erth that he lay styll / And than he rode vnto the seconde knyght / and smote hym soo that man and hors felle doune / And thenne streyghte to the thyrde knyghte he rode and smote hym behynde his hors ars a spere length / And thenne he alyghte doune and arayned his hors on the brydel & bonde alle the thre knyghtes fast with the raynes of their owne brydels / Whan syr lyonel salue hym doo thus / he thought to assay hym / & made hym redy & stylly / and pryuely he took his hors & thoughte not for to awake syr launcelot / And whan he was mounted vpon his hors / he ouertoke this strong knyght / & lady hym torne / and the other smote syr lyonel so hardy that hors & man he bare to the erthe / & so he alyght doun & bound hym fast and threwe hym ouerthwart his owne hors / and soo he serued hem al foure / & rode with hem awey to his owne castel / And whan he came there he garte vnarme them & bete hem with thorny s al naked / & after put hem in a depe pryson where were many mo knyghtes that made grete doloure

Capitulum secundum /

Whan syre Ector de marys wyst that syre lañcelot was past out of the court to seke aduentures he was wroth with hym self / & made hym redy to seke syre lañcelot / & as he had ryden long in a grete foreest he mette with a man was lyke a foster / Fayre felaw said syre Ector knowest thou in thys countrey ony aduentures that ben here nyghe hand / Syr sayd the foster / this countrey knowe I wel. and here by within thys myle / is a stronge manoir and wel dyked / & by that manoir on the lyfte hand there is a faire fourde for horses to drynke of / and ouer that fourde there groweth a fayr tree / and theron hangen many fayre sheldes that welded somtyme good knyghtes / & atte hole of the tree hangeth a lacyn of syper & lawen /

and ſtryke vpon that facyn with the but of thy ſpere thryes/ And ſoone after thou ſhalt here nelve tydynges/ And ellys haſt thou the fayreſt grace that many a yere had euer knyght that paſſed thorou this foreſt/ gramercy sayd ſyre Ector/ and departed/ and came to the tree and ſalve many fayre ſheldes/ And amonge them he ſalve his broders sheld ſyr Eyonel and many moo that he knelve that were his felalves of the round table/ the which greued his herte/ and promyſed to reuenge his broder/ Thenne anone ſyr Ector lete on the facyn as he were wood/ and thenne he gaf his hors drynke at the fourde/ & ther came a knyght behynd hym/ and bad hym come out of the water and make hym redy/ and ſyre Ector anone torned hym shortly and in felvter caſt his ſpere and ſmote the other knyght a grete buffet that his hors tornedy tlvyes aboute/ This was wel done ſaid the ſtrong knyzt/ & knyztly thou haſt ſtryken me/ And therwith he ruſſhed his hors on ſyre Ector/ and cleyzte hym vnder his ryght arme & bare hym clene out of the ſadel/ and rode with hym alvey in to his olvne halle/ & threlve hym doune in mydes of the floore/ the name of thys knyghte was ſyre Turquyne/ than he ſaid vnto ſyre Ector for thou haſt done this day more vnto me than ony knyghte dyd theſe vij yeres/ Nolv wille I graunte the thy lyf ſo thou wilt be ſvorn to be my pryſoner alle thy lyf dayes/ Nay ſaid ſir Ector/ that vylle I neuer promyſe the/ but that I will do myne auauntage/ That me repenteth ſayd ſyre Turquyne/ and thenne he garte to vnarme hym and bete hym with thornys alle naked/ and ſythen putte hym doune in a depe dungeon vvhere he knelve many of his felalves/ But vvhan ſyre Ector ſalve ſyr Eyonel thenne made he grete ſorolve/ Alas broder ſayd ſyr Ector/ vvhere is my broder ſyre Launcelot/ Fayre broder I lefte hym on ſlepe vvhan that I from hym yode vnder an appel tree and vvhat is become of hym I can not telle yolv/ Alas ſaid the knyghtes/ but ſyre launcelot helpe vs ve may neuer be delyuerd/ for ve knolve nolv noo knyght that is able to matche oure mayſter Turquyn

¶ Capitulum tertium

NOw leue we these knyghtes prysoners and speke we of syre Launcelott du lake that lyeth vnder the Ap; pyl Tree slepynge / euen aboute the noone there come by hym foure quenes of grete estate / And for the hete sholde not nyghe hem there rode foure knyghtes aboute hem/and bare a clothe of grene sylke on foure sperys ketlvixe them and the sonne/ And the quenes rode on foure vohyte mules

¶ Thus as they rode they herde by them a grete hors grymlynepe/thenne were they vare of a slepynge knyghte that laye alle armed vnder an appyl tree / anone as these quenes loked on his face/they knelve it vas syre launcelot/ Thenne they byganne for to stryue for that knyghte / euerychone sayde they volde haue hym to her loue/ ¶ We shalle not stryue sayd Morgan he fay that vas kynge Arthurs syster/ I shalle putte an enchauntement vpon hym / that he shalle not avvake in syxe owres/ And thenne I vylle lede hym alvey vnto my castel / And vhanne he is surely within my holde / I shalle take the enchauntement from hym / And thenne lete hym chese vvhyche of vs he vylle haue vnto peramour / ¶ Soo thys enchauntement vas caste vpon syre Launcelott / And thenne they leyde hym vpon his shelde / and bare hym soo an horsback betvixt tvvo knyghtes/and brought hym vnto the castel charyot/ and there they leyde hym in a chambyr colde / and att nyghte they sente vnto hym a fayre damoysel vith his souper redy dyght Vpy that the enchauntement vas past / And vhan she came she salevved hym/and asked hym vhat chere/ I can not saye fayre damoysel said syre Launcelot/for I vote not hovv I came in to this castel/but it be by an enchauntement/ Syre sayde she ye must make goode chere/ And yf ye be suche a knyzte as it is sayde ye ben/I shalle telle you more to morne by prime of the daye/ Gramercy fayre damoysel sayde syre Launcelot of youre goode vyl I requyre vovv / And soo she departed/ And there he laye alle that nyght vithoute comforte of ony body

¶ And on the morne erly came these foure quenes passyngly vel bysene / Alle they bydding hym goode morne/ and he them ageyne / ¶ Syre knyghte the foure quenes sayde thovv must vnderstande thou arte our prysoner/and ve here knovve the vel that thou arte syre Launcelot du laake/kynge Bans

sone/And by cause we vnderstande your worthynes that thou arte the noblest knyght lyuyng/ And as we knowe wel ther ay no lady haue thy loue but one/ and that is quene Gwenevier/and now thou shalt lose her for euer and she the/and ther for the behoueth now to chese one of vs four/I am the quene Morgay le fay quene of the landy of Gorre / and here is the quene of Northgalys and the quene of Eestlandy/and the quene of the oute yles/¶ Now chese one of vs which thou wylt haue to thy peramour / for thou mayst not chese or ele in thys pryson to dye/This is an hard caas sayd syre Launcelot that eyther I muste dye or els chese one of yow / yet had I leuer to dye in this pryson with worshyp than to haue one of you to my peramour maugre my hede/And therfore ye be answerd I wylle none of yow for ye be fals enchauntresses/And as for my lady dame Gwenever/ were I at my lyberte as I was / I wolde preue hit on you or on yours |that she is the trueste lady vnto her lordy lyuyng/Wel sayd the quenes/is this your answer that ye wylle refuse vs/ ye on my lyf sayd syr Launcelot/refusedy ye vs̄ of me/ Soo they departedy and lefte hym there alone that made grete sorowe

¶Capitulum quartum

Ryght so at the noone came the damoysel vnto hym with his dyner /and asked hym what chere/ truly fayre damoysel sayd syre Launcelot in my lyf dayes neuer so ylle/ sir she sayd that me repentest/but and ye wylle be wrokyn by me/ I shal help you out of this distresse/and ye shal haue no shame nor vylony soo that ye holdy me a promyse/fayre damoysel I wil graunte yow/ and sore I am of these quenes sorceresses aferdy/for they haue destroyedy many a good knyght/syre sayd she that is sothe and for the renome andy kounte that they here of you/they wold haue your loue/and sir they sayne/your name is syre Launcelot du laake the floure of knyghtes/ & they be passynge wrothe with yow that ye haue refusedy hem/But syre andy ye woldy promyse me to helpe my fader on tewsdaye next comynge/that hath made a turnement betwixe hym andy

the kynge of Northgalys/ for the last tuesdaye past my fader lost the felde thorugh thre knyghtes of Arthurs courte / And ye wyll be there on tuesday next comyng/ and helpe my fader to morne or pryme by the grace of god I shalle delyuer yow clene/ Fayre mayden sayd syr launcelot telle me What is your faders name/ and thenne shal I gyue you an answer / Syre knyghte she sayd/ my fader is kyng Bagdemagus that was foule rebuked at the last turnement/ I knowe your fader wel said syre launcelot for a noble kyng and a good knyghte/ And by the feythe of my body ye shalle haue my body redy to doo your fader and you seruyse at that day/ Syre she sayd gramercy/ and to morne alwayte ye be redy by tymes and I shal be she that shal delyuer you/ and take you your armoure and your hors shelde and spere/ And here by within this .v. myle is an Abbey of whyte monkes/ there I praye you that ye me abyde/ and thyder shal I bringe my fader Vnto you / alle thys shal be done saide syre Launcelot as I am true knyghte / and soo she departed and came on the morne erly/ and found hym redy/ thenne she brought hym oute of twelue lockes & brought hym Vnto his armour/ & when he was clene armed/ she brought hym Vntyl his owne hors / and lyghtely he sadeled hym and toke a grete spere in his hand/ and soo rode forth/ and sayd fayre damoysel I shal not faile you by the grace of god / And soo he rode in to a grete forest alle that day/ and neuer coude fynde no hyghe waye/ and soo the nyght felle on hym/ and thenne was he ware in a slade of a pauelione of reed sendel / By my feythe sayd syre launcelot in that pauelione wil I lodge alle this nyghte/ and soo there he alyghte doune and tayed his hors to the pauelione / and there he Vnarmed hym / and there he fond a bedde/ and layd hym theryn/ and felle on slepe sadly

Capitulum v

Thenne within an houre there came the knyghte to whome the pauelione ought/ And he wende that his lemān had layne in that bedde/ and soo he laid hym doune besyde syr Launcelot/ and toke hym in his armes and beganne to kysse

hym/ And whanne syre launcelot felte a rough herdy kyssyng hym/ he starte oute of the bedde lyghtely/ andy the other knyzt after hym/ andy eyther of hem gate their swerdes in theire han= des/ andy oute at the pauelione dore wente the knyghte of the pauelione/ andy syre launcelot folowedy hym/ andy ther by a ly tel slake syr launcelot woundedy hym sore nyghe vnto the dethe And thenne he yeldedy hym vnto syre launcelot/ andy so he grau tedy hym so that he woldy telle hym why he came in to the bedde Syre saydy the knyght the pauelione is myn owne/ andy there thys nyght I hady assygnedy my lady to haue slepte with me And nowe I am lykely to dye of this wounde/ that me repen= teth saydy launcelot of youre hurte/ but I was adrad of tre= son/ for I was late begyledy/ andy therfore come on your way in to your pauelione andy take your rest/ And as I suppose I shalle staunche your bloody/ andy soo they wente bothe in to the pauelione/ And anone syre launcelot stauncked his bloody/ There with al came the knyghtes lady / that was a passynge fayre lady / And whanne she aspyedy that her lordy Bellcus was sore woundedy she cryedy oute on syre launcelot/ and ma de grete dole oute of mesure/ Pees my lady andy my loue said Bellcus/ for this knyght is a gooody man andy a knyght ad= uenturous/ andy there he told her all the cause how he was wou= ded/ And whan that I yolde me vnto hym/ he lefte me goode= ly andy hath stauncked my bloody / Syre saydy the lady I re= quyre the telle me what knyght ye be/ andy what is youre na= me/ Fayr lady he saydy/ my name is syre launcelot du lake/ soo me thought euer by your speche saydy the lady/ for I haue se= ne yow ofte or this / andy I knowe you better than ye wene/ ¶ But nowe and ye wold promyse me of your curtosy for the harmes that ye haue done to me and to my lord Bellcus that whanne he cometh vnto Arthure courte for to cause hym to be made knyghte of the rounde table/ for he is a passyng good man of armes andy a myghty lorde of landes of many oute yles / ¶ Fayre lady said syre launcelot lete hym come vnto the cou= rte the nexte hyghe feest/ andy loke that ye come with hym /andy I shal doo my power/ andy ye preue you doughty of your handes that ye shalle haue your desyre ¶ So thus within a whyle as they thus talkedy the nyghte passedy/ andy the daye shone/ andy

thenne syr launcelot armedy hym/andy took his hors/and they taught hym to the Abbaye andy thyder he rode within the spa= ce of two owrys

¶ Capitulum septum /

AAndy soone as syr launcelott came withyn the Abbeye yarde/ the doughter of kynge Bagdemagus herd a gre te hors goo on the pauyment/ Andy she thenne arose andy yede vnto a wyndowe /andy there she salue syr launcelot/andy anone she made men fast to take his hors from hym / & lete lede hym in to a stabyl/andy hym self was ledde in to a fayre chamber/ andy vnarmedy hym/ andy the lady sente hym a longe goune/ & anone she came her self/ And thēne she made launcelot passyng goody chere/andy she saydy he was the knyzt in the worlde was moost welcome to her/ Thenne in al haste she sente for her fader Bagdemagus that was within yh̄ myle of that Abbay, andy afore cuen he came with a fayre felauship of knyghtes wyth hym/ Andy whanne the kynge was alyghte of his hors he yo= de streyte vnto syr launcelots chamber/ andy there he fondy hys doughter/andy thenne the kyng enbraced syr Launcelot in hys armes and eyther made other goody chere/ Anone syr launce= lot made his complaynt vnto the kynge how he was bytrayed Andy how his broder syr lyonel was departedy from hym / he nyst not where /andy how his doughter hady delyuerdy hym out of pryson/ therfor whyle I lyue I shal doo her seruyse and al her kynredy/ Thenne am I sure of youre helpe saydy the kynge on tuesday next comynge/ ye syr saydy syr launcelot/ I shalle not fayle yow ! for soo I haue promysedy my lady your do= ughter/ But syre what knyghtes be they of my lord Arthurs that were with the kynge of Northgalys/ andy the kyng saydy it was syre madore de laporte /andy syr Mordredy andy syr ga= halaytyne that al fur fared my knyghtes/ for ageynst hem thre I nor my knyghtes myghte here no strengthe/ Syre saide syr launcelot as I here say that the turnement shal be here within this thre myle of this abbay/ ye shal sende vnto me thre knygh tes of yours suche as ye trust and loke that the thre knyghtes haue al whyte shyldes & I also & no paynture on the sheldes /& and we four will come out of a lytel wood in mydes of both

partyes/and ye shalle falle in the fraunte of oure enemyes & greue hem that we may/ And thus shal I not be knowen what knyght I am/Soo they took theiz rest that nyght / and thys was on the sonday/and soo the kyng departed/and sente vnto syre launcelot thre knyghtes with the four whyte sheldes And on the tuesday they lodged hem in a lytyl leued wood besyde there the turnement shold be/ And there were scaffoldis and holes that lordes and ladyes myghte behold and to gyue the pryse/ Thenne came in to the feld the kyng of Northgalys with eyght score helmes/ And thenne the thre knyghtes of Arthurs stode by them self/ ¶ Thenne cam in to the feld kyng Bagdemagus with four score of helmys/ And thenne they festryd their speres/ and cam to gyders with a grete dasshe/ & there were slayn of knyghtes at the first rencountre yͤ of kyng Bagdemagus parte /and syx of the kyng of Northgalys party/and kyng Bagdemagus party was ferre sette a back /

¶ Capitulum septimum

Wyth that came syr Launcelot du lake and he threste in with his spere in the thyckest of the prees/and there he smote doune with one spere fyue knyghtes / and of foure of hem he brake their backes/ And in that throng he smote doune the kynge of Northgalys /and brake his thye in that falle / Alle thys doyng of syre Launcelot salve the thre knyghtes of Arthurs/Yonder is a shrewde geste sayd syre Madore de la port therfore haue here ones at hym/soo they encountred/and syre Launcelot bare hym doune hors and man / soo that his sholder went oute of lyth/ Now befalleth it to me to juste sayd Mordred/for syr Madore hath afore falle/ Syre Launcelot was ware of hym/and gate a grete spere in his hand/and mette hym and syr Mordred brake a spere vpon hym / and syre launcelot gaf hym suche a buffet that the arsson of his sadel brake/ & soo he flewe ouer his hors tayle that his helme butte in to the erthe a foote and more that nyhe his neck was broken/ & there he lay longe in a swoune/ ¶ Thenne came in syr Gahalantyne with a grete spere/ and Launcelot agreyst hym with al theyre strength that they myzt dryue that both her speres to brast euen

to their handes/and thenne they flang out with their swerdes and gaf many a grym stroke/Thenne was syr launcelot wroth oute of mesure/and thēne he smote syr galahantyne on the hel me that his nose braste oute on blood and eerys and mouthe lothe / and ther with his hede henge lolve / And therwith his hors ranne awey with hym/and he felle doune to the erthe / Anone there with al syre launcelot gate a grete spere in hys hand/ And or euer that grete spere brake/he kast doune to the erthe xvj knyghtes some hors and man/ and some the man & not the hors/ & ther was none but that he hyt surely he kast none armes that day/ And thenne he gate another grete spere & smote doune twelue knyghtes/and the moost party of hem ne uer throse after/ And thēne the knyztes of the kyng of northgalys wold Juste nomore/ And there the gree was gyuen to kynge Bagdemagus/ So eyther party departed vnto his owne place/ and syr launcelot rode forth with kynge Bagdemagus vnto his castel/and there he had passynge good chere both with the kyng and with his doughter/ and they profred hym grete yeftes/ And on the morne he took his leue/and told the kynge that he wold goo and seke his broder syre Lyonel that wente from hym whan that he slepte/so he toke his hors/and betaught hem alle to gody/ And there he sayd vnto the kynges doughter yf ye haue nede ony tyme of my seruyse I praye you lete me haue knoulecke / and I shal not faylle you as I am true knyght/and so syr launcelot departed/and by aduenture he came in to the same forest/there he was take slepyng/ And in the mydes of an hyke way he mette a damoysel rydyng on a whyte palfroy/ and there eyther salewed other/ Fayre damoysel said syre launcelot knowe ye in this countray ony aduentures/ syre knyghte sayd that damoysel / here are aduentures nere hand/and thou durst preue hem/why sholde I not preue aduentures said syre launcelot for that cause come I hyder/ Wel sayd she thou semest wel to be a goody knyght/ And yf thou dare mete with a goody knyght/ I shal bringe the where is the best knyght/and the myghtyest that euer thou fond/ so thou wylt telle me what is thy name/and what knyght thou arte/damoysel as for to telle the my name I take no grete force/ Truly my name is syre laūcelot du lake/syre thou byseemyst

Hel/here ben aduentures by that fallen for the/for here by du-
elleth a knyght that wylle not be ouermatched for no man I
knolde but ye ouermatche hym/ & his name is syre Turquyne
And as I vnderstande he hath in his pryson of Arthurs co-
urte goode knyghtes thre score and foure/that he hath wonne
with his owne handes/ But whan ye haue done that Journey
ye shal promyse me as ye are a true knyght for to go with me
and to helpe me/and other damoysels that are distressid day-
ly with a fals knyghte/ All your entente damoysel and desy-
re I wylle fulfylle/ soo ye wyl brynge me vnto this knyghte
Nowe fayre knyght come on your waye/and soo she broughte
hym vnto the fourde and the tre where henge the bacyn / So sir
Launcelot lete his hors drynke/and sythen he bete on the bacyn
with the butte of his spere so hard with al his myzt tyl the bo-
tom felle oute/ and longe he dyde soo but he salve noo thynge
Thenne he rode endlong the gates of that manoyre nyghe half
an houre/And thenne was he ware of a grete knyzt that dro-
ue an hors afore hym / and ouerthwarte the hors there lay an
armed knyght bounden/ And euer as they came nere and ne-
re/syre Launcelot thouzt he sholde knowe hym/Thenne sir laun-
celot was ware that hit was syre galerys Galwayns broder a
knyghte of the table round/Nowe fayre damoysel sayde sir la-
uncelot / I see yonder cometh a knyght fast bounden that is a
felawe of myne/and broder he is vnto syr galwayne/And att
the fyrst begynnyng I promyse yowe by the leue of gode to re-
scowe that knyght/ But yf his mayster syre better in the sa-
del I shal delyuer alle the prysoners that he hath oute of daun
ger / for I am sure he hath two bretheren of myne prysoners
with hym/By that tyme that eyther hade sene other/they gryp
pede theyr speres vnto them/ Nowe fayre knyghte sayde syr la-
uncelot/put that wounded knyghte of the hors / and lete hym
reste a whyle/and lete vs two preue oure strengthes/For as
it is enformed me thou doest and hast done grete despyte and
shame vnto knyghtes of the round table/and therfor nowe de-
fende the/And thowe be of the table round sayde Turquyne I
defye the and alle thy felauship/ that is ouermoche sayde/sa-
yde syre launcelot

And thēne they put theyr ſperes in the reſtys/ & cam to gyders with her horſes as faſt as they myght renne/ And eyther ſmote other in mydes of theyre ſheldes that bothe theyre horſe backes braſte vnder them / and the knyghtes were bothe aſtonyed / and as ſoone as they mygħte auoyde theyre horſes/ they took theire ſheldes afore them/and drewe oute her ſwerdes/and came to gyder egerly/and eyther gaf other many ſtronge ſtrokes/for there myght neyder ſheldes nor harneis holde theyr ſtrokes/ And ſoo within a whyle they hadde bothe grymly woundes/and bledde paſſynge greuouſly / Thus they ferd two houres or mo traſyng and raſyng eyther other where they myght hytte ony bare place/ Thenne at the laſt they were bretheles bothe/and ſtode lenyng on theyre ſwerdes/ Now fayre ſayde ſyr Turquyne hold thy hande a whyle / and telle me what I ſhal aſke the/ Say on thenne Turquyne ſayd thou arte the byggeſt man that ener I mette with al/and the beſte brethed / and lyke on knyzt that I hate aboue al other knyghtes/ ſo be hit that thou be not he I wyl lyghtly accorde with the/& for thy loue I wil delyuer al the pryſoners that I haue that is thre ſcore and foure / ſoo thou wylt telle me thy name/ And thou and I we wyl be felawes to gyders and neuer to fayle the whyle that I lyue/ it is wel ſayd/ſayd ſyr launcelot/ but ſythen hit is ſoo that I may haue thy frendſhip what knyght is he that thou ſoo hateſt aboue al other/Feythfully ſayd ſyr Turquyne his name is ſyre launcelot du lake/for he ſlewe my broder ſyr Caradus at the dolorous toure that was one of the beſt knyghtes on lyue/And therfore hym I excepte of al knyghtes/for may I ones mete with hym / the one of vs ſhal make an ende of other I make myn auowe/ And for ſir launcelots ſake I haue ſlayne an C goody knyghtes/ and as many I haue maymedy al bitterly that they myght neuer after helpe them ſelf/and many haue dyed in pryſon/and yet haue I thre ſcore and foure/ and yet al ſhal be delyuerd ſo thou wilt telle me thy name/ſo be it that thou be not ſyre launcelot/

¶ Now ſee I wel sayd ſyre launcelot that ſuche a man I myghte be I myght haue peas/ and ſuche a man I mygħte be /

that ther shold be ware mortal bettwyxte vs / and nowe sette knyghte at thy request I wyl that thou wete and knowe that I am Launcelot du lake kynge Bans sone of Benwycke/ & bery knyghte of the table wounde/ And nowe I defye the and doe thy best/ A sayde Turquyne/ launcelot / thou arte vnto me moost welcome that euer was knyghte/ for we shalle neuer departe tyl the one of vs be dede/ Themne they hurtled to gyders as two wilde bulles rosshynge and lasshyng with their shelldes and swerdes that somtyme they felle bothe ouer theyr nosses/ Thus they foughte sevelle two houres and more/ and neuer wolde haue taste/ and syre Turquyn gaf syre launcelot many woundes/ that alle the grounde there as they foughte was al bespeckled with blood

Capitulum ix

Themne at the laste syr Turquyn waxed faynte / and gaf somwhat a bak/ and bare his shelde lowe for wery nesse/ That aspyed syre Launcelot/ and lepte vpon hym sterfly and gate hym by the vawowe of his helmet/ and plucked hym doune on his knees/ And anone he racyd of his helme/ and smote his neck in sondyr/ And whanne syre launcelot had done this/ he yode vnto the damoysel and sayde/ damoysel I am redy to goo with yowe where ye wylle haue me/ but I haue no hors/ Fayre syre sayde she/ take this woundede knyghtes hors and sende hym in to this manoyr and commaunde hym to delyuer alle the prysoners/ Soo syr launcelot wente vnto Gaherys and praid hym not to be agreued for to leue hym his hors Nay fayr lord said gaherys I wyll that ye take my hors atte your owne commaundement / for ye haue bothe saued me and my hors / & this day I saye ye are the best knyghte in the worlde For ye haue slayne this daye in my syghte the myghtest man & the best knyghte except yowe that euer I sawe/ & fore syre said Gaherys I pray you telle me your name/ Syre my name is syr launcelot du lake that ought to helpe you of ryghte for kyng arthurs sake/ & in especial for my lord sir gawayns sake your owne dere broder/ & whan that ye come within yonder manoyr/ I am sure ye shal fynde ther many knyghtes of the round table/ for I haue sene many of their sheldes that I knowe

on yonder tree/there is kayes shelde/ and sir Braundeles sheldi/ and syr Marhaus sheldi and syre Galyndes shelde and syre Bryan de lystnoyse sheldi and syr. Alydukes sheld with many mo that I am not nolde auysedi of/and also my two brethe wen sheldes syre Ectori de marys and syr Eyonel/ wherfore I pray yolde grete them al from me/ and say that I bydde them take suche stuffe there as they fyndi/and that m ony wyse my brethereh goo Vnto the courte and abyde me there tyl that I come/for by the feest of pentecost I cast me to be there/ for as at this tyme I muste ryde with this damoysel for to saue my promyse / and soo he departed from Galerys/& Galerys yede in to the manore/and ther he fond a yoman porter kepyng ther many keyes/ Anone with al syre galerys threwe the porter Vnto the grounde/and toke the keyes from hym/and hastely he opened the prysoh dore/and there he lete oute all the prysoners / and euery man losed other of their boundes / And whan they sawe syre Galerys/alle they thanked hym/ for they wend that he was woundedi/Not soo sayd Galerys / hit was launcelot that slewe hym worshipfully with his owne handes / I sawe it with myn owne eyen/and he greteth you al wel/ and prayeth you to haste you to the courte/ And as Vnto syr Eyonel and Ectori de marys he prayeth yolde to abyde hym at the court That shalle be not doo sayes his bretheren/ we wyll fynde hym and we may lyue/ So shal I sayd syr kay fynde hym or I come at the courte as I am true knyghte/Thenne alle tho knyghtes sought the hous there as the armour was / and thenne they armedi hem / and euery knyght sonde his owne hore/& al thet euer longed Vnto hym/And whan this was done there cam a soster with foure horses lade with fatte Beneson/Anone syr kay sayd/here is good mete for vs for one meale/ for we had not many a day no goody repast / And soo that Beneson was rosted baken and soden / and so after souper somme abode there al that nyghte / But syre Eyonel and Ectori de marys and syre kay rode after syre launcelot to fynde hym yf they myghte

Capitulum Decimum

Now torne we vnto syr launcelot that rode with the da
moysel in a fayre hygh waye/syr sayd the damoysel/
here by this way haunteth a knyght that destroyd al
ladyes and gentylwymmen/And at the leest he robbeth them
or lyeth by them/what said sir launcelot is he a theef & a kny-
ght & a rauyssher of wymmen/he doth shame vnto the ordre of
knyghthode;and contrary vnto his othe/hit is pyte that he ly-
ueth/But fayr damoysel ye shal ryde on afore your self/and
I wylle kepe my self in couerte/And yf that he trouble yow
or distresse yow/I shalle be your resolve and lerne hym to be
ruled as a knyghte/Soo the mayde rode on by the way a soft
ambelynge paas/And within a whyle cam oute that knyght
on horsback oute of the woode/and his page with hym/& the-
re he put the damoysel from her hors/and thenne she cryed/
With that came launcelot as fast as he myghte tyl he came to
that knyght/sayenge/O thou fals knyght and traytour vnto
knyghthode/who dyd lerne the to dystresse ladyes and gentyl
wymmen/whanne the knyghte salve syr launcelot thus rebu-
kynge hym/he answerd not/but drelve his sword and rode vn
to syr launcelot/and syr launcelot threlve his spere fro hym/
and drelve oute his sword/and strake hym suche a buffet on
the helmet that he clafe his hede and neck vnto the throte
Now hast thou thy payement that long thou hast deserued/that
is trouthe sayd the damoysel/For lyke as syr Turquyne wat
che d to destroye knyghtes/soo dyde this knyght attende to des-
troye and dystresse ladyes damoysels and gentylwymmen/&
his name was syre Cherys de foreyst saueage/Now damoysel
sayde syr launcelot wylle ye ony more serupse of me/Nay syre
she sayd at this tyme/but almyghty Jhesu preserue you whe-
re someuer ye ryde or goo/for the curteyst knyghte thou arte
and mekest vnto all ladyes and gentylwymmen that now ly-
ueth/But one thyng syre knyghte me thynketh ye lacke/ye
that are a knyghte wyueles that ye wyl not loue some may-
den or gentylwoman/for I coude neuer here say that euer ye lo
ued ony of no maner degree and that is grete pyte/but hit is
noysed that ye loue quene Gueneuer/and that she hath ordey
ned by enchauntement that ye shal neuer loue none other/but
her/ne none other damoysel ne lady shall reioyse you/wherfor

many in this lande of hyghe estate and lowe make grete so;
wde/ ¶ Fayre damoysel sayde syr launcelot I maye not war;
ne peple to speke of me what it pleaseth hem/ But for to be a
wedded man/ I thynke hit not/for thenne I must ouche with
her/and heue armes and turnementys/batayls/and aduentu
res/ And as for to say for to take my plesaunce with peramo;
urs that wylle I refuse in pryncypal for drede of gode / For
knyghtes that ben auenturous or lecherous shal not be happy
ne fortunate vnto the werreys/for outher they shalle be ouercō;
me with a symplyer knyghte than they be hem self/Outher els
they shal by vnhap and her cursydnes slee better men than
they ben hem self/ And soo who that vseth peramours shalle be
vnhappy/and all thyng is vnhappy that is aboute hem / And
soo syre Launcelot and she departed/ And thenne he rode in a
depe forest two dayes and more/ and had straynge lodgynge /
So on the thyrde day he rode ouer a longe brydge/ and there
starte vpon hym sodenly a passynge foule chorle/ and he smote
his hors on the nose that he tornede aboute/ & askede hym why
he rode ouer that brydge without his lycence/why sholde I not
ryde this way sayde syr launcelot/I may not ryde besyde/thou
shalt not chese sayde the chorle and lasshyde at hym with a gre
te clubbe shode with yron/Thenne syre laūcelot dreue his swerd
and put the stroke aback/and clafe his hede vnto the pappys/
At the ende of the brydge was a fayre village/& al the peple
men and wymmen cryed on syre launcelot/and sayde Alwers
dede dydest thou neuer for thy self/for thou hast slayn the chyef
porter of oure castel/syr laūcelot lete them say what they wold
And strayghte he wente in to the castel/ And whanne he cam
in to the castel he alyghte / and tyede his hors to a ryngge on
the walle/And there he sawe a fayre grene courte/and thyder
he dressyde hym / For there hym thought was a fayre place to
fyghte in/ Soo he lokede aboute/and salwe mocke peple in do;
res and wyndowes that sayde fayr knyghte thou arte vnhap;
py

Capitulum vj

Hone with al cam there vpon hym two gyaunts wel armed al sauf the hedes with two horryble clubbes in theyr handes / Syr Launcelot put his sheld afore hym and put the stroke alweye of the one gyaunt / and with his swerd he clafe his hede a sondre / Whan his felaw sawe that / he ran alwey as he were wood / for fere of the horryble strokes / & launcelot after hym with al his myght & smote hym on the sholder / and clafe hym to the nauel / Thenne syr launcelot went in to the halke / and there came afore hym three score ladyes and damoysels / and all kneled vnto hym / and thanked god & hym of their delyueraunce. For syre sayd they / the mooste party of vs haue ben here this seuen yere their prysoners / and we haue wrorched al maner of sylke werkes for oure mete / and we are al gyrle gentyllwymmen borne / and blessyd be the tyme knyght that euer thou be borne / For thou hast done the mooste worship that euer dyd knyght in this world / that wyl we here record and we al pray you to telle vs your name / that we maye telle our frendes who delyuerd vs oute of pryson / Fayre damoysel he sayd / my name is syr launcelot du lake / A syre sayde they al / wel mayst thou be he / for els saue your self / as we demed / there myght neuer knyght haue the better of these two gya untes / for many fayre knyghtes haue assayed hit / and here haue ended / and many tymes haue we wysshed after yow / and these two gyaunts dredde neuer knyghte but you / Now maye ye saye sayd syr launcelot vnto youre frendes how & Who hath delyuerd you / and grete them al from me / and yf that I come in ony of your marches / shewe me suche chere as ye haue cause and what tresour that there in this castel is I gyue it you for a reward for your greuaunce / And the lorde that is owner of this castel I wold he receyued it as is ryght / Fayre syre saide they / the name of this castel is Tyntygayl / & a duke oughte it somtyme that hyd wedded fair Igrayn / & after wedded her Vther pendragon / & gate on her Arthur / wel saide syr launcelot I vnderstande to whome this castel longeth / and soo he departed from them / and bytaughte hem vnto god ¶ And thenne he mounted vpon his hors & rode in to many straunge & wyld

countreyes and thorou many waters and kaleyes and euyl was he lodged / And at the laste by fortune hym happend a-geynst a nyghte to come to a fayr courtelage/ & therin he fond an old gentylwoman that lodged hym with good wyl/ and there he had good cheer for hym and his hors/ And whan tyme was his oost brought hym in to a fayre garet ouer the gate to his bedde/ There syr Launcelot vnarmed hym & sette hys harneys by hym/ and went to bed/ & anone he felle on slepe/ So soone after ther cam one on horsback/ & knocked at the gate in grete haste/ and whan syr launcelot herd this/ he arose vp and loked oute at the wyndowe/ & salwe by the mone lyghte thre knyghtes cam ryding after that one man/ and al thre lasshed on hym at ones with swerdes/ & that one knyght wourned on hem knyghtly ageyne/ and deffended hym/ Truly saide syr launcelot yonder one knyghte shal I helpe/ for it were shame for me to see thre knyghtes on one/ And yf he be slayne I am partener of his deth/ & ther with he took his harneis/ and went out at a wyndowe by a shete doune to the four knyghtes/ & thenne syr launcelot sayd on hyghe/ worne you knyghtes vnto me and leue your fyghtyng with that knyght/ And thenne they alle thre lefte syr kay/ and wornedy vnto syr launcelot/ and there began grete bataylle/ for they alyghte al thre/ and strake many grete strokes at syr launcelot/ and assayled hym on euery syde / Thenne syr kay dressid hym for to haue holpen syre Launcelot/ nay syre sayd he I wylle none of your helpe/ therfor as ye wylle haue my helpe/ lete me alone with hem/ Syre kay for the pleasyre of the knyghte suffred hym for to doo hys wylle/ and soo stode on syde/ And thenne anon within vij strokes/ syre launcelot had strykyn hem to the erthe

¶ And thenne they al thre cryed syre knyghte we yelde vs vnto you as many of myght makeles/ As to that said syr lañcelot I will not take youre yelding vnto me/ But so that ye wylle yelde you vnto syr kay the Seneschal on that couenaunt I wyl saue your lyues and els not/ ¶ Fayre knyghte sayd they that were we lothe to doo/ For as for syr kay / we chaced hym hyder/ and had ouercome hym had not ye ben/ therfor to yelde vs vnto hym it were no reson/ wel as to that said lañcelot/ anyse you wel/ for ye may chese whether ye wyll

dye or lyue/for and ye be yolden it ſhal be vnto ſyr kay /
¶ Fayre knyght thenne they sayd in sauynge of oure lyues we wylle doo as thou commaundys vs/ Thenne ſhal ye sayd ſyre launcelot on whytſonday neyte comyng go vnto the courte of kynge Arthur/and there ſhal ye yelde you vnto quene Gueneuer/and put you al thre in her grace and mercy/and saye that ſir kay ſente you thyder to be her pryſoners/ Syre they said it ſhalle be done by the feythe of oure bodyes / and we ben ly-uynge/ and there they ſwore euery knyghte vpon his ſwerd/ And ſo ſir launcelot ſuffred hem ſoo to departe/ And thenne ſir launcelot knocked at the yate with the pomel of his ſwerd / and with that came his ooſt/and in they entred ſir kay and he Syre sayd his hoost I wende ye had ben in youre bedde/ ſo I was /sayd ſire launcelot/ But I aroſe and lepte oute atte my wyndowe for to helpe an old felawe of myne/And ſo whanne they came nyghe the lyghte/ſir kay knewe wel/that it was ſir launcelot/and ther with he kneled doune and thanked hym of al his kyndneſſe that he had holpen hym tbyes from the deth Syre he sayd I haue no thynge done but that me ought for to doo/and ye are welcome/ and here ſhal ye repoſe yow and take your reſt/ Soo whan ſir kay was vnarmed/ he aſked after mete/ſoo there was mete fette hym/and he eet ſtrongly / And whan he hadde ſouped they went to theyr beddes and were lodged to gyders in one bedde /On the morne ſir launcelot aroſe erly/and lefte ſyre kay ſlepynge/ and ſir launcelot toke ſire kayes armour and his ſhelde and armed hym/ and ſo he went to the ſtable/and toke his hors and toke his leue of his ooſt/and ſoo he departed/ Thenne ſoone after aroſe ſyr kay and myſſed ſir launcelot / And thenne he aſpyed that he had his armoure and his hors/ Now by my feythe I knowe wel that he wylle greue ſome of the courte of kynge Arthur. For on hym knyghtes wylle he holde/and deme that it is I! and that wyll begyle them/ And by cauſe of his armoure and ſhelde I am ſure I ſhal ryde in pees/ And thenne ſoone after departed ſir kay & thanked his hoost

¶ Capitulum xij

Now corne we vnto syr launcelot that hady ryden long
in a grete forest/ and at the last he came in to a lolve co;
untray ful of fayre Ryuers and medolves/ And a ;
fore hym he salve a longe brydge/ and thre pauelions stode ther
on of sylke and sendel of dyuers helve/ And without the pa
uelions henge thre vhyte sheldes on trunchcons of sperys / &
grete longe sperys stode vpryght by the pauelions/ and at eue
ry pauelions dore stode thre fresshe squyers/ and soo syr laun;
celot passed by them and spake no vorde/ vhan he vas paste
the thre knyghtes sayden hym that hit Was the proud kay/ he
veneth no knyght soo goody as he/ and the contrary is ofty;
me preued/ By my feythe sayd one of the knyghtes/ his na;
me vas syr gaunter/ I vylle ryde after hym/ & assaye hym/
for alle his pryde/ and ye may beholde how that I spede / Soo
this knyght syr Gaunter armed hym / and henge his shelde
vpon his sholder/ and mounted vpon a grete hors / and gate
his spere in his hand/ and vallopt after syr launcelot/ and
vhanne he came nyghe hym/ he cryed Abyde thou proude kny;
ght syr kay/ for thou shalt not passe quyte/ Soo syr launcelot
torned hym/ and eyther feutryd their speres/ and came to gy
ders with alle theyr myghtes/ and syr Gaunters spere brake
but syr launcelot smote hym doune hors and may/ and vhan
syr gaunter vas at the erthe/ his bretheren sayd echone to o;
ther yonder knyght is not syr kay/ for he is byggar than he/
I dare laye my hede sayd syr Gylmere yonder knyght hath
slayne syr kay and hath taken his hors and his harneis/ vhe
ther it be soo or no sayd syr Raynold the thyrd broder/ lete vs
nolv goo mounte vpon oure horses and reskolve oure broder sir
Gaunter vpon payne of dethe/ ve alle shal haue verke ynouz
to matche that knyght/ for euer me semeth by his persone it is
syr Launcelot/ or syr Trystram/ or syr Pelleas the good kny;
ght/ Thenne anon they toke theyr horses and ouertook syr la;
uncelot/ and syr gylmere put forth his spere/ and ranne to sir
launcelot/ and syr launcelot smote hym doune that he lay in a
svoune/ Syr knyght sayd syr Raynold thou arte a strong
man / and as I suppose thou hast slayne my tvo bretheren/
for the vhiche raspth my herte sore ageynst the/ And yf I my;
ght with my vorshyp I vold not haue a do with yolv but

nedes I must take parte as they doo/ And therfor knyghte he sayd/ kepe thy self/ And soo they hurtled to gyders with alle theyr myghtes/ and al to shiuered bothe theyre speres / And thenne they dreive her sperdes and lasshyd to gyder egerly / Anone there with awoos syre Gaūter/ and came vnto his bro der syre gylmere /and bad hym aryse and helpe we our bro der syr Raynold that yonder merueyllously matcheth yon der good knyght/ There with alle they lepte on theyr horses & hurt led vnto syre launcelot/ ¶ And whanne he salve them come/ he smote a sore stroke vnto syr Raynold that he felle of his hors to the grounde/ And thenne he stroke to the other two brethe ren/ and at two strokes he strake them doune to the erthe /
With that sir Raynold beganne to starte vp with his heede al blody/ and came stryte vnto syre launcelot/ Nowe late he sayd sir launcelot/ I was not ferre from the whan thou were maade knyght sir Raynold / and also I knowe thou arte a goode knyght/ and lothe I were to slee the/ Gramercy sayd syr ray nold as for your goodnes / And I dare saye as for me and my brethren we wyl not be lothe to yelde vs vnto yow / with that we knewe youre name / for wel we knowe ye are not sire kay/ As for that be it as it be maye/ for ye shal yelde yow vn to dame gweneuer/ and loke that ye be with her on whytsonday and yelde you vnto her as prysoners/ and saye that syre kay sente yow vnto her/ thenne they swore hit shold be done/ and so passed forthe sire launcelot / nd echone of the brethren halpe other as wel as they myght

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo sir launcelot rode in to a depe forest/ and ther by in a slade/ he salve four knyghtes houyng vnder an oke/ and they were of Arthurs courte/ one was sir Sagramour le desyrus and Ector de marys)and sir Galvayn and sir Wa; yne/ Anone as these four knyghtes had aspyed sir Launcelot they wende by his armes it hadde ben sir kay/ Now by my fe ythe sayd sir Sagramour/ I wylle preue sir kayes myghte/ & gate his spere in his hande/ and came towarde sir launcelot Ther with sir launcelot was ware and knelde hym wel / and

feutryd his spere ageynst hym/and smote syr Sagramore so sore that hors and man felle bothe to the erthe/ Lo my felaus sayd he yonder ye may see what a buffet he hath/ that knyzt is moche bygger than euer was syr kay/ Now shal ye see what I may doo to hym/ Soo syr Ector gate his spere in his hand and wallopte tolward syr Launcelot/ and syr Launcelot smote hym thorou the shelde & sholder that man and hors went to the erthe/ and euer his spere held/ By my feythe sayd sir Owayne yonder is a strong knyghte/ and I am sure he hath slayne syr kay/ And I see by his grete strengthe it wyll be hard to matche hym/ And there with al syr Owayne gate his spere in his hand and rode tolward syr Launcelot/ and syr launcelot knelue hym wel/ and soo he mette hym on the playne/ & gaf hym suche a buffette that he was astonyed/ that longe he wyst not where he was / Now see I wel sayd syr galvayne I must encoũtre with that knyzt/ Thenne he dressid he his shelde and gate a good spere in his hand/ and syr launcelot knelue hym wel/ and thenne they lete renne theyr horses with alle theyr myghtes / and eyther knyght smote other in myddes of the shelde/ But syr galvayns spere to brast/ and syr launcelot charged so sore vpon hym that his hors reuersed vp so doune And moche sorowe had syr galvayn to auoyde his hors/ and so syr launcelot passed on a paas and smyled and said god gyue hym ioye that this spere made/ for there came neuer a better in my hand/ Thenne the four knyghtes wente echone to other and comforted eche other/ what saye ye by this geste sayd syr Galvayne/ that one spere hath felde vs al foure/ we commaunde hym vnto the deuyl they sayd al / for he is a man of grete myght/ ye may wel saye it/ sayd syr galvayne/ that he is a man of myght/ for I dare lay my hede it is syr Launcelot I knolue it by his rydyng/ Lete hym goo sayd syr Galvayn for whan we come to the courte than shal we wete/ and thenne had they moche sorowe to gete theyr horses ageyne

Capitulum xiiij

Now leue we there & speke of syr Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe forest where he sawe a blacke bracket

sekyng in maner as it hadȝ ben in the feauke of an hurt dere / Andȝ ther with he rode after the brachet and he salwe lye on the gwoundȝ a large feauke of bloodȝ/ Andȝ thenne syre launcelot rode after/ Andȝ euer the Brachet lokedȝ behyndȝ her/ andȝ soo she wente thorou a grete marȝyse/ andȝ euer syre launcelot folowedȝ/ Andȝ thenne was he ware of an oldȝ manoyr/ andȝ thyder ranne the brachet/ andȝ soo ouer the brydge/ Soo syre launcelot rode ouer that brydge that was oldȝ andȝ feble/ and whanne he cam in mydde̅s of a grete halle ther he salwe lye a dede knyght that was a semely man/ andȝ that brachet lycked his woundes/ andȝ there with al came oute a lady wepyng & wrynggyng her handes/ Andȝ thenne she saydȝ / O knyghte wo mocke sorowe hast thou broughte me/ Why saye ye soo saydȝ syr launcelot/ I dydȝ neuer this knyghte no harme/ forȝ hyther by feauke of bloodȝ this Brachet broughte me/ Andȝ therforȝ fayre ladȝ be not displeasedȝ with me / forȝ I am ful sore agreuedȝ of your greuaunce/ Truly syre she saydȝ I trowe hit be not ye that hath slayne myȝ husbandȝ/ forȝ he that dydȝ that dede is sore woundedȝ/ & he is neuer lyckly to recouer/ that shal I ensure hym / What was your husbandes name sayd syre laũcelot/ Syr saydȝ she/ his name was calledȝ syre Gylbert the bastardȝ one of the best knyghtes of the worldȝ / andȝ he that hath slayne hym I knowe not his name / Wolw godȝ sende you better comforte saydȝ syre launcelot/ andȝ soo he departed andȝ wente in to the forest ageyne/ andȝ there he met with a damoysel/ the whiche knewe hym wel / andȝ she saydȝ oȝ loude wel be ye fondȝ myȝ lordȝ Andȝ now I requyre the oȝ thyȝ knyghthode helpe myȝ brother that is sore wounded/ andȝ neuer styntȝth bledyng/ forȝ this day he fought with syre gylbert the bastardȝ & slewe hym in playn bataylle/ andȝ there was myȝ broder sore woundedȝ/ and there is a lady a sorceresse that dwelleth in a castel here besyde/ and this day she told me /myȝ brodersȝ woundes shold neuer be hole tyl I coude fynde a knyght wold goo in to the chappel peryllous/ & ther he sholdȝ fynde a swerd and a blodȝ clothe that the wounded knyght was lapped in/ andȝ a pyece of that clothe & swerd sholdȝ hele myȝ brodersȝ woundes so that his woundes were serched with the swerde andȝ the clothe / This is a merȝeyllous thynge sayd syre launcelot / but what is your brodersȝ name/

Syre ſhe ſayd/his name ibas ſyre Melyot de logurs/ that me repenteth ſaid ſyre Launcelott / for he is a felaibe of the table round/and to his helpe I ibylle doo my polber / Thenne ſyre ſayd ſhe /ſoholde euen this hyghe baye/and it ibyl bringe you Into the chappel perylious/ And here I ſhalle abyde tyl god ſend you here ageyne/and but you ſpede I knolbe no knyghte kyuynge that may encheue that aduenture

Capitulum xb

Ryght ſoo ſyr Launcelot departed/ And ibhan he cam Into the chappel perylous/he alyghte doune / and tey ed his hors Into a lytyl gate/and as ſoone as he ibas ibith in the chirche yard/he ſalbe on the frount of the chappel many fayre ryche ſheldes hornedy Up ſo doune/and many of the ſhel des ſyre launcelot hady ſene knyghtes here byfore handy / ibyth that he ſalbe by hym there ſtande a xxx greete knyghtes more by a yarde than ony man that euer he hady ſene / and all tho greuedy and gnaſtedy at ſyre launcelot/ And ibhan he ſalbe theyr countenaunce he dredy hym ſore/ and ſoo putte his ſhelde afore hym/and toke his ſberd redy in his hand redy Into ha tayle /and they ibere al armedy in black harneis redy ibith her ſheldes and her ſiberdes dralben / And ibhan ſyr Launcelot ibold haue gone thorou oute them /they ſcatterydy on euery ſy de of hym/and gaf hym the ibay/and ther ibith he ibaxedy al boldy/and entredy in to the chappel/and thenne he ſalbe no ly ght/but a dymme lamp brennynge/ and thenne ibas he ibare of a corps hylledy ibith a clothe of ſylke/Thenne ſyre Launce lot ſtoupedy doune/and cutte a ppece abey of that clothe/and thenne it ferd Inder hym as the erthe hady quakedy a lytel/ there ibith al he ferydy/And thenne he ſalbe a fayre ſiberd lye by the dede knyghte/ and that he gate in his handy and hyedy hym oute of the chapel/ Anone as euer he ibas in the chappel parde/alle the knyghtes ſpake to hym ibith a grymly boys/and ſayd knyghte ſyr launcelot leye that ſiberd from the or elles thou ſhalt dye/ibhether that I lyue or dye sayd ſyr launcelot ibith noo greete ibord gete ye hit ageyne / therfor fyghte for it and ye lyſt /Thenne ryght ſoo he paſſedy thorou out them /and

by yonde the chappel yarde ther mette hym a fayre damoysel ſayd ſyr launcelot leue that ſiverdy behynde the/ or thou ly dye for it/I leue it not ſayd ſyr launcelot for no treatys / No ſayd ſhe andy thou dydeſt loue that ſiverdy/ quene gwenevier ſhold thou neuer ſee/ thenne were I a foole andy I wold leue this ſiverdy ſayd launcelot / Nowe gentyl knyghte ſayde the damoyſel/I requyre the to kyſſe me but ones / Nay ſayde ſyr launcelot that gody me forbede/ wel ſyr ſayd ſhe/and thou hadeſt kyſſedy me/ thy lyf dayes hady ben done/but nowe alas ſhe ſaid I haue loſte al my labour/ for I ordeynedy this chappel for thy ſake/andy for ſyre galvayne/ Andy ones I fond ſyr Galvayne within me/ andy at that tyme he foughte with that knyghte that lyeth there dede in yonder chappel ſyre Gylbert the baſtardy.andy at that tyme he ſmote the lyfte hand of of ſir Gylbert the baſtardy / Andy ſyre Launcelot nowe I telle the/ I haue lovedy the this ſeuen yere/ but there may no woman haue thy loue but quene Gwenevier / But ſythen I maye not reioyce the to haue thy body ony lyue I had kepte no more ioye in this worlde/but to haue thy body dede/Thenne wholdy I haue haumedy hit andy ſeruedy hit/andy ſoo haue kepte it my lyfe dayes/andy dayly I ſholdy haue clypped the/and kyſſed the in deſpyte of Quene Gwenevier/ye ſaye wel ſayd ſyr launcelot Jheſu preſerue me from your ſubtyle craftes/And ther with al he took his hors and ſoo departed from her/ And as the book ſayth whan ſyr launcelo' was departed ſhe took ſuche ſorow that ſhe dyed within a fourten nyghte / and her name was Hella ſwes the ſorcereſſe lady of the caſtel Nygramous / Anone ſyre launcelot mette with the damoyſel ſyre Melyotis ſyſter/ And whan ſhe ſalve hym ſhe clapped her handes/ and wepte for ioye And thenne they rode vnto a caſtel there by where lay ſyr Melyot/And anone as ſyre launcelot ſawe hym/he kneIve hym / but he was paſſynge pale as the erthe for bledyng/ whan ſyre Melyot ſalve ſyre launcelot he kneled vpon his knees and cryed on hyghe/O lord ſyr launcelot helpe me/ Anone ſyre launcelot lepte vnto hym and touched his woundes with ſyr Gylbertes ſiverde/And thenne he wypped his woundes with a part of the bloody clothe that ſir gylbert was wrapped in/and anon ony holer may in his lyf was he neuer/And thenne ther was

grete ioye bytwene hem / and they made syr launcelot all the che
re that they myghte / and on the morne syre launcelot toke
his leue / and bade syre Melyot hye hym to the courte of my
lord Arthur / for it drawyeth nyghe to the feest of pentecoste / and
there by the grace of god ye shal fynde me / and therwith they
departed /

Capitulum xbj

And soo syre Launcelot rode thorou many straunge ad
untreyes ouer marys and bakeyes tyl by fortune he
came to a fayre castel / and as he paste beyonde the castel / hym
thought he herde two bellys rynge. And thenne was he ware of
a Faucon came fleynge ouer his hede tolward an hyghe elme /
and longe lunys aboute her feet / and she fleiwe vnto the elme
to take her perche / the lunys ouer cast aboute a bough / And
whanne she wold haue taken her flyghte / she henge by the leg
ges fast / and syre launcelot sawe how he henge / and byheld the
fayre faucon perygot / & he was sory for her / The meane whyle
he came a lady oute of the castel and cryed on hyghe O laun
celot launcelot as thou arte floure of alle knyghtes helpe me
to gete my hauke / for and my hauke be lost / my lord wyl dis
troye me / for I kepte the hauke and she slypped from me / and
yf my lord my husband wete hit / he is soo hasty that he wyll
slee me / What is your lordes name sayd sir Launcelot / sir she
said his name is sire Phelot a knyghte that longeth vnto the
kynge of Northgalys / wel fayre lady syn that ye knowe my
name and requyre me of knyghthode to helpe yow I wylle doo
what I may to gete your hauke / and yet god knoweth I am
an vlle clymber and the tree is passynge hyghe / and selde so
wes to helpe me with alle / And ther with sir launcelot alyghte
and teyed his hors to the same tree / and prayed the lady to
vnarme hym / And soo whan he was vnarmed / he put of alle
his clothes vnto his sherte and breche / and with myghte &
force he clamme vp to the faucon / and teyed the lunys to a gre
te rotten boysshe / and threwe the hauke doune and it with alle /
Anone the lady gate the hauke in her hand / and there with al
came oute syre phelot oute of the greuys sodenly / that was her

husbandy al armedy/andy with his nakedy swerd in his hand andy saydy O knyghte launcelot nowy haue I fondy the as I woldy andy stode at the hole of the tree to slee hym/A lady saydy syre Launcelot whyy haue ye bytrayedy me / She hathy done saydy syre Phelot but as I commaundedy her/ andy therfor therny nys none other boote but thyne houre is come that thou muste dye/That were shame vnto the saydy syr launcelot thou any armedy knyghte to slee a nakedy many by treasony/ thou getest noy ne other grace saydy syre phelot andy therfor helpe thy self andy thou canst/Truly saydy syre launcelot that shal be thy shame/ but syny thou wylt doo none other/take myn harneys with the andy hange my swerde vpony a bough that I maye gete hit/& thenne doo thy best to slee me andy thou canst/Nay nay said sir Phelot/for I knowe the better than thou weneste/ therfor thowe geteste no wepony andy I may kepe you ther fro/Allas said sir launcelot that euer a knyghte sholdy dye wepenles/ And ther with he waytedy aboue hym andy vnder hym/andy ouer his hedy he salue a rowynsepyk a byggy bough leueles/andy ther with he brake it of by the body/Andy thenne he came lower & abaytedy holde his owne horse stode/ andy sodenly he lepte ony the ferther syde of the horse frowardy the knyghte/And thenne sir phelot lasshedy at hym egerly wenynge to haue slayne hym/But syr Launcelot putte aweye the stroke with the rounsepyk/andy ther with he smote hym ony the one syde of the hede that he felle doune in a swoune to the groundy / Soo thenne syre launcelot took his swerdy oute of his handy andy stroke his neck fro the body/Thenne cryedy the lady/ Allas whyy hast thou slayne myy husbandy/I am not causer saydy syre launcelot/ for with falsy hede ye woldy haue hady slayne me with treson / andy nowy it is fallen ony you bothe / Andy thenne she sounedy as though she woldy dye/And ther with al syre launcelot gate al his armoy ur as wel as he myght / andy put hit vpony hym for drede of more resorte/for he dredde that the knyghtes castel was soo nygh Andy soo as soone as he myght he took his horse andy departedy andy thankedy godi that he hady escapedy that aduenture

Capitulum xBij

So syr launcelot wode many wylde wayes thorou out
mauys and many wylde wayes / And as he wode in
a valey he salue a knyght charynge a lady with a na
ked swerde to haue slayn her / And by fortune as this knyzte
shold haue slayne thys lady she cryed on syr launcelot and
prayd hym to rescolue her / Whan syr launcelot salue that me-
schief / he took his horse and rode bytwene them / sayeng knyzte
fy for shame / why wolt thou slee this lady / thou dost shame vn
to the and alle knyghtes / what haste thou to doo betwyx me &
my wyf / sayd the knyght / I wylle slee her maugre thy hede /
that shalle ye not sayd syr launcelot / for rather we two wylle
haue adoo to gyders / Syre Launcelot sayd the knyght thow
doest not thy part / for this lady hath bytrayed me / hit is not
so sayd the lady / truly he sayth wronge on me / And for by cau-
ise I loue and cherysshe my cosyn germayne / he is jalous
betwixe hym and me / And as I shalle ansuer to gody there
was neuer synne betwyxe vs / But sir sayd the lady as thou
arte called the worshipfullest knyghte of the worlde I requy
re the of true knyzthode kepe me and saue me / For what som
euer ye saye he wyl slee me / for he is without mercy / haue ye
no doubte sayd launcelot it shal not lye in his power / Syr sa-
yd the knyghte in your syghte I wyl be ruled as ye wylle
haue me / And soo sir launcelot rode on the one syde and she on
the other / he hadd not ryden but a whyle / but the knyghte badde
sir Launcelot torne hym and loke behynde hym / and sayde syre
yonder come men of armes after vs rydynge / And soo sir la-
uncelot tornedd hym and thoughte no treason / and there wyth
was the knyghte and the lady on one syde / & sodenly he swap
ped of his ladyes hede / And whan syr Launcelot badde aspy-
ed hym what he hadd done / he sayd and called hym traytour
thou hast shamed me for euer / and sodenly sir launcelot alyzte
of his hors and pulled oute hys swerd to slee hym / and there
with al he felle flat to the erthe / and gryped sir launcelot by
the thyes and cryed mercy / Fy on the sayd sir launcelot thow
shameful knyght thou mayst haue no mercy / and therfor ary-
se and fyghte with me / nay sayde the knyghte I wyl neuer
aryse tyl ye graunte me mercy / Now wyl I profer the fayr sa
id launcelot I wyl vnarme me vnto my shirte / and I wylle

haue nothyng vpon me/but my sherte and my sliverd and my hand/And yf thou canst flee me/quyte be thou for euer/nay sir said Pedyuere that wille I neuer/ Wel said sir Launcelott take thi is lady and the hede/and here it vpon the/and here shalt thou swere vpon my sliverd to here it alweyes vpon thy back and neuer to reste tyl thou come to quene Gueneuer/ Syre said he that wyle I do by the feithe of my body/Now said launcelot telle me what is your name/sir my name is Pedyuere/In a shamefull houre were thou borne said launcelot/ Soo Pedyuere departed with the dede lady and the hede/and sond the quene with kynge Arthur at wynchestre/and there he told alle the trouthe/Syre knyzt said the quene this is an horryble dede and a shamefull/ and a grete rebuke vnto sire launcelott But not withstondynge his worshipis not knowen in many dyuerse countreyes / but this shalle I gyue you in penaunce make ye as goode skyfte as ye can ye shal here this lady with you on horsback vnto the pope of Rome / and of hym receyue your penaunce for your fouke dedes/ and ye shalle neuer reste one nyghte there as ye doo another/and ye goo to ony bedde the dede body shal lye with you/this othe swere he made and soo departed/And as it telleth in the frenssh booke/whan he cam to Rome/the pope badde hym goo ageyne vnto quene Gueneuer and in Rome was his lady beryed by the popes commaundement/And after this sir Pedyuere felle to grete goodnesse/ & was an holy man and an hermyte

Capitulum xviij

Nowe torne we vnto sir launcelot du lake that came home two dayes afore the feest of Pentecost/and the kyng and alle the courte were passynge fayne of his comynge / And whanne sire Gawayne/sir Agrauayne/sire Sagramore/sir Ector de marys salue sire Launcelot in Kayes armour/ thenne they wist wel it was he that smote hem doune al with one spere/ Thenne there was laughyng and smylyng amonge them / and euer nowe and nowe came alle the knyghtes home that sir Turquyn hadde prysoners and they alle honoured and worshipped syre launcelot/ Whanne sir Gaherys herd them

ſpeke/he ſaid/I ſalve alle the batayille from the begynnyng to the endynge/and there he told kyng Arthur alle how it was and how ſyre Turquyn was the ſtrongeſt knyghte that euer he ſalve except ſyre launcelot/there were many knyghtes haue hym record nyghe thre ſcore/ Thenne ſire kay told the kynge/ how ſyr launcelot had reſcowed hym when he ſholde haue ben ſlayne/ and how he made the knyghtes yelde hem to me/and not to hym/And there they were al thre/and haue record/and by Jheſu ſaid ſyr kay by cauſe ſyr launcelot took my harneis and lefte me his/I rode in good pees/and no man wold haue ado with me/ ¶Anone there with alle ther came the thre knyghtes that fought with ſyre launcelot at the longe bridge And there they yelded hem vnto ſyr kay/ and ſir kay forſoke hem and ſaid he foughte neuer with hem/but I ſhalle eaſe your herte ſaid ſir kay/yonder is ſyr launcelot that ouercam you when they wyſt that/they were glad/And thenne ſyr Melyot de logrys came home/and told the kynge how ſyr launcelot had ſaued hym fro the dethe/ and all his dedes were knowen how foure quenes ſorcereſſes had hym in pryſon/and how he was delyuerd by kynge Bagdemagus doughter/Alſo there were told alle the grete dedes of armes that ſyr launcelot dyd betwixe the two kynges/that is for to ſaye the kynge of north galys and kynge Bagdemagus Alle the trouthe ſyr Gahalantyne dyd telle/and ſyre Mador de la porte and ſyre Mordred/for they were at that ſame turnement/ ¶Thenne cam in the lady that knewe ſyr launcelot when that he wounded ſyr Bellyus at the pauelione / And there atte requeſt of ſyr launcelot ſyr Bellyus was made knyghte of the round table /
And ſoo at that tyme ſir launcelot had the grettſt name of ony knyghte of the world/and moſt he was honoured of hyghe and lowe

¶Explicit the noble tale of ſyr Launcelot du lake which is the vj book

¶Here followeth the tale of ſyr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Braumayns by ſyr kay / and is the ſeuenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

WHan Arthur held his rounde table moost ple-
nour/it fortuned that he commaunded that the
hyghe feest of Pentecost shold be holden at a cy-
te and a Castel the whiche in tho dayes was
called kynke kenadonne vpon the sondes that
marched nyghe walys/¶ Soo euer the kyng hadde a custom
that at the feest of Pentecost in especyal afore other feestes in
the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete vntyl he hadde herde
or sene of a grete merueylle / And for that custome alle ma-
ner of straunge aduentures came before Arthur as at that fe-
est before alle other feestes/And soo sire Galvayne a lytyl to
fore none of the daye of Pentecost aspyed att a wyndowe thre
men vpon horsback and a dwarf on foote/ and soo the thre men
alighte and the dwarf kepte their horses/and one of the thre
men was hyer than the other twoeyne by a foote and an half
Thenne sir Galvayne went vnto the kynge and sayd/sire go
to your mete/for here at the hande comen straunge aduentures
So Arthur went vnto his mete with many other kynges /
And there were alle the knyghtes of the round table only tho
that were prysoners or slayn at a recounter/thenne at the hy-
he feest euermore they shold be fulfilled the hole nombre of an
C and fyfty/for thenne was the round table fully compliſſhed
Ryght soo cam in to the halle two men wel biſene and ryche-
ly/and vpon their sholders there lened the goodlyest yong man
e the fairest that euer they al salve /e he was large and longe
and brode in the sholders e wel vysaged / and the fayreſt and
the largeſt handed that euer man salve/but he ferd as though
he myght not goo nor bere hym self/ but yf he lened vpon their
sholders/Anon as Arthur salve hym there was made pees e
rome/e ryght so they yede with hym vnto the hyghe deyse with
out sayeng of ony wordes/ Thenne this mocke yong man pul-
led hym a bak and easily stretched vp streyghte / sayeng kynge
Arthur god you blesse and al your fair felauſhip/and in espe
cial the felauſhip of the table rounde/ And for thys cauſe I
am come hyder to praye you and requyre you to gyue me thre
yeftes/and they shalle not be vnreſonably asked / but that ye
may wo ſhipfully and honorably graunte hem me/and to you

no grete hurte nor losse/And the fyrst done and gyfte I will aske now/and the other two yeftes I wylle aske this daye twelue moneth/where someuer ye holde your hygh feest/ Now aske sayde Arthur/and ye shalle haue your askyng

¶ Now syre this is my petycyon for this feest/ that ye wylle gyue me mete and drynke suffycyauntly for this twelue moneth/and at that day I wylle aske myn other two yeftes

¶ My fayr sone sayde Arthur aske better I counceille the for this is but a symple askynge/ for my herte geueth me to the gretely that thou arte come of men of worshyp / and gretely my consayte fayleth me/ but thou shalt preue a man of ryghte grete worshyp/ Syre he sayde/ther of be as it be may I haue as kede that I wylle aske/ wel sayde the kynge ye shal haue mete & drynke ynouz/ I neuer deffende de ne my foo / But what is thy name I wolde wete/ I can not telle you sayde he/ that is merueylle sayde the kynge / that thou knowest not thy name/and thou arte the goodlyest yong man one that euer I salve/ Thenne the kyng betook hym to sir kay the stewarde / and charged hym that he sholde gyue hym of al maner of metes and drynkes of the best/ and also that he hadde al maner of fyndynge as though he were a lordes sone/that shal lyte nede sayd syr kay to doo suche cost vpon hym for I dare vndertake he is a vylayne borne/and neuer will make man/for and he had come of gentylmen he wolde haue axed of you hors and armour/ but suche as he is so he asketh And sythen he hath no name/ I shall yeue hym a name that shal be Beaumayns that is fayre handes/and in to the kechen I shalle brynge hym / and there he shal haue fatte brolbeys euery day y he shall be as fatte by the twelue monethes ende as a porke hog / ryght soo the two men departed and lefte hym to syr kay/that scornede hym and mocked hym ¶ Ca ij

Here at was sir Galvayn wroth/& in especyal sir Launcelot bad sir kay leue his mockyng / for I dare laye my hede he shall preue a man of grete worshyp/lete be/ said sir kay/it may not be by no reason/for as he is/so he hath asked/ Beware said syre Launcelot/ so ye gafe the good knyzt Garnor syre Dynadamys broder a name /and ye called hym la cote male tayle / and that wurned you to anger after

ward/ As for that sayd syr kay this shall neuer prue none
sucke/ For syr Brewnor desyred euer worshyp and thys desy-
reth bred & drynke/ & brothe vpon payne of my lyf he was
fostred vp in some abbay/ and holy someuer it was they fay
led mete and drynke/ and soo hyther he is come for his sus-
tenaunce ¶ And soo syre kay badde gete hym a
place and sytte doune to mete/ soo Beaumayns went to the
halle dore/ and sette hym doune amonge boyes and laddys/ &
there he ete sadly/ And thenne syre launcelot after mete badde
hym come to his chamber/ And there he shold haue mete and
drynke ynough/ And soo dyd syre Gawayne/ but he refusyd
hem al/ he wold doo none other) but as syr kay commaundyd
hym for no profer/ But as touchynge syre Gawayn he hadde
reson to profer hym lodgyng mete and drynke/ for that profer
came of his blood/ for he was new kynne to hym than he wyst
But that as syre launcelot dyd was of his grete gentylnes
and curtoysye ¶ Soo thus he was putte in to the
kechyn and laye nyghtly as the boyes of the kechen dyd/
And soo he endured alle that twelue moneth/ and neuer dis-
pleasyd man nor chylde/ but allweyes he was meke & mylde/
But euer whanne that he salve ony justynge of knyghtes/
that wold he see and he myght/ And euer syre launcelot wold
gyue hym gold to spende and clothes/ and soo dyd syre Ga-
wayne/ and where there were ony maystreys done/ there atte
wold he be/ and there myghte none cast darte nor stone to hym
by two yerdys/ Thenne wold syre kay saye holy lyketh yow
my boye of the kechyn/ soo it past on tyl the feest of Whytson-
tyde/ And at that tyme the kynge helde hit att Carlyon in the
moost royalleste wyse that myghte be/ lyke as he dyd yerly/
But the kynge wold no mete ete vpon the whyysonday vn
tyl he herd some aduentures/ Thenne cam ther a squyer to the
kyng/ and said/ syre ye maye goo to your mete/ for here cometh
a damoysel with somme straunge aduentures/ thenne was the
kynge glade and sette hym doune/ ¶ Rygh te soo ther came
a damoysel in to the halle and salewed the kynge and prayd
hym of socour/ for whome sayd the kynge what is the aduen
ture/ ¶ Syre she sayd I haue a lady of grete worshyp and
tenomme/ and she is beseged with a tyraunte so that she may

not oute of her caſtel / And by cauſe here are callyd the no-
bleſt knyghtes of the worlde/ I come to you to praye you of
ſocour/What heteth your lady and where dwelleth ſhe / & who
is he/& what is his name that hath beſegedy her/ ſyre kyng ſhe
ſaide/as for my ladyes name that ſhal not ye knowe for me
as at this tyme/but I lete you wete ſhe is a lady of grete wor-
ſhip and of grete landes/ And as for the tyraunt that hyſy-
geth her and deſtroyeth her landes he is calledy the rede knyght
of the reed launde s/I knowe hym not ſaydy the kynge/Syre
ſaid ſyre Gawayne/ I knowe hym wel for he is one of the pe-
rillouſt knyghtes of the worldy / men ſaye that he hath ſeuen
mennys ſtrengthe/andy from hym I eſcapedy ones ful hardy/
with my lyf/ Fayre damoyſel ſaydy the kynge there ben knyg-
tes here wolde doo her power for to reſcowe your lady/ but by
cauſe ye wylle not telle her name nor where ſhe dwelleth/ ther-
for none of my knyghtes that here be nowe ſhal goo with yow
by my wylle/thenne muſt I ſpeke further ſaydy the damoyſel

Capitulum iij

Wyth theſe wordes came before the kynge Beaumayns
whyle the damoyſel was ther/& thus he ſaid ſyr kyng
god thanke you I haue ben this yere monethe in your kechyn
and haue hadde my ful ſuſtenaūce andy nowe I wille aſke my
two yeftes that ben kehynde/ Aſke vpon my peryl ſaid the ky-
nge/Syre this ſhal be my two gyftes/ fyrſt that ye wil gra-
unte me to haue this aduenture of the damoyſel/for hit belon-
geth vnto me/thou ſhalt haue hit ſaydy the kyng I graunte it
the/thenne ſyr this is the other yeft/that ye ſhal hyde Launce
lot du lake to make me knyzt for of hym I wil be made kny-
ght andy elo of none/And whanne I am paſte I praye yow
lete hym ryde after me and make me knyght/whan I requy
re hym/Al this ſhal be done ſayd the kynge/ Fy on the ſayde
the damoyſel/ſhalle I haue none but one that is your kechyn
page/ thenne was ſhe wrothe and toke her hors and departed /
And with that there cam one to Beaumayns and toldy hym
his hors and armour was come for hym / and there was the
dwarf come with all thyng that hym nedey in the ryche ſt ma-
ner/ther at al the court had moche merueille fro whens cam al ꝑ

gere/Soo whanne he was armed there was none but selfe soo goodely a man as he was/and ryght soo as he came in to the halle and took his leue of kyng Arthur & sir Galwayn & syr launcelot/and prayed that he wolde hyhe after hym/ and soo departed and rode after the damoysel

Capitulum iiij

But there went many after to beholde how wel he was horsed and trapped in clothe of gold/but he had neyther shelde nor spere/Thenne syr kay sayd al open in the halle I wylle ryde after my boye in the kechyn to wete / whether he wylle knowe me for his better/Said syr launcelot and sir gawayn yet abyde at home/So syr kay made hym redy and took his hors and his spere and rode after hym/ And ryght as Beumayns ouertook the damoysel/ryght soo cam syre kay & sayd Beumayns what syre knowe ye not me/ Thenne he horned his hors/and knelwe hit was sir kay/that had done hym alle the despyte as ye haue herde afore]/ ye sayd beumayns I knowe yow for an vngentyl knyght of the courte/and therfore kelware of me / There with syre kay putte his spere in the reste/and ranne strepghte vpon hym/and beaumayns cam as fast vpon hym with his swerd in his hand/ and soo he putte alwey his spere with his swerdand with a foyne thrested hym thorou the syde/that syr kay felle doune as he had ben dede / & he alyght doune and took sir kayes shelde and his spere/ and starte vpon his owne hors and rode his waye / Al that salwe syr launcelot and soo dyde the damoysel/ And thenne he badde his dwarf starte vpon sir kayes hors/and soo he dyde /|by that syre Launcelot was come/thenne he profered sir laũcelot to juste/and eyther made hem redy/ and they came to gyder soo fyersly that eyther lawe doune other to the erthe / and sore wery they hrysed/ Thenne sir launcelot awse and halpe hym fro his hors And thenne beaumayns thrwe his shelde from hym/and profered to fyghte with sir launcelot on foote/and soo they rasshed to gyders lyke boris tracynge / rasynge and foynynge to the

mountenaunce of an houre / and syre launcelot felte hym soo hygge that he merueylled of his strengthe / for he fought more lyker a gyaunt than a knyght / and that his fyghtynge was durable and passynge perillous / For syr launcelot had so mo che adoo with hym that he dred hym self to be shamed / and sayd Beaumayns fyghte not so sore / youre quarel and myn is not soo grete but we may leue of / Truly that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / but it doth me good to fele your myght / and yet my lord I shelde not the vttermaunce

Capitulum quintum

IN goddes name sayd syr launcelot / for I promyse you by the feythe of my body I had as moche to doo as I myght to saue my self fro you vnshamed / and therfore haue ye no doubte of none erthely knyghte / Hope ye so that I maye ony whyle stande a prouedy knyght sayd Beaumayns / ye sayd Launcelot / doo as ye haue done / and I shal be your warant / Thenne I praye you sayd Beaumayns yeue me the order of knyghthode / thenne must ye telle me your name seyd launcelot / and of what kynne ye be borne / Syr soo that ye wylle not discouer me I shal sayd Beaumayns / nay sayd syre launcelot / and that I promyse you by the feithe of my body / Vn tyl hit be openly knowen / Thenne syr he sayd my name is Gareth and broder vnto syr Gawayn of fader and moder / A syr said launcelot I am more gladder of you than I was / For euer me thought ye sholde be of a grete blood / and that ye cam not to the courte neyther for mete ne for drynke / And thenne sire launcelot gaf hym thorder of knyzthode / and thenne sire Ga= weth prayd hym for to departe and lete hym goo / Soo syre launcelot departed from hym and came to syre kay and maade hym to be born home vpon his shelde / and so he was helpd hard with the lyf / and al men scorned syr kay / and in especyal sir Gawayne and syre launcelot sayd it was not his parte to re= buke no yonge man / for ful lytel knowe he of what kyth he is comen / and for what cause he came to this courte / and soo we leue syr kay and torne we vnto Beaumayns / whanne he had ouertaken the damoyfel / anone she sayd what dost thou here / thou stynkest al of the kechyn' / thy clothes ben balwdy of

the grece and kalolde that thou gayneſt in kyng Arthurs kechyn/ woneſt thou ſayd ſhe that I abolde the for yonder knyȝt that thou kylleſt/ Nay truly/ for thou ſlelveſt hym vnhappely and colvardly/ therfor torne ageyn lawdy kechyn page/ I know the vel/ for ſyre kay named the Beaumayns / vvhat arte thou but a luſke and a tyrner of brockes and a ladyl veſſher Damoyſel ſayd Beaumayns ſaye to me vvhat ye vvylle / I vvylle not goo from you vvhat ſomeuer ye ſay/ for I haue vndertake to kynge Arthur for to acheue your aduenture/ and ſo ſhal I fynyſſhe it to the ende/ eyther I ſhal dye therfore / Fy on the kechyn knaue vvolt thou fynyſſhe myn aduenture/ thou ſhalt anone be met vvith al / that thou vvolde not for alle the grothe that euer thou ſoupeſt ones loke hym in the face/ I ſhal aſſaye ſayd Beaumayns/ Soo thus as they rode in the vvode/ ther came a man fleynge al that euer he myght/ vvhether vvolt thou ſayd Beaumayns/ O lord he ſaid/ helpe me/ for here by in a ſlade are ſyxe theues that haue taken my lord and bounde hym/ ſoo I am aferd leſt they vvyl ſlee hym/ Bryng me thyder ſaid Beaumayns / and ſoo they rode to gyders vntyl they came there as vvas the knyght bounden/ and thenne he rode vnto hem/ and ſtrake one vnto the dethe/ and thenne an other/ and at the thyrd ſtroke he ſlelve the thyrde theef/ and thenne the other thre fledde / And he rode after hem/ and he ouertook hem/ and thenne tho thre theues tourned ageyne and aſſayled Beaumayns hard/ but at the laſt he ſlelve them/ & retorned and vnbounde the knyght/ And the knyght thanked hym/ and prayd hym to ryde vvith hym to his caſtel there a lytel beſyde/ and he ſhold vvorſhipfully relvarde hym for his good dedes/ Syr ſayd Beaumayns I vville no relvard haue / I vvas this day made knyght of noble ſyr launcelot / & therfor I vylle no relvard haue/ but god relvarde me / And alſo I muſt fololde this damoyſel/ And vvhan he came nyghe her ſhe bad hym ryde fro her/ for thou ſmellyſt al of the kechyn/ Weneſt thou that I haue Joye of the/ for al this dede that thou haſt done nys but myſhappen the/ But thou ſhalt ſee a ſyght ſhal make the torne ageyne and that lyghtly / Thenne the ſame knyght vvhiche vvas reſcolved of the theues rode after that damoyſel and prayed her to lodge vvith hym alle that nyghte And by cauſe it vvas new nyght/ the damoyſel rode vvith hym

to his castel/and there they had grete chere/and at souper the knyght sat syr Beaumayns afore the damoisel/Fy fy said she syr knyghte ye are vncurtoys to sette a kechyn page afore me hym byseemeth better to stycke a swyne than to sytte afore a damoysel of hyghe parage/thenne the knyght was ashamed atter her wordes/and took hym vp/and sette hym at a syde bord/ and sette hym self afore hym/and soo al that nyght they had good chere and mery reste/

Capitulum septum

And on the morn the damoisel & he took their leue & thanked the knyght / and soo departed / and rode on her way/vntyl they came to a grete forest/ And there was a grete ryuer and but one passage/and ther were redy two knyghtes on the ferther syde to lette them the passage/what saist thou sayd the damoysel/ wylt thou matche yonder knyghtes or worne ageyne/ Nay sayd syr Beaumayns I wyl not worne ageyn and they were syxe mo/And ther with al he rasshyd in to the water/ and in myddes of the water eyther brake their speres vpon other to their handes/and thenne they drewe their swerdes/and smote egerly at other/And at the last syr Beaumayns smote the other vpon the helme that his hede stonyed/and there with alle he felle doune in the water / and there was he drowned/And thēne he sprong his hors vpon the londe/where the other knyghte felle vpon hym/and brake his spere/and soo they drewe theyr swerdes/and foughte longe to gyders
At the laste syre Beaumayns clafe his helme and his hede doune to the sholders/and soo he rode vnto the damoysel & bad her ryde forth on her way/ Allas she sayd that euer a kechen page shold haue that fortune to destroye suche two douzty knyghtes/thou weneste thou hast done doughtely that is not soo/ For the fyrste knyghte his hors stumbled / and there he was drowned in the water/and neuer it was by thy force / nor by thy myght/ And the last knyghte by mysiyp thou camyst behynde hym and myshappely thou slewe hym/Damoysel sayd Beaumayns ye maye saye what ye wyl/but with whom someuer I haue a do with al I truste to god to serue hym or he

expart/ And therfor I recke not what ye say soo that I may wynne youre lady/ Fy fy foule kechen knaue thou shalt see knyghtes that shal abate thy boost/ Fayre damoysel gyue me goodly langage/and thenne my care is past/for what knyghtes someuer they be/I care not ne I doubte hem not/Also sayd she I saye it for thyne auayle/yet mayst thou torne ageyne with thy worship/for and thou folowe me/thou arte but slayne/for I see alle that euer thou dost is but by mysauenture/ and not by prowesse of thy handes/wel damoysel ye may say what ye wylle/but where someuer ye goo I wylle folowe you Soo this Beaumayns rode with that lady tyl euensong tyme and euer she chyde hym and wold not reste/ And they came to a blacke launde/and there was a blacke hauthorne/& theron henge a blak baner/and on the other syde there henge a blacke shelde/and by hit stode a blacke spere grete and longe/ and a grete black hors couerd with sylke/and a blacke stone fast by

Capitulum septimum

THer sat knyghte al armed in blacke harneis/ and his name was ỹ knyzt of the blak laũde/ thẽne ỹ damoysel whanne she salue that knyghte she badde hym flee doun that kaley for his hors was not sadeled/Gramercy sayd Beaumayns/for alweyes ye wold haue me a colward/With that the blacke knyghte/whanne she came nyghe hym spak/& sayd damoysel haue ye brought this knyghte of kynge Arthur to be your champyon/ Nay fayr knyghte sayd she/this is but a kechyn knane that was fedde in kynge Arthurs kechyn for almesse/Why cometh he sayd the knyghte in suche aray/hit is shame that he beeth you company/ syr I can not be delyuerd of hym sayd she/for with me he rydeth maugre myn hede/ godd wold that ye shold put hym from me/outher to slee hym and ye may/for he is an vnhappy knaue/and vnhappely he hath done this day/thorou myshappe I salue hym slee two knyghtes at the passage of the water/and other dedes he dyde beforne ryght merueylous and thorou vnhappynes/ that merueylled me sayd the blacke knyghte that ony man that is of worshyp wylle haue ado with hym/they knolde hym not sayd the damoysel/And for by cause he rydeth with me/they wene that he

be some man of worship borne/that may be/sayd the blak knyght/holde be it as ye say that he be no man of worshyp he is a ful lykely persone/and ful lyke to be a stronge man / but thus moche shal I graunte you sayd the black knyghte / I shal putte hym doune vpon one foote / and his hors and hys harneys he shal leue with me / for it were shame to me to doo hym ony more harme/Whanne syre Beaumayns herd hym saye thus/he sayd syre knyghte thou art ful large of my hors and my harneys/I lete the wete it coste the nought/& whether hit lyketh the or not this launde loyalle I passe maulgre thyn hede/And hors ne harneys getest thou none of my/ but yf thou wynne hem with thy handes/and therfor lete see what thou canst doo/Sayst thou that sayd the black knyghte/nold yelde thy lady fro the/for it besemeth neuer a kechyn page to ryde with suche a lady / Thou lyest sayd Beaumayns I am a gentyl man borne and of more hyghe lygnage than thou/& that wyl I preue on thy body/Thenne in grete wrathe they departed with theyr horses/and came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder/and the black knyghtes spere brake/and Beaumayns threste hym thorou bothe his sydes/and there with his spere brak/and the truncheon lefte sylle in his syde/But nouertheles the black knyght dreue his suerd / and smote many eger strokes and of grete myghte/and hurte Beaumayns ful sore/But at the laste the black knyghte within an houre and an half he felle doune of his hors in swonne / and there he dyed/ Andy thenne Beaumayns salue hym soo wel horsed and armed/thenne he alyghte doune and armed hym in his armour/ and soo took his hors and rode after the damoysel/ Whanne she salue hym come nyghe/she sayd alwey kechyn knaue oute of the wynde / for the smelle of thy laudy clothes greueth me/ Allas she sayd that euer suche a knaue shold by myshap slee soo goody a knyghte as thou hast done/ but alle thys is thyn vnhappynes/But here by is one shal paye the alle thy payement/and therfore yet I counceylle the/flee/it may happen me sayd Beaumayns to be beten or slayne/but I warne you fayre damoysel I wyll not flee alwey/nor leue your company for al that ye can say/for euer ye say that they wil kylle me or lete me/but howe someuer hit happeneth I escape/ and

they lye on the grounde/ And therfore it were as good for you to holde you stylle thus al day rebukynge me/for alwey wille I not tyll I see the bitermest of this journeye / or els I wylle be slayne/outher truly ketyf/therfore ryde on your waye/ For folowe you I wille what someuer happen

Capitulum octauum

Thus as they rode to gyders they salwe a knyght come dryuend by them al in grene bothe his horse & his harneis/ And whanne he came nyghe the damoysel he asked her/is that my broder the black knyzte that ye haue brought with you/ Nay nay she sayde this vnhappy kechyn knaue hath slayne your broder thorou vnhappyneſſe/ Alas sayde the grene knyghte that is grete pyte that soo noble a knyghte as he was sholde soo vnhappely be slayne/ and namely of a knaues handy as ye say that he is/a traytour sayde the grene knyghte thou shalt dye for sleynge of my broder/ he was a ful noble knyghte and his name was syr Perrard/ I defye the said Beaumayns/for I leue the weste I slewe hym knyghtely and not shamefully/ There with al the grene knyghte rode vnto an horne that was grene/and hit henge vpon a thorne/and there he blewe thre dedely motys/and there came two damoysels and armed hym lyghtly/ And thenne he took a grete hors/ and a grene shelde and a grene spere/ And thenne they ranne to gyders with al their myghtes and brake their speres vnto their handes / And thenne they drewe their swerdes/and gaf many sadde strokes/and either of them wounded other ful yll And at the last at an ouerthwart Beaumayns with his hors strake the grene knyghtes hors vpon the syde that he felle to the erthe / And thenne the grene knyghte auoyded his hors lightly/and dressid hym vpon foote/ That salwe Beaumayns And there with al he alighte and they vasshed to gyders lyke two myghty kempys a longe whyle/ and sore they bledde bothe/with that cam the damoysel / and saide my lord the grene knyghte/why for shame stande ye soo longe fyghtyng with the kechyn knaue/ Alas it is shame that euer ye were made knyghte to see suche a ladde to matche suche a knyghte / as the

lwede ouer grelue the corne/ Thew lwith the grene knyght lwas
aſtunned/and there with al he gaf a grete ſtroke of myghte &
clafe his helde thorou/Whan Beaumayns ſalue his helde clo
uen a ſonder/he lwas a lytel aſhamed of that ſtroke and of her
langage/ And thenne he gaf hym ſucke a buffet vpon the hel-
me that he felle on his knees/ And ſoo ſodenly Beaumayns
pulled hym vpon the grounde grouelynge / And thenne the
grene knyghte cryed hym mercy / and yelded hym vnto ſyre
Beaumayns/and prayd hym to ſlee hym not/ Al is my hayn
ſaid Beaumayns for thou ſhalt dye but yf this damoyſel that
came lwith me praye me to ſaue thy lyf/and ther lwith al he vn
laced his helme lyke as he lwolde ſlee hym/ Fy vpon the falſe
lechern page/I lwyll neuer pray the to ſaue his lyf/for I lwill
neuer be ſoo mocke in thy daunger/ Thenne ſtrake he dyr ſayde
Beaumayns/ Not ſoo hardy thou lalwdy knaue ſayde the da-
moyſel/that thou ſlee hym/ Allas ſayd the grene knyghte ſuf
fre me not to dye for a fayre lworde may ſaue me/ Fayr knyzt
ſaide the grene knyghte ſaue my lyf/& I lwyl forzeue the/the
dethe of my broder/and for euer to become thy man / and yyy
knyghtes that holde of me for ener ſhal doo you ſeruyſe / In
the deuyls name ſayde the damoyſel that ſucke a lalwdy lecher
knaue ſholde haue the and thyrtty knyghtes ſeruyſe/ Syr kn-
yght ſaid Beaumayns alle this auayleth the not/but yf my
damoyſel ſpeke lwith me for thy lyf/ And therlwith al he ma-
de a ſemblaunt to ſlee hym/lete be ſayde the damoyſel thou lau
dy knaue/ſlee hym not/for and thou do/thou ſhalt repente it
Damoyſel ſaide Beaumayns your charge is to me a pleaſyr
and at your commaundement his lyf ſhal be ſaued/& els not
Thenne he ſaid ſir Knyghte lwith the grene armes I releace the
quyte at this damoyſels requeſt / for I lwylle not make her
lwrothe/I lwille fulfylle al that ſhe chargeth me/ And thenne
the grene knyghte kneled doune/and dyde hym homage lwith
his ſlwerde / thenne ſaide the damoiſel me repenteth grene kny
ghte of your dommage / and of youre broders dethe the black
knyghte/for of your helpe I had grete myſter/ For I drede
me ſore to paſſe this foreſt/ Nay drede you not ſayde the grene
knyghte/ for ye ſhal lodge lwith me this nyghte/and to morne
I ſhalle helpe you thorou this foreſt / Soo they woke theym

horses and rode to his manoyr which was fast there besyde

Capitulum ix

AND euer she wbuked Beaumayns and wold not suffre hym to syte at her table/but as the grene knyght took hym and sat hym at a syde table/Meruelle me thynketh said the grene knyght to the damoysel why ye wbuke this noble knyght as ye doo/for I warne you damoysel he is a full noble knyght/and I knowe no knyght is abel to matche hym therfor ye doo grete wrong to wbuke hym/ for he shall do yow ryght good seruyse/for what someuer he maketh hym self/ye shalle preue at the ende that he is come of a noble blood and of kynges lygnage / Fy fy said the damoisel it is shame for you to saye of hym suche worshipe/Truly said the grene knyght it were shame for me to sey of hym ony dis worshipe/for he hath preued hym self a better knyght than I am/ yet haue I mett with many knyghtes in my dayes/ and neuer or this tyme haue I fond no knyght his matche/and so that nyghte they yede vnto rest/ and al that nyght the grene knyght commaunded thyrtty knyghtes pryuely to watche Beaumayns for to kepe hym from al treason/And soo on the morne they al awose and herd their masse and brake theyr fast/and thenne they tooke their horses/and rode on theire waye/ and the grene knyghte conueyed hem thorou the forest / and there the grene Knyghte said my lord Beaumayns I & these thyrtty knyghtes shall be allweye at your somons both erly and late at your callyng and whether that euer ye wille sende vs/it is wel said / sayd Beaumayns / whanne that I calle vpon you/ye must yelde you vnto kynge Arthur and alle your knyghtes/ yf that ye so commaunde vs/ We shal ben redy at alle tymes said the grene knyght/ Fy fy vpon the in the deuyls name saide the damoysel that ony good knyghtes shold be obedyent vnto a lechyn knaue/Soo thenne departed the grene Knyghte and the damoysel/ And thenne she said vnto Beaumayns why folowest thou me thou lechyn boye/caste alway thy shelde and thy spere/and flee alweye/yet I counceille the by tymes or thou shalt say ryght soone Allas for were thou as wyse as euer was wade

or Launbot/ Trystram/ or the goody knyghte syr lamaryk thou shalt not passe a pas here that is called the pas perillous / Damoysel saidy Beaumayns who is aferdy lete hym flee / for it were shame to torne ageyne sythen I haue ryden soo longe with yolu/ wel said the damoysel ye shal sone whether ye wyll or nol

¶ Capitulum x

SOo within a whyle they salve a toure as whyte as ony snolve wel matched coldy al aboute / andy doubel dyky / Andy ouer the toure gate there henge a fyfty shyldes of dyuerse colours/ and vnder that toure there was a fayr medow Andy therin were many knyghtes andy squyers to behold saf foldes andy pauelions/ for there vpon the morn sholdy be a gre te turnement/ andy the lordy of the toure was in his castel and lokedy out at a wyndowe/ andy salve a damoysel/ a dwarf and a knyzt armedy at al poyntes/ So godly me helpe saidy the lordy with y knyzt wyll I juste/ for I see that he is a knizt armū & soo he armedy hym andy horsedy hym hastely/ Andy whanne he was on horsback with his shelde andy his spere/ it was al re de lothe his hors andy his harneis/ andy alle that to hym longeth/ Andy whanne that he came nyghe hym he wendy it hadde ben his broder the black knyghte/ Andy thenne he cryedy a loude broder what doo ye in these marches/ nay nay saydy the damoy sel/ it is not he/ this is but a lechyn knaue that was brought vp for almesse in kynge Arthurs courte / Neuertheles saydy the redy knyghte I wylle speke with hym or he departe/ A saydy the damoysel this knaue hath kylledy thy broder / andy syre kay namedy hym Beaumayns/ andy this hors andy this har neis was thy broders the black knyghte/ Also I salve thy bro der the grene knyghte ouercome of his handes / Nolu maye ye be reuengedy vpon hym/ for I may neuer be quyte of hym

¶ With this eyther knyghtes departedy in sondre/ and they cam to gyder with alle their myght/ andy eyther of their horses fell to the erthe/ and they auoydedy their horses/ andy put their shel des afore them andy drelve their swerdes/ aud either gaf other sadde strokes/ nolu here/ nolu there/ rasyng/ tracyng/ foynynge andy hurlynge lyke two bores the space of two houres/ Andy thenne she cryed on hyze to the rede knyghte/ Alas thou noble

rede knyght/thynke what worship hath followed the/lete ne uer a lechyn knaue endure the soo longe as he doth / Thenne the rede knyght wayed wrothe and doubled his stroles and hurte Beaumayns wonderly sore that the blood ranne doune to the grounde that it was wonder to see that stronge bataille / Yet at the last syre Beaumayns strake hym to the erthe/and as he wold haue slayne the rede knyght he cryed mercy sayng Noble knyght slee me not/ and I shall yelde me to the with fyfty knyghtes with me that be at my commaundement And I forgyue the al the despyte that thou hast done to me/ and the dethe of my broder the black knyght/All this auailleth not said Beaumayns/but yf my damoysel praye me to saue thy lyf/And therwith he maade semblaunt to stryke of his hede/Lete be thou Beaumayns slee hym not/for he is a noble knyght/and not soo hardy vpon thyne hede but thou saue hym/Thenne Beaumayns badde the rede knyght stande vp and thanke the damoysel now of thy lyf/¶ Thenne the rede knyght praid hym to see his castel/ and to be there al nyght Soo the damoysel thenne graunted hym/and there they had mery chere/But alweyes the damoysel spak many foule wordes vnto Beaumayns wherof the rede knyght had grete merueylle / and alle that nyght the rede knyghte maade there score knyghtes to watche Beaumayns that he sholde haue no shame nor vylony/And vpon the morne they herde masse and dyned/and the rede knyghte came before Beaumayns with his thre score knyghtes/and there he profered hym his homage and feaute at al tymes he and his knyghtes to doo hym seruyse/I thanke you said Beaumayns / but this ye shalle graunte me/whanne I calle vpon you to come afore my lorde kynge Arthur and yelde you vnto hym to be his knyghtes/ Syr said the rede knyghte I wille be redy and my felaushyp at your somons/So syr Beaumayns departed and the damoysel and euer she wold chydynge hym in the foulest maner/

Capitulum vj

DAmoysel said Beaumayns ye are vnaurteis so to me/ Reuke me/as ye doo / for me semeth I haue done you good seruyse/and euer ye threate me I shal be keteyn with knyghtes that we mete/ but euer for al your boost they lye in the duste or in the myre/and therfor I pray you vbuke me no more/And whan ye see me beten or yolden as recreaūt thenne may ye hyde me goo from you shamefully/ but fyrste I lete you wete I wylle not departe from you / for I were werse than a foole and I wold departe from you alle the whyle that I wynne worship/wel said she/ryght soone ther shalle mete a knyght shal paye the alle thy wages/for he is the moste man of worship of the worlde excepte kyng Arthur/I wille wel said Beaumayns / the more he is of worship / the more shalle be my worship to haue adoo with hym/ Thenne anone they were ware/Where was afore them a Cyte ryche and fayre And betwixe them and the Cyte a myle and an half there was a fayre medowe that semed nelye moyen/and therin were many pauelions fayre to beholde/Lo said the damoysel yonder is a lord that olweth yonder cyte/and his custome is whan the weder is fayr to lye in this medowe to juste and tourneye/ And euer there ben aboute hym fyue hondred knyghtes & gentilmen of armes/and there ben alle maner of games that ony gentylman can deuyse / That goodly lord saide Beaumayns wold I fayne see / thou shalt see hym tyme ynough saide the damoysel / and soo as she wente nere she aspyed the pauelione / where he was/ Loo sayd she seest thou yonder pauelione that is al of the colour of Inde and al maner of thynge that there is about men and wymmen/and horses trapped/shyldes and speres were alle of the colour of Inde and his name is sir persant of Inde the mooste lordlyeste knyghte that euer thou lokest on/That may wel be said Beaumayns/but be he neuer so stoute a knyghte in this felde / I shalle abyde tyl that I see hym vnder his shelde/A foole said she thou were better flee by tymes/why sayd Beaumayns and be he suche a knyghte as ye make hym he wylle not sette vpon me with alle his men / or with his/v/C knyghtes/ For and ther come no more but one

at ones/I ſhall hym not fayle whyleſt my lyf laſteth/ Fy fy ſaidȝ the damoyſel that euer ſucke a ſtynkynge knaue ſholdȝ wolue ſucke a booſt/Damoyſel he ſaidȝ ye ar to blame ſoo to re-buke me/ Forȝ I hadȝ leuer do fyue batailes/than ſo to be rebu-kedȝ/ lete hym come andȝ thenne lete hym doo his werſt / Syre ſhe ſaidȝ I merueylle what thou arte andȝ of what kyn thou arte come/boldly thou ſpekeſt/andȝ boldly thou haſt done/that haue I ſene/therfore I praye the ſaue thy ſelf andȝ thou ma-yſt/for thy horſe andȝ thou haue hadȝ grete trauaylle/ Andȝ I drede we dwelle ouer longe from the ſege/For hit is but hens ſeuen myle/andȝ alle perillous paſſages we ar paſt ſaue al on-ly this paſſage/ andȝ here I drede me ſore leſt ye ſhalle ketche ſome hurte/therfore I woldȝ ye were hens that ye were not bra-kedȝ nor hurte with this ſtronge knyghte/But I lete you wo-te this ſyr Perſant of ynde is no thyng of myȝte nor ſtrength Vnto the knyghte that leidȝ the ſyege aboute my lady/ As for that ſaid ſyre Beaumayns be it as it be may / For ſythen I am come ſoo nyghe this knyght I wille preue his myghte or I departe from hym/and els I ſhalle be ſhamedȝ/andȝ I nolde withdrawe me from hym / Andȝ therfore damoyſel haue ye no doubte by the grace of godȝ I ſhall ſo dele with this kny-ghte that within two houres after none I ſhalle delyuer hym Andȝ thenne ſhal we come to the ſyege by day lyghte /O Ihe-ſu merueille haue I ſaid the damoyſel what maner a man ye be/for hit may neuer ben otherwyſe but that ye be comen of a noble bloodȝ / for ſoo foule ne ſhamefully dydȝ neuer womanȝ rule a knyghte as I haue done you/ andȝ euer curteiſly ye hā-ue ſuffred me/andȝ that cam neuer but of a gentyl bloodȝ/

¶ Damoyſel ſaydȝ Beaumayns a knyght may lytel do that may not ſuffre a damoiſel/for what ſomeuer ye ſaid Vnto me/ I took none hede to your wordes/for the more ye ſaydȝ the mo-re ye angrydȝ me/andȝ my wrathe I wrekydȝ vpon them that I hadȝ a doo with al/Andȝ therfor alle the myſſayenge that ye myſſayed me/forbered me in my bataill & cauſed me to thyn-ke to ſhelde & preue my ſelf at the ende what I was/for peraduentur thouȝ I had mete in kyng Arthurs kechyn/yet I myȝt haue had mete ynouȝ in other places/ but alle that I dydȝ it for to preue & aſſaye my frendes / andȝ that ſhalle be knowen

another day/ and whether that I be a gentylman borne or no/ ne/ I lete you wete fayre damoysel I haue done you gentil mans seruyse/and parauentur better seruyse yet wille I do or I departe from you// Allas she saidy fayr Beaumayns for/ gyue me alle that I haue myssaidy or done ageynst the/ wyth alle my herte saidy she I forgyue it yowe/ for ye dyde no thyngy but as ye sholdy doo/for al your euyl wordes pleasydy me/ & damoysel saide Beaumayns syn hit lyketh you to saye thus fayre vnto me/wete ye wel it gladeth my herte gretely / andy nowe me semeth ther is no knyght lyuynge but I am able y/ nough for hym

¶ Capitulum Duodecimum

Wyth this sir Persant of ynde hidy aspyed them as they houedy in the felde/andy knyztly he sente to them whe/ther he came in werre or in pees/say to thy lord said beauma/yns I take no force/but whether as hym lyst hym self / Soo the messager went ageyne vnto syr Persaunt/andy told hym alle his answer/ wel thenne will I haue adoo with hym to the vtteraunce/andy soo he purueyedy hym andy rode ageynst hym/ Andy Beaumayns/salue hym and made hym redy/& ther they mette with all that euer theyr horses myght renne/and braste their speres eyther in thre pyeces/& their horses rassed so to gy ders that bothe their horses felle dede to the erthe & lyztly they auoydedy their horses/ and put their sheldes afore them/ & drewe their swerdes/ andy gaf many grete strokes that somtyme they hurtled to gyder that they felle grouelyng on the ground Thus they fought two houres andy more that their sheldes & theyr hauberkes were al forhewen/& in many stedys they were woundedy/So at the last syr Beaumayns smote hym thorou the oost of the body / & thenne he retrayedy hym here & there & knyghtly mayntened his batail long tyme/Andy at the last though hym lothe were Beaumayns smote sir Persant aboue vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe / & thenne he lepte vpon hym ouerthwart andy vnlacedy his helme to ha/ue slayne hym/Thenne syr Persant yeldedy hym & asked hym mercy/with that cam ỹ damoisel & praid to saue his lyf/I wil wel/for it were pyte this noble knyzt shold dye/gramercy sa/dy Persaunt gentyl knyzt & damoysel/For certeynly nowe I

wote wel it was ye that slewe my broder the blacke knyght /
at the blacke thorne/he was a ful noble knyzte/his name was
syr Perardy / Also I am sure that ye are he that wanne myn
other brother the grene knyght/his name was syre Perwepe
Also ye wanne my broder the wedy knyght syr Perrymones/
And nolw syn ye haue wonne these/this shal I do for to ple-
ase you ye shal haue homage & feaute of me/& an C knyghtes
to be allweyes at your commaundement to go & ryde wheve ye
wil commaunde vs/& so they wente vnto sir Persauntes pauel
ione & dranke the wyne/& ete spyeces / & afterward sire Pers-
saunte made hym to reste vpon a bedde vntyl souper tyme/and
after souper to bedde ageyne/ whan Beaumayns was abedde
syr Persaunt had a lady a faire douzter of yviij yere of age
and there he calked her vnto hym/& charged her & commaunded
her vpon his blessynge to go vnto the knyghtes bedde/and lye
doun by his syde/& make hym no straunge chere/but good che
re/and take hym in thyne armes & kysse hym/& loke that this
be done I charge you as ye wil haue my loue & my good wil
So syr Persants doughter dyd as her fader bad her/ and soo
she wente vnto syr Beaumayns bed/& prpuely she dispoylled
her/ & leid her doune by hym/& thenne he awoke & salve her &
asked her what she was/syre she said I am sir Persants douz
ter that by the commaundement of my fader am come hyder /
Be ye a mayde or a wyf said he/ sir she said I am a clene mai
den/God defende sayd he that I sholde defoyle you to doo syre
Persaunt suche a shame / therfore fayre damoysel aryse oute of
this bedde or els I wille/Syre she said I cam not to you by
myn owne wille but as I was commaunded/ Allas said syr
Beaumayns I were a shameful knyghte and I wolde do
your fader ony dispworshyp/and so he kyst her and soo she de-
parted and came vnto syr Persant her fader / and told hym
alle how she had spedde / Truly saide syre Perzsaunt what som
euer he be/he is comen of a noble blood / and soo we leue hem
here tyl on the morne

¶ Capitulum viij

¶ Capitulum xiij

And soo on the morne the damoysel & sir Beaumayns herd masse & brake their fast/ and soo took their leue Fair damoysel said Persant Whether ward ar ye way ledyng this knyght/syr she said this knyght is goyng to the sege / that besyegeth my syster in the castel Dangerus/ A a sayd persaunt that is the knyght of the wedy launde/the whiche is the moost perylous knyght that I knowe now lyuyng/ and a man that is without mercy/and men sayen that he hath seuen mens strength/ gody saue you said he to Beaumayns from ꝑ knyght/for he doth grete wrong to that lady/and that is grete pyte/for she is one of the faireſt ladyes of the worldy/& me semeth that your damoysel is her suster/is not your name Lynet saidy he/ye sir said she/and my lady my systers name is dame Lyonesse/Now shal I telle you saidy syr Persaunt/ thys wedy knyght of the wedy laundy hath layne long at the syege wel nyghe this two yeres/ and many tymes he myght haue had her and he hady wold/ but he prolongeth the tyme to thys entent/for to haue sir laūcelot du lake to doo batail with hym or sir Trystram or syr Lamerak de galys/or syre Galvayne/& this is his taryenge soo longe at the syege/Now my lordy syre Persaunt of yndе saide the damoysel Lynet I requyre you that ye wille make this gentilmany knyght or euer he fyght with the wedy knyght/I will with all my herte said syr Persaunt and it please hym to take the ordre of knyghthode of so symple a many as I am / Sire saidy Beaumayns I thanke you for your good wil/for I am better spedy/ for certaynly the noble knyght sir Launcelot made me knyght/ A said sir Persant of a more renomedy knyghte myghte ye not be made knyghte/ For of alle knyghtes he maye be called chyef of knyghthode/& so all the world saith that betwixe thre knyghtes is departedy clerly knyghthode/that is laūcelot du lake/syr Trystram de lyones andy sir Lamerak de galis/ these here now the renommee/ there ben many other knyghtes as sir Palamydes the sarasyn andy sir Sasere his broder/Also sir Bleoberys andy sire Blamore de ganys his broder/Also syr Boos de Ganys & syr Ector de marys & sir Percyuale de galis/these & many mo ben noble kniztes/but ther be none ꝑ passe ꝑ iij aboue said/therfor god

ſpede you wel ſaid ſyr Perſant/for and ye may matche the re-
de knyghte ye ſhalle be called the fourth of the worldy/ſir ſaid
Beaumayns I wold fayne be of goody fame/and of knygh
thode/And I lete you wete I am of goody men / for I dare
ſay my fader was a noble man / and ſoo that ye wil kepe hit
in cloſe/ andy this damoyſel/I wyl telle you of what kyn I am
We wille not diſcouer you ſaid they both tyl ye commaunde vs
by the feythe we olve vnto gody/¶ Truly thenne ſaide he/ my
name is Gareth of Orkeney andy kynge Lot was my fader/&
my moder is kynge Arthurs ſyſter/her name is Dame Mor-
galuſe/and ſir Gawayne is my broder/andy ſir Agrauayne &
ſir Gaheryes/and I am the yongeſt of hem alle/ And yet wo
te not kyng Arthur nor ſir Galvayn what I am

¶ Capitulum xiiij

SOo the book ſaith/that the lady that was biſeged had
word of her ſyſters comynge by the dwerf and a kny-
ght with her/andy how he hady paſſed al the perillous paſſa-
ges/what maner a man is he ſaid the lady/he is a noble kny-
ght truly madame ſaid the dwerf andy but a yong man/but
he is as lykely a man as euer ye ſalve ony/ what is he saydy
the damoyſel/andy of what kynne is he comey / andy of whome
was he made knyghte/ Madame saidy the dWerf he is the kyn-
ges ſone of Orkeney/but his name I wille not telle you as
at this tyme/but wete ye wel of ſyre launcelot was he maade
knyght/for of none other wolde he be maade knyghte/ and ſire
Kay namedy hym Beaumayns/how eſcapedy he saidy the lady
from the bretherey of Perſaunt/¶ Madame he ſaid as a noble
knyghte sholdy/ Fyrſte he ſlewe two bretherey att a paſſage of
a water/A ſaide ſhe they were goody knyghtes but they were
murtherers/the one hyght Gherard de breuſſe/ & the other kny-
ght hyght ſir Arnolde le Brewſe/ thenne madame he wcounty-
tredy with the black knyght/andy ſlewe hym in playne batail
& ſo he toke his hors & his armour & fouzt with the grene kny-
ght & wanne hym in playn batail/& in lyke wyſe he ſerued
the wed knyzt/and aftir in the ſame wyſe he ſerued the blewe
knyzt & wan hym in playn batail/thēne ſaid the lady he hath
ouercome ſir Perſaūt of Inde/one of the nobleſt knyztes of the
world/& ỹ dwerf ſaid he hath wōne al the iiij bretherē & ſlayn

the blak knyght/and yet he dyd more to fore he ouerthrelue sir kay and lefte hym nyghe dede vpon the grounde/ Also he dyd a grete batayll with syre launcelot/and there they departed on euen handes/ And thenne syre launcelot made hym knyghte / Diuerf sayd the lady I am glade of these tydyngee/therfor go thou in an hermytage of myn here by/and there shalt thou fere with the of my wyn in two flagans of siluer/they ar of two gallons/ and also two cast of breed with fatte venefon ba ke and dynte foules/and a cop of golde here I delyuer the/ that is ryche and precyous and here all this to myn hermyta ge/and put it in the hermytes handes / And sythen go thou vnto my syster and grete her wel/and commaũde me vnto that gentyl knyghte/and praye hym to ete and to drynke and ma ke hym stronge/and say ye hym I thanke hym of his curto sye and goodenes that he wold take vpon hym suche labour for me that neuer dyd hym bounte nor curtoysye/ ¶ Also pray hym that he be of goode herte & courage/for he shalle mete with a ful noble knyghte/but he is neyther of bounte/curtoysye / nor gentylnes/for he attendyth vnto nothynge but to murther /& that is the cause I can not prayse hym nor loue hym/So this dwerf departed/ and came to syre Persant where he fond the damoysel lynet and syr Beaumayns/ and there he tolde hym alle as ye haue herd/and thenne they took theyr leue/but syr Persant took an ambelyng hacney and conueyed hem on the yr wayes/ And thenne lefte hem to god / and soo within a lytil whyle they came to that hermytage/ and there they dra nke the wyne/and ete the venefon and the foules baken/ And so whan they had repasted hem wel/ the dwerf retorned ageyn with his vessel vn to the castel ageyne/ and there mette with hym the redy knyght of the redy laundes / and asked hym from whens that he came/and where he had ben/ Syr sai yd the dwerf I haue ben with my ladyes syster of this castel and she hath ben at kynge Arthurs court / and brought a knyghte with her/thenne I accompte her trauaille but loste / For though she had brought with her syre launcelot/sir Tryf tram/syr Lamerak or syr galhayne/ I wold thynke my selfe good ynough for them alle/it may wel be said the dwerf/but this knyghte hath passed alle the perylous passages & slayn

the blacke knyght and other two mo / and wonne the grene knyght/the reed knyghte and the blewe knyghte/thenne is he one of these four that I haue afore rehersed/He is none of tho sayd the dwerf/but he is a kynges sone/what is his name sayd the reed knyght of the reed launde/that wille I not telle you seyd the dwerf/but sire kay vpon scorne named hym Beaumayns/I care not sayd the knyght What knyghte soo euer he be/for I shal soone delyuer hym / And yf I euer matche hym he shalle haue a shameful dethe as many other haue had that were pyte sayd the dwerf/ And it is merueille that ye make suche shameful warre vpon noble knyghtes

Capitulum xv.

Now leue we the knyghte and the dwerf/and speke we of Beaumayns that al nyzt lay in the hermytage / & vpon the morne he and the damoysel lynet herd theire masse/ and brake their fast/ And thenne they toke theyr horses/ and rode thorou oute a fair forest/ and thenne they came to a playne and salve where were many pauelions and tentys/ and a fayr castel/and there was moche smoke and grete noyse/and whanne they came nere the sege/ syr Beaumayns aspyed vpon grete trees as he rode/ how there henge ful goodly armed knyghtes by the neck and their sheldes aboute their neckys with their swerdes/and gylt spores vpon their heles/ and soo there henge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamefully with ful ryche armes/ Thenne sir Beaumayns abated his countenaunce & sayd what meneth this/ Fayre syre said the damoysel abate not your chere for all this syghte / for ye must courage your self or els ye ben al shente / for all these knyghtes came hyder to this sege to resolve my syster Dame lyones/and whanne the reede knyghte of the reed launde hadde ouercome hem / he putte them to this shameful dethe without mercy and pyte / And in the same wyse he wyll serue you/but yf ye quyte you the better Now Ihesu deffende me said Beaumayns from suche a vylayneus dethe and shenshyp of armes / For rather than I sholde so be farey with all/I wolde rather be slayn manly in playn

batailke/ Soo were ye better saidy the damoysel/for truste not in hym is no curtoysye but alle goth to the deth or shameful murther/andy that is pyte/for he is a ful lykely man / wel made of body / andy a ful noble knyghte of prowesse andy a lorde of grete launces andy possessions/ Truly saidy Beaumaynz/ he may wel be a goody knyghte /but he vseth shameful customs andy it is merueylle that he endureth so longe that none of the noble knyghtes of my lordy Arthurs haue not delt with hym Andy thenne they rode to the dykes andy salve them double dykedy with ful warly walkis/andy there were lodged many grete lordes nyghe the walkys/andy there was grete noyse of mynstralsy/andy the see ketyd vpon the one syde of the walles where were many shippes andy maryners noyse with shake & holve And also there was fast by a Sykamore tree/ and ther henge an horne the grettest that euer they salve of any Olyfantes bone/andy this knyght of the wedy laundy hady hangedy it vp ther that yf ther came ony aduaunt knyghte / he muste blolve that horne / andy thenne wylle he make hym redy & come to hym to doo batailke/But syr I pray you said the damoysel Lynet blowe ye not the horne tyl it be hyghe none/ for nolw it is aboute pryme/& nolw encreacedy his myghte/ that as men say he hath seuen mens strengthe/ A fy for shame fair damoisel say ye neuer soo more to me/ For andy he were as goody a knyghte as euer was I shalle neuer fayle hym in his mooste myghte/ for outher I wille wynne worship worshipfully or dye knyghtely in the felde'/ andy ther with he spordy his hors streyghte to the Sykamore tree/ andy blelve soo the horne egerly that alle the sege andy the castel range therof / Andy thenne there lepte oute knyghtes oute of their tentys andy pauelions / and they within the castel lokedy ouer the walkis andy oute att wyndowes/Thenne the wedy knyghte of the wedy laũdes armed hym hastely / andy two barons sette on his spores vpon his hekes/ andy alle was bloody wedy his armour spere andy shelde/Andy an Erle bucked his helme vpon his hede / and thenne they brought hym a rede spere andy a rede stede/andy soo he rode in to a lytyl vale vnder the castel/that al that were in the castel andy at the sege myghte beholdy the batail

Capitulum xbij

Syre sayd the damoysel Lynet vnto syr Beaumayns loke ye be glade and lyght/for yonder is your deedly enemy / and at yonder lbyndolbe is my lady my syster dame Lyones/lbhere sayd Beaumayns/yonder said the damoysel & poynted with her fynger/that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / She resemeth a ferre the fayrest lady that euer I loked vpon and truly he saide I aske no better quarel than nolb for to do bataylle/for truly she shalle be my lady/and for her I lbylle fyghte / And euer he loked vp to the lbyndolbe lbith glade countenaunce/And the lady Lyones made curtesy to hym doune do the erthe lbith holdynge vp bothe their handes / Wyth that the redy knyghte of the redy laundes callid to syr Beaumayns/leue syr knyghte thy lokynge/and beholde me I cõmaille the/for I warne the lbel she is my lady/ and for her I haue done many stronge batails/Yf thou haue so done said Beaumayns/me semeth it lbas but lbaste labour / for she loueth none of thy felauship/and thou to loue that loueth not the/ is but grete foly/ For and I vnderstode that she were not glad of my comynge/I lbolde be auysed or I dyde bataille for her/ But I vnderstande by the syegyng of this castel she may forbere thy felauship/ And therfor lbete thou lbel thou rede knyghte of the redy laundes/I loue her/and lbille resolbe her or els to dye/Saist thou that said the redy knyghte/me semeth/ thou oughte of reson to belbare by yonder knyghtes that tholb salbest hange vpon yonder trees/Fy for shame said Beaumayns that euer thou sholdest saye or do so euyl/ for in that thou shamest thy self and knyghthode/and thou mayst be sure ther lbylle no lady loue the that knolbeth thy lbyckedy custommes And nolb thou lbenest that the syghte of these hanged knyghtes sholde fere me/Nay truly not so/that shameful syght causeth me to haue courage and hardynes ageynste the more than I lbolde haue had ageynst the/ and thou lbere a lbel ruledy knyght/make the redy said the redy knyghte of the red laũdes/and talke no lenger lbith me/ Thnne syre Beaumayns lade the damoysel goo from hym/and thenne they putte their speres in their reystes and came to gyders lbith alle their myzt

that they had bothe/and eyther smote other in mydes of their shelds that the paytrelys/sursengles/and crolopers braste / and fell to the erthe bothe / and the reynys of their brydels in their handes/ and soo they laye a grete whyle sore stonyed that al that were in the castel and in the sege wende their nec kes had ben broken/ and thenne many a straunger and other sayd the straunge knyzt was a bygge man/ and a noble Jus ter / for or nolb we salve neuer noo knyghte matche the wedy knyghte of the wedy laundes/ thus they sayd bothe within the castel and without/thenne lyghtly they auoyded theyr hor ses and put their shelds afore them/ and drelbe their swerdes and ranne to gyders lyke tlvo fyers lyons/ and eyther gafe other suche buffets vpon their helmes that they relyd backward bothe tlvo strydys/and thenne they recouerd bothe and helpe grete pyeces of theire harneis and theire shelds/ that a grete parte felle in to the felds

Capitulum xbij

And thenne thus they foughte tyl it was past none / and neuer wold stynte tyl att the laste they lacked wynde bothe/ and thēne they stode wagyng and scatryng pon tyng/blolopnge and bledynge that al that behelde them for the moost party wepte for pyte/ Soo whan they had restyd them a whyle/they yede to batailke ageyne/ tracyng racyng foynyng as two bores / And at some tyme they woke their renne as hit had ben two rammys & hurtled to gyders that somtyme they felle grouelyng to the erthe/ And at somtyme they were so as masedy that eyther wok others swerdy in stede of his owne / Thus they endured tyl euensong tyme / that there was none that beheld them myghte knowe whether was lyke to wynne the batail/and their armour was so fer helpen that men myzt see their nakedy sydes /and in other places /they were nakedy / But euer the nakedy places they dydy defende/and the rede knyghte was a wyly knyght of werre/and his wyly fyghtyng taughte syr Beaumayns to be wyse/ but he aboughte hit fulle sore or he dydy aspye his fyghtynge) And thus by assente of them bothe they graunted eyther other to rest/and so they sette

hem doune vpon two molle hylles there beſyde the fyghtynge place/and eyther of hem vnlaced his helme/and toke the cold wynde/for either of their pages was faſt by them to come with they called to vnlace their harneis and to ſette hem on ageyn at their commaundement/And thenne whan ſyr Beaumayns helme was of/he loked vp to the wyndowe/and there he ſalve the faire lady Dame Eyones/and ſhe made hym ſuche countenaunce that his herte wayed lyghte and joly/and ther with he lady the reed knyghte of the reed laundes make hym redy and lete vs doo the bataille to the vtteraunce/I will wel ſaid the knyghte/and thenne they laced vp their helmes/and their pages auoyded/& they ſtepte to gyders & foughte freſſhely/ but the reed knyghte of the reed laundes alwayted hym/ & at an ouerthwart ſmote hym within the hand/that his ſwerd felle oute of his hand/and yet he gaf hym another buffet vpon the helme that he felle grouelynge to the erthe / & the reed knyghte felle ouer hym/for to holde hym doune/ Thenne cryed the maiden Eynet on hyghe/ O ſyr Beaumayns where is thy courage become/ Alas my lady my ſyſter beholdeth the and ſhe ſobbeth and wepeth/that maketh myn herte heuy/when ſyr Beaumayns herd her ſaye ſoo/he abrayed vp with a grete myght and gate hym vpon his feet/ and lyghtely he lepte to his ſwerd and gryped hit in his hand and doubled hys paas vnto the reed knyghte and there they foughte a nelve bataille to gyder/But ſir Beaumayns thenne doubled his ſtrokes/and ſmote ſoo thyck that he ſmote the ſwerd oute of his hand/and thenne he ſmote hym vpon the helme that he felle to the erthe/and ſir Beaumayns felle vpon hym / and vnlaced his helme to haue ſlayne hym/and thenne he yelded hym and aſked mercy / and ſaid with a lowde voys O noble knyghte I yelde me to thy mercy/Thenne ſyr Beaumayns bethoughte hym vpon the knyghtes that he had made to be hanged ſhamefully/ and thenne he ſaid I may not with my worſhip ſaue thy lyf / for the ſhameful dethes that thou haſt cauſed many ful goode knyghtes to dye/Syre ſaide the reed knyghte of the reed laundes holde your hand and ye ſhalle knowe the cauſes why I put hem to ſo ſhameful a dethe/ſaye on ſaid ſir Beaumayns/Syre I haued oues a lady a faire damoiſel/and ſhe

hyd her broder slayne/and she said hit was syr launcelot du lake/or els syr galwayn/and she praide me as that I hued her hertely that I wold make her a promyse by the feith of my knyghthode for to labour dayly in armes vnto I mette with one of them/and alle that I myght ouercome I shold putte them vnto a vylaynous dethe/and this is the cause that I haue putte alle these knyghtes to dethe/and soo I ensured her to do alle the vylony vnto kynge Arthurs knyghtes/and that I shold take vengeaūce vpon alle these knyghtes and syr nolde I wille the telle that euery daye my strengthe encreaceth tylle none/and al this tyme haue I seuen mens strengthe

Capitulum xviii

Thenne came ther many Erles and Barons and noble knyghtes and praid that knyghte to saue his lyf and take hym to your prysoner/And alle they felle vpon their knees and prayd hym of mercy / and that he wolde saue his lyf/and syr they alle sayd it were fairer of hym to take homage and feaute/and lete hym holde his landes of you than for to slee hym/by his deth ye shal haue none auauntage and his myseres that ben done maye not ben vndone/ And therfor he shal make amendys to al partyes & we al wil become your men and do you homage and feaute/ Fayre lordes said Beaumayns/wete you wel I am ful lothe to slee this knyzt neuertheles he hath done passyng ylle and shamefully/ But in soo moche al that he dyd was at a ladyes requeste I blame hym the lesse/and so for your sake I wil release hym that he shal haue his lyf vpon this couenaunt/that he goo within the castel/ and yelde hym there to the lady/And yf she wil forgyue and quyte hym/I wil wel/ with this he make her amendys of al the trespas he hath done ageynst her and her landes /

And also whanne that is done that ye goo vnto the courte of kyng Arthur/and there that ye aske syr Launcelot mercy/& syr Galwayn for the euyl wil ye haue had ageynst them/sire said the red knyght of the red laundes/al this wil I do as ye commaunde/and syker assuraunce and borwes ye shal haue/And soo thenne whan the assuraunce was made/ he made

his homage and feaute/and alle the erles and barons with hym/And thenne the mayden Eynet came to syre Beaumayns/and harmed hym and serched his wounes/and stynched his blood/and in lyke wyse she dyd to the rede knyghte of the redy launes / and there they soiourned ten dayes in their tentes/and the redy knyghte made his lordes and seruauntes to doo alle the pleasyre that they myghte Vnto syre Beaumayns/ And soo within a whyle the redy knyghte of the redy launes yede Vnto the castel/and putte hym in her grace And soo she receyued hym Vpon suffysaunt seurte / so alle her hurtes were wel restored of al that she coude complayne/and thenne he departed Vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / and there openly the red knyghte of the redy launes putte hym in the mercy of syre Launcelot and syr Galhayne/ and there he told openly how he was ouercome and by whome / and al so he told alle the batails from the begynnynge Vnto the en dynge/Ihesu mercy sayd kynge Arthur and sire Galhayne we merueylle mocke of what blood he is come/for he is a noble knyghte/Haue ye no merueille saide sire Launcelot/for ye shal ryght wel wete that he is comen of a ful noble blood / and as for his myghte and hardyness ther ben but fewe nowe lyuynge that is so myghty as he is/ and so noble of prowesse It semeth by yow saidy kynge Arthur that ye knowe his name/and fro whens he is come/and of what blood he is/I suppose I doo so said Launcelot / or els I wold not haue yeuen hym thordre of knyghthode/ but he gaf me suche charge at that tyme that I shold neuer discouer hym Vntyl he requyred me or els it be knowen openly by some other

Capitulum xix

Now forne we Vnto syr Beaumayns that desyred of Eynet that he myght see her syster his lady/Syre she saidy I wold fayne ye salue her/Thenne syr Beaumayns armedy hym and toke his hors and his spere and rode streyght Vnto the castel/ And whanne he cam to the gate he fondy there many men armed and pulledy Vp the drawe brydge/ & drewe

the porte chose/ ¶ Thenne merueilled he why they wold not suffre hym to entre/ And thenne he loked vp to the wyndow And there he salue the fair Lyones that said on hyghe go thy way/ syr Beaumayns / for as yet thou shalt not haue holy my loue vnto the tyme that thou be called one of the nombre of the worthy knyghtes / And therfor goo labour in worshipp this twelue monethe/ and thenne thou shalt here nelbe tydyn ges/ Allas faire lady said Beaumayns I haue not deserued that ye shold shelue me this straungenes/ and I had wendy that I shold haue ryght good chere with you and vnto my polver I haue deserued thanke / and wel I am sure I haue boughte your loue with parte of the best blood within my body Fayre curteis knyghte said Dame Lyones/ be not displeasyd nor ouer hasty/ for wete you wel/ your grete trauaill nor gody loue shal not be lost/ for I consydre your grete trauail & la bour/ your bounte and your goodnes as me oughte to doo / And therfore goo on your wey/ and loke that ye be of good comforte for all shal be for your worshipp/ and for the best / & perde a twelue moneth wille soone be done/ and truste me fair knyghte I shal be true to you and neuer to bitraye you / but to my dethe I shalle loue you/ and none other/ And ther with alle she turned her from the wyndolve/ and syr Beaumayns rode alvey ward from the castel makyng grete dole/ and soo he rode here and there & wyste not ne where he rode tyl hit was derke nyghte/ And thenne it happend hym to come to a poure mans hous and there he was herborolved all that nyghte/ But syr Beaumayns hadde no rest but walkyng and wrythed for the loue of the lady of the castel / And soo vpon the morolve he took his hors and rode vn tyl vnderne/ and thēne he came to a brode water/ and there by was a grete lodge/ and there he alyghte to slepe and leid his hede vpon the shelde/ and bitoke his hors to the dwarf/ and commaunded hym to wat che al nyghte/ Now torne we to the lady of the same castel / that thoughte mocke vpon Beaumayns/ and thenne she called vnto her syr Gryngamore her broder/ and praid hym in al ma ner as he loued her hertely that he wold ryde after syr Beau mayns / and euer haue ye wayte vpon hym tyl ye may fynde hym slepynge/ for I am sure in his hertynes he wil alyzt doun

in some place/and leye hym doune to slepe/ And therfor haue ye your waye vpon hym / and in the preuyest manere ye can take his dwerf/and go ye your waye with hym as faste as euer ye maye or syr Beaumayns awake / For my syster Lynet telleth me that he can telle of what kynrede he is come/ and what is his ryghte name/ And the meane whyle I and my syster wille ryde vnto youre castel to awayte whanne ye bringe with you the dwerf/ And thenne whan ye haue broughte hym vnto youre Castel/ I wylle haue hym in examynacion my self/vnto the tyme that I knowe what is his ryghte name/and of what kynrede he is come/shalle I neuer be mery at my herte ¶ Syster saide syre Gryngamore alle thys shalle be done after your entente / And soo he rode alle the other daye and the nyghte tylle that he fonde syre Beaumayns lyenge by a watre and his hede vpon his shelde for to slepe/ ¶ And thenne whanne he salve syre Beaumayns fast on slepe/ he cam stylly stalkyng behynde the dwerf and pluckede hym fast vnder his arme/and soo he rode awaye with hym as faste as euer he myghte vnto his owne castel And this syre Gryngamors armes were alle black and that to hym longeth/ But euer as he rode with the dwerf towarde his castel/he cryede vnto his lorde/and prayde hym of helpe / And there with awoke syre Beaumayns / and vp he lepte lyghtly / & salve where the Gryngamor rode his waye with the dwerf/and soo syr Gryngamor rode oute of his syghte/

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne syre Beaumayns putte on his helme anone / and buckelede his shelde/and wolde his hors/and rode after hym alle that euer he myghte ryde thorou marys and feldes and grete dales / that many tymes his hors and he plongede ouer the hede in depe myres/ for he knewe not the wey/but wolde the gayneste waye in that woodenes that many tymes he was lyke to perysshe/And at the laste hym happende to come to a fayre grene waye And there he mette with a poure man of the countreye whom he salewed & asked hym /

whether he mette not with a knyghte vpon a blacke horse & all blacke harneis a lytel dwerf sittynge behynde hym with heuy chere / Syre saide this powre man here by me came syre Grynsgamor the knyght with suche a dwerf morenyng as ye saye/ & therfore I rede you not folowe hym/ For he is one of the peryllouste knyghtes of the worlde / and his castel is here nyghe hand but two myle/therfor we aduyse you rede not after syr Grysgamor but yf ye owe hym goode wille/ Soo leue we syre Beaumayns rydynge forward the castel and speke we of sir Grysgamor and the dwerf / Anone as the dwerf was come to the castel / dame Lyones and dame Lynet her syster asked the dwerf where was his maister borne/and of what lygnage he was come / And but yf thou telle me saide dame Lyones thou shalt neuer escape this castel/but euer here to be prysoner As for that saide the dwerf I fere not gretely to telle his name and of what kynne he is come/ Wete ye wel he is a kynges sone/and his moder is syster to kyng Arthur / and he is broder to the goode knyghte of syre Gawayne/and his name is syre Gareth of Orkeney/and now I shrue told you his right name/I praye you fayre lady lete me goo to my lord agayne/ for he wille neuer oute of this countrey Vntyl that he haue me ageyne/ And yf he be angry/he wil doo mocke harme or that he be stynte/and wrecke you wrake in this countray As for that thretyng sayde syr Grysgamore be it as it be may We wille goo to dyner / and soo they wasshed and went to mete/and made hem mery and wel at ease / by cause the lady Lyones of the castel was there/they made grete Joye

¶ Truly Madame sayde Lynet vnto her syster wel maye he be a kynges sone / for he hath many good tatches on hym / for he is curteis and mylde and the moost sufferynge man that euer I mette with al; For I dar saye ther was neuer gentyl woman wuryd man in soo foule a maner / as I haue rebuked hym/ And at all tymes he gaf me goodely and meke answers ageyne

¶ And as they sate thus talkynge/ther came sire Gareth in at the gate with an angry countenaunce and his swerde drawen in his hand / and cryed a loude that alle the castel myght here hit sayeng thou traitour syre

Gryngamor delyuer me my dwerf ageyn/or by the feith that I owe to the ordre of knyghthode I ſhal doo the al the harme that I can/Thenne ſyr Gryngamor lokedy oute at a wyndo wy andy ſaidy ſyr gareth of Orkeney leue thy boſtyng wordes/for thou geteſt not thy dwerf ageyne/Thou coward knyghte ſayd ſyr Gareth brynge hym with the/andy come andy doo batayle with me/andy wynne hym andy take hym/ So wille I do ſaydy ſyr Gryngamor andy me lyſt/ but for al thy grete wordes thou geteſt hym not/A fayr broder ſaid dame Lyones I wold he hady his dwerf ageyne/for I woldy he were not wroth/for now he hath woldy me al my deſyre I kepe nomore of the dwerf Andy alſo broder he hath done moche for me/andy delyuerdy me from the wedy knyghte of the wedy laundes/andy therfor broder I owe hym my ſeruyſe afore al knyghtes lyuynge/ Andy Wete ye wel that I loue hym before al other/and ful fayne I woldy ſpeke with hym/But in no wyſe I woldy that he wiſt what I were/but that I were another ſtraunge lady/Wel ſaidy ſyr Gryngamor ſythen I knowe now your wille/I wylle obeye now vnto hym/Andy ryght ther with al he wente doun vnto ſyr Gareth/andy ſaid ſyr I crye you mercy/andy al that I haue myſdone I wille amendy hit at your wille/And therfore I pray you that ye woldy alyghte / andy take ſuche chere as I cany make you in this caſtel/ Shal I haue my dwerfe ſaide ſyre Gareth/ ye ſyr/andy alle the pleaſaunce that I cany make you/ for as ſoone as your dwerf woldy me what ye were andy of what bloody ye ar come/andy what noble dedes ye haue done in theſe marches/thenne I repentydy of my dedes/ Andy thenne ſyre Gareth alyghte/andy ther came his dwerf & took his hors/O my felawe ſaid ſyr gareth/I haue hady many aduentures for thy ſake/Andy ſoo ſyre Gryngamor toke hym by the handy/andy ledde hym in to the halle where his olwy wyf was

Capitulum xxvij

And thenne came forth Dame Lyones arayed lyke a
prynesse/and there she made hym passyng good chere
and he her ageyne / and they had goodely langage &
louely countenaunce to gyder/ And syre Gareth thought ma-
ny tymes Jhesu wold that the lady of the castel perilous we
re so fayre as she was/there were al maner of games & pla-
yes of dauncyng and syngynge/ And euer the more syre Ga
reth bihelde that lady/the more he loued her/and so he brenned
in loue that he was past hym self in his reason / and forth to-
ward nyghte they yede vnto souper/ and syre Gareth myghte
not ete for his loue was soo hote, that he wist not where he was
Alle these lokes aspyed syr Gryngamor/and thenne at after
souper he calld his syster Dame Lyones vnto a chamber/and
sayd/fair syster I haue wel aspyed your cõtenaũce betwixe
you and this knyght/ And I wil syster that ye wete he is a
ful noble knyght / & yf ye can make hym to abyde here I wil
do hym alle the pleasyr ỹ I can/ for & ye were better than ye ar
ye were wel bylwaryd vpon hym / Fayr brodr sayd Dame
lyones I vnderstande wel that the knyghte is good & arme he
is of a noble hous/ Notwithstandyng I wille assaye hym bet
ter how he be it I am mooste beholdyng to hym of ony erthely mã
for he hath had grete labour for my loue / and passid many a
daungerous passage / Ryght soo syr Gryngamor went vnto
syr Gareth and said syre make ye good chere /for ye shal haue
none other cause /for this lady my syster is yours at al tymes
her worship saued/for were ye wel she loueth you as wel as
ye doo her and better/ yf better may be/And I wist that sa-
id syr Gareth)ther lyued not a gladder man than I wold be
Vpon my worship saidy syr Gryngamor trust vnto my promyse
And as long as it lyketh you ye shal soiourne with me and
this lady shal be with vs dayly and nyghtly to make yow
alle the chere that she can/I wille wel said syre Gareth/ For
I haue promysed to be nyghe this countrey this twelue mo-
neth / And wel I am sure kynge Arthur and other noble
knyghtes wille fynde me where that I am within this twelfe
moneth/ For I shal be soughte and founden yf that I be on
lyue ¶ And thenne the noble knyghte syre Gareth went
vnto the dame Lyones whiche he thẽne moche loued & kyst her

many tymes/and eyther made grete joye of other/And there
she promysed hym her loue certaynly to loue hym and none o-
ther the dayes of hyr lyf / Thenne this lady dame Lyones by
the assente of her broder bold syr Gareth alle the trouth what
she was/And how she was the same lady that he dyd batail
for/and how she was lady of the castel perylous/ and there
she bold hym how she caused her broder to take alwey his dwerf

Capitulum xxij

For this cause to knowe the certaynte what was your
name/and of what kynne ye were come/ And thenne
she lete fetche afore hym Lynet the damoysel that had
ryden with hym many wylsome wayes/Thenne was syr Ga-
reth more gladder than he was to fore/ And thene they trouth
plyghte eche other to loue/ and neuer to faylle whyles their ly-
fe lasteth/And soo they grente bothe in loue that they were ac
corded to abate their lustes secretely/And there Dame Lyones
counsylled syr Gareth to slepe in none other place but in the
halle/And there she promysed hym to come to his bedde a ly-
tel afore mydnyght/This counceil was not soo pryuely kepte
but it was vnderstande/for they were but ponge bothe and ten
dyr of age/and had not vsed none suche crafftes to forne/
Wherfor the damoysel Lynet was a lytel displeasyd/and she
thoughte her syster Dame Lyones was a lytel ouer hasty /
that she myghte not abyde the tyme of her maryage/ And for
sauyng their worshyp/she thoughte to abate their hote lustes /
And so she lete ordeyne by her subtyl crafftes that they had
not their ententes neyther with other as in her delytes / vntyl
they were maryed/And soo it paste on/ At after souper was
made clene auoydaunce/that euery lordy and lady sholde goo
vnto his rest/But syr Gareth saidy playnly he wold goo noo
ferther than the halle/for in suche places he said was conuenyent
for an arraunt knyzt to take his rest in/and so there were or-
deyned grete couches/& therwyn fether bedes/& there leyde hym
doune to slepe/& within a whyle cam dame Lyones wrapped in
a mantel furred with Ermyne & leid her doun besyde syr ga-
reth/And there with alle he beganne to kysse her/And thenne
he loked afore hym and there he apperceyued and salbe co-
me an armed knyght with many lyghtes aboute hym/ and

ſalve come an armed knyȝt with many lyghtes about hym/ e
this knyghte hadȝ a longe Gyſarme in his handȝ/andȝ maade
grym countenaunce to ſmyte hym ! Whanne ſyre Gareth ſalve
hym come in that wyſe/he lepte oute of his bedde andȝ gatte in
his handȝ his ſwerdȝ andȝ lepte ſtrayte towarde that knyght /
And whanne the knyght ſalve ſyr Gareth come ſo fyerſly vp
onȝ hym/he ſmote hym with a foyne thorou the thycke of the
thyȝ that the woundȝ was a ſhaftmon brode andȝ hadȝ cutte a
two many vaynes andȝ ſenewes/Andȝ there with al ſyr Ga-
reth ſmote hym vpon the helme ſuche a buffet that he felle gro-
uelyng/andȝ thenne he lepte ouer hym andȝ vnlacedȝ his hel-
me and ſmote of his hede fro the body/ And thenne he bledde ſo
faſt that he myghte not ſtande/but ſoo he leidȝ hym doun vpon
his hedde/andȝ there he ſwounedȝ andȝ laye as he hadȝ ben dede
Thenne dame Lyones crydȝ aloude/ that her broder ſyr Gryn-
gamoȝ herdȝ/andȝ came doune/ Andȝ whan he ſalve ſyr Gareth
ſoo ſhamefully woundedȝ/he was ſore diſpleaſydȝ and ſayd I
am ſhamed that this noble knyghte is thus honouredȝ/ Syr ſa
yd ſyr Gryngamore how may this be/that ye be here/ and thys
noble knyghte wounded/Broder ſhe ſaid I can not telle yolu
For it was not done by me noȝ by myn aſſente/ For he is my
lord and I am his/ and he muſt be myn huſbandȝ/therfoȝe my
broder I wille that ye wete I ſhame me not to be with hym /
noȝ to doo hym alle the pleaſyr that I can / Sylter ſaidȝ ſyre
Gryngamore/and I will that ye wete it and ſyr Gareth both
that it was neuer done by me noȝ by my aſſente that this vn-
happy dede was done/ And there they ſtaunchedȝ his bledynge
as wel as they myght / andȝ grete ſorou made ſir Gryngamoȝ
and Dame Lyones / And forthe with al came Dame Lynet
and toke vp the hede in the ſyghte of hem alle / and enoynted
it with an oynement there as it was ſmyten of/ and in the ſa
me wyſe ſhe dydȝ to the other parte there as the hede ſtak/ And
thenne ſhe ſette it to gyders/and it ſtak as faſt as euer it did
And the knyghte awoſe lyghtely vp/and the damoyſel Lynet
pitt hym in her chambre/ Alle this ſalve ſir Gryngamoȝ andȝ
dame Lyones/andȝ ſoo dyd ſir Gareth/and wel he eſpyed that
it was the damoyſel Lynet that wode with hym thoȝou the pe-
rylous paſſages/A wel damoyſel ſaid ſyre Gareth I wende

wolde not haue done as ye haue done / My lorde Gareth saide Lynet/ alle that I haue done I will auowe/ and alle that I haue done shal be for youre honoure and worship/ and to bo alle/ And soo within a whyle syr Gareth was nyghe hole/ & wayde lyghte and Jocunde/ and sange / daunced and ga ⸗ med / and he and dame Lyones were soo hote in brennynge loue that they made their couenaunte at the tenth nyghte after that she sholde come to his bedde/ And by cause he was woũded afore/ she laide his armour / and his swerde nyghe his bedes syde

Capitulum xxiiij

Ryght as she promysed she came/ and she was not soo soone in his bedde / but she aspyed an armed knyghte comyng toward the bedde/ there with alle she warned syr Ga ⸗ reth / and lyghtly thorou the goode helpe of Dame Lyones he was armed/ and they hurtled to gyders with grete ire & ma ⸗ lyce al aboute the halle/ and there was grete lyght as it had ben the nombre of xx torches bothe before and behynde/ soo that syr Gareth strayned hym/ soo that his olde wounde braste a ⸗ geyne on bledyng/ but he was hote and courageous and to ⸗ ke no kepe/ but with his grete force he stroke doune that kny ⸗ ghte/ and boyed his helme/ and strake of his hede/ Thenne he helde the hede in an hondred pyeces/ And when he hade done so he took by alle tho pyeces and threwe hem oute at a wyndow in to the dyches of the castel/ and by this done/ he was so faynt that vnnethes he myght stande for bledyng/ And by thenne he was al most vnarmed/ he felle in a dedely swoune in the flo ⸗ re/ And thenne dame Lyones cryed soo that syr Gryngamor herde/ And when he cam and fond syr Gareth in that plyte he made grete sorou/ & there he albaked sir Gareth/ and gaf hym a drynke that releued hym wonderly wel / but the sorou that Dame Lyones made there maye no tonge telle/ for she soo fa ⸗ ryd with her self as she wolde haue dyed/ Rygthe soo cam this damoysel Lynet before hem al / and she had fette alle the goblets of the hede that syr Gareth had throwen out at a wyn dowe/ and there she enoynted hem as she had done to fore/ & set them to gyder ageyn / wel damoisel Lynet saide syre Gareth/

I haue not deserued alle this despyte that ye doo vnto me/ sir knyghte she saidy/ I haue no thynge do /but I will auowe / And al that I haue done shalle be to your worship and to vs al/ And thenne was syre Gareth staūchedy of his bledyng But the leches saidy/ that ther was no many that bare the lyf/ sholde hele hym thozou oute of his wounde / but yf they heledy hym that causedy that stroke by enchauntement/ So leue we syr Gareth there with syr Gryngamore and his systers/ and wyl ne we vnto kynge Arthur that at the neyte feest of Pentecost helde his feest/ and there cam the grene knyzt with fyfty knyghtes/ and yeldedy hem all vnto kynge Arthur/ And so there came the reedy knyghte his broder/ and yelded hym to kyng Arthur and thre score knyghtes with hym / Also there came the blelue knyghte broder to them with an honderdy knyghtes/ & yeldedy hem vnto kynge Arthur/ and the grene knyghtes name was Persymones/ and the reedy knyghtes name was Persaunt of Inde/ these thre brethereny toldy kynge Arthur how they were ouercome by a knyghte that a damoysel hady with her / andy calledy hym Beaumayns/ Iheſu saydy the kynge I merueylle what knyghte he is/ andy of what lygnage he is come/ He was with me a twelue monethe / andy pourely andy shamefully he was fostredy / andy syre kay in scorne namedy hym Beaumayns/ Soo rygħte as the kyng stode soo talkyng with these thre brethereny/ there came syr Launcelot du lake andy told the kynge that there was come a goodly lordy with .v. C knyghtes with hym/ thenne the kynge went oute of Carlyon / for there was the feest/ andy there came to hym this lordy/ andy salewedy the kynge in a goodly maner/ What vylle ye saydy kyng Arthur/ andy what is youre erandy/ Syr he said my name is the reedy knyghte of the reedy laundes/ but my name is syr Ironsyde/ andy syre wote ye wel/ here I am sente to yow/ of a knyght that is calledy Beaumayns / for he wanne me in playne bataille hande for handy / andy soo dyd neuer no knyght but he that euer hady the better of me this yyy wynter / the whiche commaundedy to yelde me to yow at youre wylle / ye are welcom said the kyng/ for ye haue ben long a gyte soo to me andy my Courte / andy now I truste to godi I shalle

soo entracte you that ye shal be my frendy/ Syre/ bothe I and these fyue hondrd knyghtes shal alweyes be at your somons to doo you seruyse as maye lye in oure powers / Iheſu mercy said kyng Arthur I am mocke beholdynge vnto that knyght/ that hath put soo his body in auoyre to worshippe me & my Courte/ And as to the Ironsyde that art called the reedy knyghte of the reedy laundes thou arte called a perylous knyzt And yf thou wylt holde of me I shal worshipe the and make the knyghte of the table roundy/ but thenne thou must be no more a murtherer/ Syre as to that I haue promysed vnto syre Beaumayns neuer more to vse suche custommes / for alle the shameful customes that I vsed I dyd at the requeste of a lady that I louedy/ andy therfor I must goo vnto syr Launcelot andy vnto syre Galvayne / and aske them forzeuenes of the euyll wylle I hady vnto them/ for alle that I put to dethe was al only for the loue of syr Launcelot andy of syr Galvayne/ Thry ben here nolv said the kynge afore the/ nolv maye ye saye to them what ye wylle/ Andy thenne he kneledy doune vnto syre Launcelot and to syre Galvayne andy praydy them of forzeuenes of his enemytee that euer he hady agaynste them /

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

THenne goodely they said al at ones/ gody forzeue you andy we do/ andy prays you that ye wille telle vs where we may fynde syr Beaumayns/ Fayre lordes said syr Ironsyde I can not telle you/ for it is ful hard to fynde hym / for suche yong knyghtes as he is one ; whanne they be in their aduentures ben neuer abydynge in no place/ ¶ But to saye the worshyp that the reed knyghte of the reed laundes and syr perssaunt and his broder said of Beaumayns / it was merueil to here/ Wel my fayre lordes said kynge Arthur/ wete yolv wel / I shalle do you honour for the loue of syr Beaumayns/ and as soone as euer I mete with hym I shalle make you al vpon one day knyghtes of the table roundy/ Andy as to the syre Perssaunt of Inde thou hast ben euer called a ful noble knyghte/ and soo haue euer ben thy thre bretheren called/ But I merueil said the kyng that I here not of the blacke knyzt your

broder / he was a full noble knyght/ Syr sayd Perwlyne the grene knyzt syr Beaumayns slelve hym in a rencoūtre with his spere/his name was syr Perard / that was grete pyte sayd the kynge and soo saidy many knyghtes/ For these four breithe ren were full wel knowen in the courte of kynge Arthur for noble knyghtes/for long tyme they had holden warre ageynst the knyghtes of the roundy table/ Thenne sayd Perwlepe the grene knyght to the kynge atte a passage of the water of mortayse there encountred syr Beaumayns with two brethe ren that euer for the moost party kepte that passage/ and they were two dedely knyghtes/and there he slelve the eldest broder in the water/and smote hym vpon the hede suche a buffet that he felle doune in the water/ and there he was drowned/ & his name was sir Garard le breibse / and after he slelve the other broder vpon the londy/his name was syr Arnold le breibse /

¶ Capitulum xxvj

SOo thenne the kyng and they went to mete/and were serued in the best manere/ And as they satte at the mete/ther came in the quene of Orkeney with ladyes & knyz tes a grete nombre/ And thenne syr Gawayn/syr Agrauay yn and Gaherys arose/and went to her/and salewed her vp on their knees/and askedy her blyssyng/ For in yB yere they had not sene her/ Thenne she spak on hyghe to her broder kynge Arthur/where haue ye done my yong sone syr Gareth/ he was here amongst you a twelue moneth/& ye made a kechyn knaue of hym/the whiche is shame to you all/ Allas where haue ye done my dere sone that was my Joye and blysse/O dere mo der said syr Gawayn I knewe hym not/ Nor I said the kynge that now me repenteth/but thankedy be godi he is preuedy a worshipful knyghte as ony is now lyuyng of his yeres/& I shal neuer be glady tyl I may fynde hym/ A broder sayd the quene vnto kyng Arthur and vnto syr Gawayne and to alle her sones/ye dyde your self grete shame whan ye amongst you kepte my sone in the kechyn and fedde hym lyke a poure hog/ Fayr sister said kyng Arthur ye shalle ryghte wel wete/ I knewe hym not / nor nomore dyde syre Gawayn / nor his

brethern / But sythen hit is soo said the kyng that he is thus
gone from vs alle/ we must shape a remedy to fynde hym/ Also
syster me semeth ye myght haue done me to wete of his comy-
nge/ And thenne and I had not done wel to hym/ ye myght
haue blamed me/ For whan he cam to this courte he came lea-
nyng vpon two mens sholders as though he myght not haue
gone/ And thenne he asked me thre yefres/ and one he asked
the same day/ that was that I wold gyue hym mete ynough
that twelue moneth / and the other two yefres he asked that
day a twelue moneth/ and that was that he myghte haue had
uenture of the damoysel Lynet/ and the thyrd was that syre
Launcelot shold make hym knyght whan he desyred hym/
And soo I graunted hym alle his desyre/ and many in this
Courte merueilled that he desyred his sustenaunce for a twelf
monethe / And there by we demed many of vs that he was
not come of a noble hous/ Syre said the Quene of Orkeney
vnto kynge Arthur her broder/ wete ye wel that I sente hym
vnto you ryghte wel armed and horsed and worshipfully
besene of his body/ and gold and syluer plente to spende/ it
may be said the kynge/ but therof salle we none/ sauf that sa-
me daye as he departed from vs/ knyghtes told me that there
came a dwerf ryder sodenly and broughte hym armour and
a goode hors ful wel and rychely besene/ and there at we al
had merueille/ for whens that rychesse came/ that we demed al
that he was come of men of worship/ Broder said the Quene
alle that ye saye I byleue/ for euer sythen he was growen / he
was merueillously wytted/ and euer he was feythful & true
of his promesse/ But I merueille said she that syre kay dyd
mocke hym and scorne hym/ and gaf hym that name Beau-
mayns/ yet syr kay said the quene named hym more ryghte-
uously than he wende/ For I dare saye and he be on lyue / he
is as fair an handed man and wel disposed as ony is lyu-
ynge/ Syre said Arthurle te this langage be stylle/ and by the
grace of gode he shal be founde/ and he be within these seuen to
dames/ and lete alle this passe and be mery/ for he is proued
to be a man of worship/ and that is my Joye

Thenne sayd syr Galvayne and his brethern vnto ar thur/syre and ye wyl gyue vs leue we wille go and seke oure brother / Nay said syr Launcelot that shalle ye not nede/and so said syr Galvdelvyn of Bretayne/for as by oure aduys the kynge shal sende vnto dame Lyones a mes sager / and praye her that she wille come to the courte in alle the hast that she may/and doubte ye not she wille come/ And thene she may gyue you best counceille where ye shal fynde hym This is wel sayd of you said the kyng/ Soo thenne goodly letters were made/and the messager sente forth that nyghte & day he wente tyl he cam vnto the castel perillous/ And thenne the lady dame Lyones was sente fore there as she was with syr Gryngamor her broder and syre Gareth/and when she vnderstode this message/she badde hym ryde on his way vnto kynge Arthur/and she wolde come after in al goodly haste

Thenne when she came to syr Gryngamor and to sir Gareth she told hem al how kyng Arthur hadde sente for her / that is by cause of me sayd syr Gareth / Now auyse me said dame Lyones what shalle I saye and in what manere I shal rule me/ My lady and my loue said sir Gareth I pray you in no wyse be ye aknowen where I am / but wel I wote my moder is there and alle my brethern / and they wille take vpon hem to seke me/I wote wel that they doo / But this madame I wolde ye sayde and aduysede the kynge when he questyonede with you of me/Thenne maye ye say/this is your aduys that and hit lyke his good grace/ye wille doo make a crye ayenst the feest of thassumpcion of our lady that what knyghte there preueth hym best he shal welde you and alle your landy / And yf soo be that he be a weddede man that his wyf shalle the degre and a coronal of gold besette with stones of vertue to the valewe of a thousandy pounde and a white jarfaucon /

Soo dame Lyones departed/and came to kynge Arthur where she was nobly receyued/and there she was sore questyonedy of the kyng and of the quene of Orkeney/ And she answerde where syr Gareth was she wolde not telle/ But thus mocke she said vnto Arthur/syre I wille lete crye a turnement that shal be done before my castel at the Assumpcion of oure lady/ and the crye shal be this that you my lorde Arthur shalt be there/ &

your knyghtes/and I will puruey that my knyghtes shalle be ageynst yours/ And thennne I am sure ye shall here of syr Gareth/this is wel aduysed said kynge Arthur/ and soo she departed / And the kynge and she maade grete prouysyon to that turnement/ Whan dame Lyones was come to the yle of Aulyon that was the same yle ther as her broder syr Grynga mor dwelte / thenne she told hem al how she had done/ and what promyse she had made to kynge Arthur/ Allas said syr Gareth/I haue ben soo wounded with vnhappynes sythen I cam in to this castel that I shal not be abyl to doo at that turnement lyke a knyght/for I was neuer thoroughly hole syn I was hurte/ Be ye of good chere said the damoysel Lynet/for I vndertake within these vij dayes to make you hole and as lusty as euer ye were/ And thenne she leid an oynement & a salue to hym as it pleasyd to her that he was neuer so fressh nor soo lusty/ Thenne said the damoysel Lynet/ send you vnto syr Persaunt of vnde/ and assomone hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promysed/ Also that ye send vnto syr Ironsyde that is the redy knyght of the redy launds/and charge hym that he be redy with you with his hole somme of knyghtes / and thenne shulle ye be abyl to matche with kynge Arthur and his knyghtes/ Soo this was done & alle knyghtes were sente for vnto the castel perylous/ & then ne the red knyght answerd and said vnto dame Lyones and to syre Gareth/Madame & my lord syr Gareth ye shal vnderstande that I haue ben at the court of kynge Arthur and sire Persaunt of Inde and his brethren/and there we haue done oure homage as ye commaunded vs / Also syr Ironsyde sayd I haue taken vpon me with syre Persaunt of Inde and his brethren to hold party ageynst my lord sir Launcelot and the knyghtes of that courte/ And this haue I done for the loue of my lady Dame Lyones and you my lord sir Gareth/ye haue wel done said syr Gareth/ But were you wel ye shul be ful sore matched with the moost noble knyghtes of the world/therfor we must purueye vs of goode knyghtes where we may gete them/That is wel said/said sir Persaunt and worshipfully And soo the crye was made in England/walis and scotland Irland/Cornewaille/ & in alle the oute Iles and in Britayn

andy in many countreyes that at the feeſt of our lady the aſ;
ſumpcion next comyng men ſholdy come to the caſtel perylous
beſyde the yle of Auylyon / Andy there al the knyghtes that
ther came ſholdy haue the choyſe whether them lyſt to be on the
one party with the knyghtes of the caſtel or on the other par;
ty with kynge Arthur / Andy two monethes was to the daye
that the turnement ſholdy be/ & ſo ther cam many goody knyg;
tes that were at her large andy helde hem for the mooſt party a
geynſt kynge Arthur andy his knyghtes of the roundy table;
cam in the ſyde of them of the caſtel/ For ſyr Eppynogrus was
the fyrſt /andy he was the kynges ſone of Northumberlandy/ &
ſyr Galamydes the ſaraſyn was another/andy ſyr Safere his
broder/ andy ſyre Segwarydes his broder/but they were cryſt;
nedy/ andy ſyre Malegryne another / andy ſyr Bryan des les
Ilelys a noble knyghte/ and ſyr Grummore gummurſum a
goody knyghte of Scotlandy/and ſyr Carados of the dolorous
toure a noble knyghte andy ſyr Turquyn his broder/andy ſyr
Arnoldy andy ſyre Gauter two bretheren goody knyghtes of
Cornewaile/there cam ſyr Tryſtram de lyones/and with hym
ſyr Dynadas the ſeneſchal/andy ſir Saduk//but this ſyr Triſ
tram was not at that tyme knyght of the table roundy/ but he
was one of the beſt knyghtes of the worldy/ Andy ſoo all theſe
noble knyghtes accompanyedy hem with the lady of the caſtel
and with the wedy knyghte of the wedy laundes/but as for ſir
Gareth he woldy not take vpon hym more but as other meane
knyghtes

Capitulum xxbiij

Andy thenne ther cam with kynge Arthur ſir Galvayn
Agrauayne/Gaherys his bretheren/ Andy thenne his
neuewes ſyr Wwayn le blaunche maynys/ and ſyr Agwuale
ſyr Tor/ſir Percyuale de galys/andy ſyre Lamorrak de galis
Thenne came ſir Launcelot du lake with his bretheren neuewes
andy coſyns as ſir Lyonel/ſir Ector de marys/ſyr hors de ga
nys and ſir Galyhodyn/ſyre Galihud and many moo of ſyre
Launcelots bloody andy ſyre Dynadan/ſir la cote male tayle/
his broder a goody knyghte/andy ſir Sagramore a good knyzt

And al the most party of the wounde table/ Also ther cam with kynge Arthur these knyghtes the kynge of Irelande / kynge Agwysaunce /and the kyng of Scotland kyng Carados and kynge Bryens of the londe of gore and kyng Bagdemagus and his sone syr Melyaganus and syr Galahault the noble prynce/ Alle these kynges prynces and Erles Barons and other noble knyghtes/as syre Braundyles/syre Owayne les auoutres/and syre kay/syr Bedeuere/syr Melyot de logrys syr Petypase of wynkelsee/syr Godelake/alle these came with kynge Arthur and moo that can not ben rehercede/

¶ Now leue we of these kynges and knyghtes/ and lete vs speke of the grete araye that was made within the castel and about the castel for bothe partyes / the lady Dame Lyones ordeyned grete aray vpon her party for her noble knyghtes for al maner of lodgyng and vytaille that cam by lande & by water that ther lacked no thynge for her party nor for the other but there was plente to be had for golde and syluer for kynge Arthur and his knyghtes/ And thenne ther cam the herbegeours from kynge Arthur for to herberowe hym & his kynges/dukes Erles Barons and knyghtes/ And thenne syr Gareth prayde dame Lyones and the reed knyghte of the reed laundes/ and syr Persant and his broder/and syre Gryngamor that in no wyse ther shold none of them telle not his name and make no more of hym than of the leest knyghte that there was/for he said I wille not be knowen of neyther more ne lesse/neyther at the begynnynge neyther at the endynge

¶ Thenne Dame Lyones said vnto syr Gareth/syre I wylle lene you a ryngе/but I wold pray you as ye loue me hertely lete me haue it ageyne whanne the turnement is done/¶ For that ryngе encreaceth my beaute moche more than it is of hym self/ And the vertu of my ryngе is that/that is grene it wille torne to reed/and that is reed it wil torne in lykenes to grene/ And that is blewe it wil torne to lykenes of whyte/ and that is whyte it wil torne in lykenes to blewe/and so it wil doo of al maner of colours/ Also who that wereth my ryngе / shalle lese no blood/and for grete loue I wil gyue you thys ryngе/ Gramercy said syr Gareth myn owen lady/ for this ryngе is passynge mete for me/ for hit wille torne al manere of

lykenes that I am in/ and⁹ that shalle cause me that I shall not be knowen/Thenne syr Gryngamor gaf syr Gawth a bay courser that was a passyng good hors/Also he gafe hym good armoure and⁹ sure and⁹ a noble swerd⁹ that somtyme syr Gryngamors fader wanne vpon an hethen Tyraunt/And soo thus euery knyghte made hym redy to that turnement ℰ kyng Arthur was comen two dayes to fore thassumpcion of our lady/And⁹ there was al maner of Royalte of al mynstralsye/ that myghte be founde/Also there cam quene Gweneuer and⁹ the quene of Orkeney syr Gareths moder/And⁹ vpon the assumpcion day whanne masse and matyns were done there were hewolves with trompetes commaunded⁹ to sholde to the feld And soo there came oute syr Eppynogrus the kynges sone of Northumberland⁹ from the castel/ and⁹ there encountred with hym syre Sagramor le desyrus/and⁹ eyther of hem brake their speres to their handes / And thenne came in syre Palamydes oute of the Castel/and there encountred⁹ with hym Galvayne and eyther of hem smote other so hard that bothe the good knyghtes and their horses felle to the erthe/And⁹ thenne knyghtes of eyther party resowed their knyghtes/And thenne cam in syr Safere and⁹ syre Segwarydes brethewen to syre Palamydes/and⁹ there encountred⁹ syr Agrauayne with syr Safere and⁹ syr Galerys encountred⁹ with syre Segwarydes/ So syr Safere smote doune Agrauayne syr Galvayns broder/ and⁹ sir Segwarydes syr Saferys broder And syr Malgryne a knyzt of the Castel encountred⁹ with syr Owayne le blanche maynys/And⁹ there syre Owayne gaf syr Malgryn a falle/that he had⁹ almoste broke his neck

Capitulum xxiv

Thenne syr Bryan de les yles and⁹ Grummore grummorsum knyghtes of the Castel with syre Agrouale and⁹ syre Tor smote doun syr Gromere Gromorson to the erth Thenne cam in syr Carados of the dolorous toure ℰ syr Turquyne knyghtes of the Castel/and⁹ there encoūtred⁹ with hem syr Percyuale de galys ℰ syr Launcelot de galys/ that were two brethewen/And there encountred⁹ syr Percyuale with syre

Caradus/and eyther brake their ſperes vnto their handes/&
thenne ſyr Turquyn with ſyre Lamerak/ and eyther of hem
ſmote doune others hors and alle to the erthe/ and eyther par
tyes reſcowed other/and horſed them ageyn/And ſyr Arnold
and ſyr Gautere knyghtes of the caſtel encountred with ſyre
Braundyles and ſyr kay/ and theſe four knyghtes encoun-
tred myghtely/and brake their ſperes to their handes/ Then-
ne came in ſyr Tryſtram/ſyre Saduk/and ſyre Dynas kny-
ghtes of the caſtel / and there encountred ſyr Tryſtram with
ſyr Bedyuere/and there ſyr Bedyuere was ſmyten to the er-
the bothe hors and man/ And ſyr Saduk encountred with ſir
Petypaſe/and there ſyr Saduk was ouerthrowen/ And there
Alwayne les auoutres ſmote doune ſyr Dynas the ſeneſchal /
Thenne came in ſyr Perſaunt of Inde a knyght of the caſtel
And there encountred with hym ſyr Launcelot du lake/ and
there he ſmote ſyr Perſaunts hors and man to the erthe/then-
ne came ſyr Pertylope from the caſtel / and there encountred
with hym ſyr Eyonel/ and there ſyr Pertylope the grene kn-
yght ſmote doune ſyr Eyonel broder to ſyr Laũcelot/ All this
was marked by noble knoudes/who bare hym beſt/and theire
names/ And thenne came in to the feld ſyre Perymones the
grene knyght ſyr Perſaunts broder that was a knyght of the
Caſtel/and he encountred with ſyr Ector de marys/ and ey-
ther ſmote other ſo hardy/ that bothe their horſes and they felle
to the erthe/And thenne came in the wedy knyght of the wed
launder and ſyr Gareth from the caſtel/ and there encountred
with hem ſyr Bors de ganys and ſyr Bleoberys/and there
the wedy knyghte and ſyr Bors ſmote other ſo hardy that her
ſperes braſt and their horſes felle grouelynge to the erthe
Thenne ſyr Blamor brake his ſpere vpon ſyr Gareth/ but of
that ſtroke ſyr Blamor felle to the erthe/ whan ſyr Galyhon-
dyn ſalde that/he bad ſir gareth kepe hym/ & ſire gareth ſmote
hym to the erthe/ thenne ſire Galyhud gate a ſpere to auenge
his broder/& in the ſame wyſe ſir gareth ſerued hym/& ſir Dy
nadan & his broder la cote male tayle/& ſir Sagramor deſirus
& ſir Dodynas le ſaueage/ All theſe he bare doun with one ſpe
re/Whan kyng Agwyſañce of Irlandy ſalde ſyr Gareth fare ſo
he merueiled what he myght be / one tyme ſemed grene & another

tyme at his ageyne comyng he semed bleue/ And thus at e;
uery cours that he rode to and fro he chaunged his colour so
that ther myghte neyther kynge nor knyghte haue wdy cong;
uyssaunce of hym/Thenne syr Angwyssaunce the kyng of Ir;
land encountred with syr Gareth/and there syr Gareth smo;
te hym from his hors sadyl and alle/ And thenne came kyng
Carados of Scotland and syr Gareth smote hym doun hors
and man/ And in the same wyse he serued kyng Uryens of
the land of Goze/ And thenne came in syr Galydemagus/
and syr Gareth smote hym doune hors and man to the erthe
And Galydemagus sone Melyganus brake a spere vpon sir
Gareth myghtely and knyghtely/ And thenne syr Galahaut
the noble prynce cryed on hyghe knyghte with the many colo;
urs wel hast thou Justed / Now make the redy that I maye
juste with the/Syre Gareth herd hym/and he gat a grete spe
re/and soo they encountred to gyder/ and there the prynce bra
ke his spere/But syr Gareth smote hym vpon the lyfte syde
of the helme/that he relyd here and there/and he had falle do;
une had not his men recouerd hym/ Soo god me help sayd
kynge Arthur that same knyght with the many colours is a
good knyghte/wherfor the kynge called vnto hym syr Laun
celot and praid hym to encountre with that knyghte/Syr sa;
id Launcelot I may wel fynde in my herte for to forbere hym
as at this tyme/ for he hath had trauail ynough this day/ &
whan a good knyghte doth soo wel vpon somme day/ it is no
good knyghtes parte to lette hym of his worshyp/ And na;
mely whan he seeth a knyght hath done soo grete labour / for
peraduenture said syr Launcelot his quarel is here this day/ &
peraduenture he is best beloued with this lady of al that ben he;
re/for I see wel/he payneth hym & enforceth hym to do grete a
des/ & therfor said syr launcelot as for me this day he shall ha
ue the honour/though it lay in my power to put hym fro it/ I
wold not

Capitulum xxx

Thenne whanne this was done / there was dasshyng
of swerdes/ And thenne there began a sore turnement

And there dyd syr Lamerak meruaylous dedes of armes/ & betwixe syr Lamerak and syre Ironsyde that was the redy knyghte of the redy laūdes there was strong batail / & betwix syre Palamides & Bleoberys there was a strong batail/ & sir Galvayne and syr Trystram mette/ and there syr Galvayne lady the werse/for he pulled syre Galvayne from his hors/ And there he was long vpon foote and defouled/ Thenne cam in syr Launcelot and he smote syr Turquyne/and he hym / & thenne came syr Caradus his broder/ and bothe at ones they assayled hym/& he as the moost noblest knyght of the world worshipfully foughte with hem bothe/that al men wondred of the noblesse of syr launcelot/ And thenne came in syr Gareth and knelve that it was sir launcelot that fought with tho two perylous knyghtes / And thenne syr Gareth came with his good hors and hurted hem in sonder/& no stroke wold he smyte to syr Launcelot/that aspyed sir launcelot & demed it shold be the good knyghte syre Gareth/& thenne syr Gareth rode here and there/& smote on the ryght hand & on the lyfte hand that alle the folke myghte wel aspye where that he rode/and by fortune he mette with his broder syr Galvayn/and there he put syr Galvayne to the werse/for he put of his helme/and so he serued fyue or syxe knyghtes of the rounde table that alle men said/he put hym in the most payne/and best he dyd his deuoyr/ For whan syr Trystram behelde hym how he fyrst Justed and after foughte so wel with a swerde / Thenne he rode vnto syr Ironsyde and to syre Persaunt of ynde and asked hem by their feythe/what maner a knyghte is yonder knyght that semeth in soo many dyuerse colours/ Truly me semeth sayd Trystram that he putteth hym self in grete payne for he neuer ceaseth/ Wote ye not what he is sayd syr Ironsyde/No said syr Trystram/thenne shal ye knowe that this is he that loueth the lady of the castel and she hym ageyne/and this is he that wanne me whan I besyeged the lady of this castel/and this he that wanne syr Persaunt of ynde/and his thre brethren/what is his name sayd syr Trystram and of what blood is he come/he was called in the courte of kyng Arthur Bewmaynes/but his ryzt name is sir Gareth of Orkeney broder to sir Galvayn/by my hede said sir Tristram he is a good knizt

knyght and a bygge man of armes/ & yf he be yong he shalle preue a ful noble knyghte/ he is but a child they all saide & of syr Launcelot he was made knyght/ therfor is he mykel the bet-ter said Trystram/ And thenne syr Trystram/ syr Ironsyde/ syr Persaunt and his broder rode to gyders for to helpe sir ga weth/ & thenne there were gyuen many strong strokes/ And then ne syr Gareth rode outr on the one syde to amende his helme/ & thenne said his dwerf take me your ryng that ye lese it not whyle that ye drynke/ And so whan he had dronken he gat on his helme/ & egerly took his hors & rode in to the felde & lefte his rynge with his dwerf/ and the dwerf was glade the ryng was from hym/ for thenne he wist wel he sholde be knowen And thenne whan syr Gareth was in the felde all folkes sawe hym wel/ & playnly that he was in yelowe colours/ & there he rassyd of helmes & pulled doun knyghtes that kynge Arthur had merueylle what knyght he was/ for the kyng salue by his here that it was the same knyght

Capitulum xxxj

But by force he was in so many colours and now he is but in one colour that is yelowe/ Now goo said kyng Arthur vnto dyuerse heroudes and ryde aboute hym & aspye what maner knyght he is / for I haue speryd of many knyghtes this day that ben vpon his party/ and all saye they knowe hym not/ And so an herolde rode nyhe Gareth ae he cou de/ and there he salue wryten aboute his helme in golde/ This helme is syr gareth of Orkeney/ Thenne the herolde cryed as he were woody/ & many heroudes with hym/ This is syre gareth of Orkeney in the yelowe armes that by all kynges and kny ghtes of Arthurs beheldy hym & awayted / & thenne they pressyd al to behold hym / & euer the heroudes cryed this is syre gareth of Orkeney kyng Lots sone/ and whan syr gareth aspyed that he was discoueryd/ thenne he doubled his strokes/ & smote doune syr Sagramore & his broder sir galwayn/ O bro-der saide sir galwayn I wende ye wolde not haue strykyn me/ so whan he herd hym say so he thrang here & there/ & so with gre te payne he gat out of the prees/ and there he mette with his dwerf/ O boye said syr gareth thou hast begyled me foule this day that thou kepte my rynge/ Gyue it me anone ageyn that

I may hyde my body with al/ and soo he woke it hym/ And
thenne they all wist not where he was become/ and syr galwa-
yn had in maner aspyed where syr Gareth wode/ and thenne he
rode after with alle his myghte/ that aspyed syr Gareth and
rode lyghtely in to the forest that syr Galwayn wist not where
he was become/ And when syr Gareth wyst that syr Galwa-
yn was past/ he asked the dwerf of best counceil/ Syr said the
dwerf/ me semeth it were best nowe that ye are escaped fro spy-
eng that ye sende my lady dame lyones her ryng/ It is wel
adwysed said syr Gareth/ nowe haue it here and bere it to her/
And saye that I recommaunde me vnto her good grace/ and
saye her I will come whan I maye/ and I pray her to be true
and feythful to me as I wil be to her/ Syr said the dwerf it
shal be done as ye commaunde/ and soo he rode his waye and
dyde his erraund vnto the lady / Thenne she said where is my
knyghte syr Gareth/ Madame said the dwerf he bad me saye /
that he wolde not be long from you/ ¶ And soo lyghtely the
dwerf cam ageyne vnto syr Gareth that wolde ful fayne ha-
ue had a lodgyng/ for he had nede to be reposed/ And thenne
felle there a thonder and a rayne as heuen and erthe sholde
goo to gyder/ And syr Gareth was not a lytyl wery/ for of al
that day he had but lytel rest neyther his hors nor he/ So this
syr Gareth rode soo longe in that forest vntyl the nyghte came
And euer it lyghtned and thondred as it had ben woode
At the last by fortune he came to a Castel/ and there he herde
the wayters vpon the wallys ¶ Capitulum xxxvñ /

Thenne syr Gareth rode vnto the barbycan of the castel/
and praid the porter fayr to lete hym in to the castel/
The porter answerd vngoodely ageyne/ and saide thow
getest no lodgyng here/ Fayr syr say not soo for I am a knyzte
of kynge Arthurs/ & pray the lord or the lady of this castel to
gyue me herberowe for the loue of kynge Arthur / Thenne the
porter went vnto the duchesse/ and tolde her how ther was a
knyghte of kyng Arthurs wolde haue herberowe/ lete hym in
saide the duchesse/ for I wille see that knyghte/ And for kyng
Arthurs sake he shalle not be herberoules /
¶ Thenne she yode vp in to a toure ouer the gate with grete
torche lyght / whan sir Gareth sawe that torche lyghte he cryed

on hyke whether thou be lord or lady gyaunt or champyon I take no force so that I may haue herbeholde this nyghte/ & yf hit so be that I muste nedes fyghte/spare me not to morne whan I haue vestyd me for bothe I and myn hors ben ready/ Syr knyghte said the lady thou spekest knyghtly and boldly/but wete thou wel the lord of this castel loueth not kyng Arthur/ nor none of his court/for my lord hath euer ben ageynst hym and therfor thou were better not to come within this castel / For and thou come in this nyghte / thou must come in vnder suche fourme that where someuer thou mete my lord by styx or by strete/thou must yelde the to hym as prysoner/Madame sa id syre Gareth what is your lord and what is his name/ syr my lordes name is the duke de la rouse/wel madame said syr Gareth I shal promyse yow in what place I mete your lord I shalle yelde me vnto hym and to his goode grace with that I vnderstande he wille do me no harme/And yf I vnderstand that he wille I wil I releace my self and I am with my spe re and my swerde/ ye say wel said the ducheſſe/and thenne she lete the drawe brydge doune / and soo he rode in to the halle / and there he alyghte/and his hors was lede in to a stable/ & in the halle he vnarmed hym/ & saide madame I will not oute of this holde this nyghte/And whan it is dayes lyght/lete see/ who wil haue adoo with me / he shal fynde me redy / Thenne was he sette vnto souper/and had many good dyſſhes / thenne syr Gareth lyst wel to ete/and knyghtly he ete his mete / and egerly/there was many a fair lady by hym/& some said they neuer sawe a goodlyer man nor so wel of etynge/ thenne they made hym passyng goode chere/& shortly whan he had soupedy his bedde was made there so he restedy hym al nyghte / And on the morne he herdy masse & brake his fast & toke his le ue at the ducheſſe/& at them al/ & thanked her goodely of her lodgyng & of his good chere/& thenne she askedy hym his na me/Madame he saide truly my name is Gareth of Orkeney/ & some men calle me Beaumayns/thē knewe she wel it was the same knyzt that fouzt for dame lyones / so sir gareth depar tedy & rode vp in to a montayne/& ther mette hym a knyghte/ his name was syr Bendelayne and sayd to syr Gareth thou shalt not passe this way/for outher thou shalt Juste with me or

elis ke my pryſoner/Thenne wille I Juſte ſaid ſyr Gareth/
And ſoo they lete their horſes renne/and there ſyr Gareth ſmo
te hym thorou oute the body/and ſyr Bendalyne rode forth to
his caſtel there beſyde and there dyed/So ſyr gareth wold ha
ue reſted hym/and he cam rydynge to Bendalaynis caſtel /
Thenne his knyghtes and ſeruauntes aſpyed that it was he
that had ſlayne their lord/Thenne they armed yu good men
and cam oute and aſſailled ſyr gareth/and ſoo he had no ſpe
re but his ſwerd/and put his ſhelde afore hym/and there they
brake their ſperes vpon hym/and they aſſailled hem paſſyng-
ly ſore/But euer ſyr gareth deffended hym as a knyght

Capitulum xxxiiii

SOo whan they ſalue that they myghte not ouercome
hym/ they rode from hym/and took their counceylle to
ſlee his hors/and ſoo they cam in vpon ſyr gareth/ and with
ſperes they ſlelue his hors/and thenne they aſſailled hym hard
But whan he was on foote / there was none that he raughte
but he gaf him ſuche a buffet that he dyd neuer wouer / So he
ſlelue hem by one and one tyl they were but foure/ and there
they fledde/and ſire gareth took a good hors that was one of
theirs and rode his waye/Thenne he rode a grete paas til that
he came to a caſtel and there he herd moche mornynge of lady-
es and gentylwymmen/ſo ther cam by hym a page/what noy-
ſe is this ſaid ſyr gareth that I here within this caſtel / Syre
knyghte ſaid the page here ben within this caſtel thyrtty lady-
es and alle they be wydowes/ For here is a knyght that way
teth dayly vpon this caſtel/ and his name is the brown kn-
yght without pyte /and he is the perylleuſt knyght that nolu
lyueth/ And therfor ſir ſaid the page I rede you flee/Nay ſa
id ſir gareth I wille not flee though thou be aferd of hym /
And thenne the page ſalue where came the browne knyghte/ loo
ſaid the page yonder he cometh/ lete me dele with hym ſaid ſyre
gareth/And whan eyther of other had a ſyghte they lete the-
yr horſes renne/and the browne knyghte brake his ſpere and
ſir gareth ſmote hym thorou oute the body that he ouerthrelue
hym to the ground ſtarke dede/So ſir gareth rode in to the caſtel
& praid the ladyes yf he myȝt repoſe hym/ allas ſaid the ladyes
ye may not be lodged here / make hym good chere ſaid the page

for this knyghte hath slayne your enemy/thenne they al made hym good chere as laye in their power/ But wete ye wel they maade hym good chere for they myghte none otherwyse doo for they were but poure/ And so on the morne he wente to masse/ and there he salue the thyrtty ladyes knele/ and lay grouelyng vpon dyuerse tombes makynge grete dole and sorowe/ Thenne syr Gareth wyst wel that in the tombes lay theire lordes / Fayre ladyes said syr Gareth ye must at the next feeste of Pentecost be at the court of kynge Arthur/ and saye that I syr Gareth sente you thyder/ we shal doo this said the ladyes Soo he departed/ and by fortune he came to a monntayne / & there he found a goodely knyght that bade hym abyde syr knyghte and Juste with me/ what are ye said syr Gareth/ My name is said he the duke de la rouse/ A syr ye ar the same knyghte that I lodged ones in your Castel/ And there I made promyse vnto your lady that I sholde yelde me vnto you A said the duke arte thou that proud knyghte that profereste to fyghte with my knyghtes/ therfore make the redy for I wil haue adoo with you/ Soo they lete their horses renne/ and ther syr Gareth smote the duke doune from his hors/ But the duke lyghtly auoyded his hors/ and dressid his shelde and drewe his swerd/ and bad syr Gareth alyghte and fyghte with hym/ Soo he dyd alyghte/ and they dyd grete batail to gyders more than an houre/ and eyther hurte other ful sore/ Att the last sir Gareth gat the duke to the erthe / and wold haue slayn hym/ and thenne he yelded hym to hym/ Thenne must ye goo said sir Gareth vnto syr Arthur my lord at the next feest and saye that I sir Gareth of Orkeney sente you vnto hym/ hit shal be done said the duke/ and I wil doo to yold homage and feaute with an C knyghtes with me/ and ake the dayes of my lyf to doo you seruyse where ye wilke commaunde me/

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Soo the duke departed/ and sir Gareth stode there alone and there he salue an armed knyght comyng toward hym / Thenne syre Gareth toke the dukes shelde/ and

mounted vpon horsback/and soo without bydyng they ranne to gyder as it had ben the thonder/ And there that knyzt hurt syr Gareth vnder the syde with his spere/ And thenne they alyghte/ and drewe their swerdes/and gaue grete strokes that the blood trayled to the grounde/ And soo they foughte two houres / At the last ther came the damoysel Lynet that some men calle the damoysel saueage / and she came rydynge vpon an ambelynge meule/and there she cryed al on hyghe/ syr Gawayne syr Galvayne leue thy fyghtynge with thy broder syre Gareth/ And whan he herd her saye soo he threwe aweye hys shelde and his swerde / and ranne to syre Gareth/ and toke hym in his armes/and sythen kneled doune and asked hym mercy/ What are ye said syr Gareth that ryght nold were soo stronge and soo myghty/and nold so sodenly yelde you to me O Gareth I am your broder syr Galvayn that for youre sake haue had grete sorow and labour/Thenne syr Gareth vnlaced his helme/and kneled doune to hym/and asked hym mercy/ thenne they rose both and enbraced eyther other in their armes and wepte a grete whyle or they myght speke/ and eyther of hem gaf other the pryce of the batailke/ And there were many kynde wordes bitwene hem/Allas my faire brodr said sir gawayn perde I owe of ryghte to worshippe you/ and ye were not my broder/for ye haue worshipped kyng Arthur and alle his courte/for ye haue sente me mo worshipful knyghtes this twelue moneth than all tyme the best of the roundy table haue done except sir Launcelot/Thenne cam the damoysel saueage that was the lady Lynet that rode with sir gareth soo longe / and there she dyd staunche sir gareths woundes/ and sir galvayns Now what wille ye doo said the damoysel saueage/me semeth that it were wel do ꝑ Arthur had wetyng of you both, for your horses are soo brysed that they may not bere/Nold faire damoysel said syr Galvayne/I praye you ryde vnto my lordy myn vnkel kynge Arthur/and telle hym what aduenture is to me befyd here / and I suppose he wille not tary long / Thenne she woke her meule and lyghtly she came to kynge Arthur / that was but two myle thens/ And whan she had told hym tydynges the kynge had gete hym a palfroy/ ¶ And whan he was vpon his bak he bade the lordes and ladyes come after who

that wold/and there was sadelyng and bridelyng of quenes horses and prynces horses/& wel was hym that sonest myght be redy/Soo whan the kynge came there as they were he salue syr Galsayn and syr Gareth sytte vpon a lytel hylle syde/& thenne the kynge auoyded his hors/And whanne he cam ny3 gh syr Gareth/he wold haue spoken but he myghte not/and therwith he sanke doune in a swoune for gladnesse./ and soo they starte vnto theyr vnkyl/ and requyred hym of his good grace to be of good comforte/Were ye wel the kyng made gre3 te ioye and many a pyteous complaynte he made to syr Ga3 reth/And euer he wepte as he had ben a chyld/With that cam his moder the quene of Orkeney dame Morgause/ And whan she salue syr Gareth redely in the vysage she myghte not wepe but sodenly felle doun in a swoune/and lay there a grete whyle lyke as she hadde ben dede/And thenne syr Gareth recomfor3 ted his moder in suche wyse that she recouerd and made good chere/Thenne the kynge commaunded that al maner of knyght es that were vnder his obeissaunce sholde make their lodgyng ryght there for the loue of his neuelues/And soo it was do3 ne and al manere of purueaunce purueyd that ther lacked nothyng that myghte be goten of lande nor wylde for gold or syluer/ And thenne by the meanes of the damoysel Saueage syr Galvayne and syr Gareth were heled of their wounds/ and there they soiourned eyght dayes/Thenne said kyng Ar thur vnto the damoysel saueage I merueylle that your syster Dame Lyones cometh not here to me/and in especyal that she cometh not to vysyte her knyghte my neuelue syre Gareth that hath had soo mocke trauaille for her loue/My lord said the da moysel Lynet ye muste of your good grace hold her excused/ For she knowleth not that my lord syr Gareth is here/So thē ne for her said kynge Arthur that we may be apoynted what is best to done accordyng to the plesyr of my neuelue/Syr sa3 id the damoysel that shal be done/and soo she wode vnto her sys ter/ And as lyghtely as she myght made her redy & she cam on the morne with her broder syr Gryngamor/ and with her yl knyztes/And so whan she was come she had alle the che3 re that myghte be done bothe of the kynge and of many other kynges and quenes

¶ Capitulum xxxv

AND amonge alle these ladyes she was named the fayrest and pyerles/ Thenne whanne syr Galvayn salvher/ thew was many a goodely loke and goodely wordes that alle men of worshipe had ioye to beholde them/ Thenne cam kynge Arthur and many other kynges and dame Gwencuer & the quene of Orkeney/ And ther the kyng asked his neuew syr Gareth whether he wold haue that lady as paramour or to haue her to his wyf / My lord wete you wel that I loue her aboue al ladyes lyuynge/ Nowe fayre lady said kyng Arthur what say ye/ Moost noble kynge said dame Lyones wete you wel that my lord syr Gareth is to me more leuer to haue and welde as my husband than ony kyng or prynce that is crystened/ and yf I maye not haue hym I promyse you I wylle neuer haue none/ For my lord Arthur sayd dame Lyones wete ye wel he is my fyrst loue and he shal be the laste/ And yf ye wil suffre hym to haue his wyl and free choyse I dare saye he wylle haue me/ That is trouthe said syr Gareth/ And I haue not you and welde not you as my wyf / therfor shal neuer lady ne gentylwoman wioyne me / What neuelye said the kynge is the wynde in that dore / for wete ye wel I wolde not for the ryches of my croune to be causar to withdraw ye your hertes/ And wete ye wel ye can not loue so wel but I shal rather encrease hit than dystresse hit/ And also ye shal haue my loue and my lordship in the vttermest wyse that may lye in my power/ And in the same wyse said sir Gareths moder/ thenne there was made a prouysyon for the day of maryage/ and by the kynges aduyse it was prouyded that it shold be at Mychelmas folowyng at kynkenadon by the see syde/ for ther is a plentyful countrey/ And soo it was cryed in al the places thurgh the royamme/ And thenne syr Gareth sent his somones to alle these knyghtes and ladyes that he had won in batail to fore that they sholde be at his day of maryage at kynkenadon by the sandys/ And thenne dame Lyones and the damoysel Lynet with syr Gryngamor rode to their castel / and a goodely and a ryche ryng she gaf to syr Gareth/ and he gaf her another / And kyng Arthur gaf her a ryche lee of

goldy/ andy soo she departedy/ andy kyng Arthur andy his felau
ship rode towardy Kynkenadon/ andy syr Gareth brought his
lady on the way/ & so cam to the kyng ageyne andy rode with
hym/ Lord the grete chere that syr launcelot made of sir Gareth
andy he of hym/ for there was neuer no knyght that syr gawth
louedy so wel as he dydy syr Launcelot/ andy euer for the most
party he woldy be in syr launcelots company/ for after syr Ga;
reth hady aspyedy sir Galvayns condycions he withdrewe hym
self fro his broder syr Galvayns felauship/ for he was benge
able/ andy where he hatedy he woldy be auengydy with murther
andy that hatedy syr gareth

¶ Capitulum xxxbj

SOo hit drewe faste to Mychelmas / andy thyder came
dame Lyones the lady of the castel perylous andy her
syster dame Lynet with syre gryngamor her broder with hem/
For he hady the conduyte of these ladyes/ Andy there they were
lodgedy at the deuyse of kyng Arthur/ Andy vpon mychelmas
day the Bisshop of Caunterbury made the weddyng betwixe
syr gareth andy the lady Lyones with grete solempnyte/ andy
kyng Arthur made galerys to wedde the damoysel saueage /
that was dame Lynet/ andy kyng Arthur made syr Agrauay;
ne to wedde dame Lyones nees a fayr lady/ her name was
dame Lauuel/ Andy so whan this solemnacion was done/ then
ne came in the grene knyghte syr Perlylope with thyrtty kny;
ghtes/ andy there he dyd homage and feaute to syr gareth and
these knyghtes to holdy of hym for euermore/ Also sir Perilo;
pe saidy I pray you that at this feest I maye be your cham;
berlayne/ With a goody wil saidy syr gareth/ syth it lyketh you
to take soo symple on offyce/ Thenne come in the wedy knyghte
With thre score knyghtes With hym ! and dyde to syr Gareth
homage andy feaute / andy alle the knyghtes to holdy of hym
for euermore/ Andy thenne this syr Perymonyes praide sir ga
reth to graunte hym to be his chyef botteler at that hyghe feest
I Wil Wel saide sir gareth that ye haue this offyce and it wer
re better/ Thenne came in syr Persant of Inde With an C kny;
ghtes With hym/ andy there he dyd homage andy feaute / and

al his knyghtes sholy wo hym seruyse/ andy holy their lon=
des of hym for euer/ andy there he prayly syr Gareth to make
hym his Selvar chyef at the feest/ I will wel saidy syr Ga=
reth that ye shue it & it were better/ Thenne am the dukke la
rolvse lvith an C knyghtes lvith hym / andy there he dyly ho=
mage andy feaute to syr Gareth/ andy soo to holy theire londes
of hym for euer/ Andy he requyredy syr Gareth that he myght
serue hym of the wyn that day at that feest / I vil wel saydy
syr Gareth andy it were better/ Thenne came in the red knyzte
of the redy laundes that was syr Ironsyde/ andy he brought
lvith hym thre honderdy knyghtes/ andy there he dydy homage &
feaute/ andy al these knyghtes to holy their landes of hym for
euer / Andy thenne he askedy syr Gareth to be his keruer / I
will wel saidy syr Gareth andy it please you/ Thenne came in to
the courte thyrtty ladyes/ and alle they semedy lvydolves/ and
tho thyrtty ladyes brought lvith hem many fayre gentyllwy=
mmen/ Andy alle they kneled doune at ones vnto kyng arthur
andy vnto syr Gareth/ andy there al tho ladyes tolvy the kyng
holv syr Gareth delyuerdy hem from the dolorous toure/ and sle
lve the broune knyght vithoute pyte/ Andy therfore we andy
oure heyres for euermore vill doo homage vnto syr Gareth of
Orkeney/ So thenne the kynges andy quenes/ prynces & erlys
Barons andy many holy knyghtes lvente vnto mete / & lvell
maye ye vete there were al maner of mete plentyuously/ alle
maner rules andy games lvith al maner of mynstralsy that
was vsedy in tho dayes/ ¶ Also ther was gryte Justes thre da=
yes/ But the kynge wolvy not suffre syre Gareth to Juste by
cause of his nelve bryde/ for as the frenssh booke sayth that da=
me Lyones desyredy of the kynge that none that were wedded
sholy Juste at that feest/ Soo the fyrst day there Justedy sir la
merak de galys/ for he ouerthrelve thyrtty knyghtes/ & did pas
syng merueillously dedes of armes/ andy thenne kyng Arthur
made syr Persaunt and his tlvo brethern knyghtes of the rol=
undy table to their lyues ende/ andy gaf hem grete londes/ Also
the secondy daye there Justedy Trystram best/ andy he ouerthrelv
fourty knyghtes/ andy dydy there merueillous dedes of armes
Andy there kynge Arthur made Ironsyde that was the redy
knyghte of the redy laundes a knyghte of the table round to

his lyues ende/and gaf hym grete landes/ The thyrd day there Justed syr Launcelot du lake/and he ouerthrewe fyfty knyghtes and dyde many merueyllous dedes of armes that all men wondred on hym/ And there kynge Arthur made the duke de la rouse a knyghte of the roundy table to his lyues ende/and gaf hym grete landes to spende / But whan this Justes were done/syr Lamerak and syr Trystram departed sodenly/& wold not be knowm/for the whiche kyng Arthur and all the court were sore displeasyd/ And soo they helde the courte fourty dayes with grete solempnyte / And this syr Gareth was a noble knyghte and a wel rulyd and fayr langaged

¶ Thus endeth this tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that wedded dame Lyones of the castel perylous/And also syr Gaherys wedded her syster dame Lynet / that was calledy the damoysel saueage/ And syr Agrauayne wedded dame Laurel a fayr lady and grete and myghty landes with grete rychesse gaf with them kyng Arthur that ryally they myght lyue tyl their lyues ende

Here foloweth the viij book the which is the first book of sir Tristram de Lyones/& who was his fader & his moder/& how he was borne and fosteryd/ And how he was made knyghte

¶ Capitulum primum

It was a kyng that hyghte Melyodas/and he was lordy andy kynge of the countre of Lyonas Andy this Melyodas was a lykely knyght as ony was that tyme lyuynge /Andy by fortune he weddey kynge Markys syster of Cornewaike / Andy she was calledy Elyzabeth that was callyd bothe goody andy fair Andy at that tyme kynge Arthur regnedy / andy he was hole kynge of Englondy / walys andy Scotlandy & of many other royammes holv be it there were many kynges that were lordes of many countreyes/but alle they heldy their landes of kyng Arthur/for in walys were two kynges/andy in the northe were many kynges / Andy in Cornewail andy in the weste were two kynges/ ¶ Also in Irlandy were two or thre kynges andy al were vnder the obeissaunce of kyng Arthur/So was the kynge of Fraunce andy the kyng of Swetayn andy alle the lordshippes vnto Rome/So whan this kyng Melyodas hadde ben with his wyf/within a whyle she wayid grete with child andy she was a ful meke lady/andy wel she louedy her lordy/& he her ageyne/soo there was grete ioye betwixe them / Thenne ther was a lady in that countrey that hady louedy kynge Melyodas longe/Andy by no meane she neuer coude gete his loue therfore she lete ordeyne vpon a day as kynge Melyodas rode on huntynge/for he was a grete chacer / andy there by an enchauntement she made hym chace an herte by hym self alone/til that he came to an oldy Castel/|andy there anone he was takey prysoner by the lady that hym loued/Whanne Elyzabeth kyng Melyodas myst her lordy/andy she was nygh oute of her wytte andy also as grete with childy as she was she took a gentylwoman with her/andy ranne in to the forest to seke her lordy / And whanne she was ferre in the forest she myghte no ferther for she bygan to trauaille fast of her child/And she had many grymly wolvez/ her gentylwoman halp her alle that she myghte/Andy soo by myracle of oure lady of heuen she was delyuerdy with grete paynes/But she had taken suche cold for the defaute of helpe that depe draughtes of deth toke her / that nedes she must dye andy departe oute of this worldy/ther was

none other boote / And whanne this quene Elyzabeth salue that ther was none other bote/thenne she made grete dole / and said vnto her gentylwoman / whan ye see my lord kyng Melyodas recommaunde me vnto hym / and telle hym what paynes I endure here for his loue / and how I must dye here for his sake for defaute of goody helpe/and lete hym wete that I am ful sory to departe out of this world fro hym/therfor pray hym to be frende to my soule/ Nowe lete me see my lytel child/ for whome I haue had alle this sorowe/ And whanne she saw hym she said thus / A my lytel sone thou hast murthered thy moder/ and therfore I suppose thou that arte a murthrer soo yong/thou arte ful lykely to be a manly man in thyn age/ And by cause I shal dye of the byrthe of the / I charge the gentylwoman/ that thou pray my lord kynge Melyodas that whan he is crystned lete calle hym Trystram that is as moch to saye/as a sorouful byrthe / And ther with this quene gaf vp the ghoost and dyed / Thenne the gentylwoman leyd her vnder an vmbre of a grete tree/and thenne she lapped the chylde as wel as she myght for cold/ Rygh̄te soo ther came the Barons folowynge after the quene/ ¶ And whan they salue that she was dede/ and vnderstood none other but the kynge was destroyed/

¶ Capitulum secundum

Thenne certayne of them wold haue slayne the child/ by cause they wold haue ben lordes of the countrey of Lyonas/ But thenne thorou the faire speche of the gentylwoman/and by the meanes that she made/ the moost party of the Barons wold not assente ther to/ And thenne they lete cary home the dede quene/and moche dole was made for her/ Thenne this meane whyle Merlyn delyuerd kynge Melyodas out of pryson on the morne after his quene was dede/ And so whan the kynge was come home/the moost party of the barons made grete ioye/ But the sorou that the kyng made for his quene that myght̄e no tong telle

Soo thenne the kynge lete entere her ryche ly/and after he lete crystene his child as his wyf had commaunded afore her

deth / And̄ thenne he lete calle hym Tryſtram the ſoroufull bo=
zne child̄ / ¶ Thenne the kynge Melyodas endured̄ ſeuen ye=
res without̄e a wyf / And̄ alle this tyme Tryſtram was nou
ryſſhed̄ wel / ¶ Thenne hit befelle that kynge Melyodas
wedded̄ kynge Howles doughter of Bretayne / and̄ anone
ſhe hadde childzen of kynge Melyodas / thenne was ſhe hey
and̄ wrothe / that her childzen ſhold̄ not reioyce the Countrey
of Lyones / wherfor this quene ordeyned̄ for to poyſone yong
Tryſtram / So ſhe lete poyſon be put in a pyece of ſyluer in the
chamber where as Tryſtram and̄ her childzen were to gyders /
Now that entente that whanne Tryſtram were thurſty he ſho=
ld̄ drynke that drynke / And̄ ſo hit felle vpon a daye the que=
nes ſone as he was in that chamber / aſpyed̄ the pyece with
poyſon / and̄ he wende hit hadde ben good̄ drynke / and̄ by ca=
uſe the child̄ was thurſty he woke the pyece With poyſon and
dranke freely / and̄ there with al ſodenly the child̄ braſt & was
dede / whanne the quene Melyodas wyſt of the dethe of her ſone
were ye wel that ſhe was hevy / But yet the kyng vnderſto=
de no thynge of her treaſon / ¶ Not withſtandynge the quene
wold̄ not leue this / but efte ſhe lete ordeyne more poyſon / and
putte hit in a pyece / And̄ by fortune kyng Melyodas her huſ
band̄ fond̄ the pyece with wyn where was the poyſon / and̄ he
that was mocke thurſty wold̄ the pyece for to drynke ther oute
And̄ as he wold̄ haue dronken therof / the Quene aſpyed̄
hym / and̄ thenne ſhe ranne vnto hym / and̄ pulled̄ the pyece
from hym ſodenly ¶ The kyng merueilled̄ why
ſhe dyd̄ ſoo / and̄ remembred̄ hym how her ſone was ſodenly
ſlayne with poyſon / And̄ thenne he took her by the hand̄ and
ſayd̄ / thou fals traitreſſe thou ſhalte telle me what maner of
drynke this is / or els I ſhalle ſlee the / And̄ ther with he pul
led̄ oute his ſwerd̄ / and̄ ſware a grete othe that he ſhold̄ ſlee
her / but yf ſhe told̄ hym trouthe / A mercy my lord̄ ſayd̄ ſhe /
and̄ I ſhalle telle you alle / And̄ thenne ſhe told̄ hym why
ſhe wold̄ haue ſlayne Tryſtram / by cauſe her chyldren ſhold̄
reioyce his land̄ / wel ſaid̄ kyng Melyodas / and̄ therfor ſhal
ye haue the halfe / And̄ ſoo ſhe was dampned̄ by the aſſente
of the Barons to be brent / and̄ thenne was ther made a grete
fyre / & rygh̄t as ſhe was at the fyre to take her execucion / yong

Tryſtram knelyd afore kynge Melyodas/ and beſought hym to gyue hym a bone/ I wylle wel ſaid the kynge ageyne/

¶ Thenne ſaide yonge Tryſtram gyue me the lyf of thy que; ne my ſtepmoder/ That is vnrygthfully aſked ſaid kyng Melyodas/ for thou oughte of ryght to hate her/ for ſhe wold ha; ue ſlayne the with that poyſon and ſhe mygthe haue hadde her wille/ And for thy ſake mooſt is my cauſe that ſhe ſholde dye Syr ſaide Tryſtram as for that I beſeche you of your mercy that ye wille forgyue hit her/ And as for my parte god forgy ue it her and I doo/ and ſoo moche it lyked your hyhenes to graunte me my bone/ for godes loue I requyre you hold yo; ur promyſe/ Sythen hit is ſoo ſaid the kynge I wille that ye haue her lyf/ thenne ſaid the kynge I gyue her to you/ and go ye to the fyre and take her/ and doo with her what ye wylle/ Soo fyre Tryſtram wente to the fyre/ and by the commaunde ment of the kyng delyuerd her from the dethe/ But after that kynge Melyodas wold neuer haue adoo with her as at hrde and borde/ But by the good meanes of yong Tryſtram he made the kynge and her acorded / But thenne the kynge wold not ſuffre yonge Tryſtram to abyde no lenger in his courte.

¶ Capitulum iij

AND thenne he lete ordeyne a gentylman that was wel lerned and taughte/ his name was gouernayle/ and thenne he ſente yonge Tryſtram with Gouernayle in to Fraunce to lerne the langage/ and nurture / and dedes of armes/ And there was Tryſtram more than ſeuen yeres/

¶ And thenne whanne he wel couthe ſpeke the langage and hadde lerned alle that he myght lerne in that countreys/ thenne he came home to his fader kynge Melyodas ageyne/ and ſo Tryſtram lerned to be an harper paſſynge alle other that there was none ſuche called in no countrey/ and ſoo in harpynge & on Inſtrumentys of muſyke he applyed hym in his yongthe for to lerne/ And after as he grewed in myght and ſtrengthe he laboured euer in huntynge and in haukynge ſoo that neuer

gentylman more that euer ye herde rede of / ¶ And as the book sayth/he beganne goode mesures of blowyng of beestes of Venery and beestes of chace/ and alle manere of Vermayns/ and alle these termes we haue yet of haukyng and huntyng And therfore the book of Venery / of haukynge and huntynge is called the book of syr Trystram/Wherfor as me semeth alle gentylmen that beren olde armes oughte of ryght to honoure syre Trystram for the goodly termes that gentilmen haue and vse/and shalle to the daye of dome/ that there by in a maner alle men of worship maye dissheuer a gentylman fro a yoman/and from a yoman a vylayne/For he that gentyl is wylle drawe hym vnto gentil tatches/and to folowe the custommes of noble gentylmen ¶ Thus syr Trystram endured in Cornewaile vntyl he was bygge/and stronge/of the age of xviij yere/ And thenne the kynge Melyodas had grete ioye of syr Trystram/ and soo had the quene his wyfe/ For euer after in her lyf by cause syre Trystram saued her from the fyre she dyde neuer hate hym more after / but loued hym euer after/and gaf Trystram many grete yeftes for euery estate loued hym/Where that he wente

¶ Capitulum quartum

Thenne it befelle that kynge Anguysshe of Irlande / sente vnto kynge Marke of Cornewaile for his truage that Cornewaile had payed many wynters/ And alle that tyme kynge Marke was behynde of the truage for seuen yeres/ And kyng Marke and his Barons gaf vnto the messager of Irlande these wordes and answere that they wold none paye / and bad the messagyer goo vnto his Kynge Anguysshe/and telle hym we wille paye hym no truage/but telle youre lorde/and he wille alweyes haue truage of vs of Cornewaile/bydde hym sende a trusty knyghte of his lande / that wille fyghte for his ryght/ and we shalle fynde another for to defende oure ryght / With this answer the messagers departed in to Irlande/ ¶ And whanne kynge Anguysh vnderstood the answere of the messagers/he was wonderly wroth

Andy thenne he callyd vnto hym syr Marhaus the good kny-
ght that was nobly preuedy/andy a knyghte of the table ro-
undy/ Andy this Marhaus was broder vnto the quene of Ir-
landy/ ¶ Thenne the kynge saydy thus/ Fayre broder sir Mar
haus I praye yolv goo in to Cornelvaile for my sake and do
bataille for our truage that of ryght lve oughte to haue/andy
lvhat someuer ye spende ye shalle haue suffyaently more thay
ye shal nede/Syre saide Marhaus lvete ye lvel that I shalle
not be lothe to doo bataille in the ryght of you and your land
lvith the best knyght of the table wunde / for I knolve them
for the mooste party lvhat ley theire dedes/ and for to auaunce
my dedes and to encreace my lvorshipp I lvylle ryght gladly
goo vnto this iourneye for oure rygh-te
¶ Soo in alle haste there lvas made purueaunce for syr mar
haus/and he hadde al thynge that to hym neded/and soo he de-
parted out of Irland / and arryued vp in Cornelvaile euen
fast by the castel of Tyntagil/ And lvhan kynge Marke vn-
derstood that he lvas there arryued to fyghte for Irland /
¶ Thenne made kynge marke grete sorou lvhan he vnderstood
that the good andy noble knyghte sire Marhaus lvas come /
For they knelve no knyght that durste haue adoo lvith hym/
For at that tyme syre Marhaus lvas alled one of the famo-
sest and renoumed knyghtes of the lvorld
¶ And thus syre Marhaus abode in the see/ andy euery daye
he sente vnto kynge Marke for to paye the truage that lvas
kehynde of seuen yere / outher els to synde a knyght to fyghte
lvith hym for the truage / This maner of message syre Mar-
haus sente dayly vnto kynge Marke/ ¶ Thenne they of
Cornelvayle lete make cryes in euery place that lvhat knyght
lvold fyghte for to saue the truage of Cornelvaile he sholde
be relvarded soo that he sholde fare the better the terme of hys
lyf/ ¶ Thenne some of the Barons sayde to kynge
Marke / and counceiled hym to sende to the courte of kynge
Arthur for to seke syre Launcelot du lake that was that ty-
me named for the merueillouste Knyght of alle the lvorlde /
¶ Thenne there lvere somme other Barons that counceylled
the kynge not to doo soo & said that it lvas laboure in vayn/

by cause syr Marhaus was a knyght of the wounde table/ therfor ony of hym will he both to haue adoo with other/ but yf hit were ony knyght at his owne requeste wold fyghte dysguysed and vnknowen/ Soo the kynge and alle his barons assented that it was no boote to seke ony knyght of the wounde table /

¶ This meane whyle came the langage and the noyse vnto kynge Meliodas how that sire Marhaus abode bataille faste by Tyntagil/ And how kyng Marke couthe fynde no maner knyghte to fyghte for hym/ Whan yong Trystram herde of thys / he was wrothe and sore ashamed that ther durst no knyghte in Cornewaile haue adoo with syr Marhaus of Irlande /

¶ Capitulum quintum

THere with al Trystram wente vnto his fader kynge Meliodas and asked hym counceil what was best to doo for to recouer Cornewaile from truage / For as me semeth said sir Tristram it were shame that syr Marhaus the quenes broder of Irlande shold goo alweye onles that he were foughten with alle ¶ As for that saide kyng Meliodas Wete you Wel sone Tristram that syr Marhaus is called one of the best knyghtes of the Worlde and knyghte of the table wounde / And therfore I knowe no knyghte in this countre that is able to matche With hym/ ¶ Alas saide syre Tristram that I am not made knyght/ And yf sir Marhaus shold thus departe in to Irland/ god lete me neuer haue Worship and I were made knyght I shold matche hym /
And syr saide Trystram I pray you gyue me leue to ryde to kynge Marke/ and soo ye be not displeasyd/ of kynge Marke Wille I be made Knyght/ I Wille Wel saide kyng Meliodas that ye be ruled as your courage Wille rule you
¶ Thenne sir Trystram thanked his fader mocke / And thenne he made hym redy to ryde in to Cornewaile / ¶ In the meane Whyle there came a messager With letters of loue fro kynge Faramon of Fraunces doughter vnto syre Trystram that were ful pytous letters & in them were Wryten many complaynctes of loue/ but syre Tristram had no Joye of her letters nor

regarde vnto her/Also she sende hym a lytel brachet that was passynge fayre/ But whan the kynges doughter vnderstoode that syre Trystram wolde not loue her/ as the book sayth / she dyede for sorou/ ¶ And thenne the same squyer that brought the letter and the brachet came ageyne vnto syr Trystram/ as after ye shalle here in the tale ¶ Soo this yonge syre Trystram rode vnto his eme kynge Marke of Cornewa yle/ ¶ And whanne he came there/he herde say that ther wold no knyghte fyghte with syre Marhaus/Thenne yede sir Tristram vnto his eme and sayde /syre yf ye wylle gyue me thorder of knyghthode / I wille doo batailke with syr Marhaus/ What are ye sayde the kynge and from whens be ye comen/ Sir sayde Trystram I come fro kynge Melyodas that wedded your syster and a gentylman were ye wel I am ¶ Kynge Marke beheelde sir Trystram and salwe that he was but a yonge man of age / but he was passyngly wel maade and bygge/ ¶ Faire syre sayde the kynge what is youre name and where were ye borne/Syre sayde he ageyne / my name is Trystram/and in the countrye of Lyones was I borne / Ye saye wel sayde the kynge/ and yf ye wille doo this batayle I shalle make yow knyghte / Therfore I come to you sayde syre Trystram and for none other cause ¶ But thenne kynge Marke made hym knyghte/And there with al anone as he hadde made hym knyght he sente a messager vnto syre Marhaus with letters that sayde / that he hadde fonde a yonge knyghte redy for to take the batailke to the vttermest/hit may wel be sayde syre Marhaus/ ¶ But telle kynge Marke I wille not fyghte With no knyghte but he be of blood royal/that is to saye outher kynges sone outher quenes sone borne of a prynce or prynceſſe/ ¶ Whanne Kynge Marke vnderstoode that / he sente for syre Trystram de lyones and tolde hym what was the answer of syr Marhaus / ¶ Thenne sayde syre Trystram sythen that he seyth soo/lete hym wete that I am comen of fader syde and moder syde of as noble blood as he is/ ¶ For syre nowe shalle ye knowe that I am kynge Melyodas sone borne of youre owne syster dame Elyzabeth that dyede in the forest in the byrthe of me/ O Jhesu sayde kynge Marke ye are welcome faire neuewe

to me/ ¶ Thenne in alle the haste the kynge lete horse syr Tristram and arme hym in the best maner that myghte be had or goten for golde or syluer/ ¶ And thenne kynge Marke sente vnto sir Marhaus/and dyde hym to wete that a ketter born mā than he was hym self sholde fyghte with hym/and his name is sir Trystram de lyonas gotten of kynge Melyodas/ and borne of kynge Markes syster/Thenne was sir Marhaus glad and blythe that he sholde fyghte with suche a gentylman/and soo by the assente of kynge Mark and of syr Marhaus they lete ordeyne that they sholde fyghte within an Iland nyghe syr Marhaus shyppes/and soo was syr Trystram putte in to a vessel bothe his hors and he and alle that to hym longed both for his body and for his hors/Syre Trystram lacked no thynge/ And whan kynge Marke and his Bawns of Cornewaile beheld how yonge syr Trystram departed with suche a caryage to fyghte for the ryghte of Cornewaile / there was neyther man ne woman of worship but they wepte to see and vnderstande soo yonge a knyght to jeoparde hym self for their ryghte/

¶ Capitulum septum

SOo to shorten this tale whan syr Trystram was arryued within the Iland/he boked to the ferther syde / & there he salve at an anker syxe shippes nyghe to the land/and vnder the shadowe of the shippes vpon the land/ there houed the noble knyghte syr Marhaus of Irland/ Thenne syr Trystram commaunded his seruaunt gouernail to bryngе his hors to the land and dresse his harneis at al manere of ryghtes / And thenne whan he had soo done/he mounted vpon his hors And whan he was in his sadel wel apparailled/ & his shelde dressid vpon his sholder / Trystram asked Gouernayle where is this knyghte that I shal haue ado with alle / Syre sayd Gouernaile/see ye hym not/I wende ye had sene hym yonder he goeth vnder the vmbre of his shippes on horsback with his spere in his hand and his shelde vpon his sholder / That is trouthe sayd the noble knyght syre Trystram now I see hym wel ynouz Thenne he commaunded his seruaunt Gouernayle

to goo to his Vessaile ageyne/and commaunde me vnto myne eme kynge Marke/and praye hym/yf that I be slayn in this batailke for to entere my body as hym semeth best/ & as for me lete hym wete I will neuer yelde me for colbardyse/and yf I be slayne and flee not/thenne they haue lost no truage for me And yf soo be that I flee or yelde me as recreaũt/bydde myne eme neuer kerye me in Crysten keryels/ And vpon thy lyf saide syr Trystram to Gouernayle/come thou not nyghe this Iland tyl that thou see me ouercomen or slayne/ or els that I wynne yonder knyght/soo eyther departed from other for the pynge

Capitulum septimum

AND thenne syr Marhaus auysed syr Trystram and saide thus/yonge knyght syr Trystram what dost thou here/me sore repenteth of thy courage/for wete thou wel I haue ben assayed/and the best knyghtes of this land haue ben assayed of my hand/ And also I haue matched with the best knyghtes of the worlde/ and therfor by my counceille retorne ageyne vnto thy Vessaile/ And faire knyght and wel preued knyght saide syre Trystram thou shalt wel wete I maye not forsake the in this quarel/ for I am for thy sake made knyght And thou shalt wel wete that I am a kynges sone born and goten vpon a quene/ and suche promyse I haue made att my neuewys request and myn owne sekyng that I shalle fyghte with the vnto the vttermest / and delyuer Cornewaile from the old truage/And also wete thou wel syr Marhaus/that this is the grettest cause that thou courageste me to haue adoo with the/ For thou art called one of the mooste renoumed knyghtes of the worlde/and by cause of that noyse and fame / that thou hast/thou gyueste me courage to haue adoo with the/ for neuer yet was I preued with goode knyghte/ And sythen I toke the ordre of knyghthode this day/I am wel pleasyd that I maye haue adoo with so goode a knyght as thou arte/ And nowe wete thou wel syr Marhaus that I caste me to gete worshipp on thy body/And yf that I be not preued/I truste to gode that I shal be worshipfully preued vpon thy body/and to delyuer the countrey of Cornewaile for euer fro al

maner of truage from Irland for euer/ Whanne syr Marhaus had herde hym saye what he wold/ he saide thenne thus ageyn Fair Knyght sythen it is soo that thou casteste to wynne worshyp of me/I lete the wete/worshyp may thou none lese by me yf thou mayst stande me thre strokes/for I lete the wete / for my noble dedes preued and sene/Kyng Arthur made me knyght of the table round / Thenne they beganne to feutre theyre speres/and they mette soo fyersly to gyders / that they smote eyther other doune/bothe hors and all/But sir Marhaus smote syr Trystram a grete wounde in the syde with his spere/ & thenne they auoyded their horses/and pulled oute their swerdes/and threlue their shelds afore them/And thenne they lasshed to gyders as men that were wyld and couragyous/ And whan they hadde stryken soo to gyder longe / thenne they lefte her strokes/and foyned at their brethes and vysours/ & whan they salue that that myght not preuaile them/thēne they hurtled to gyders lyke rammes to here eyther other doun/thus they fought stylle more than half a day/ and eyder were woundedy passyng sore/that the blood ranne doune fresshly fro them vpon the ground/By thenne syr Trystram waxed more fresshe/ than syr Marhaus and better wynded and bygger/and with a myghty stroke he smote syr Marhaus vpon the helme suche a buffet that hit went thorou his helme/ and thorou the coyfe of stele and thorou the brayn pan/and the swerd stak soo fast in the helme and in his brayn pan that sir Trystram pulled thrye es at his swerd or euer he myght pulle it out from his hede/& there Marhaus felle doun on his knees the edge of Tristrams swerd left in his brayne pan/And sodenly syr Marhaus rose grouelynge/and threlue his swerd and his shelde from hym/ and soo ranne to his shippes and fledde his waye/and sir tristram hadde euer his shelde and his swerd/And whan sir Tristram salue sir Marhaus withdrawe hym/he said A sir knyght of the round table why withdrawest thou the/thou dost thy selfe and thy kyn grete shame/for I am but a yong Knyghte/ or nolde I was neuer preued/and rather than I shold Withdraw We me from the/I had rather be bewen in C pyeces/Syr marhaus answerd no worde but yede his Way sore gronynge/ Well sir knyght said sir Tristram I promyse the thy swerd and thy

ſhelde ſhal be myn/and thy ſhelde ſhalle I bere in al places where I ryde on myn aduentures and in the ſyghte of kyng Arthur and alle the roundy table

¶ Capitulum viij

AMon ſir Marhaus and his felauſhip departed in to Irlandy/ And as ſoone as he came to the kynge his brodre/ he lete ſerche his woundes/ ¶ And whan his hede was ſerched/ a pyece of ſyre Tryſtrams ſwerdy was foundy therin/ and myghte neuer be had oute of his hede for no ſurgeons/ and ſoo he dyedy of ſyr Tryſtrams ſwerdy/ and that pyece of the ſwerdy the quene his ſyſter kepte hit for euer wyther/ for ſhe thoughte to be reuengyd and ſhe myghte/ ¶ Now forne we ageyne vnto ſyr Tryſtram that was ſore woundedy / and ful ſore bledy that he myzt not within a lytel whyle when he hady take coldy vnnethe ſtere hym of his lymmes / And thene he ſette hym doune ſoftely vpon a lytel hylle / and bledde faſt / Thenne anone came Gouernaile his may with his beſſel And the kynge and his barons came with proceſſion ageynſt hym/ And whan he was come vnto the landy / Kynge Marke toke hym in his armes/ and the kynge and ſir Dynas the ſeneſcal ladde ſyr Triſtram in to the caſtel of Tyntygail / And thenne was he ſerched in the beſt maner / and leid in his bedde/ And whan kynge Marke ſalve his woundes/ he wepte hertely and ſoo dyd alle his bordes/ So god me help ſaid kyng Marke I wolde not for alle my landes that my neueue dyedy / Soo ſyr Tryſtram laye there a moneth and more / and euer he was lyke to deye of that ſtroke that ſir Marhaus ſmote hym fyrſt With the ſpere / For as the Frenſſhe book ſaith/ the ſperes hede Was enuenymed that ſyr Tryſtram myghte not be hole / Thenne was kynge Marke and alle his barons paſſynge heuy/ For they demed none other / but that ſyr Tryſtram ſholdy not recouer / Thenne the kynge lete ſende after alle manere of leches & ſurgens bothe vnto men and wymmen / and there was none / that wold behote hym the lyf / Thenne came there a lady that was a ryght wyſe lady / & ſhe ſaid playnly vnto kyng marke and to ſir Tryſtram and to alle his barons that he ſhold neuer

he hoke/ but yf sire Trystram went in the same countrey that the venym came fro/ and in that countrey sholde he be holpen or els neuer/ Thus said the lady vnto the kynge/ Whan kynge Marke vnderstood that/ he lete pruueye for syr Trystram a fair vessel/ wel vytailled/ and therin was put syr Trystram and gouernail with hym/ and sir Tristram toke his harp with hym / and soo he was putte in to the see to sayle in to Irlande/ and soo by good fortune he arryued vp in Irlande euen fast by a castel where the kynge and the quene was/ and at his arryuayl he sat and harped in his hede a mery lay suche one herde they neuer none in Irlande afore that tyme /

¶ And whan it was told the kyng and the quene of suche a knyght that was suche an harper/ anone the kyng sente for hym/ and lete serche his woundes/ and thenne asked hym his name/ thenne he answerd I am of the countrey of Lyonas/ & my name is Tramtryst that thus was wounded in a bataille as I fought for a ladyes ryght/ So god me help saide kyng Anguysshe ye shal haue al the helpe in this land that ye may haue here/ But I lete you wete in Cornewaile I had a grete losse/ as euer hadde kynge/ for there I lost the best knyghte of the worlde/ his name was Marhaus a ful noble knyghte and knyght of the table round/ and there he told syr Trystrā wherefore syr Marhaus was slayne/ Syr Trystram made semblaunt as he hadde ben sory / and better knewe he how hit was than the kynge

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne the kynge for grete fauoure maade Tramtryst to be put in his doughters ward and kepyng by cause she was a noble surgeon / And whan she had serched hym/ she fond in the bottome of his wound that therin was poyson/ and soo she heled hym within a whyle/ and therfore Tramtrist cast grete loue to la beale Isoud/ for she was at that tyme the fairest mayde and lady of the worlde / And there Tramtryst lerned her to harpe/ and she beganne to haue a grete fantasye vnto hym/ And at that tyme sir Palampdes the sarasyn Was in that countrey and Wel cherysshed With the kynge and the

quent/And euery day syr Palamydes dreſſe vnto la beale Isoud/and profered her many yeftes/ for he loued her paſſyngly wel/ Al that Aſpyed Tramtryſt/ and ful wel knewe he syr Palamydes for a noble knyght and a myghty man / And wete ye wel syr Tramtryſt had grete deſpyte at syr Palomydes/for la beale Isoud wold Tramtryſt that Palamydes was in wyll to be crystened for her ſake/Thus was ther gre te enuy betwixe Tramtryſt and syr Palamydes/ Thenne hit befelle that kynge Anguyſſhe lete crye a grete Juſtes and a grete turnement for a lady that was called the lady of the laundes/and ſhe was nyghe cosyn vnto the kynge/ And what man wanne her/ thre dayes after he ſhold wedde her and haue alle her landes/This crye Was made in Englandy/walys Scotlandy and alſo in Fraunce and in Bretayne/ It befelle vpon a day la beale Isoud came vnto syr Tramtryſt and told hym of this turnement/he anſwerd and ſayd fayr lady I am but a feble knyghte / and but late I had ben dede/ had not your goody ladyſhip ben/ Now fayre lady what wold ye I ſhold doo in this matere / wel ye wote my lady that I maye not Juſte / A Tramtryſt ſaid la beale Isoud why wille ye not haue ado at that turnement/wel I wote syr Palamydes ſhall be there/and to doo what he maye/And therfore Tramtryſt I pray you for to be there/for els syr Palamydes is lyke to wynne the degree/Madame ſaid Tramtriſt as for that/ it may be ſoo / for he is a prouyd knyght / and I am but a yong knyght and late made/ and the fyrſt batail that I dyd it myſhapped me to be ſore wounded as ye ſee / But and I wyſt ye wold be my better lady/at that turnement I will be ſo that ye wille kepe my counceille and lete no creature haue knoulecke that I ſhalle Juſte but your ſelf / and ſuche as ye wil to kepe your counceil/ my poure perſone ſhall I jeoparde there for your ſake that peraventur ſir Palamydes ſhal knowe when that I come/Therto ſaid la beale Isoud do your beſte as I can ſaid la beale Isoud I ſhal purueye hors and armour for you at my deuyſe/as ye will ſoo be hit ſaid syr Trā triſt I Wille be at your cōmaundement/So at the day of Juſtes/ther cam ſir Palamydes with a black ſhold/& he ouerthrew many knyghtes that alle the peple had merueylle of hym/

For he putte to the werse syr Galvayne/Gaherys/Agrauayn Gagdemagus/kay/Dodyus le saueage / Sagramor le desyrus/Gumret le petyt:/and Gryflet le fyse de dieu / Alle these the fyrste daye syr Palamydes strake doune to the erthe/And thenne alle maner of knyghtes were adred of sir Palamydes and many called hym the knyght with the black shelde/ Soo that day syre Palamydes had grete worshyp/ Thenne cam kynge Anguysshe vnto Tramtryst / and asked hym why he wold not juste/Syr he said I was but late hurte/and as yet I dare not auenture me/ Thenne came there the same squyer that was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce/ vnto syr Trystram/ And whanne he had aspyed syre Tristrā he felle flat to his feete / Alle that aspyed la Bele Isoud/ what curtoysye the squyer made vnto syr Trystram/ And therwith al sodenly syr Trystram ranne vnto his squyer whos name was Hebes le renoumes / and praid hym hertely in noo wyse to telle his name/Syr said Hebes I wille not discouer your name/but yf ye commaunde me

Capitulum x

Thenne syr Trystram asked hym what he dyd in those countreyes/syr he sayd/I came hyder with syr Galvayn for to be made knyght/ And yf it please you of your handes that I may be made knyghte/Awaite vpon me as to morn secretely/and in the feld I shal make you a knyght/ Thenne had la beale Isoud grete suspecyon vnto Tramtryst that he was somme man of worship proued/ and ther with she comforted her self/and cast more loue vnto hym than she had done tofore And soo on the morne syr Palamydes maade hym redy to come in to the feld as he dyd the fyrst day/ And there he smote doune the kynge with the C knyghtes and the kynge of Scottes / Thenne had la beale Isoud ordeyned and wel arayed syr Trystram in white hors and harneis/ And ryght soo she lete putte hym oute at a preuy posterne / & soo he came in to the feld as it had ben a bryght angel/ And anone syr Palamydes aspyed hym/and ther with he feutrid a spere vnto syr Tramtrist/and he ageyne vnto hym / And

there syr Trystram smote doune syr Palamydes vnto the erth And thenne there was a grete noyse of peple/some sayd/syr Palamydes hadde a falle/some said the knyght with the blak shelde had a falle/ And wete you wel la beale Isoud was passynge gladde/And thenne sire Galvayne and his felawes ye had merueille what knyghte it myght be that had smyten doune syr Palamydes / Thenne wold there none juste with Tramtryst/but alle that there were forsoke hym/moost & lest/ Thenne syr Trystram made Hebes a knyght/and caused hym to put hym self forthe/and dyd ryght wel that day/ So after syr Hebes held hym with syr Trystram/ And whan syre Palamydes had receyued this falle/wete ye wel that he was sore ashamed/ And as pryuely as he myght / he withdrewe hym oute of the feld/Alle that aspyed syre Trystram / and lyghtly he rode after syre Palamydes and ouerroke hym / and badde hym torne/for ellers he wold assaye hym/ or euer he departed/ Thenne syr Palamydes torned hym and eyther lasshed at other with their swerdes/ But at the fyrste stroke syre Trystram smote doune Palamydes/and gaf hym suche a stroke vpon the hede that he felle to the erthe/Soo thenne Tristram badde yelde hym/ and doo his commaundement or els he wold slee hym/whan syre Palamydes behelde his countenaunce/he dredde his buffets soo/that he graunted al his asseyges/ Wel said/said sir Tristram/this shalle be your charge / Fyrst vpon payne of your lyf that ye forsake my lady la beale Isoud/and in no maner wyse that ye dralve not to her / Also this twelue moneth and a day/that ye bere none armoure nor none harneis of werre/ Now promyse me this or here shalt thou dye/ Allas saide Palamydes for euer I am ashamed/ Thenne he sware as syr Trystram hadde commaunded hym/Thenne for despyte and anger/ syre Palamydes caste of his harneis/and threwe them alweye/ And soo syr Trystram torned ageyne to the Castel where was la beale Isoud / and by the weye he mette with a damoysel that asked after syre launcelot that wanne the dolorous gard Worshipfully/ & this damoysel asked sire Tristram What he Was/For it Was wolde her that it Was he that smote doune syr Palamydes/by Whom the .v. knyghtes of kynge Arthurs Were smyten doune /

Thenne the damoysel prayd syr Trystram to telle her what he was/ And whether that he were syr Launcelot du lake/ for she demyd that there was no knyght in the worldy myghte do suche dedes of armes/ but yf it were Launcelot/ Fayre damoysel sayd syr Trystram wete ye wel that I am not syr launcelot for I was neuer of suche prowesse / but my fody is al that he maye make me as good a knyght as the good knyght sir lau celot/ Now gentyl knyght said she/ put vp thy vysure/ & whan she behelde his vysage/ she thought she salve neuer a better mās vysage/ nor a better farynge knyght/ And thenne whan the damoysel knewe certaynly that he was not syre launcelot / thenne she took her leue and departed from hym / And thenne syre Trystram wode pryuely vnto the posterne where kepte hym la beale Isoud/ and there she made hym good chere and thanked fody of his good spede/ Soo anone within a whyle the kynge and the quene vnderstood that hit was Tramtryst that smote doune syre Galampydes/ thenne was he moche made of more than he was before

Capitulum vj

Thus was sir Tramtryst longe there wel cherysshed / with the kynge and the quene/ and namely with la beale Isoud/ So vpon a daye/ the quene and la beale Isoud made a bayne for syre Tramtryst/ And whan he was in his bayne / the quene and Isoud her doughter romed vp & doune in the chamber/ and there whyles Gouernail and Hel. les attendyd vpon Tramtryst/ & the quene behelde his swerd there as it laye vpon his bedde/ And thēne by vnhap the que ne drelve oute his swerd/ and behelde it a longe whyle/ and bothe they thoughte it a passynge fayre swerd / but within a foote and an half of the poynte there was a grete pyece there of oute broken of the edge/ And whan the quene aspyed that gap in the swerd/ she remembryd her of a pyece of a swerd / that was foūde in the brayne pan of syre Marhaus the good knyght that was her broder / Allas thenne said she vnto her doughter la beale Isoud / this is the same traytour knyghte that slewe my broder thyn eme/ Whanne Isoud herd her saye

soo/she was passynge sore abasshed/for passyng wel she loued Tramtryst/and ful wel she knelwe the cruelnes of her moder the quene/Anon there with alle the quene went vnto her olvne chamber/and soughte her cofre/ and there she toke oute the pyece of the swerd that was pulled out of syr Marhaus hede after that he was dede// And thenne she ranne with that pyece of yron to the swerd that laye vpon the bedde/ And whanne she putte that pyece of stele and yron vnto the swerd/hit was as mete as it myghte be/wherin it was nelwe broken/ And thenne the quene gryped that swerd in her hand fyersly/ & with alle her myghte she ranne streyghte vpon Tramtryst where he sat in his bayne/And there she hadde ryued hym thorou hadde not syr Hebes goten her in his armes / and pulled the swerd from her/and els she hadde threst hym thorou/Thenne whanne she was lettyd of her euyl wylle/she ranne to the kynge Anguysshe her husband and sayde on her knees / O my lord here hue ye in your hous that traiwur knyght that sle we my broder and your seruaunt that noble knyght syr Marhaus / Who is that said kynge Anguysshe and where is he/Syr she said hit is syr Tramtryst the same knyght that my doughter helyd Alas said the kynge therfore am I ryght heuy/ for he is a ful noble knyght as euer I salve in felde/ But I charge you said the kyng to the quene that ye haue not ado with that knyght/but lete me dele with hym/Thenne the kynge went in to the chambre vnto syr Tramtryst/ and thenne was he gone vnto his chambre/and the kynge fond hym al redy armed to mounte vpon his hors / Whanne the kynge sawe hym al redy armed to goo vnto horsback/the kynge said nay Tramtryst hit wille not auaile to compare the ageynst me/ But thus moche I shalle doo for my worship and for thy loue in soo moch as thou arte within my courte/hit were no worship for me to slee the / Therfore vpon this condycyon I wille gyue the leue for to departe from this courte in sauftè/so thou wilt telle me who was thy fader/and what is thy name/and yf thou sle we syr Marhaus my broder

Capitulum xij

Syr saidȝ Trystram nowȝ I shalle telle you alle the two
uthe/my faders name is sir Melyodas kynge of Lyo
nas/& my moder hyȝt Elyzabeth that was sister vnto
kynge Marke of Cornelwaile/ & my moder dyedȝ of me in the
forste/And by cause therof she commaundedȝ or she dyed that
whanȝ I were crystenedȝ/they sholdȝ crystene me Trystram / &
by cause I woldȝ not be knowen in this countrey I turned my
name andȝ lete me calle Tramtryst/ & for the truage of Corne
wayle I fought for mynȝ emes sake / & for the ryght of Cor
nelwaile that ye had possessed many yeres/ Andȝ wete ye well
saidȝ Trystram vnto the kynge I dydȝ the bataylle for the loue
of mynȝ vnkel kynge Marke/andȝ for the loue of the countreye
of Cornewaile/andȝ for to encreace mynȝ honoure/For that sa
me day that I fought with sir Marhaus I was made knyȝt
Andȝ neuer or thanȝ dydȝ I no batayle with no knyght / & fro
me he went alyue & lefte his sholdȝ & his swerd behynde/so god
me helpe said the kyng I may not say but ye dydȝ as a knyȝ
ght sholdȝ/& it was your part to doo for your quarel/ & to en
creace your worshipp as a knyght sholdȝ/ howe be it I may not
mayntene you in this countrey with my worshipp onles that I
shold displease my barons & my wyf/ & her kyn/Syr said Tr
ystram I thanke you of your good lordshipp that I haue had
with you here/and the grete goodenes my lady your doughter
hath shewedȝ me/& therfor saidȝ sir Tristram it may so happen
that ye shalle wynne more by my lyf thanȝ by my dethe/ for in
the partyes of Englondȝ it may happen I may doo you seruyse
at some seasonȝ that ye shal be glad that euer ye shewed me yo
ur good lordshipp/ ¶ With more I promyse you as I am true
knyȝt that in all places I shal be my lady your douzters ser
uaunt/& knyȝt in ryght & in wrong/ & I shal neuer fayle her
to doo as moche as a knyght maye doo

¶ Also I byseche your good grace that I may take my leue
at my lady your doughter andȝ at alle the Barons andȝ knyȝ
ghtes/I wille wel saidȝ the kynge/ ¶ Thenne sire Tristram
wente vnto la keale Isoud / andȝ tooke his leue of her/ Andȝ
thenne he tolde her all what he was and howe he had chaunged
his name by cause he wold not be knowen/ & how a lady told
hym he .y. shold neuer be hole tyl he cam in to this cõtrey wher

the poyson was made/ where thorou I was nere my dethe had
not your ladyship ben/ O gentyl knyght saidȝ la beale Isoudȝ
ful wo am I of thy departynge / forȝ I salve neuer manȝ that
I oughte soo goodȝ wille to/ andȝ there with all she wepte ter
tely / Madame saidȝ sire Trystram ye shalle Vnderstande that
my name is sir Trystram de lyones gotenȝ of kyng Melyodas
andȝ borne of his quene/ Andȝ I promyse you feythfully that
I shal be alle the dayes of my lyf your knyghte/ Gramercy sa
id la beale Isoud/and I promyse you there ageynste that I
shalle not be maryedȝ this seuenȝ yeres but by your assent/ and
to whome that ye wille I shalle be maryedȝ to/hym wylle I
haue/andȝ he wille haue me yf ye wil consente / Andȝ thenne
syre Trystram gaf her a rynge audȝ she gaf hym anothere/ andȝ
ther with he departedȝ fro her/leuynge her/ makynge grete dole
and lamentacionȝ / andȝ he strayghte wente Vnto the Courte a-
monge alle the Barons/ andȝ there he took his leue at moost
andȝ leest/andȝ openly he saidȝ amonge them all/ Faire lordes
nowe it is soo that I muste departe / Yf there be ony manȝ here
that I haue offendedȝ Vnto/ orȝ that ony manȝ be with me gre-
uedȝ/lete complayne hym here afore me orȝ that euer I depart
andȝ I shal amende it Vnto my power/ Andȝ yf there be ony
that wil profer me wronge orȝ say of me wrongȝ/ orȝ shame be-
hynde my bak/saye hit nowe orȝ neuer / andȝ here is my body to
make it goodȝ body ageynst bodyȝ / Andȝ alle they stood stylle/
ther was not one that woldȝ saye one wordȝ / yet were there
some knyghtes that were of the quenes blood and of sire Mar-
haus blood/Bnt they wold not medle with hym/

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo sir Tristram departed and toke the see/& with good
wynde he arryued Vp at Tyntagyl in Cornewaile/ &
whan kyng Mark was hole in his prosperite ther cam
tydynges that sir Tristram was arryued and hole of his wo-
undes/therof was kynge marke passyng glad/& soo were alle
the barons/& whan he salve his tyme he rode Vnto his fadr ky-
ng melyodas / & there he had al the chere that the kyng & the
quene coude make hym/Andȝ thenne largely Kyngȝ Melyo-
das andȝ his quene departedȝ of their landes and goodes to sire
Trystram/ ¶ Thenne by the lycence of Kyngȝ

Melyodas his fader he wedded ageyne Vnto the court of kyng Marke/and there he lyued in grete ioye long tyme/Vntyll at the laste there befelle a Jalousye and an Vnkyndenes betwyxe kynge Marke and sir Tristram/ for they loued bothe one lady/ And she was an erles wyf that hyght syre Segwarydes/ And this lady loued syre Trystram passyngly wel / And he loued her ageyne for she was a passynge fayr lady/ And that aspyed sir Tristram wel/ ¶ Thenne kynge Marke Vnderstood that and was Jalous/ for kyng Marke loued her passyngly wel/ Soo it felle vpon a day/ this lady sent a dwerf Vnto sir Tristram and badde hym as he loued her / that he wold be with her the nyxt neyte folowynge / Also she charged you that ye come not to her but yf ye be Wel armed /for her lord was called a good knyghte ¶ Syre Trystram answerd the dwerf/ recommaunde me Vnto my lady /and telle her I wille not fayle but I wille be with her the terme that she hath sette me / and with this answer the dwerf departed/ And kynge Marke aspyed that the dwerfe was with syre Trystram vpon message from Segwarydes wyf /thenne kyng Marke sent for the dwerfe / And whanne he was comen / he maade the dwerf by force to telle hym alle why and wherfore that he came on message from sire Tristram

¶ Now saide kynge Marke goo where thou wolt/ and vpon payne of dethe that thou saye no word that thou spakest with me /soo the dwerf departed from the kynge/ ¶ And that same nyghte that the steuen was sette betwixt Segwarydes wyfe & syr Trystram kynge Marke armed hym / and made hym redy and took two knyghtes of his counceylle with hym / and soo he rode afore for to abyde by the waye/ for to awayte vpon sir Trystram/ ¶ And as sire Trystram came rydynge vpon hys waye with his spere in his hand / kynge Marke came hurtelynge vpon hym with his two knyghtes sodenly / And alle thre smote hym with theyre speres / and kynge Marke hurte syre Trystram on the brest ryght sore/ And thenne syre Tristram feutryd his spere / and smote his Vnkel kynge Marke soo sore that he rasshyd hym to the erthe/ and bryseth hym that he laye stylle in a swoune / and longe hit was or euer

he myghte welde hym self/ And thenne he ranne to the one knyght/and eft to the other/ and smote hem to the cold erthe/ that they laye stylle/ And ther with alle sir Tristram wode for the sore wounded to the lady / and fonde her abydynge hym at a posterne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

And there she welcomed hym fayre/and eyther halsed other in armes / and soo she lete putte vp his hors in the best wyse/ and thenne she vnarmed hym/ And soo they souped lyghtely and went to bedde with grete ioye and plesaunce/and soo in his ragyng he took no kepe of his grene wounde that kynge Marke had gyuen hym/ And soo syr Tristram lefted both the ouer shete and the nether & pelowes/and hede shete/and within a whyle ther came one afore that warned her that her lord was nere handy within a bowe draughte Soo she made sir Trystram to aryse/and soo he armed hym / and toke his hors and so departed/ By thenne was come segwarydes her lord/and whan he fond her bedde troubled & bloody and went nere and felte it by candel lyghte / thenne he salde that there had layne a wounded knyght/ A fals traytresse thenne he said / why hast thou betrayed me/and there with alle he swange oute a swerde and said/but yf thou telle me who hath ben here/here thou shalt dye/ A my lord mercy sayd the lady/and felde vp her handes / sayeng/slee me not/and I shall telle you alle who hath ben here/ Telle anone said segwarydes to me alle the trouthe/ Anone for drede she saide here was sir Trystram with me/and by the way as he came to me ward/he was sore wounded/ A fals traitresse said segwarides where is he become/ sir she said he is armed and departed on hors but not yet hens half a myle/ ye saye wel said segwarydes thenne he armed hym lyghtly/ and gate his hors and rode after syr Tristram that rode streyght waye vnto Tyntagyl/ And within a whyle he ouertoke sire Tristram/ And thenne he badde hym torne fals traitour knyghte/and syr Tristram anon torned hym ageynst hym/ And there with al segwarides smote syr Trystram with a spere that it alle to braste/ ¶ And

thenne he ſwange oute his ſwerdȝ/andȝ ſmote faſt at ſyr Truſ
tram/Syre knyght ſaidȝ ſyre Tryſtram Ȝ counceyle you that
ye ſmyte no more holde be it for the wronges that Ȝ haue do ⸗
ne you/ Ȝ wille forbere you as longe as Ȝ maye/ ¶ Nay ſa
ydȝ Segwarides that ſhalle not be / for outher thou ſhalt dye
or Ȝ/Thenne ſyre Truſtram dreue oute his ſwerdȝ andȝ hurt
ledȝ his hors vnto hym fyerſly / andȝ thorou the waſte of the
body he ſmote ſyre Segwarides that he folle to the erthe in a
ſwoune/Andȝ ſoo ſire Triſtram departedȝ andȝ lefte hym there
Andȝ ſoo he rode vnto Tyntagil andȝ toke his lodgynge ſecre⸗
tely for he woldȝ not be knowen that he was hurte
¶ Alſo ſir Segwardes menȝ rode after theyr maiſter/ whome
theyȝ fondȝ lyenge in the feldȝ ſore woundedȝ/andȝ brouȝt hym
home on his ſhelde/andȝ there he lay longe or that he were ho⸗
le/but at the laſte he recouerdȝ ¶ Alſo kynge Marke
woldȝ not be aknowen of that ſir Triſtram andȝ he rode mette
that nyght/ Andȝ as for ſyre Tryſtram he knewe not that ky⸗
nge Marke hadȝ mette with hym/Andȝ ſoo the kynges aſtaũ⸗
ce came to ſir Triſtram to comforte hym as he laye ſeke in his
bedde/ But as longe as kynge Marke lyuedȝ/he louedȝ neuer
ſire Tryſtram after that / though there was fayre ſpeche/ loue
was there none/Andȝ thus it paſt many wekes andȝ dayes/ &
alle was forgyuen and forgotten/For ſire Segwarydes durſte
not haue ado with ſir Triſtram by cauſe of his noble proweſſe
Andȝ alſo by cauſe he was neuelde vnto kynge Marke/ther⸗
fore he lete it ouer ſlyp/for he that hath a pryuy hurte is loth
to haue a ſhame outwardȝ

¶ Capitulum xv /

Thenne hit befelle vpon a daye that the goodȝ knyghte
Bleoberys de ganys broder to Blamore de ganys/ &
nyghe coſyn vnto the good knyght ſir launcelot du la
ke/This Bleoberys came vnto the courte of kynge Marke/ &
there he aſkedȝ of kynge Marke a bone to gyue hym what yeft
that he woldȝ aſke in his courte
¶ Whanne the kyng herdȝ hym aſke ſoo/he merueilled of hys

askynge/ but by cause he was a knyghte of the round table/ &
of a grete renomme/ kynge Marke grauncted hym his hole as-
kynge/ thenne saide sire Bleoberys I wille haue the fayreſt
lady in your Courte that me lyſt to chese/ I maye not say nay
sayd kynge marke/ Now chese at youre aduenture
And soo sir Bleoberys dyd chese syr segwarydes wyf/ and to-
ke her by the hand and soo wente his waye with her/ and soo
he woke his hors and gart sette her behynde his squyer and
rode vpon his way/ When sir segwarydes herd telle that his la
dy was gone with a knyght of kynge Arthurs courte /
¶ Thenne he armed hym and rode after that knyght for to re
scowe his lady/ soo whan Bleoberys was gone with this la
dy/ kyng Mark and all the courte was wroth that she was a-
wey/ thenne were there certayne ladyes that knewe that there
was grete loue bitwene sir Tristram and her/ and also that la
dy loued sir Tristram aboue alle other knyghtes/ Thenne there
was one lady that rebuked sir Tristram in the horryblest wy
se/ and calked hym cowardy knyghte / that he wold for shame
of his knyghthode see a lady soo shamefully be taken awey/
fro his Vnkels courte/ But she ment that eyther of hem hadde
louedy other with entiere hert/ But sire Tristram answerd her
thus/ Faire lady it is not my parte to haue adoo in suche ma
ters whyle her lordy and husbandy is present here / And yf hit
hadde ben that her lord hadde not ben here in this courte/ thenne
for the worshyp of this courte peraventur/ I wold haue ben her
champyon/ And yf so be/ sir segwarides spede not wel/ it may
happen that I wille speke with that good knyght/ or euer he
passe from this countrey / Thenne within a whyle came one of
sir segwarydes squyers/ and told in the court that sir segwari
des was beten sore and wounded to the poynte of dethe / as he
wold haue resolued his lady/ sir Bleoberis ouerthrewe hym
and sore hath wounded hym / Thenne was kynge marke heuy
therof/ and alle the courte/ When sire Tristram herdy of this/ he
was ashamed and sore greued / And thenne was he soone ar-
med andy on horsback/ & gouernaile his seruaunt bare his shelde
and spere/ And soo as sire Tristram rode fast/ he mette with sir
Andret his cosyn that by the commaundement of kynge Ma-
rke was sente to kynge forth & euer it laye in his power/ in/

knyghtes of Arthurs Courte that rode by the countrey to seke
their aduentures/ Whan syr Trystram sawe sir Andret/he as-
kedy hym What tydynges/Soo godys me helpe saidy syre An-
dret/ther was neuer worse with me/ for here by the commaun-
dement of kynge Mark I was sente to fetche two knyghtes of
kynge Arthurs courte / andy that one bete me/andy woundedy
me/andy sette nought by my message/ Faire cosyn saidy sir tris-
tram ryde on your way/andy yf I may mete them/it may hap
pen I shal reuenge you/So syr Andret rode in to Cornewaile
Andy syr Tristram rode after the two knyghtes the whiche one
hyght Sagramor le desyrus / & the other hyght Dodynas le
saueage/

Capitulum xbij/

Thenne within a whyle syr Trystram salue hem afore
hym two lykely knyghtes/Sir saidy Gouernaile vnto
his maister/sir I wold counceile you nought to haue
ado with hem/for they ben two preuedy knyghtes of Arthurs
Courte/As for that saidy syr Trystram haue ye no doute/ but
I wille haue ado with hem to encreace my worshyp/ for it is
many daye sythen I dydy ony dedes of armes/doo as ye lyste
saidy Gouernaile/ andy there with alle anone syr Trystram as-
kedy them/from whens they came/andy Whyder they wold/and
what they dydy in tho marches/ Syre Sagramore lokedy vpon
syre Tristram/andy hadde scorne of his wordes / & askedy hym
ageyne/Fair knyghte be ye a knyght of Cornewaile/where by
aske ye hit said sir Tristram/For it is seldom sene said sir Sa
gramore that ye Cornysshe knyghtes ben Valyaunte men of
armes/For within these two houres there mette vs one of you
cornysshe knyghtes/andy grete wordes he spak/and anony with
lytel myght he was leydy to the erthe/Andy as I trowe saydy
sir Sagramore ye shal haue the same handsel that he hadde
Faire lordes said sire Tristram it may soo happen that I maye
better withstande than he dydy/andy whether ye will or nyl / I
wil haue ado with you/by cause he was my cosyn that ye bete
And therfore here do your beste/ & wete ye wel but yf ye quyte
you the better here vpon this groundy/one knyzt of cornewaile
shal bete you both / Whan sire Dodynas le saueage herdy hym
saye soo he gatte a spere in his handy andy saidy / sire knyghte

thy self/ And thenne they departed and came to gyders as it had ben thonder/ And syr Dodynas spere brast in sonder/ but syr Trystram smote hym with a more myght / that he smote hym clene ouer the hors croupe that nyghe he hadde broken his neck/ Whanne syre Sagramour sawe his felawe haue suche a falle/ he merueylled what knyzt he myght be/ And he dresseth his spere with alle his myght/ and syr Trystram ageynst hym and they came to gyders as the thonder/ and ther sir Tristram smote syr Sagramore a stronge buffet that he bare his hors & hym to the erthe/ and in the falkyng he brake his thygh/ Whan this was done/ syr Trystram asked hem/ Fayre knyghtes will ye ony more/ Be there no bygger knyztes in the courte of kyng Arthur/ it is to you shame to say of vs knyztes of Corne wayle dishonoure/ for it may happen a Cornysshe knyght may matche you/ that is trouthe saide syr Sagramore/ that haue we wel preued / but I requyre the sayde syre Sagramore telle vs youre ryght name by the feythe and trouthe that ye owe to the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/ ye charge me with a grete thynge saide syr Trystram/ and sythen ye lyst to Wete hit/ ye shal knowe and Understande that my name is syr Trystram de lyonas kynge Melyodas sone/ and neueuo vnto kynge Marke Thenne were they two knyghtes fayne / that they had mette with Trystram/ and soo they praide hym to abyde in their felaushyp/ Nay said sire Tristram/ for I muste haue ado with one of your felawes/ his name is syr Bleoberys de ganys/ gody spede you wel said syr Sagramore and Dodynas/ Syre Trystram departed and rode ony wardy ony his waye / And thenne was he ware before hym in a Valeye where rode syr Bleoberys with sir Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his squyer vpon a palfroy

Capitulum xbij

THene syr Trystram rode more than a pas vntyl that he had ouertake hym/ Thenne spak syr Trystram abyde he saidy knyght of Arthurs courte / brynge ageyne that lady or delyuer her to me/ I wille doo neyther said Bleoberys/ for I drede no Cornysshe knyght soo sore that me lyste

to delyuer her/ why said syr Tristram may not a Cornysshe kny-
ght doo as wel as another knyght/ this same daye two kny-
ghtes of your Courte within this thre myle mette with me /
And or euer we departed/ they fonde a Cornysshe knyght goo-
dy ynough for them bothe/ what were their names said Bleo
beris/ they told me said syr Trystram that the one of them hy-
ghte syr Sagramore le desyrus/ and the other hyghte Dody-
nas le saueage/ A said syr Bleoberys haue ye met with them
Soo god me helpe they were two goody knyghtes and men of
grete worshipp/ And yf ye haue bete them bothe/ ye must nedes
be a goody knyght/ but yf it soo be/ ye haue bete them bothe/ yet
shalle ye not fete me/ but ye shalle bete me/ or euer ye haue thys
lady/ Thenne defende you said syr Tristram/ soo they departed
and came to gyder lyke thonder / and eyder gaue other doune
hors and alle to the erthe/ Thenne they auoyded their horses/
and lasshed to gyder egerly with swerdes and myghtely/ nolw
tracyng and trauersynge on the ryght hand and on the lyfte
hand more than two houres/ And somtyme they rasshed to gy
der with suche a myght that they laye bothe grouelynge on the
grounde/ Thenne sir Bleoberis de ganys starte aback/ and said
thus/ Nolw gentyl goody knyght a whyle hold your handes/ &
lete vs speke to gyders/ Saye what ye wille said Trystram/ &
I wille answere you/ Sire saide Bleoberys I wolde wete of
whens ye be/ and of whom ye be come/ and what is your na-
me/ Soo god me helpe said syr Trystram I fere not to telle you
my name/ Wete ye wel I am kynge Melyodas sone / and my
moder is kyng Markes sister/ and my name is sir Tristram de
Lyonas and kynge Marke is myn Vnkel/ Truly said Bleo
beris I am ryght glade of you/ for ye are he that slewe mar
haus the knyght hand for hand in an Iland for the truage of
Cornewaile/ Also ye ouercame sir Galampdes the good kny-
ght at a turnement in an Iland/ where ye bete sir Galbayne &
his nyne felawes/ Soo god me helpe said sir Trystram Wete
ye Wel that I am the same knyzt/ Nolw I haue tolde you my
name/ telle me yours With good will/ Wete ye Wel that my
name is sir Bleoberys de ganys / and my broder hyghte sire
Blamore de ganys/ that is called a good knyght and We be
syster childrem Vnto my lord sir Launcelot du lake that We calle

one of the beſt knyghtes of the worldy/ That is trouthe ſaid ſir Tryſtram/ſir Launcelot is alkedy pierles of curtoſy and of knyghthode/andy for his ſake ſaidy ſir Tryſtram I will not with my goody wille fyghte no more with you for the grete loue I haue to ſir Launcelot du lake/ In goody feith ſaidy Bleoberys/as for me/I wille be lothe to fyghte with you/But ſythen ye folowe me here to haue this lady/I ſhal profer you kyndenys curtoſy andy gentilnes right here Vpon this groundy/ This lady ſhalle be betwixe vs bothe/andy to whome that ſhe wille go/lete hym haue her in pees/ I wille wel ſaid Tryſtrā For as I deme ſhe wille leue you/andy come to me/ye ſhalle preue hit anone ſaidy Bleoberys

¶ Capitulum xviii

SOo whan ſhe was ſette betwixe them bothe/ſhe saydy theſe wordes vnto ſir Triſtram/wete ye wel ſyr Triſtram de lyones that but late thou was the may in the worldy that I mooſt louedy andy truſtedy/ Andy I wende thou hadeſt louedy me ageyne aboue alle ladyes/ But whan thou ſalveſt this knyght lede me alwey thou madeſt no chere to reſcowe me/but ſuffred my lordy Segwarydes ryde after me / but vn tyl that tyme I wendy thou hadeſt louedy me/ Andy therfore nowe I wille leue the / andy neuer loue the more/ & there with alle ſhe went vnto ſir Bleoberys/Whan ſyr Triſtram ſawe her doo ſoo/ he was wonderly wrothe with that lady & aſhamedy to come to the courte/ ſir Tryſtram ſaidy ſir Bleoberys ye are in the defaute/for I here by theſe ladyes wordes/ſhe before this day truſtedy you aboue alle erthely knyghtes/and as ſhe ſaith ye haue deceyuedy her/therfore wete ye wel/ther may noo man holdy that wille alwaye/ and rather than ye ſholdy be herteby diſpleaſydy with me/ I wolde ye had her/and ſhe wolde abyde with you/Nay ſaid the lady/ſo god me helpe I wil neuer goo with hym/ For he that I louedy moſt/I wende he had loued me / And therfore ſire Tryſtram ſhe saidy ryde as thou cam/for though thou hadeſt ouercome this knyzt as ye was lykely/with the neuer wolde I haue gone/ And I ſhall pray this knyghte ſoo faire of his knyghthode that or euer he paſſe

this countrey/that he wilke lede me to the Abbeye/there my lo-
dy syr Segwarydes lyeth Soo god me helpe saidy Bleoberis
I lete yolw were goody knyght sire Trystram by cause kynge
Marke gaf me the choyse of a yefte in this courte/andy so this
lady lykedy me best / Not withstandynge she is weddedy andy
hath a lordy/andy I haue fulfylledy my queste/she shall be sent
vnto her husbandy ageyne / Andy in especyal mooste for youre
sake sir Trystram/Andy yf she wolde goo with you / I wolde
ye hady her/I thanke you saidy syr Trystram/ but for her loue
I shal kelwarr what manere a lady I shalle loue or truste/
For hady her lordy syr Segwarydes ben albay from the courte
I sholdy haue ben the fyrst that sholdy haue folowedy yolw/but
sythen ye haue refusedy me/as I am true knyght I shalle her
knolwe passyngly wel that I shal loue or trust/ andy soo they
took theyr leue one fro thother andy departedy/Andy soo sir tris
tram rode vnto Tyntagyl/and syr Bleoberys rode vnto the ab
bay where syr segwarydes lay sore woundedy/andy there he de-
lyuerdy his lady/andy departedy as a noble knyght / e whan
sir segwarydes salwe his lady/he was gretely comfortedy/ andy
thenne she toldy hym that sir Trystram hady done grete batail
with syre Bleoberys/andy causedy hym to bryngе her ageyne /
Thise wordes pleasydy sir segwarydes ryght wel that sir tris
tram wold doo soo moche/and soo that lady toldy alle the bata-
ill vnto kynge Marke betwixe syr Trystram andy sir Bleobe-
rys

Capitulum xix

Thenne whanne this was done/kynge Mark cast al-
weyes in his hert how he myght destroye syr Tristram
Andy thenne he ymagynedy in hym self to sende sir tris
tram in to Irlandy for la keale Isoud/For sir Trystram hady
soo preysedy her beaute andy her goodnes that kynge Mark sa-
id he wolde wedde her/where vpon he praid syr Trystram to ta
ke his wey in to Irlandy for hym on messaze/ Andy all this
was done to the entente to slee syr Tristram/Not withstandy-
nge syr Trystram wolde not refuse the message for no daũger
nor peryl that myght falle for the pleasyr of his vnkel / but

to goo he made hym redy in the moſt goodlyeſt wyſe that myght be deuyſed/ For ſir Triſtram woke with hym the mooſte goodlyeſt knyghtes that he myght fynde in the courte / & they were arayed after the gyſe that was thenne vſed in the goodlyeſt maner/So ſir Triſtram departed and toke the ſee with alle his felauſhip / And anone as he was in the brode ſee/ a tempeſt toke hym and his felauſhip and droſe them bak in to the coſte of Englond/And there they arryued faſt by Camelot/and ful fayne they were to take the land/ ¶And whan they were landed ſir Triſtram ſette vp his paueliõe vpon the land of Camelot/and there he lete hange his ſhelde vpon the paueliõe/ And that ſame day came two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs/that one was ſir Ector de marys and ſir Morganor And they touched the ſhelde/and badde hym come oute of the paueliõe for to Juſt and he wold Juſt/ye ſhalle be anſwerd ſaid ſir Triſtram and ye wille tarye a lytel whyle/Soo he made hym redy/and fyrſte he ſmote doune ſir Ector de marys/ and after he ſmote doune ſir Morganor alle with one ſpere/and ſore bruſed them/And whan they laye vpon the erthe/they aſked ſir Triſtram what he was/and of what countrey he was knyghte/ Faire lordes ſaid ſir Triſtram wete ye wel that I am of Cornewaile / Allas ſaid ſire Ector now am I aſhamed/ that euer ony Cornyſſhe knyghte ſhold ouercome me / And thenne for deſpyte ſyre Ector put of his armour fro hym/and wente on foot and wold not ryde

¶Capitulum xx

THenne it felle that ſire Bleoberys and ſire Blamore de ganys that were bretheren they hadde aſſomoned the kyng Anguyſſhe of Irland for to come to Arthurs Court vpon payne of forfeture of kyng Arthurs good grace And yf the kynge of Irland came not in at the day aſſigned and ſette/ the kynge ſhold leſe his landes/So by hit happend that at the day aſſigned kyng Arthur neither ſire Launcelot myght not be there for to gyue the Jugement/ for kynge Arthur was with ſir launcelot at the caſtel ioyous gard/And ſo

kynge Arthur assigned kyng Carados and the kyng of scot tes to be there that day as juges / So whan the kynges were at Camelot / kynge Anguysshe of Irlande was come to know ne his accusars / Thenne was there Blamore de ganys and appeled the kynge of Irlande of treason / that he hadde slayne a cosyn of his in his courte in Irlande by treason / The kyng was sore abasshed of his accusacion / for why / he was come att the somons of kynge Arthur / And or that he came at Camelot / he wist not wherfore he was sente after / And whanne the kyng herd sir Blamor saye his wille / he vnderstoode wel there was none other remedy but to answere hym knyghtly / for the custome was suche in tho dayes / that and ony man were appeled of ony treason or murther / he sholde fyghte body for body / or els to synde another knyght for hym / And alle maner of murtherers in tho dayes were called treason / So whan kyng Anguysshe vnderstood his acausynge / he was passynge heuy / for he knewe sir Blamor de ganys that he was a noble knyght / and of noble knyghtes comen / Thenne the kynge of Irlande was symply purueyed of his answere / therfore the juges gaf hym respyte by the thyrdde daye to gyue his answere / Soo the kynge departed vnto his lodgynge / the mean whyle ther came a lady by sir Trystrams pauelione makyng grete dole / what eyleth you said sir Tristram that ye make suche dole / A fayre knyght said the lady I am ashamed onles that som good knyght helpe me / for a grete lady of worship sente by me a fayre child and a ryche vnto sir launcelot du lake / and here by there mette with me a knyghte and threwe me doune fro my palfray. and took awaye the child from me / Wel my lady said syr Tristram / and for my lord syr launcelots sake I shalle gete you that child ageyne / or els I shalle be beten for hit / And soo sire Tristram tooke his hors / and asked the lady whiche wey the knyght rode / And thenne she tolde hym And he rode after hym / and within a whyle he ouertoke that knyght / And thenne syr Tristram badde hym come and gyue ageyne the child

The knyght torned his hors/and he made hym redy to fyghte/ And thenne sir Trystram smote hym with a swerd suche a buffet/that he tombled to the erthe/And thenne he yelded hym vnto sir Tristram/thenne come thy way sayd sire Trystram and bryngе the child to the lady ageyne / Soo he took his hors wekely and rode with sir Trystram/and thenne by the waye syr Trystram asked hym his name/ Thenne he said my name is Breunis saunte pyte / Soo whanne he hadde delyuerd that child to the lady/he said/sir as in thie the child is wel remedyed / Thenne sir Trystram lete hym goo ageyne that sore repentyd hym after/for he was a grete foo vnto many good knyghtes of kynge arthurs courte / ¶ Thenne whan sir Tristram was in his pauelione/Gouernaile his man cam/and told hym how that kynge anguysshe of Irland was come thyder/and he was putte in grete distresse/ and there gouernaile told sir Trystram / how kynge anguysshe was somoned and appealed of murther/ Soo god me helpe said sir Tristram these ben the best tydynges that euer cam to me this vij yere/for now shalle the kynge of Irland haue nede of my helpe for I dare saye there is no knyght in this countrey that is not of arthurs courte dare doo batailse with syre Blamore de ganys/and for to wynne the loue of the kyng of Irland I wil take the batail vpon me/and therfor gouernaile bryngе me I charge the to the kyng/Thenne Gouernaile wente vnto kynge anguysshe of Irland and sal hed hym fayre/the kynge welcomed hym/and asked hym what he wolde/Syr said Gouernaile/here is a knyghte nere hande that desyreth to speke with you/he badde me saye he wolde doo you seruyse/what knyght is he saide the kynge/syr he said hit is sir Tristram du lyonas that for your good grace ye shewed hym in your landes wyll reward you in these countreyes/Come on felawe said the kynge with me anone/and shewe me vnto sir Trystram / soo the kyng took a lytel hackney and but fewe felauship with him vntyl he came vnto sir Trystrams pauelione/and whanne syre Trystram sawe the kynge/he ranne vnto hym and wold haue holden his stirope/But the kynge lepte from his hors lyghtly/and eyther halsed other in armes/ my gracious Lord sayde sire Trystram gramercy of your grete goodnesses shewed vn

to me in your marches and; landes / And; at that tyme I pro myſed you to doo my ſeruyſe / and; euer it laye in my power / e gentyl knyght ſaid the kynge vnto ſir Triſtram / now haue I grete nede of you / neuer had; I ſoo grete nede of no knyghtes helpe / Holde ſoo my good lord ſaid ſire Tryſtram / I ſhalle telle you ſaid the kynge I am aſſomoned; and; appeled fro my co; untrey for the deth of a knyght that was kyn vnto the good knyght ſir Launcelot / wherfor ſir Blamor de ganys broder to ſir Bleoberys hath appeled me to fyghte with hym / outher to fynde a knyght in my ſtede / And; wel I wote ſaid; the kyng theſe that are come of kynge Bans blood; as ſir Launcelot e theſe other are paſſynge good; knyghtes and; hardi; men for to wynne in bataille as ony that I knowe now lyuynge / Syre ſaid ſir Tryſtram / for the good; lordſhip ye ſhewed me in Ir land; and; for my lady youre doughteres ſake / La Beale I; ſoud I wille take the bataille for you vpon this condycyon / that ye ſhalle grau̅te me two thynges / that one is that ye ſhal ſwere to me that ye are in the ryght that ye were neuer conſen tynge to the knyghtes dethe / Syr thenne ſaid ſir Triſtram when that I haue done this bataille yf god yeue me grace that I ſpede that ye ſhalle gyue me a reward; what thynge reſonable that I wille aſke of you / Soo god; me helpe ſaid; the kyng ye ſhal haue what ſomeuer ye will aſke / It is wel ſaid / ſaid ſir Tryſtram

Capitulum xxxvi

Now make your anſwer that youre Champyon is redy for I ſhalle dye in your quarel rather than to be va-ynaunt / I haue no doubte of you ſaid the kynge / that and ye ſhold; haue adoo with ſir Launcelot du lake / Syr ſaid ſir Triſtram as for ſire Launcelot he is called; the nobleſt knyghte of the worlde / And; wete ye wel that the knyghtes of his blood; are noble men and; drede ſhame / And; as for Bleoberys broder to ſyr Blamor I haue done bataille with hym / therfore vpon my hede / it is no ſhame to calle hym a good; knyght / It is noy ſed; ſaid; the kynge / that Blamor is the hardyer knyghte / ſire as for that lete hym be / he ſhal neuer be refuſed; / e as he were

the beſt knyght that now bereth ſhelde or ſpere/ Soo kyng Anguyſſhe departed vnto kynge Carados / and the kynges that were that tyme as juges / and tolde hem that he hadde ſonde his champyon redy / Thenne by the commaundementes of the kynges ſir Blamor de ganys and ſire Triſtram were ſente for to here the charge/ And whan they were come before the juges/there were many kynges and knyghtes biſyld ſire Triſtram/and moche ſpeche they had of hym by cauſe he ſlewe ſir Marhaus the good knyght/and by cauſe he foriuſted ſir Palampdes the good knyght/ ¶ So whan they had taken theire charge/they withdrewe hem to make hem redy to doo batayle / Thenne ſaid ſir Bleoberys to his broder ſir Blamore/fayre broder remembre of what kyn we be come of / and what a man is ſir launalot du lake/neyther ferther nor nere but brother children/and ther was neuer none of oure kyn thateuer was ſhamed in bataylle/ and rather ſuffre deth broder than to be ſhamed/Broder ſaid Blamore haue ye no doute of me/for I ſhal neuer ſhame none of my blood / how be it I am ſure that yonder knyghte is called a paſſynge good knyght as of his tyme one of the worlde/yet ſhal I neuer yelde me nor ſay the lothe word/wel may he happen to ſmyte me doun with his grete myzt of chyualry/but rather ſhalle he ſlee me than I ſhal yelde me as wereaunt/God ſpede you wel ſaid Bleoberys for ye ſhal fynde hym the myghtyeſt knyght that euer ye hadde ado with all/for I knowe hym for I haue had ado with hym God me ſpede ſaid Blamor de ganys/and therwith he tooke his hors at the one ende of the lyſtes/ and ſire Tryſtram atte other ende of the lyſtes/and ſoo they feutred theyre ſperes/ came to gyders as it had ben thonder/ and there ſir Triſtram thorou grete myght ſmote doune ſir Blamore and his hors to the erthe/Thenne anone ſir Blamor auoyded his hors and pulled oute his ſwerd/and threwe his ſhelde afore hym/and badde ſir Tryſtram alyghte/for though my hors hath failed me I truſte to god the erthe wil not faile me / And thenne ſyre Tryſtram alyght and dreſſid hym vnto batail/and there they laſſhed to gyder ſtrongly as racyng and tracyng/ foynynge and daſſhyng many ſad ſtrokes that the kynges and knyghtes had grete wonder that they myghte ſtande / for euer they

fought lyke wood men so that there were neuer knyghtes se-
ne fyghte more fyersly than they dyd/ for sire Blamore was
so hasty he wold haue no rest that alle men wondred that they
had brethe to stande on their feet/and alle the place was blo-
dy that they fought in / And at the laste syre Tristram smote
sir Blamor suche a buffet vpon the helme that he there felle do-
wne vpon his syde/and sir Trystram stode and beheld hym /

Capitulum xxviij

Thenne whan sir Blamor myghte speke/ he saide thus
Syre Tristram de Lyones I requyre the as thou art
a noble knyghte and the beste knyghte that euer I fonde that
thou wilt slee me oute/for I wold not lyue to be made lorde
of alle the erth/for I haue leuer dye with worshipe than lyue
with shame/and nedes sir Tristram thou must slee me/or els
thou shalt neuer wynne the felde / for I wille neuer saye the
lothe worde/And therfore yf thou dare slee me/slee me/ I re-
quyre the/Whanne sir Tristram herde hym saye soo knyghtely/
he wyste not what to doo with hym/he remembrynge hym of bo-
the partyes of what blode he was comen/ and for sir Launce-
lots sake he wolde be lothe to slee hym/ and in the other party
in no wyse he myghte not chese/but that he must make hym to
saye the lothe worde or els to slee hym/ Thenne syre Tristram
starte aback and went to the kynges that were Juges/ and ther
he kneledy doun to fore hem and besoughte hem for their wor-
shippes and for kynge Arthurs and sir Launcelots sake that
they wold take this mater in theyr handes/ For my fayre lor-
des saide sir tristram hit were shame and pyte / that this noble
knyght that yonder lyeth shold be slayne/for ye here wel/sha-
med wille he not be/ and I pray to god that he neuer be slayne
nor shamed for me/And as for the kyng for whome I fyghte
fore I shalle requyre hym as I am his true champyon and
true knyght in this felde that he wille haue mercy vpon this
knyghte/So god me helpe saide kynge Angwysshe I wil for
your sake syre tristram be ruled as ye wylle haue me/ For I
knowe you for my true knyghte / And therfore I

wylle herely pray the kynges that ben here as Juges to take hit in theire handes/ And the kynges that were Juges called syr Bleoberys to them/and asked hym his aduyse ¶My lordes said Bleoberys / though my broder be beten and hath the wers thorou myghte of armes I dare saye though syre Trystram hath beten his body/ he hath not beten his herte / and I thanke god he is not shamed this daye / And rather than he shold be shamed/I requyre you sayd Bleoberys lete sir Tristram slee hym oute/It shalle not be soo said the kynges / for his parte aduersary bothe the kynge and the champyon haue pyte of syre Blamors knyghthode/My lordes said Bleoberys I wille ryght wel as ye wille/

¶Thenne the kynges called the kynge of Irland and fond hym goodely and tretably/ And thenne by alle their aduyses syre Tristram and syre Bleoberys toke vp sire Blamor/and the two brethewen were accorded with kynge Anguysshe/ and kyssed and made frendys for euer/And thenne sire Blamor and sire Trystram kyssed to gyders/and there they made their othes that they wold neuer none of them two brethewen fyghte with syre Trystram/ and syre Trystram made the same oth And for that gentyl batailke alle the blood of syre Launcelot loued sire Trystram for euer/

¶Thenne kynge Anguysshe and syre Tristram toke theire leue and sailed in to Irland with grete noblesse and ioye /

¶Soo whanne they were in Irland the kynge lete make it knowen thoroute alle the land how and in what maner syre Trystram had done for hym ¶Thenne the Quene and alle that there were made the moost of hym that they myghte/But the Joye that la beale Isoud made of syr Tristram there myghte no tonge telle / for of alle men erthely she loued hym moost

¶Capitulum xviii

¶Thenne vpon a daye kynge Anguysshe asked syr Tristram why he asked not his bone/ For what someuer he hadd promysed hym/he sholde haue hit withoute fayle

Syre sayd sire Trystram nowe is hit tyme this is alle that I wylle desyre that ye wylle gyue me la beale Isoud your doughter not for my self but for myn Vnkel kynge Marke that shalle haue her to wyf/for soo haue I promysed hym/ Alas said the kynge I had leuer than alle the land that I haue/ ye wold wedde her youre self/ Syre and I dyd than I were shamed for euer in this worldy/and fals of my promyse/
Therfore said sire Trystram I praye you holde your promyse that ye promysed me/for this is my desyre that ye wylle gyue me la Beale Isoud to goo with me in to Cornewaile for to be wedded to kynge Marke myn Vnkel / ¶ As for that sayd kynge Anguysshe ye shalle haue her with you to doo with her what it please you/ that is for to saye yf that ye lyst to wedde her your self that is me leueste/And yf ye wille gyue her Vnto kynge Marke youre Vnkel that is in youre choyse/
¶ Soo to make shorte conclusion la beale Isoud was made redy to goo with syre Trystram and dame Bragwayne went with her for her chyef gentylwoman with many other/ thenne the quene Isoudes moder gaf to her and dame Bragwayne her doughters gentilwoman and Vnto Gouernaile a drynke and charged them that what day kynge Marke sholde wedde that same daye they sholde gyue hym that drynke / soo that kynge Marke shold drynke to la beale Isoud / and thenne said the Quene I Vndertake eyther shalle loue other the dayes of their lyf/ Soo this drynke was yeuen Vnto dame Bragwayne and Vnto Gouernaile / And thenne anone syre Trystram woke the see/and la Beale Isoud / and whan they were in theire galay hit happed soo that they were thursty/and they salwe a lytel flacked of gold stande by them/and hit semed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wyn /
Thenne sire Trystram toke the flacket in his hand/and sayd Madame Isoud here is the beste drynke that euer ye dranke that dame Bragwayne youre mayden and Gouernayle my seruaunt haue kepte for them self/Thenne they lough and made goody chere and eyther dranke to other frely/and they thought neuer drynke that euer they dranke to other was soo swete nor soo goody/But by that theyr drynke was in their

bodyes/they louedy eyther other so wel that neuer theyr loue departedy for wele neyther for wo/Andy thus it happedy the loue fyrste betwixe sire Tristram andy la beale Isoudy / the whiche loue neuer departed the dayes of their lyf/soo thenne they sayled tyl by fortune they came nyghe a castel that hyght Pluere And there by arryued for to repose them wenyng to them to haue hadde good herbrouz / but anon as sir Trystram was within the castel/they were taken prysoners/for the customme of the castel was suche who that rode by that castel and brought ony lady he must nedes fyghte with the lord that hyghte Brunor Andy yf it were soo that Brunor wanne the feldy/thenne sholdy the knyght straunger and his lady be putte to dethe what that euer they were/andy yf hit were so that the straunge knyghte wanne the feldy of sir Brunor/thenne shold he dye and his lady bothe/this custome was vsedy many wynters/for hit was called the castel pluere that is to saye the wepynge castel

Capitulum xxv

THus as sire Trystram and la beale Isoud were in pryson/hit happed a knyght and a lady came vnto them / where they were to chese them/I haue merueille said Tristram vnto the knyzt andy the lady what is the cause the lord of this Castel holdeth vs in pryson/hit was neuer the custome of no place of worshyp that euer I came in/ whan a knyghte and a lady askedy herbrough/and they to receyue hem/& after to dessroye them that ley his gestes/Syr said the knygzt this is the old custome of this castel that whan a knyght cometh here / he must nedes fyghte with our lord/ and he that is weyker muste lese his hede/And whan that is done yf his lady that he brynsgeth/be fouler than our lordes wyf/she must lese her heede/And yf she be fayrer preued than is oure lady/thenne shal the lady of this castel lese her heede/Soo god me helpe said sire Tristram this is a folble custome and a shameful/But one auantage haue I said sir Trystram I haue a lady is fayre ynouz fayrer salbe I neuer in alle my lyfe dayes / Andy I doubte

not for lacke of beaute she shalle not lese her heed/ and rather than I sholde lese my heede I wille fyghte for hit on a fayre felde/ ¶ Wherfore Syre knyght I pray you telle your lord that I wille be redy as to morne with my lady and my selfe to doo batail yf hit be so I maye haue my hors and myne armour/ Syre saide that knyght I Undertake that youre dere shalle be spedde ryght wel /
And thenne he sayde take youre rest and loke that ye be vp by tymes and make you redy and your lady/ for ye shall wante no thynge that you behoueth/ and ther with he departed and on the morne by tymes that same knyghte came to sire Tryst-ram and fetched hym oute and his lady & brouzte hym hors and armour that was his owne / and badde hym make hym redy to the feld/ for alle the estates and comyns of that lord-shipp were there redy to beholde that batailke and Jugement /
¶ Thenne came syre Breunor the lord of that Castel with his lady in his hand muffeld/ and asked syre Trystram where was his lady / for and thy lady be fayrer than myn with thy sworde smyte of my ladyes hede/ and yf my lady be fayrer than myn/ with my sworde I muste stryke of her heed/ And yf I maye wynne the/ yet shalke thy lady be myne/ and thou shalt lese thy hede/ ¶ Syre said Trystram this is a foule custome and horryble/ and rather than my lady sholde lese her heed/ yet had I leuer lese my hede/
¶ Nay nay said sire Breunor the ladyes shalke be fyrst shewed to gyder/ and the one shalke haue her Jugement/ Nay I wille not soo said sire Tristram / For here is none that wille gyue ryghteuous Jugement/ But I doubte not said sir Tristram my lady is fayrer than thyne/ And that wille I preue and make goode with my hand/ And who someuer he be that wille saye the contrary I wille preue hit on his hede
And there with sire Tristram shewed la beale Isoud / and turned her thryes aboute with his naked sworde in his hand And whanne syre Breunor salve that he dyde the same wyse torne his lady/ But whanne syre Breunor behelde la beale Isoud/ hym thought he salve neuer a fayrer lady/ and then-ne he dradde his ladyes hede sholde be of/ and soo al the peple

that were there present gaf jugement that la beale Isoud was the fayrer lady and the better made/ how now said sir Tristrā me semeth it were pyte that my lady shold lose her heed / but by cause thou and she of long tyme haue vsed this wycked custome/ and by you bothe haue many good knyghtes and ladyes ben destroyed / for that cause it were no losse to destroye you bothe/ Soo god me help said sir Brunor for to saye the sothe/thy lady is fayrer than myn/and that me sore repenteth And soo I here the peple pryuely saye/ for of alle wymmen I salve none soo fayre/and therfor and thou wilt slee my lady I doute not but I shal slee the and haue thy lady/ ¶ Thou shalt wynne her said sir Trystram as dere as euer knyzt wan lady/ And by cause of thyn owne jugement as thou woldest haue done to my lady yf that she had ben fouler/ and by cause of the euyl custome gyue me thy lady said Trystram/ & there with alle sir Tristram strode vnto hym and toke his lady from hym/and with an auke stroke he smote of her hede clene/wel knyght said sir Brunor now hast thou done me a despyte/

¶ Capitulum xxvj

NOw take thyn horse sythen I am lady les I wil wyn thy lady and I may/thenne they took their horses / & came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder/ and sire Trystram smote sir Brunor clene from his hors/ and lyztely he rose vp And as sir Trystram came ageyne by hym/ he threst his hors thorou oute both the sholders that his hors hurled here and there/and felle dede to the ground/And euer sir Brunor wanne after to haue slayne sire Tristram/ but sire Tristram was lyzght and nymek and voyded his hors lightely / And or euer sir Trystram myght dresse his shold and his swerd / the other gaf hym thre or foure sadde strokes ¶ Thenne they rasshed to gyders like two bores tracyng and trauercyng myzhtely and wysely as two noble knyghtes/ For this sire Brunor was a proued knyghte and hadde ben or than the dethe of many good knyghtes/that it was pyte that he had so long endured/ Thus they fouzt hurlyng here & there nyz two houres &

eyder were wounded sore/ thenne at the last sir Breunor rasshed vpon sir Trystram and woke hym in his armes/ for he trusted moche to his strengthe/ Thenne was sir Trystram called the strengest and the hyest knyght of the world/ For he was called bygger than sir lauācelot/ but sir Launcelot was better brethed/ Soo anone sire Trystram thrust syr Breunor doune grouelynge / and thenne he vnlaced his helme/ and strake of his hede/ And thenne al they that longed to the castel cam to hym and dyd hym homage and feaute prayenge hym / that he wold abyde there stylle a litel whyle to fordo that foule custom Syr Trystram graunted ther to / the meane whyle one of the knyghtes of the castel rode vnto sire Galahad the haut prynce the whiche was sir Breunors sone/ whiche was a noble knyzt and told hym what mysauenture his fader hade and his moder

Capitulum xxviij

Thenne came sir Galahad and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes with hym/ and this syr Galahad profered to fyghte with sir Trystram hand for hand/ and soo they made them redy to go vnto batail on horsback with grete courage/ Thenne sir Galahad and sir Trystram mette to gyders soo hard that eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe/ And thēne they auoyded their horses as noble knyghtes and dressid theire shyldes and drelve their swerdes with grete rancour/ and they lasshed to gyder many sadde strokes/ and one whyle strykynge another whyle foynynge/ tracynge and trauersynge as noble knyghtes/ thus they fought long nere half a day and eyder were sore wounded/ At the last sire Trystram wayed lyghte and bygge / and doubled his strokes and drofe syr Galahad abak on the one syde and on the other/ so that he was lyke to haue ben slayne/ With that came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and all that felauship went fyersly vp on sir Tristram/ whan sir Trystram salwe them comyng vpon hym/ thenne he wist wel he myghte not endure/ ¶ Thēne as a wyse knyght of herte he said to sir Galahaud the haut prynce syre ye shalbe to me no knyghthode for to suffre alle youre men to haue ado with me al at ones/ ¶ And as me semeth ye be a

noble knyghte of your handes/hit is grete shame to you/ So
god me helpe saidy sire Galahad there is none other waye but
thou must yelde the to me/outher els to dye said sir Galahad
to sir Trystram I wille rather yelde me to you thany dye / for
that is more for the myght of your meny thany of your handes/.
Andy ther with alle sir Trystram toke his owne swerdy by the
poynte/andy put the pomel in the handy of sir Galahady/there
with alle came the kynge with the honderdy knyghtes / andy
hardy beganne to assaylle sir Trystram/lete be said sir Galahad
be ye not soo hardy to touche hym/for I haue gyuen this kny-
ght his lyf / that is youre shame saidy the kynge with the C
knyghtes/hath he not slayne your fader andy your moder/As
for that saidy syre Galahady I may not wyte hym grete ly for
my fader hady hym in pryson/ andy enforcedy hym to doo batail
with hym/andy my fader had suche a customme that was a shā
meful custome that what knyght came there to aske herbrouh
his lady must nedes dye but yf she were fayrer thany my mo-
der/Andy yf my fader ouercame that knyght he must nedes dy-
e/This was a shameful customme andy vsage/ a knyghte
for his herkerolde a kynge to haue suche herborage/ ¶ Andy for
this customme I woldy neuer dralve aboute hym/ So god me
helpe said the kynge this was a shameful customme / Truly
saidy syre Galahady soo semedy me / andy me semedy it hady ben
grete pyte that this knyght sholdy haue ben slayne/ for I dare
saye he is the noblest many that leueth lyf/but yf it were sir lan-
celot du lake/Nolde fayre knyght said sir Galahady I requyre
the telle me thy name / andy of whens thou arte/andy whyder
thou wolt/Syr he said my name is sir Trystramy du lyones &
from kynge Marke of Cornelvaile I was sente on message
vnto kynge Anguysshe of Irlandy for to fetche his doughter
to be his wyf/& here she is redy to go with me in to Cornewai-
le/andy her name is la beale Isoudy/andy/sir Trystram said sir
Galahad the haut prynce / wel be ye fonde in these marches/&
soo ye wille promyse me to goo vnto syr Launcelot du lake /
andy accompanye with hym/ye shalle goo where ye wylle/and
your fayre lady with you/ Andy I shalle promyse you neuer
in al my dayes shal suche custommes be vsed in this castel as
haue ben vsedy/Syr saidy syre Trystramy nolde I lete you wete

soo god me helpe I wende ye hadʒ ben syr launcelot du lake / whan I salve you fyrste / andʒ therfore I dredde you the more Andʒ sire I promyse you said sir Tristram as soone as I may I wille see sir launcelot / andʒ enfelaushippe me with hym / for of alle the knyghtes of the worldʒ I moost desyre his felau / ship

Capitulum xxviij

And thēne sir Tristram took his leue whan he salve his tyme andʒ toke the see / Andʒ the meane whyle wordʒ came vnto sir Launcelot andʒ to sir Trystram that sire Carados the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunt / that fought with sir Galvayn and gaf hym suche strokes that he swouned in his sadel / andʒ after that he took hym by the col ler / andʒ pulledʒ hym oute of his sadel / and fast bounde hym to the sadel bowe / andʒ so rode his wey with hym ward his cas trell / Andʒ as he rode by fortune sir Launcelot mette with sire Carados andʒ anone he knelde sire Galvayne / that lay bounde after hym / A said sir Launcelot vnto sire Galvayne how stande it with you / Neuer so hard said sir galvayn onles that ye helpe me / for so god me help without ye resolve me I knowe no kn; yght that may but outher you or syr Trystram / wherfor sir Launcelot was keuy of sir Galvayns wordes / And thenne sir Launcelot bad sir Carados leye doune that knyghte / & fyghte with me / thou arte but a foole saide sire Carados / for I wylle serue you in the same wyse / as for that said sir Launcelot spa; re me not / for I warne the I wille not spare the / Andʒ then; ne he bond sir Galvayne hand and foot / and so threlde hym to the ground / And thenne he gate his spere of his squyer / andʒ departed from syr launcelot to fetche his cours / and soo eyther met with other / and brake their speres to their handes / & then ; ne they pulled out swerdes / and hurtled to gyders on horsback more than any houre / And at the laste sire launcelot smote sir Carados suche a buffet vpon the helme that it perched his bra; yne pan / So thenne sir Launcelot toke sir Carados by the col; ler and pulledʒ hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne he alyʒte and pulled of his helme / and strake of his hede / And thenne

ſir Launcelot vnbounde ſir Galvayne / ſoo this ſame tale was
told̄ to ſir Galahad and̄ to ſir Tryſtram / here maye ye here the
noblenes that foloweth ſir launcelot / Allas ſaid ſyr Tryſtram
and̄ I had̄ not this meſſage in hand̄ with this fayre lady /
truly I wold̄ neuer ſtynte or I had̄ fonde ſyre Launcelot /
Thenne ſire Tryſtram and̄ la beale Iſoud went̄e to the ſee &
came in to Cornelvaile / and̄ there alle the barons mette hem /

Capitulum xix

And anone they were ryche ly wedded̄ with grete nob=
ley / But euer as the frenſſhe book ſayth ſir Tryſtram
and̄ la beale Iſoud loued̄ euer to gyders / Thenne
was there grete Juſtes and̄ grete torneyenge / and̄ many lor
des and̄ ladyes were at that feeſt / and̄ ſir Tryſtram was moſt
preyſed̄ of alle other / thus dured̄ the feeſt longe / and̄ after
the feeſt was done / within a lytel whyle after by the aſſent of
two ladyes that were with quene Iſoud̄ / they ordeyned̄ for
hate and̄ enuy for to deſtroye dame Bragwayne / that was
mayden and̄ lady vnto la beale Iſoud / and̄ ſhe was ſente in
to the foreſt for to fetche herbes / and̄ there ſhe was mette & bo=
unde feete and̄ hand̄ to a tree / and̄ ſoo ſhe was bounden thre
dayes / And̄ by fortune ſir Palamydes fond̄ dame Bragwa=
yne / and̄ there he delyuerd̄ her from the dethe / and̄ brought her
to a nonnery there beſyde for to be recouerd̄ / whanne Iſoud the
quene myſt her mayden / wete ye wel ſhe was ryght heuy as e=
uer was ony quene / for of alle erthely wymmen ſhe loued her
beſt / the cauſe was for ſhe came with her oute of her countreye /
And̄ ſoo vpon a day quene Iſoud walked̄ in to the foreſt to
putte alweye her thoughtes / and̄ ther ſhe wente her ſelf vnto a
welle / and̄ made grete mone / and̄ ſodenly there came Palamy
des to her / and̄ had̄ herd̄ alle her complaynte / and̄ ſayd̄ Mada
me Iſoud̄ and̄ ye wille graunte me my bone / I ſhalle brin=
ge to you dame Bragwayne ſauf and̄ ſound̄ / And̄ the que=
ne was ſo glad of his profer / that ſodenly vnauyſed̄ ſhe grañ
ted alle his aſkynge / wel madame ſaid̄ Palamydes I truſt
to your promyſe / And̄ yf ye wille abyde here half an houre / I
ſhal bringe her to you / I ſhalle abyde you ſaid̄ la beale Iſoud

And̄ sir Palamydes rode forth his way to that nonnery/ and lyghtly he came ageyne with dame Bragwayne ; but by her good wille she wold not haue comen ageyne/ by cause for loue of the quene she stood in auēture of her lyf/ Notwithstandyng half ageynst her wille she went with sir Palamydes Vnto the quene/ And̄ whan the quene salve her/ she was passyng glad Now madame saidȳ Palamydes remembre vpon your promy= se/ for I haue fulfilledȳ my promyse/ Sir Palamydes said the quene I wote not what is your desyre/ But I wille that ye wete how be it I promysed you largely I thought none euyl nor I warne you none ylle wille I doo/ Madame said sir pa lamydes/ as at this tyme ye shalle not knowe my desyre / but bifore my lordȳ your husband there shalle ye knowe that I will haue my desyre that ye haue promysedȳ me / And̄ therwith the quene departedȳ and̄ rode home to the kynge/ and̄ sir palamy= des rode after her/ And̄ whan syr Palamydes came before the kynge/ he said sir kyng I requyre you as ye be a ryghteuous kynge that ye wille Juge me the ryght/ Telle me your cause sa idȳ the kynge and̄ ye shalle haue ryght/

Capitulum xxx

Syre saidȳ Palamydes I promysedȳ your Quene Isoud to brynge ageyne dame Bragwayne that she hadȳ lost vpon this couenaunt that she sholdȳ graunte me a bone that I wold aske/ and̄ without grutchynge outher auysemēt she grauntedȳ me/ what saye ye my lady said the kynge/ hit is as he saith soo godȳ me help saidȳ the quene/ to saye the sothe/ I promysedȳ hym his askynge for loue and̄ ioye that I hadȳ to= see her/ Wel madame saidȳ the kynge / and̄ yf ye were hasty to graunte hym what bone he woldȳ aske / I wylle wel that ye performe your promyse/ Thenne saidȳ Palamydes I will that ye wete that I wille haue your quene to lede her and̄ gouerne her where as me lyst/ There with the kynge stood stylle/ and̄ be thought hym of sir Trystram/ and̄ demedȳ that he woldȳ reso= ue her / And̄ thenne hastely the kynge answerdȳ take her with the aduēture that shal falle of hit/ for as I suppose thou wylt

not enioye her noo whyle/As for that saidy Palamydes I dare
ryght wel abyde the aduenture/ andy soo to make short tale/sir
Palamydes toke her by the handy/andy saidy Madame grutche
not to goo with me/for I desyre no thynge but your olvny pro
myse/As for that saidy the quene I fere not gretely to go with
the/hou be it thou hast me at auauntage vpon my promyse /
For I doute not I shalle be worshipfully resolvedy fro the/
As for that saidy sir Palamydes be it as it be maye/So quene
Isoud vvas sette behynde Palamydes/and rode his vvay/anon
the kynge sente after syr Trystram/ but in no vvyse he coude be
foūde/for he vvas in the forest an huntyng/for that vvas allve;
yes his custome/but yf he vsedy armes / to chase andy to hunte
in the forestes / Alias saidy the kynge nolv I am shamed for
euer that by myny olvne assente my lady andy my quene shalle
be deuouredy/Thenne came forth a knyght his name vvas lam
begus/andy he vvas a knyght of syr Trystram/ My lordy saydy
this knyght sythe ye haue truste in my lordy sire Tristram/lve
te ye wel for his sake I vville ryde after your quene andy re;
scolve her/or els I shal be betey/Gramercy saide the kynge/&
I kyue sir Lambegus I shal deserue hit/And thenne sir Lam
begus armed hym /andy rode after as fast as he myghte/Andy
thenne vvithin a vvhyle he ouertoke sir Palamydes/And then;
ne sir Palamydes lefte the quene/vvhat arte thou saide Pala;
mydes/arte thou Trystram / nay he saide I am his seruaunte/
and my name is sir Lambegus/ that me repenteth saide Pala;
mydes/I hadde leuer thou haddest ben sire Trystram/I bileue
you vvel said Lambegus/but vvhen thou metest vvith sir Trys;
tram thou shalt haue thy handes ful/And thenne they hurtled
to gyders and alle to braste their spewes/and thenne they pul
led oute their svverdes / and helved on helmes andy hauberkes/
At the laste sire Palamydes gaf sir Lambegus suche a vvonnd
that he felle douny lyke a dede knyghte to the erthe/Thenne he to
ked after la beale Isoud/andy thēne she vvas gone he nyst vvhe
re/vvete ye vvel sir Palamydes vvas neuer soo seuy/So the qui;
ene ranne in to the forest/and there she fond a vvel/and therynn
she hadde thoughte to haue drouned her self/ And as good for
tune vvold ther came a knyght to her that hadde a Castel ther
by his name vvas sire Adtherp/ And vvhen he fonde the quene

in that meschyef/he resolved her/and brought her to his cas-
tel/And whanne he wyst what she was he armed hym/and
wost his hors and said/he wold be auenged vpon palamydes
and soo he rode on tyll he mette with hym/and there sir Pala-
mydes wounded hym sore / and by force he made hym to telle
hym the cause why he dyd bataille with hym/and how he had
lade the quene vnto his castel/Now bringe me there said pa-
lamydes or thou shalt dye of my handes/Sir said sir Adtherp
I am soo wounded I may not folowe/but ryde you this way
and hit shalle bringe you in to my castel/and there within is
the quene/Thenne sire Palamydes rode styll tyl he came to the
Castel/And at a wyndowe La Beale Isoud sawe sir Pa-
lamydes/thenne she made the yates to be shette strongly/ And
whan he sawe he myght not come within the castel/he putte of
his brydel and his sadel/and putte his hors to pasture/and
sette hym self doune atte gate lyke a man that was oute of
his wytte that retchyd not of hym self /

Capitulum xxxj

Now forne we vnto sir Tristram that whanne he was
come home / and wyste la Beale Isoud was gone
with syr Palamydes wete ye wel he was wrothe oute of me-
sure/Allas said sir Trystram I am this day shamed/ Thenne
he cryed to Gouernaile his man/haste the that I were armed
and on horsback / for wel I wote Lambegus hath no myghte
nor strengthe to withstande sir Palamydes/ Allas that I haue
not ben in his stede/Soo anone as he was armed and horsed
sir Tristram and Gouernaile rode after in to the forest / and
within a whyle he fond his knyght Lambegus al moost woũ
ded to the dethe/and syre Trystram bare hym to a foster/ and
charged hym to kepe hym wel/And thenne he rode forth and
there he fond syr Adtherp sore wounded/and he told hym how
the quene wold haue drowned her self had not he ben/ And
how for her sake & loue he had taken vpon hym to doo bataille
with sir Palamydes/where is my lady said sire Trystram /
Syr said the knyght she is sure ynough within my Castel/ &

she can holde her within hit / Gramercy saide syre Trystram of thy grete goodnes/and soo he rode tyl he came nygh to that Castel/and thenne syr Trystram salue wisshe syr Palamydes sat at the gate slepynge/and his hors pastured fast afore hym Nolle goo thou Gouernaile saide sire Tristram/ and byd hym awake/and make hym redy/So Gouernayle rode vnto hym/ and saide sir Palamydes aryse and take to the thyn harneis but he was in suche a study he herd not what Gouernayle said So Gouernaile came ageyne and tolde syre Trystram he slepte or els he was madde/Goo thou ageyne said sire Tristram/ and bydde hym aryse/and telle hym that I am here his mortal foo/So Gouernaile rode ageyne and putte vpon hym the but of his spere/and saide sir Palamydes make the redy/ for wete ye wel syr Tristram houeth yonder and sendeth the word he is thy mortal foo/ And there with all sire Palamydes awose stylly without wordes and gate his hors/and sadeled hym/ and brydeled hym / and lyghtely he lepte vpon/ and gat his spere in his hand / and eyder feutryd their speres and hurtled faste to gyders / and there Tristram smote doune sire Palamydes ouer his hors tayle / Thenne lightely sire Palamydes putte his shelde afore hym and drewe his swerde / And there beganne stronge bataill on bothe partyes/ for both they fought for the loue of one lady/and euer she laye on the walles and beheelde them/how they foughte oute of mesure/ and eyther we re woūded pessyng sore/but Palamydes was moche sower woūded/thus they fought tracynge and trauercyng more than two houres that wel nygh for dole and sorowe la beale Isoud swouned/ Alas she said that one I loued and yet doo/and the other I loue not/yet it were grete pyte that I shold see sir palamydes slayne / for wel I knowe by that tyme the ende be done sir Palamydes is but a dede knyght/by cause he is not crystened I wold be lothe that he shold dye a sarasyn / And there with alle she came doune and besought sire Trystram to fyghte no more/ A madame saide he what meane you / Wille ye haue me shamed/wel ye knowe I wille be ruled by you / I wylle not your dishonour saide la beale Isoud but I wold that ye wold for my sake spare this vnhappy sarasyn Palamydes/ Madame said syre Trystram I wille leue fyghtynge at this

tyme for your sake/ ¶ Thenne she said to sire Palamydes this shalle be your charge that thou shalt goo oute of thie coun trey whyle I am therin/ I wille obeye your commaundement said sire Palamydes/the whiche is sore ageynst my wylle

¶ Thenne take thy waye said la beale Isoud vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur/and there recommaũde me vnto quene Gue neuer/and telle her that I sendy her word/that ther be withyn this landy but four louers/that is sire Launcelot du lake andy Quene Gueneuer and sire Trystram de lyonas andy quene Is soud

¶ Capitulum xxxij

AND soo syre Palamydes departedy with grete kreuynes And sir Tristram took the quene and brouzte her ageyne to kynge Marke/and thenne was there made grete Joye of her home comynge/ who was cherysshed but sir Trystram/ Thenne sir Trystram lete fetche syr Lambegus his knyzte fro the fosters hous and hit was longe or he was hole/ but at the last he was wel recouerd/ thus they lyued with Joye and play a long whyle/ But euer sir Andred that was nygh cosyn to syr Trystram lay in a watche to wayte betwix sir Trystram and la beale Isoud for to take hem and sklanndze hem/ Soo vpon a day syr Tristram talked with la beale Isoud in a wyn dowe/and that aspyed sir Andredy andy told it to the kynge / Thenne kynge Marke took a swerd in his handy and came to sir Tristram and called hym fals traitour/and wold haue stry ken hym/ But sir Trystram was nyghe hym and vanne vnder his swerdy andy toke hit oute of his hande / And thenne the kynge cryedy where are my knyghtes and my men/ I charge you slee this traitour / But at that tyme there was not one wold meue for his wordes/ Whanne syre Trystram salve that there was not one wold be ageynst hym/ he shoke the swerd to the kynge and made countenaunce as though he wold haue stryken hym/ And thenne kynge Marke fledde/and sire tristram folowed hym and smote vpon hym fyue or sixe strokes fla tlynge on the neck that he made hym to falle vpon the nose/ & thenne sir Tristram yede his waye and armed hym and toke

his hors and his men/and soo he rode in to that foreste / And
there vpon a daye syr Trystram mette with two brethern that
were knyghtes with kynge Marke/ and there he strake of the
hede of the one/& wounded the other to the dethe/and he maade
hym to bere his broders hede in his helme vnto the kynge/and
thyrtty moo there he wounded/ And whan that knyght came
before the kynge to saye his message / he there dyed afore the
kynge and the quene/Thenne kynge Marke called his coun-
cill vnto hym / and asked aduyse of his barons what was
best to doo with sire Trystram/Syr saide the barons in especyal
Syre Dynas the Seneschal/syr/ we wille yeue you counceyle
for to sende for sir Tristram/ for we wille that ye were / many
men wille holde with syre Trystram/and he were hardy bestad
And syr saide sire Dynas ye shalle vnderstande that sir Trist-
ram is called pyerles and makeles of ony Crysten knyghte/
and of his myghte and hardynes we knewe none soo goody
a knyght/but yf hit be sire Launcelot du lake/ And yf he de-
parte from your Courte and goo to kynge Arthurs courte/
Wete ye wel he wille gete hym suche frendes there that he wylle
not sette by your malyce/And therfore syre I counceyle yolv
to take hym to youre grace/I wylle wel saide the kynge that
he be sente for/that we maye be frendes / Thenne the Barons
sente for syr Tristram vnder a sauf conduyte/ And soo whan
syre Tristram came to the kynge/he was welcome/ and no re-
hersail was made/and there was game and playe/and then
ne the kynge and the quene went on huntynge and sir Tris-
tram

Capitulum xxxiiii

The kynge and the quene made their pauelions & the-
ire tentes in that foreste besyde a Ryuer/and ther was
dayly huntynge and justynge/for there were euer yo-
ve knyghtes redy to juste vnto alle them that came in at that
tyme/ And there by fortune came sire Lamerak de galys and
sir Dryaunt/and there syre Dryaunt justed ryght wel / but
at the laste he had a falle / Thenne sire Lamerak profered to
juste/And whan he began he ferde so with the thyrtty knyghtes

that there was not one of hem but that he gaf hym a falle/ and somme of them were sore hurte/ I merueyle said kyng Marke what knyght he is that doth suche dedes of armes/Sir said sire Tristram/I knolde hym wel for a noble knyght/ as selde noble yonge knyght/and his name is sir Lamorak de Galys/it were grete shame saide the kynge that he sholde goo thus alweye onles that somme of you mette with hym better / Syre saide sire Tristram me semeth it were no worshipp for a noble man to haue adoo with hym/And for by cause at this tyme he hath done ouer moche for ony meane knyghte yonge/therfore as me semeth hit were grete shame and vylony to tempte hym ony more at this tyme/in soo moche as he and his hors are very bothe For the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye and they be wel consydered/it were ynough for sir Launcelot du lake /

¶ As for that saide kynge Marke I requyre you as ye loue me and my lady the Quene La beale I sholde take youre armes and juste with sire Lamorak de Galys/ ¶ Syre said sir Tristram ye byd me doo a thynge that is ageynst knyghthode / And wel I can deme that I shal gyue hym a falle/ For hit is no maystry/for my hors and I ben fresshe bothe/and so is not his hors and he/and wete ye wel/ that he wil take hit for grete vnkyndenes/ For euer one good is lothe to take another at disauauntage / But by cause I wil not displease yow/as ye requyre me/soo wille I do and obeye your commaundemēt And soo sire Tristram armed hym and took his hors/& putte hym forth/and there sire Lamerak mette hym myghtely/and what with the myght of his owne spere/and of sire Tristrams spere syr Lamoraks hors felle to the erthe/ and he syttynge in the sadel/Thenne anone as lyghtly as he myghte he auoyded the sadel and his hors/and put his shelde afore hym and drewe his swerd/And thenne he bade sir Tristram alyghte thou knyght and thou darst/ Nay said sire Tristram I wil no more haue adoo with the / for I haue done to the ouer moche vnto my dishonour and to thy worshipp/ ¶ As for that said sir Lamorak I can the no thanke / syn thou hast foriusted me on horsback I requyre the and I biseche the/ and thou be sir Tristram/fyghte with me on foote/ ¶ I wylle not soo

saidy ore Tristram/Andy wete ye wel my name is sire Tristrā de lyones/andy wel I knolde ye be sire Lamorak de Galys / Andy this that I haue done to you was ageynst my wylle/ but I was requyredy therto/ but to saye that I wille doo atte youre requeste/as at thys tyme I will haue no more ado with you/for me shameth of that I haue done/ ¶ As for the shame saidy sire Lamorak on thy party or on myne / beare thou hit & thou wilt/ For though a marys sone hathy fayledy me/ nolw a Quenes sone shalle not fayle the/ Andy therfore andy thou be suche a knyghte as men calle the/I requyre the/alyghte / andy fyghte with me / Syre Lamorak saidy sire Tristram I vnder; stande youre herte is grete/andy cause why ye haue / to saye the sothe/for hit wolday greue me and ony knyght sholdy kepe hym fresshe/andy thenne to stryke doune a wery knyghte / for that knyghte nor hors was neuer fourmedy that alwey myght stā de or endure/ Andy therfore saidy sire Tristram I wille not haue adoo with you/for me forthynketh of that I haue done/ as for that saidy sire Lamorak I shal quyte you andy euer I see my tyme/

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

Nolw he departedy from hym with sire Dryaun / andy by the weye they mette with a knyzt that was sente from Morgan le fay vnto kynge Arthur / andy this knyght hadde a fayre horne harneste With gold/and the horne had suche a ver tue that ther myght no lady ne gentilwoman drynke of that horne/but yf she were true to her husbandy / Andy yf she were fals she sholdy spylle alle the drynke / Andy yf she were true to her lord she myght drynke peasyble/ andy by cause of the que ne Gueneuer andy in the despyte of sire Launcelot this horne was sente vnto kynge Arthur/and by force sire Lamorak ma de that knyghte to telle alle the cause why he bare that horne / ¶ Nolw shalte thou here this horn saidy Lamorak vnto kyng Marke or els chese thou to dye for it/ For I telle the playnly in despyte andy vpreef of sire Tristrams thou shalte here that horne vnto kynge Marke his vnkel/and say thou to hym that

I sent hit hym for to assay his lady/ ¶ And yf she be true to hym he shal preue her/ Soo the knyghte wente his way vnto kynge Marke and broughte hym that ryche horne / and sayd that sir Lamorak sente hit hym / and there to be told hym the vertue of that horne ¶ Thenne the kynge made Quene Isoud to drynke therof / and an hondred ladyes / and there were but four ladyes of alle tho that dranke clene/ ¶ Allas saide kynge Marke this is a grete despyte / and sware a grete othe / that she shold be brente and the other ladyes / ¶ Thenne the Barons gadred them to gyder and said playnly they wold not haue tho ladyes brente for an horne made by sorcery that came from as fals a sorceresse and wytche as tho was lyuynge/ For that horne dyd neuer good but caused stryf and debate / and alweyes in her dayes she had ben an enemy to alle true louers/ Soo there were many knyghtes made their auowe/ and euer they met with Morgan le fay that they wold shewe her shrt curtosye/ ¶ Also sir Tristram was passynge wrothe that sire Lamorak sente that horne vnto kynge Marke for wel he knewe that hit was done in the despyte of hym / And therfor he thoughte to quyte sire Lamorak/ ¶ Thenne syre Tristram vsed dayly and nyghtely' to go to quene Isoud whanne he myght / and euer syre Andred his cosyn watched hym nyght and daye for to take hym with la Beale Isoud/ And soo vpon a nyght syre Andred aspyed the houre and the tyme whan sir Trystram wente to his lady/ ¶ Thenne syre Andred gate vnto hym twelue knyghtes/ and at mydnyghte he sette vpon sire Tristram secretely and sodenly/ and there sire Tristram was take naked a bedde with la beale Isoud / and thenne was he bo̅und hande and foot/ and soo was he kepte vntyl daye/ ¶ And thenne by the assent of kynge Marke and of syr Andred and of somme of the Barons syre Tristram' was ledde vnto a chappel that stode vpon the see rockes there for to take his Jugement/ and soo he was ledde bounden with fourty knyghtes/ And whan sire Tristram salwe that there was none other boote/ but nedes that he must dye/ thenne said he fayr lordes remembre what I haue done for the Countreye of Corne-waile / and in what Jeopardy I haue ben in for the wele of you alle/ For whan I fought for the truage of cornewaile with

ſir Marhaus the goody knyght/I was promyſed for to be ket; ter welwarde/whanne ye alle reffuſed to take the batailke/ther fore as ye be goody gentyl knyghtes / ſee me not thus ſhame; fully to dye/ for it is ſhame to alle knyghthode thus to ſee me dye/ For I dare saye saidy ſire Triſtram that I neuer met with no knyght but I was as goody as he/or better/ Fy vpon the said ſir Andredy fals traitour that thou arte with thyn auaū; cynge/for alle thy booſt thou ſhalt dye this daye / O Andredy Andredy said ſir Triſtram thou ſholdeſt be my kynneſman/and nolw thou art to me ful vnfrendely/but andy there were no mo bnt thou andy I/thou wholdeſt not putte me to deth/No said ſir Andredy/andy ther with he drelve his ſwerd/andy wholdy haue ſlayne hym/whanne ſir Triſtram ſalve hym make ſuche coun; tenaunce/he lokedy vpon bothe his handes that were faſt boun; dy vnto tlvo knyghtes / andy ſodenly he pulledy them bothe to hym/andy vnbraſt his handes/and thenne he lepte vnto his o ſyn ſyr Andredy andy wrothe his ſwerdy ouer of his handes / thenne he ſmote ſir Andredy that he fylle to the erthe/ andy ſoo ſir Triſtram foughte tyl that he hadde kylledy 9 knyghtes/ So thenne ſir Triſtram gate the chappel andy kepte hit myghtely / thenne the crye was grete/ andy the peple drelve faſte vnto ſire Andredy moo than an honderdy/ whanne ſir Triſtram ſalve the peple dralve vnto hym he remembrydy he was nakedy/& ſperd faſt the chappel dore andy brake the barrys of a wyndolve/and ſoo he lepte oute and fylle vpon the crackys in the ſee/ And ſo at that tyme ſir Andredy nor none of his felalves myghte ge te to hym at that tyme/

Capitulum xxxv

SOo whanne they were departedy/ Gouernaile andy ſire Lambegus andy ſire Sentraille de luſhon that were ſir Triſtrams men ſoughte their maiſter/whanne they herd he was eſcapedy/thenne they were paſſynge gladde/and on the rockes they fondy hym/andy with tuels they pulledy hym vp/ Andy thenne ſire Triſtram askedy hem where was la beale Iſoy udy/for he wende ſhe hady ben hady alveye of Andredes peple / Syr saidy Gouernaile ſhe is put in a lazar ote Alias

saidy syre Trystram this is a ful vngoodely place for suche a fayre lady/ Andy yf I maye she shalle not be longe there/ Andy soo he took his meny andy wente there as was la Beale Isoudy/andy fette her awaye andy broughte her in to a forest to a fayre manoyre/andy sire Tristram,there abode with her/ Soo the goody knyghte badde his meny goo from hym/ For att this tyme I maye not helpe you/ soo they departedy alle sauf Gouernaile / Andy soo vpon a daye sir Tristram yede in to the foreste for to disporte hym/andy thenne hit happendy/ that there he felle on slepe / Andy there came a many that sire Tristram afore handy hady slayne his broder/ Andy whan this many fonde foūd hym he shotte hym thorou the sholder with an arowe,andy sir Tristram lepte vp andy kylledy that many/ Andy in the meane tyme it Was told kynge Marke/how sir Tristram and la beale Isoud were in that same manoir/ and as soone as euer he myght thyder he came with many knyghtes to slee sir Tristram Andy whanne he came there/he fondy hym gone / andy there he took la beale Isoudy home With hym/and kepte her strayte that by no meane neuer she myght Wete nor sende vnto Trystramy nor he vnto her / Andy thenne whanne syre Tristram came to ward the old manoir/he fondy the trak of many horses / and ther by he wiste his lady was gone/And thenne sir Tristram took grete sorou/andy endured with grete payne long tyme / for the arowe that he was hurte with al was enuenymed/ Thenne by the meane of la Beale Isoud she toldy a lady that was cosyn vnto dame Bragwayne/and she came to sir Tristram and toldy hym that he myght not be hole by no meanes / For thy lady la beale Isoud maye not helpe the/therfor she bydeth you haste in to Bretayne to kynge Hoel / and there ye shal fynde his douzter Isoud le blaunche maynys/ and she shal helpe the/Thenne sir tristram and gouernaile gat them shypping/ and soo sailed in to Bretayne/ And whan kynge Hoel wist that it was sir tristram/he was ful gladde of hym/Syre he said I am comen in to this countrey to haue help of your doughter/ For hit is tolde me/that there is none other may hele me but she/and soo within a whyle she heled hym /

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

¶ There was an Erle that hyghte Gryp/ And this Erle maade grete werre vpon the kynge/ and putte the kynge to the werse/ and vyseged hym / And on a tyme syre kehydyus that was sone to kynge Howel/ as he yssued oute/ he was sore wounded nyghe to the dethe /

¶ Thenne Gouernaile went to the kynge and saidy / syre I counceyle you to desyre my lordy syre Tristram as in your nede to helpe you/ I wille doo by your counceylle saidy the kynge / and soo he yede vnto syr Trystram and praid hym in his warris to helpe hym/ for my sone kehydyus may not goo in to the felde ¶ Sire said sir Tristram I wille goo to the feld and doo what I maye/ Thenne sir Tristram yssued out of the towne with suche felaushyp as he myght make/ and dyd suche dedes that alle Bretayne spake of hym/ And thēne at the last by grete myghte and force he slewe the Erle Gryp with his owne handes / and moo than an honderd knyghtes he slewe that daye / And thenne sire Tristram was receyued worshipfully with procession ¶ Thenne kynge Howel enbraced hym in his armes/ and saidy sire Tristram alle my kyngdome I wille resygne to the / Gody defende saidy sir Tristram / For I am beholden vnto you for youre doughters sake to doo for you/ ¶ Thenne by the grete meanes of kynge Howel & kehydyus his sone by grete profers there grewe grete loue betwixe Isoudy and sire Trystram / for that lady was bothe goody and fayre/ and a woman of noble blood & fame ¶ And for by cause sir Tristram had suche chere and Rychesse and alle other plesaunce that he hadde/ all moost he hadde forsaken la beale Isoudy/ And soo vpon a tyme sir Trystram agreed to wedde Isoudy la blaunche maynys/ And at the laste they were wedded/ and solempnly held theyr maryage/ And soo whanne they were aledde bothe / sire Tristram remembryd hym of his old lady la beale Isoudy / And thenne he toke suche a thought sodenly that he was alle desmayed/ and other chere he maade he none but with clyppynge and kyssynge as for other flesshly lustes sire Trystram neuer thoughte nor hadde ado with her/ suche mencyon maketh the frenshe booke

Also it maketh mencyon that the lady wende there had ben no pleasyr but kyssynge and clyppynge / ¶ And in the meane tyme there was a knyght in Bretayne his name was Suppynabyles/and he came ouer the see in to Englond / And thenne he came in to the court of kynge Arthur/and there he met with sir Launcelot du lake/and told hym of the maryage of syre Tristram / Thenne said sire Launcelot / Fy upon hym untrue knyghte to his lady that soo noble a knyghte as sir Trystram is shold he foūde to his fyrst lady fals/ la beale Isoud/ quene of Cornewaile/But saye ye hym this/ said sire Launcelot that of alle knyghtes in the worlde I loued hym moost/ and had moost ioye of hym/and alle was for his noble dedes/and leste hym were the loue bitwene hym and me is done for euer / And that I gyue hym warnyng from this daye forth as his mortal enemy

¶ Capitulum xxxbñ

Thenne departed syr Suppynabyles vnto Bretayne ageyne/and there he fond sir Tristram/and told hym/ that he had ben in kynge Arthurs courte/Thenne said sir Tristram herde ye ony thynge of me / Soo god me help saide syre Suppynabyles/there I herde sire Launcelot speke of you gyte shame/and that ye be a fals knyght to your lady/and he bad me doo you to wete that he wille be your mortal enemy in euery place where he may mete you/That me repenteth said Tristram/for of alle knyghtes I loued to be in his felaushyp/ Soo syre Tristram made grete mone and was ashamed that noble knyghtes shold deffame hym for the sake of his lady/ And in this meane whyle la beale Isoud maade a letter vnto Quene Gueneuer complaynyng her of the vntrouthe of sir Tristram and how he hadde wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne / Quene Gueneuer sente her another letter / and badde her be of good chere/for she shold haue ioye after sorou/for sire tristram was so noble a knyzt called/ that by crafte of sorcery ladyes wolde make suche noble men to wedde them / but in the ende Quene Gueneuer said hit shal be thus/that he shalle hate her/ and loue you better than euer he dyd to fore ¶ So leue

we sire Trystram in Wrkayne and̄ spekē we of sire Lamerak de galys/that as he sayled̄ his shyp fell on a wok and̄ perysshed̄ all/saue sire Lamerak and̄ his squyer/and there he swam mygh̄tely/and fysshers of the yle of seruage toke hym vp and his squyer was drowned̄/and̄ the ship men had̄ grete labour to saue sire Lamoraks lyf/for alle the comfort that they coude doo/and̄ the lord̄ of that yle hyght syre Nabon̄ le noyre a grete myghty gyaunt/And this sir Nabon̄ hated̄ alle the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs/ and̄ in no wyse he wold̄ doo hem fauoure / And̄ these fysshers told̄ sir Lamorak alle the gyse of syre Nabon̄/how there came neuer knyght of kynge Arthurs but he destroyed̄ hym/ And atte last batailke that he dyd̄ was slayne syr Nanolvne le petyte/the which he put to a shameful dethe in despyte of kynge Arthur / for he was dralwen lymmeale/That forthynketh me said̄ sir Lamerak for that knyghtes dethe/for he was my cosyn / And̄ yf I were at myn ease as wel as euer I was I wold̄ reuenge his dethe/Pees sayd̄ the fysshers and make here no wordes/for or euer ye departe from hens syre Nabon̄ must knowe that ye haue ben here/ or els we shold dye for your sake/So that I he hole said̄ Lamorak of my disease/that I haue taken̄ in the see/ I wille that ye telle hym that I am a knyzt of kynge Arthurs/for I was neuer aferd̄ to reneye my lord̄ /

Capitulum xxxviij

Nold wurne we vnto sire Trystram that vpon̄ a daye he took a lytel Barget and̄ his wyf Isoud la blaūche maynys with sire kay sedyus her broder to playe hem in the cost̄es/ And̄ whan̄ they were from the land̄/ there was a wynde drofe hem in to the coste of walys vpon̄ this yle of seruage/ where as was syre Lamorak and̄ there the Barget all to rofe and̄ there dame Isoud̄ was hurte/and as wel as they myzte they gate in to the forest/ and̄ there by a welle he salve Seglwardes and̄ a damoysel/ And̄ thenne eyther saleWed̄ other/ syre sayde Seglwardes I knowe you for sire Tristram de Eyones the man̄ in the world̄ that I haue moost cause to hate by cause

ye departed the loue betwene me and my wyf/but as for that
sayd Segwarydes I wil neuer hate a noble knyzt for a lyzt
lady/And therfore I pray you be my frende and I wille be
yours vnto my power/for wete ye wel/ ye are hardy bestad in
this valey/and we shalle haue ynough to doo eyther of vs to
socoure other/And thenne sir Segwarydes brought sir Tryf-
tram to a lady there by that was borne in Cornewaile / and
she told hym alle the peryls of that valey/and how ther cam
neuer knyght there but he were taken prysoner or slayne/ wete
you wel fair lady said sir Trystram that I slewe sire Marhaus
and delyuerd Cornewaile from the truage of Irlandy/ And
I am he that delyuerd the kynge of Irlande from sire Bla-
mor de ganys/and I am he that bete sire Palamydes/and we
te ye wel I am sire Trystram de lyones that by the grace of
god shalle delyuer this woful yle of seruage/So sir Tristram
was wel eased/thenne one told hym there was a knyghte of
kyng Arthur yͤ had wracked on the rockes/what is his name
said sir Tristram/we wote not said the fyssshers but he kepeth it
no counceil but that he is a knyghte of Kynge Arthurs/and
by the myghty lord of this yle he setteth nought by / I praye
you saidy sir Destram and ye maye bringe hym hyder that I
maye see h ym/And yf he be ony of the Knyghtes of Arthurs
I shalle knowe hym / Thenne the lady prayed the fyssshers to
bringe hym to her place/Soo on the morowe they brouzt hym
thyder in a fyssshers rayment / Andy as soone as sire Tristram
salue hym he smyled vpon hym and knewe hym wel / but he
knewe not sir Tristram/Fair sir saide sire Tristram me semeth
by your chere ye haue ben diseased but late/and also me thyn-
keth I shold knowe you here to foze/I wille wel said sir Ea-
morak that ye haue sene me and mette with me/ Fair sir saide
sir tristram telle me your name/vpon a couenaunt I wil telle
you said sir Eamorak/that is/ that ye wil telle me whether ye
be lord of this Iland or noo that is called Nabon le noyre /
For sothe said sir tristram I am not he nor I hold not of hym
I am his foo as wel as ye be/and soo shal I be foūde or I de
parte oute of this yle/Wel said sir Eamorak syn ye haue saide
soo largely vnto me/ My name is sire Eamorak de galis sone
vnto kynge Pellinore/forsothe I trowe wel said sir tristram /

for and ye said other/I knowe the contrary/ What are ye sai-
id syre Lamorak that knoweth me/I am sir Trystram de ly-
ones/A syre remembre ye not of the fasse ye dyd yeue me o-
nes/and after ye refused me to fyghte on foot/ that was not
for fere I had of you saidy sire Tristram / but me shamed att
that tyme to haue more a doo with you/for me semed ye hadde
ynough/ but sire Lamorack for my kyndenes many ladyes ye
putte to a reprefe/ whan ye sente the horne from Morgan le fay
to kynge Marke where as ye dyd this in despyte of me/ Well
saidy he/ and it were to doo ageyne/ soo woldy I doo/for I hady
leuer stryf and debate felle in kyng Markes courte rather than
Arthurs courte/ for the honour of bothe courtes be not y lyke
As to that saidy sir Tristram I knowe wel/ ¶ But that that
was done it was for despyte of me / but alle youre malyce I
thanke god hurte not gretely/Therfor said sir Tristram ye shal
leue alle your malyce/and soo wille I and lete vs assay how
we may wynne worship bitwene you and me vpon this gy-
aunt sir Nabon le noyre/ that is lordy of this Iland to destroye
hym/Sir saidy sir Lamorak nowe I vnderstande your knyghte-
hode/ it maye not be fals that alle men saye/for of your bounte
nobles and worship of alle knyghtes ye are pyerles/And for
your curtesy and gentilnes I shewedy you vngentilnesse/ &
that nowe me repenteth

¶ Capitulum xxxix

IN the meane tyme there cam wordy that sir Nabon hadde
made a crye that alle the peple of that yle sholdy be at
his castel the fyfthe day after/ ¶ And the same daye the sone
of Nabon sholdy be made knyghte / and alle the knyghtes of
that Valey and there about sholdy be there to juste/ and all tho
of the Royamme of Logrys shold be there to juste with them
of Northwalys/and thyder came fyue honderdy knyghtes/and
they of the countrey brought thyder syre Lamorak and sir Tris-
tram and syre kehydyus and sire Segwarides/for they durste
none other wyse doo/and thenne sir Nabon lent sire Lamorak
hors and armour at sire Lamorakes desyre/and sire Lamorak
justedy and dyd suche dedes of armes that Nabon and all the

peple saidy there was neuer knyzt that euer they salve do suche dedes of armes/for as the Frensshe book saith he foriusted alle that were there for the mooste party of fyue honderdy knyghtes that none abode hym in his sadel Thenne sir Nabon profferedy to playe with hym his playe/for I salve neuer no knyghte doo soo mocke vpon a daye/ I wille wel said sire Lamorak playe as I may but I am very andy sore brysedy/andy there eyther gate a spere/but Nabon woldy not encountre with sire Lamorak/but smote his hors in the forhede andy soo slelve hym/andy thenne sire Lamorak yede on foote and torned his shelde andy drelve his slverd/and there beganne stronge batail on foote/ But sir Lamorak was so sore brysedy and shorte brethed that he tracyd and trauercydy somwhat abak/ Fair felalve said syre Nabon hold thy hand and I shalle shelve the more curtosye/ than euer I shelved knyght by cause I haue sene this daye thy noble knyghthode/Andy therfore stand thou by and I wil wete whether ony of thy felalves wille haue adoo with me/ Thenne whan sir Tristram herdy that/he stepte forth and said Nabon lende me hors and sure armour and I wille haue adoo with the Wel felalve said sir Nabon goo thou to yonder pauelione andy arme the of the best thou fyndest there/ and I shalle playe a merueillous playe with the/ Thenne said sire Tristram loke ye playe wel or els peraduentur I shalle lerne you a nelve play that is wel said felalve said sir Nabon/ So whan sir Tristram was armed as hym lyked best and wel shelded and slverded/ he dressid to hym on foote/ For wel he knelve syr Nabon wold not abyde a stroke with a spere/therfore he wold slee alle knyghtes horses/Nolv fair felalve said sir Nabon lete vs playe/ Soo thenne they foughte longe on foote tracynge and trauercynge smytynge and foynynge longe without ony rest/ Atte last sir Nabon praid hym to telle hym his name/ Syre Nabon I telle the my name is sir Tristram de lyones a knyzt of Cornelvail vnder kynge Marke/thou art welcome said sir nabon/ for of alle knyghtes I haue mooste desyred to fyghte with the or with sir Launcelot/Soo thenne they went egerly to gyders and sire tristram slelve sire nabon/ and soo forth with he lepte to his sone/and strake of his hede/ and thenne al the countrey sayde/they wold holde of sire Tristram/ nay saide sire Tristram

I wille not soo/here is a worshipfull knyght sir Lamorak de galys that for me he shalle be lord of this countrye/for he hath done here grete dedes of armes/ nay saidy sir Lamorak I wil not be lordy of this countrey/for I haue not deseruedy it as wel as ye/therfore gyue ye hit where ye wille for I will none haue/ Wel saide sire Tristram syn ye nor I wille not haue hit / lete vs yeue hit to hym that hath not so wel deseruedy hit/Doo as ye lyst saidy Segwarydes/for the yefte is yours for I wil none haue andy I hady deseruedy hit/Soo was it yeuen to segwarydes wherof he thankedy hem/andy soo was he lordy/& worshipfully he dydy gouerne hit / Andy thenne sir Segwarydes delyuerdy alle prysoners andy sette goody gouernaunce in that Baley/andy soo he wendy in to Cornewaile// andy toldy kynge Mark andy la beale Isoudy how sir Tristram hady auaunedy hym to the yle of seruage / andy there he proclamedy in al Cornewaile of alle the aduentures of these two knyghtes/ so was hit openly knowen/But ful wo was la Beale Isoud when she herdy telle that sire Tristram was wedded to Isoudy la blaunche maynys/

Capitulum xl

SOo forne we vnto sir Lamorak that rode toward Arthurs courte/ andy sire Tristrams wyf andy Kehydyus took a vessel andy sailedy in to Bretayne vnto kynge Howel where he was welcome/ Andy whan he herdy of these aduentures they merueilledy of his noble dedes/ Now forne we vnto sir Lamorak that whan he was departedy from sire Tristram/ he rode oute of the foreste tyll he came to an hermytage/whan the hermyte salue hym/he askedy hym from whens he came/sir said sir Lamorak I come fro this Baley/sir saidy the hermyte therof I merueille/ For this yy wynter I salue neuer no knyght passe this countrey/but he was other slayne or vylaynously woundedy or passe as a poure prysoner/ Tho ylle customs saidy sir lamorak are fordone/for sir Tristram sleue your lord syr Nabon andy his sone/thenne was the hermyte glade and alle his bretheren/for he saidy ther was neuer suche a tyraunt among cryssteny men/ Andy therfor said the hermyte this Baley and fraūchis

we wille holde of sire Tristram/ Soo on the morowe sir Lamorak departed/ And as he rode he salve four knyghtes fyghte ageynst one/ and that one knyght defended hym wel but atte last the four knyghtes had hym doune/ And thenne sir Lamorak went betwixe them/ and asked them why they wold slee that one knyght/ and said hit was shame four ageynst one / Thou shalt wel wete said the four knyghtes that he is fals/ that is youre tale said sir Lamorak/ And whanne I here hym also speke/ I wille say as ye saye/ ¶ Thenne said Lamorak/ a knyght can ye not excuse you/ but that ye are a fals knyghte/ Syr said he yet can I excuse me both with my word & with my handes/ that I wille make good upon one of the best of them my body to his body/ ¶ Thenne spake they al attones/ we wil not jeopardy our bodyes as for the/ But wete thou wel they saide and kynge Arthur were here hym self it shold not lye in his power to save his lyf/ That is to moche said/ said sire Lamorak/ but many speke behynde a man more than they wylle saye to his face/ And by cause of your wordes ye shalle understande that I am one of the symplest of kynge Arthurs courte/ in the worshyp of my lord now doo your best/ and in despyte of you I shalle resolve hym/ And thenne they lasshed alle at ones to sir Lamorak/ but anone at two strokes syre Lamorak had slayne two of them/ and thenne the other two fledde ¶ Soo thenne sire Lamorak torned ageyne to that knyghte/ & asked hym his name/ syre he sayde my name is sire Frolle of the oute Iles/ thenne he rode with sire Lamorak and had hym company/ And as they rode by the waye / they salve a semely knyght rydynge ageynst them/ and all in whyte/ A said Frol yonder knyght Justed late with me and smote me doune/ therfore I wil Juste with hym/ ye shal not doo soo said sire Lamorak by my counceil/ and ye wille telle me your quarel whether ye Justed at his requeste/ or he at yours/ Nay said sir Frol / I Justed with hym at my requeste/ Syr said Lamorak/ thẽne wil I cõceile you dele no more with hym/ for me semeth by his countenaunce he shold be a noble knyght/ and no Japer / for me thynketh/ he shold be of the table round/ therfor I wil not spare said sir Frol/ and thenne he cryed and said/ sir knyght make

the redy to Juste/That nedeth not saidy the whyte knyghte/For I haue no luste to Juste with the/ but yet they feutryd theyr speres/andy the whyte knyghte ouerthrelue sire Frol/and thē ne he rode his waye a softe paas/Thenne sir Lamorak rode afftr hym/andy praidy hym to telle hym his name/for me semeth ye sholdy be of the felauship of the roundy table/Upon a couenaunt saidy he I wille telle you my name / soo that ye wylle not discouer my name/andy also that ye wille telle me yours/ Thenne saidy he my name is sir Lamorak de galys / Andy my name is sir Launcelot du lake /thenne they putte vp their suerdes/andy kyssedy hertely to gyders/andy eyder made grete Joye of other/Syr saidy sir Lamorak andy hit please you I wyll do you seruyse / Gody defende saidy Launcelot that ony of soo noble a blood as ye be sholdy doo me seruyse/Thenne he saide more I am in a quest that I must doo my self alone/ /Nowe gody spede you said sir Lamorak/andy so they departedy/ Thenne sir Lamorak came to sir Frol andy horsedy hym ageyne/What knyght is that saidy sir Frol/sir he saidy it is not for you to knowe nor it is no poynte of my charge/ye are the more vnaurteis saide sire Frol/andy therfore I wille departe fro yowe/ye may doo as ye lyst said sir Lamorak/andy yet by my company ye haue salued the fayrest floure of your garlandy /soo they departedy

Capitulum xlj

Thenne within two or thre dayes syr Lamorak fondy a knyghte at a welle slepynge/andy his lady sate with hym andy wakedy/Ryght so came sir Galhayne andy toke the knyghtes lady/andy sette her vp behynde his squyer/Soo syre Lamorak rode after syre Galhayne / andy saidy sire Galhayne/ torne ageyne/Andy thenne said sir Galhayne what wylle ye do with me/for I am neuelye vnto kyng Arthur/syre said he for that cause I wil spare you / els that lady sholdy abyde wyth me/or els ye sholdy Juste with me / Thenne sire Galhayne fornedy hym andy ranne to hym that ought the lady with his spere/but the knyght with pure myght smote doune syre Galhayne/andy took his lady with hym/ Alle this sir Lamorak sawandy said to hym self/but I reuenge my felawe/ he will say of

me dishonour in kynge Arthurs courte/ Thenne sire Lamorak wexed wroth and profered that knyght to juste/ Syr said he I am redy/ and there they came to gyders with alle their myght/ and there sir Lamorak smote the knyght thorou both sydes/ that he fylle to the erthe dede/ thenne that lady rode to that knyghtes broder that hyght Bellianūce le orgulus/ that duelled fast ther by/ and thenne she told hym how his broder was slayne/ Allas said he I wille be wreuenged/ and soo he horsed hym/ & armed hym/ and Within a whyle he ouertook syre Lamorak/ and badde hym torne and leue that lady/ for thou and I must playe a newe playe/ for thou hast slayne my broder syre Frolle that was a better knyghte than euer were thou/ It myghte wel be said sir Lamorak/ but this day in the felde I was foūd the better/ Soo they rode to gyder/ and vnhorsed other/ & torned their shyldes/ and drewe their swerdes/ and foughte myghtely as noble knyghtes preued by the space of two houres/ Soo thenne sir Bellyaunce prayed hym to telle hym his name/ Syr saide he my name is sire Lamorak de galys/ A said syr Bellyaunce/ thou arte the man in the worlde that I moost hate/ for I slewe my sones for thy sake/ where I saued thy lyf/ and now thou hast slayne my broder syr Frol/ Allas how shold I be accorded with the/ therfore defende the/ for thou shalt dye ther is none other remedy/ ¶ Allas said sir Lamorak ful wel me ought to knowe you/ for ye are the man that moost haue done for me/ And there with alle sire Lamorak kneled doune/ and besought hym of grace/ Aryse said sir Bellyaunce/ or els there as thou kneleste I shalle slee the/ That shal not nede saide sire Lamorak/ for I wyl yelde me vnto you/ not for fere of yow/ nor for your strengthe/ but your goodenes maketh me ful loth to haue adoo with you/ wherfore I requyre you for godes sake/ and for the honour of knyghthode forgyue me al that I haue offended vnto you/ Allas said Bellyaunce leue thy kneelynge or els I shal slee the without mercy/ Thenne they yede ageyne vnto batail/ and either wounded other that al the ground was blody there as they foughte/ And at the laste Bellyaunce withdrewe hym aback and sette hym doune softely vpon a lytil hylle/ for he was so faynte for bledyng that he myght not stande/ Thenne sir Lamorak threwe his shelde vpon his

kak/and asked hym what chere/wel said syr Belliance/A syr yet shalle I shelve you faueour in your male ease/A kn; yght syr Belliance said syr Lamorak thou arte a foole / for and I had had the at suche auauntage as thou hast done me I sholde slee the/but thy gentylnes is so goode and so large/ that I must nedes forgyue the myn euylle wille/ And then; ne sire Lamorak knelyde adoune/and vnlaced fyrst his vm; bere/and thenne his owne / and thenne eyther kyssed other with wepynge eyen/Thenne sire Lamerak lede sir Bellian̄ce to an Abbay fast by/ and there sire Lamorak wold not departe from Bellyaunce tyl he was hole / And thenne they sware to gyders that none of hem sholde neuer fyghte ageynst other/So syre Lamorak departede and wente to the courte of kynge Arthur/

¶ Here leue we of sire Lamorak and of sir Tristram

¶ And here begynneth the hystorye of La cote male tayle

¶ Capitulum primum

AT the Courte of kynge Arthur there cam a yonge man and hygly made/and he was ryche; ly bysene/and he desyred to be made knyghte of the kyng but his ouer garmēt sat ouerthwart; ly/hold he hit/hit was ryche clothe of golde/

¶ What is your name said kynge Arthur/Syre saide he/ my name is Breunor le noyre / and within shorte space ye shalle knowe that I am of goode kyn/ It maye wel be said sir kay the Seneschal/but in mockage ye shalle be called la cote male tayle/that is as mocke to saye the euyl shapen cote / Hit is a grete thynge that thou askest said the kyng/And for what cause were thou that ryche cote/telle me/ for I can wel thynke for somme cause hit is/Syre he answerd I hade a fader a noble knyght/ And as he rode on huntynge vpon a daye hit happed hym to leye hym doune to slepe/And there came a knyght that hade ben longe his enemy/ And whan he sawe he was fast on slepe/he alle to helpe hym / And this same cote hade my fader

on the same tyme/and that maketh this cote to sytte soo euyll Upon me/for the strokes ben on hit as I fond hit / and neuer shalle be amendyd for me/Thus to shue my faders dethe in remembraunce I weve this cote tyl I be wuengyd/and by cause ye are callyd the mooste noblest kynge of the world I come to you that ye shold make me knyght/Sir said sir Lamorak and sir Galerys/hit were wel done to make hym knyght/for hym lesemeth wel of persone/and of countenaunce/that he shall preue a good man and a good knyght/and a myghty/for sire and ye be remembryd euen suche one was sire Launcelot du lake / whanne he came fyrste in to this Courte / and full selde of hs knewe from whens he came/and now is he preuedy the man of mooste worship in the world/and all your courte and alle your Round table is by sire Launcelot worshipped and amendedy more than by ony knyghte now lyuynge/that is trouthe saide the kynge/ and to morou att your requeste I shalle make hym knyght ¶ So on the morou there was an herte founden/and thyder rode kynge Arthur with a company of his knyghtes to slee the herte/ And this yonge man that sire Kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynd with Quene Gueneuer/and by sodeyne aduenture ther was an horryble lyon kepte in a stronge Toure of stone and it happend that he at that tyme brake loos / and came hurlynge afore the Quene & her knyghtes ¶ And whanne the Quene sawe the lyon/she cryed and fledde/and praide her knyghtes to rescolde her/ And there was none of hem alle but twelue that abode / and alle the other fledde/ ¶ Thenne saide La cote male tayle Now I see wel that alle cowardy knyghtes ben not dede/and there with alle he drewe his sword / and dressid hym afore the lyon/ And that lyon gapedy wyde and came upon hym raumpyng to haue slayne hym / And he thenne smote hym in the mydes of the hede suche a myghty stroke/that it clafe his hede in sonder/and dasshed to the erthe/ ¶ Thenne was hit tolde the Quene how the yonge man that sire Kay named by scorne La cote male tayle hadde slayne the lyon/ With that the kyng came home ¶ And whanne the Quene tolde hym of that aduenture/he was wel pleasedy/and said/Upon payne of myn hede he shalle preue a noble man and a feythful knyghte

and̄ true of his promyse/thenne the kynge forth with al ma;
de hym knyght / Nowe sire saidȳ this yonge knyght I requyre
you and̄ aske the knyghtes of youre courte / that ye calle me
by none other name but la cote male tayle / in soo moche that
syr kay hath soo namedȳ me / soo wille I be calledȳ/I assente
me wel therto saidȳ the kynge

¶ Capitulum secundum

¶Thenne that same daye there came a damoysel in to the
courte/and she broughte with her a grete blacke shelde /
with a whyte handȳ in the myddes holdynge a swerdȳ
Other pyctour was there none in that shelde/ whan kyng Ar;
thur salue her/she askedȳ her from whens she came/andȳ what she
woldȳ/Syr she said I haue rydȳ longe andȳ many a day with
this sheldȳ many wayes/and for this cause I am come to yo;
ur courte/There was a goodȳ knyght that oughte this sheldȳ/&
this knyght hadȳ vndertake a grete dede of armes to enchieue
hit/andȳ soo it myssfortunedȳ hym/another stronge knyght met
with hym by sodeyne aduenture/and there they foughte longe/&
eyther woundedȳ other passynge sore/andȳ they were soo wery/
that they lefte that batailke euenȳ handȳ/ Soo this knyghte that
oughte this shelde saue none other way but he muste dye/& thē;
ne he commaundedȳ me to bere this shelde to the Courte of ky;
nge Arthur/he requyrynge andȳ prayenge somme goodȳ knyzt
to take this shelde/and that he woldȳ fulfylle the queste that he
was in/Nowe what saye ye to this queste saidȳ kynge Arthur/
Is there ony of you here that wille take vponȳ hym to welde
this shelde/¶Thenne was there not one that woldȳ speke one
word/thenne sir kay took the shelde in his handes/Sire knyzt
saidȳ the damoysel what is your name/Wete ye wel said he my
name is sir kay the seneschal that wyde where is knowenȳ/
Syre said that damoysel laye doune that shelde/for wete ye wel
it falletȳ not for you/for he muste be a better knyzt than ye/ that
shalle welde this shelde / damoysel saydȳ syr kay wete ye wel
I woke this shelde in my handes by youre leue/ for to behold it

not to that entent/but goo where someuer thou wilt/for I wille not go with you/ Thenne the damoysel stode stylle a grete whyle/and eyther many of tho knyghtes/Thenne spak the knyght La cote male tayle/fayre damoysel I wille take the shelde and that aduenture vpon me/soo I wyst I sholde knowe/whyder ward my iourney myght be/ for by cause I was thys daye made knyght I wolde take this aduenture vpon me/ What is your name fayre yonge man saide the damoysel/ My name is said he la cote male tayle/wel mayst thou be calked so said the damoysel/the knyzt with the cuyte shapen cote/but & thou be soo hardy to take vpon the to bere that shelde and to folowe me/wete thou wel/thy styn shalle be as wel helpen as thy cote/ As for that said la cote male tayle whan I am soo holpen I wille aske you no salue to hele me with alle/ And forth with all ther came in to the Court two squyers & brouzt hym grete horses and his armour and his speres/ and anone he was armed and toke his leue/ ¶ I wold not by my will said the kynge that ye took vpon you that hardy aduenture/sir said he/this aduenture is myn/and the fyrst that euer I took vpon me/and that wille I folowe what someuer come of me ¶ Thenne that damoysel departed/and la cote male tayle faste folowed after/And within a whyle he ouertook the damoysell and anone she myssaid hym in the foulest maner

¶ Capitulum Teraium/

Thenne sire kay ordeyned sir dagonet/ kynge Arthurs foole to folowe after la cote male taile/ and there sir kay ordeyned that sir Dagonet was horsed and armed and bad hym folowe la cote male taile/and profer hym to juste and soo he dyd/and whan he salue la cote male tayle he cryed and badde hym make hym redy to juste/Soo sir la cote male tayle smote sir Dagonet ouer his hors croupe / Thenne the damoysel mocked la cote male tayle / and said fy for shame/ now art thou shamed in Arthurs courte / whan they sende a foole to haue adoo with the/and specialky at thy fyrst justes / thus she wode longe and chyde/ ¶ And within a whyle there

came sir Bleoberys the good knyght/ and there he iusted with
la cote male tayle/and there syre Bleoberys smote hym so sore
that hors and alle felle to the erth/ Thenne la cote male tayle
arose vp lyghtely and dressid his shelde/and drewe his swerd
and wolde haue done batayle to the vttermuste/for he was wode
wrothe/Not soo said Bleoberys de ganys/as at this tyme I
wille not fyghte vpon foote/ Thenne the damoysel Maledysaūt
vbuked hym in the foulest maner/ and badde hym torne ayene
tolward/A damoysel he said/ I pray you of mercy to myssa
me no more/my greef is ynough though ye gyue me no more/
I calle my self neuer the wers knyght/whan a marys sone fa-
yleth me/and also I compte me neuer the wers knyght for a
falle of sir Bleoberys/Soo thus he rode with her two dayes/
and by fortune there came sir Palomydes and encountred with
hym/and he in the same wyse seruedy hym as dyde Bleoberys
to fore hand/ ¶What dost thou here in my felauship saide the
damoysel maledysaunt/ thou canst not syttе no knyghte/ nor
withstande hym one buffet/but yf hit were sir dagonet/A fair
damoysel I am not the wers to take a falle of sire Palamy-
des/and yet grete disworshyp haue I none/for neyder Bleo-
berys nor yet palamydes wold not fyghte with me on foote/
As for that said the damoysel wete thou wel they haue des-da-
yne and scorne to lyghte of their horses to fyghte with suche a
felowe knyght as thou arte/Soo in the meane whyle ther cam
sir Mordred/sir Galhayns broder/and soo he felle in the felau
shyp with the damoysel maledysaunt/ And thenne they came a
fore the castel Orgulous/ and there was suche a custonme that
there myght no knyght come by that castel/but outher he muste
juste or be prysoner/or at the lest to lese his hors and his har
neis/and there came oute two knyghtes ageynst them/ and sir
Mordred jusied with the formest/ and that knyght of the cas-
tel smote sire Mordred doune of his hors/ and thenne la cote
male tayle jusied with that other/and eyther of hem smote o-
ther doune hors and alle to the erthe/And whanne they auoy-
ded their horses/ thenne eyther of hem toke others horses/
¶And thenne la cote male tayle rode vnto that knyght that
smote doune sire Mordredy and justedy with hym/ And there
syre La cote male tayle hurte & woundedy hym passynge sore

and̄ pulde hym from his hors as he had ben dede/So he turned vnto hym that mette hym afore/and he took the flyght toward the castel/and̄ sire la cote male tayle rode after hym in to the Castel Orgulous/and there la cote male tayle slewe hym

Capitulum iiij

And̄ anone there came an honderd knyghtes about hym and̄ assayled̄ hym/and whan he salwe his hors shold be slayne/he alyghte and̄ voyded his hors/& putte the brydel vnder his feete/and so put hym out of the gate/And whan he had soo done/he hurled in amonge hem/and dressid his bak vnto a ladyes chamber walle/thynkynge hym self that he had leuer dye there with worship/than to abyde the wbukes of the damoisel Maledysaunt/And in the meane tyme as he stood & fouzt that lady whos was the chamber wente oute sykly at her posterne/and without the gates she fond la cote male tayles hors and lyghtly she gate hym by the brydel/ and teyed hym to the posterne/And thenne she wente vnto her chambre sykly ageyn̄ for to behold how that one knyghte fought ageynst an̄ honderd knyghtes/And whan she had behold hym longe/ she wente to a wyndowe behynde his bak/and said thou knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel/but for alle that at the last thou must nedes dye/But and thou canst thorou thy myzty prowesse wynne vnto yonder posterne / for there haue I fastned thy hors to abyde the / but wete thou wel thou must thynke on thy worshyp/& thynke not to dye/for thou maiste not wynne vnto that posterne without thou doo nobly and myghtly / Whan la cote male tayle herd her saye so!/ he gryped his swerd in his handes and putte his shold fayre afore hym/& thorou the thyckest prees he thrusted thorou them/ And whan he came to the posterne/he fond there redy four knyghtes/and at two the fyrst strokes he slewe two of the knyghtes/& the other fledde/ & soo he wanne his hors and rode from them/and alle as it was if was reherced in kynge Arthurs courte / how he slewe twelue knyghtes within the castel Orgulous/and so he rode on his waye/ And in the meane whyle the damoysel said to sir Mordred I wene my foolysshe knyzt be outher slayn or takē prysoner/thēne were they ware where he came rydyng/ And̄ whan he was come

to them/the tolde alle hold he hadde spedde/ and escaped in despy te of them alle/and somme of the best of hem wilde telle no ta les/Thou lyest falsly saide the damoysel/that dare I make go ody/but as a foole and a dastarde to alle knyghthode/they ha ue lete the passe/that may ye preue saide La cote male tayle / With that she sente a currour of hers that wode allweye with her for to knowe the trouthe of this dede / and soo he wode thyder lyghtly/and assoon as he and in what maner that la cote ma le tayle was escaped oute of the castel/ ¶Thenne alle the knyghtes cursyde hym and saide that he was a fende and noo man / For he hath slayne here twelue of oure best knyghtes/& we wende vnto this daye that hit had ben to moche for sir lan= celot du lake or for sire Tristram de lyones/And in despyte of vs alle he is departed from vs and maulgre oure hedes / ¶With this answer the currour departed and came to Male = dysaunt his lady/and tolde her alle how syr la cote male ta= yle had spedde at the castel Orgulous/Thenne she smote doun her hede/and saide lytel/By my hede said sir Mordred to the damoysel ye are gretely to blame so to rebuke hym/for I warr ne you playnly he is a goode knyghte/and I doubte not/ but he shalle preue a noble knyghte/but as yet he may not yet sytte sure on horsback/for he that shalle be a goode horsman/hit must come of vsage and exercyse/But whan he cometh to the stro= kes of his swerde/he is thenne noble and myghty/and that sa we sire Bleoberys and sir Palamydes / for wete ye wel they are wyly men of armes/and anon they knowe whan they see a yonge knyghte by his ryding/how they ar sure to yeue hem a falle from his hors or a grete buffet/But for the moost par ty they wille not lyghte on foote with yonge knyghtes/For they are wyght and strongly armed/For in lyke wyse sir la= uncelot du lake whan he was fyrste made knyghte/he was of= fern putte to the werse vpon horsback/but euer vpon foote he re= couerde his wenomme/and slewe and defoyled many knygh= tes of the woundy table/And therfor the rebukes that sir Laun celot dyde vnto many knyghtes causeth them that be men of pre wesse to beware/for often I haue sene the oldy preuedy knygh tes rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begyn= ners/Thus they rode sure talkynge by the way to gyders/

¶ Here leue we of a whyle of this tale and speke we of sire Launcelot du lake/

¶ Capitulum Quintum

That whan he was come to the courte of kynge Arthur thenne herde he telle of the yonge knyghte la cote male tayle how he slewe the lyon/ & how he woke vpon hym the aduenture of the blacke shelde / the whiche was nameth atte that tyme the hardyest aduenture of the worlde/Soo god me saue saide sir Launcelot vnto many of his felawes/it was shame to alle the noble knyghtes to suffre suche a yonge knyghte to take suche aduenture vpon hym for his destructyon / for I wille that ye wete saide sire launcelot/that that damoysel maledysaunt hath born that shelde many a day for to seche the moste prouedh knyghtes/and that was she that Dzeunys saunce pyte took that shelde from her/and after Tristram de lyones reskewed that shelde from hym/ and gaf it to the damoysell ageyne A lytil afore that tyme that sir Tristram fought with my nephewe sire Blamore de Ganys for a quarel that was betwixe the kynge of Irland and hym / Thenne many knyghtes were sory that sir La cote male tayle was gone forth to that aduenture/Truly said sir launcelot I cast me to ryde after hym/and within seuen dayes sir launcelot ouertook la cote male tayle / And thenne he salewed hym/and the damoysel maledysaunt/ And whan sir Mordred salwe sir launcelot/thenne he lefte their felauship/and soo sir launcelot rode with hem al a day/and euer that damoysel rebuked la cote male taile / and thenne sire launcelot answerd for hym/thenne she lefte of/ and rebuked sir launcelot/Soo this meane tyme syre Tristram sente by a damoysel a letter vnto sire launcelot excusynge hym of the wedynge of Isoud le blaunche maynys/ and said in the letter as he was a true knyzt/he hadde neuer ado fleshly with Isoudh la blaunche maynys/and passynge curteisly & gentyly sir tristram wrote vnto sire launcelot / euer byseechynge hym to be his good frende/& vnto la beale Isoud of Cornewaile/ and that sire

Launcelot wold excuse hym yf that euer he salve her/ ¶ And
within shorte tyme by the grace of god sayd sir Tristram that
he wold speke with la Beale Isoud and with hym ryght
hastely / Thenne sire Launcelot departed from the damoysel/ &
from syr la cote male taile for to ouersee that letter / and to
wryte another letter vnto syre Tristram de lyones / and in the
meane whyle la cote male tayle rode with the damoysel vntyl
they came to a castel that hyght Pendragon / and there were
syxe knyghtes stode afore hym/and one of hem profered to Jus
te With la cote male tayle/ And there la cote male tayle smote
hym ouer his hors croupe/ ¶ And thenne the fyue knyghtes
sette vpon hym all at ones with their speres/ & there they smo-
te la cote male tayle doune hors and man/ And thenne they a
lyght sodenly/and sette their handes vpon hym all attones/
and toke hym prysoner/and soo ledde hym vnto the castel / &
kepte hym as prysoner/ And on the morne sir Launcelot awse
and delyuerd the damoysel with letters vnto sir Tristram / &
thenne he took his way after la cote male tayle/ & by the waye
vpon a brydge there was a knyghte proferd sire Launcelot to
Juste/and sire Launcelot smote hym doune / and thenne they
foughte vpon foote a noble batail to gyders and a myghty/ &
at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym doune grouelynge vpon
his handes and his knees/ And thenne that knyghte yelded
hym/and sire launcelot requyed hym fayre/ Syr said the kn-
yght I requyre the telle me your name/for moche my herte ye
ueth vnto you/ Nay sayd sire Launcelot as at this tyme I wil
not telle you my name/onles thenne that ye telle me your na-
me/Certaynly sayd the knyght my name is sir Nerouens that
was made knyght of my lord sir Launcelot du lake/ A Nero-
uens de lyle sayd sire Launcelot I am ryght glade that ye ar
proued a good knyghte/for nold wete ye wel my name is sir
Launcelot du lake/ Allas sayd sire Nerouens de lyle what ha
ue I done/and there with al flatlyng he felle to his feet/and
wold haue kyst them/but sir Launcelot wold not lete hym/ &
thenne eyther made grete ioye of other/And thenne sire Nero-
uens told sir Launcelot that he sholde not goo by the castel of
Pendragon/for there is a lord a myghty knyght / and many
knyghtes with hym/and this nyght I herd say that they woke

a knyght prysoner yesterday that rode with a damoysel / & they saye he is a knyghte of the wundy table

Capitulum Vj

Said sir Launcelot that knyght is my felalve / & hym shalle I wesolve or els I shalle lese my lyf therfore And there with alle he rode fast tyl he came before the Castel of Pendragon/ and anone there with alle there cam vj knyghtes/and alle made hem redy to sette vpon sire Launcelot at ones/thenne sire Laūcelot feutryd his spere/ and smote the formest that he brake his bak in sonder/and thre of them hytte and thre fayled/And thenne sire launcelot past thorou them / and lyghtly he torned in ageyne/and smote another knyghte/ thorugh the brest and thorou oute the bak more than an ell/ & ther with alle his spere brak / Soo thenne alle the remenaunt of the four knyghtes dzelve their swerdes and lassshed at sire Launcelot/And at euery stroke sire launcelot bestolvedy so his strokes that at four strokes sondry they auoydedy theyr sadels passynge sore wounded/and forthe with alle he rode hurlynge in to that castel/And anon the lord of the castel that was that tyme cleped sir Bzyan de les yles the which was a noble mā and a grete enemy vnto kyng arthur/within a whyle he was armedy and vpon horsbak/And thenne they feutryd their speres and hurledy to gyders soo strongly that bothe theire horses rasshedy to the erthe/ Andy thenne they auoydedy their sadels / & dressid their sheldes andy drelve theire swerdes and flange to gyders as wood men/andy there were many strokes yeuen in a whyle/at the last sir launcelot gaf to sir Bzyan suche a buffet that he kneledy vpon his knees / and thenne sir launcelot rasshedy vpon hym / and with grete force he pulled of his helme / and whanne sire Bzyan salve that he shold be slayne he yelded hym and put hym in his mercy and in his grace / Thenne sire launcelot made hym to delyuer alle his prysoners that he hady within his castel/and therin sir laūcelot fonde of arthurs knyghtes thyrtty/andy/yl/ladyes/and soo he delyuerd hem / andy thenne he rode his waye/and anon as la cote male tayle was delyuerd he gat his hors and his harneis / andy his damoysel

Maledysaunt/ the meane whyle syre Nerouens that sir Launcelot had foughten with alle afore at the brydge/ he sente a damoysel after sir Launcelot to wete hou he spedde at the Castell of Pendragon/ And thenne they within the castel merueylled what knyght he was whan sir Bryan and his knyghtes delyuerd alle tho prysoners / haue ye no merueille saide the damoysel/ for the best knyght in this worlde was here/ and dyde this iourney/ and wete ye wel he saide it was sire launcelott Thenne was sir Bryan ful gladde and soo was his lady/ & alle his knyghtes/ that suche a man sholde wynne them / And whan the damoysel and la cote male tayle Vnderstoode that it was syr Launcelot du lake that had ryden with them in felauship/ ¶ And that she remembryd her hou she had rebuked hym and called hym colward/ thenne was she passynge hevy

¶ Capitulum septimum

SOo thenne they took their horses and rode forth a pas after sire Launcelot/ And within two myle they ouertook hym/ and salewed hym/ and thanked hym/ and the damoysel cryed sir Launcelot mercy of her euyll dede / and sayenge/ for now I knowe the floure of alle knyghthode is departed euen bitwene sire Tristram and you/ For god knoweth saide the damoysel that I haue soughte you my lord sir Launcelot and sir Tristram longe/ and nowe I thanke gode I haue mette with you/ and ones at Camelot I mette with sir Tristram/ and ther he reskowed this blak shelde with the whyte hand holdynge a naked swerd/ that sir Bruyns saunce pyte had taken from me/ Nowe fayre damoysel said sir Launcelot who tolde you my name/ Syre saide she/ there came a damoysell from a knyghte that ye fought with alle at the brydge/ and she tolde me your name was sir Launcelot du lake / blame haue she thenne said sire Launcelot/ but her lorde sire Nerouens hath tolde her/ But damoysel saide sire Launcelot vpon this couenaunt I wille ryde with you/ so that ye wille not rebuke this knyght sir La cote male tayle nomore/ for he is a good knyght and I doubte not he shalle preue a noble knyght/ and for his

sake and dyde that he sholde not be destroyed/I forbed hym to socoure hym in this grete nede/A/Jhesu thanke you said the damoysel/for nowe I wil say vnto you and to hym both/I re fused hym neuer for no hate that I hated hym/ but for grete loue that I had to hym/For euer I supposed that he had ben to yonge and to tendyr to take vpon hym these aduentures / And therfore by my wilke I wold haue dryuen hym alweye for Jalousy that I had of his lyf/for it maye be no yong knyghtes dede that shal enchyeue this aduenture to the ende / Ther dieu said sire Launcelot hit is wel said/and whew ye are cal led the damoysel Maledysaunt I wille calle you the damoy sel Bien pensaunt/and soo they rode forthe a grete whyle vn to they came to the Bordoure of the countrey of Surluse/ and there they fond a fayr Vyllage with a stronge brydge lyke a fortresse/And whanne sir launcelot and they were at the brid ge/there starte forth afore them of gentilmen and yomen ma ny that saide/Faire lordes ye maye not passe this brydge and this fortresse by cause of that black shelde that I see one of you here/And therfore there shalle not passe but one of you at ones / therfore chese you whiche of you shalle entre withynne this brydge fyrste/Thenne sir Launcelot profered hym self fyrst to entre withyn this brydge/Syr said La cote male tayle I bi seche you lete me entre withyn this fortresse/and yf I may spe de wel/I wille sende for you/and yf it happend that I be slayn there it goth/And yf soo be that I am a prysoner taken/then ne maye ye wel wolde me / I am lothe said sir launcelot to lete you passe this passage/Syre said la cote male tayle I praye you lete me putte my body in this aduenture/Now goo youre waye said sire Lañcelot/and Jhesu be your spede/So he entrid and anone there mette with hym two brethern/the one hyzte syr Oplayne de force and the other hyght sir Oplayne de amours And anone they mette with sir la cote male tayle/ and forste la cote male tayle smote doune Oplayne de force / and after he smote doune playne de amours/and thenne they dressid them to their shildes and swerdes / and badde la cote male tayle a lyghte/and soo he dyd/and there was dassyng and foynyng with swerdes / and soo they began to assaile ful hard la cote male tayle/and many grete wounded they gaf hym vpon his

hede and vpon his breste and vpon his sholders / And as he myght euer amonge he gaf sadde stwokes ageyne/
And thenne the two bretheren traied and trauercyd for to be of bothe handes of sire la cote male tayle/but he by fyne force & knyghtly prowesse gate hem afore hym/ And thenne whan he felte hym self soo wounded / thenne he doubled his stwokes/ & gaf them soo many wounded that he feld them to theerthe/ & wold haue slayne them hade they not yelded them/And ryght soo sire la cote male tayle tooke the best hors that there was of them thre / and soo rode forth his waye to the other fortresse & brydge and there he mette with the thyrde broder whoos name was sire Plenorius/a ful noble knyght/and there they justed to gyder/and eyther smote other doune hors and man to the erthe/ And thenne they auoyded their horses/ and dressid their shelde/and drewe their swerdes/and gaf many sad stwokes/and one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge/ and an other whyle the other / And thus they foughte two houres and more/and neuer rested/ And euer sire Launcelot and the damoysel beheld them/ ¶ Allas said the damoysel my knyghte fyghteth passynge sore and ouer longe/ ¶ Nowe may ye see said sir Launcelot that he is a noble knyghte for to conssydre his fyrste batail/and his greuous wounde/ And euer forth with all so wounded as he is/it is merueile that he may endure this longe batail with that goode knyghte/

¶ Capitulum Octauum

THis meane whyle syre la cote male tayle sanke ryghte doun vpon the erthe/what forwounded and what forbled he myghte not stande / Thenne the other knyghte bade pyte of hym/and sayd fayr yonge knyghte dismaye you not/for hade ye ben fresshe whan ye mette with me/as I was/ I wote wel that I sholde not haue endured so longe as ye haue done/and therfore /for youre noble dedes of armes/I shall shewe to you kyndenes and gentylnesse in alle that I maye/ And forth with al this noble knyght sir Plenorius took hym vp in his armes/and ledde hym in to his toure / And thenne

he commaunded hym the wyn/and made to fareth hym and to
stoppe his bledynge wounds/ Syre said la cote male tayle/
withdrawe you from me/and hyth you to yonder bryage ageyne/
for there wille mete with you another maner knyght than
euer was I/why said Plenorius/is there another maner kny-
ght kehynde of your felaushyp/ye said la cote male tayle/ther
is a moche better knyght than I am/what is his name sayd
Plenorius/ye shalle not knowe for me/said la cote male tayle
Wel said the knyght/he shalle be encountred with alle/what
someuer he be/Thenne sir Plenorius herd a knyght calle/that
sayd syr Plenorius where art thou/outher thou must delyuer
me the prysoner that thou hast led vnto thy toure/or els come
and doo batayle with me/Thenne Plenorius gat his hors/and
came with a spere in his hand wallopynge towards syr laun-
celot/and thenne they beganne to feutre their speres/ and came
to gyders as thonder/and smote eyther other so myghtely that
their horses felle doune vnder them/And thenne they auoyded
their horses/and pulled out their swerdes/e lyke two bulles
they lasshed to gyders with grete strokes and foynes/but euer
syr launcelot recouerd gwundy vpon hym/and sire Plenorius
tracted to haue gone aboute hym/But sire launcelot wold not
suffer that/but bare hym backer and backer/ tyll he came nyghe
his toure gate / And thenne said sire launcelot I knowe the
wel for a good knyght/but wete thou wel/thy lyf and dethe
is in my hand/and therfore yelde the to me/and thy prysoner
The other answerd no word/but strake myghtely vpon sir lau-
celots helme that the fyre sprange out of his eyen/ thenne syre
Launcelot doubled his strokes soo thyck/and smote at hym so
myghtely that he made hym knele vpon his knees/ And there
with sir launcelot lepte vpon hym/and pulled hym grouelyng
doune/Thenne sir Plenorius yelded hym/and his toure/ and
alle his prysoners at his wille/ thenne sir launcelot receyued
hym and took his trouthe/and thēne he rode to the other bryd
ge/and there sir launcelot Justed with other thre of his brethe
ren/the one hyght Phillounes/and the other hyght Pellogris
and the thyrde sir Pellandris/and fyrst vpon horsback sir la-
uncelot smote hem doune/and afterward he kepte them on foote/
and made them to yelde them vnto hym/and thenne he retorned

Unto sir Plenorius/ and there he fond in his pryson kyng Ca
rados of scotland and many other knyghtes / and alle they
were delyuerd/ And thenne sire la cote male tayle came to sire
launcelot/ and theune sir launcelot wold haue yeuen hym alle
these fortresses and these bydgee/ Nay said la cote male tayle
I wille not haue sire Plenorius lyuelode/ with that he wylle
graunte you my lord sire launcelot to come vnto kynge Arth;
urs courte and to be his knyght and alle his brethewen I will
pray you my lordy to lete hym haue his lyuelode/ I wille wel
said sire launcelot/ with this that he wille come to the Courte
of kynge Arthur and bicome his man/ and his brethewen fy;
ue/ And as for you sir Plenorius I wille vndertake said sir
Launcelot at the next feest soo there be a place voyded that ye
shalle be knyght of the roundy table/ Syr said Plenorius atte
next feest of Pentecost I Wille be at Arthurs courte/ and at
that tyme I wille be guyded and ruled as kynge Arthur &
ye wille haue me / Thenne sir Launcelot and sire la cote male
tayle reposed hem there vnto the tyme that sire la cote male ta;
yle was hole of his woundes/ and there they hadde mery chere
and goody rest and many good gamys/ and there were many
faire ladyes/

Capitulum Nonum /

And in the meane whyle came sir kay the seneschal and
sire Brandyles / and anone they felaushyppedy wyth
them/ And thenne within ten dayes thēne departed tho knygh
tes of Arthurs Courte from these fortresses/ And as sir laū;
celot came by the castel of Pendragon/ there he putte sir Bry;
an de les yles from his landes/ for cause he wold neuer be with
holdy with kynge Arthur/ and alle that castel of Pendragon/
and alle the landes therof he gaf to sire la cote male tayle/ &
thēne sir launcelot sente for Neroneus that he made ones kn;
yghte/ and he made hym to haue alle the rule of that castel/ &
of that countrey vnder la cote male tayle/ and soo they rode to
Arthurs courte al holy to gyders/ And at Pentecost next fo;
lowynge there was sire Plenorius and sir la cote male tayle
called otherwyse by ryght syr Breunes le noyre bothe maade

knyghtes of the table round / and grete londes kynge Arthur gaf them / and there Breune le noyre wedded that damoysell Maledysaunt / And after she was called Beau Viuante / but euer after for the more party he was called la cote male tayle and he preued a passynge noble knyghte and myghty / & many worshipful dedes he dyd after in his lyf / and sire Plenorius proued a noble knyght and ful of prowesse / and alle the dayes of their lyf for the moost party they awayted vpon sir Launcelot / and sire Plenorius brethern were euer knyghtes of kynge Arthur / and also as the frenssh book maketh mencyon / syr la cote male tayle auengyd his faders dethe /

Capitulum y

Nold leue we here sire la cote male tayle / and torne we vnto sir Tristram de lyones that was in Bretayne / whanne la beale Isoud vnderstode that he was wedded / she sent to hym by her mayden Bragwayne as pytous letters as couth be thought and made / and her conclusion was / that / and hit pleasyd syr Tristram / that he wold come to her courte / and bryngе with hym Isoud la blaunche maynys / and they shold be kepte as wel as she her self / Thenne sir Tristram called vnto hym sir kehydius / and asked hym whether he wold go with hym in to Cornewaile secretely / He answerd hym that he was redy at al tymes / And thenne he lete ordeyne pryuely a lytel vessel / and therin they wente syr Tristram / kehydius / Dame Bragwayne and Gouernaile sir Tristrams squyer / So whan they were in the see / a contraryous wynde blewe hem on the costes of Northwalys nygh the castel perylous / Thenne sayd sir Tristram here shalle ye abyde me these ten dayes / and Gouernaile my squyer with you / And yf so be I come not ageyne / by that daye / take the next way in to Cornewaile / for in thys forest are many straunge aduentures / as I haue herd saye / & somme of hem I caste me to preue or I departe / And whanne I maye / I shalle hyhe me after you / Thenne sir Tristram and kehydius took their horses and departed from their felaushyp / And soo they rode within that forest a myle and more / And

at the last sir Tristram salve afore hym a lykely knyzt armed
sittynge by a welle/ and a stronge myghty hors passyng ny
ghe hym beyond to an Oke and a man houynge and rydynge
by hym ledynge an hors lade with speres/ And this knyghte
that satte atte welle/ semed by his countenaunce to be passyng
hey/ Thenne sire Tristram rode nere hym/ and said fayr knyzt
why sytte ye soo droupyng/ ye seme to be a knyght erraunt by
your armes and harneis/ and therfor dresse you to juste with
one of vs or with bothe/ There with all that knyght made noo
wordes/ but took his shelde and bokeled hit aboute his neck/
and lyghtly he took his hors and lepte vpon hym/ And the
ne he took a grete spere of his squyer/ and departed his waye
a furlonge/ Sire kehydius asked leue of sir Tristram to juste
fyrst/ doo your best said sire Tristram/ soo they mette to gyders
and there sir kehydius had a falle/ and was sore wounded/
on hyghe aboue the pappys/ ¶ Thenne sir Tristram said/ knyzt
that is wel justed/ Nowe make you redy vnto me/ I am redy
said the knyght/ And thenne that knyght took a gretter spere
in his hand/ and encountred with sir Tristram/ and there by
grete force that knyght smote doune sir Tristram from his ho
rs and hid a grete falle/ Thenne sir Tristram was sore asha
med/ and lyghtly he auoyded his hors/ and put his shelde a
fore his sholder and drewe his swerde/ And thenne sire Tryf
tram requyred that knyghte of his knyghthode to alyghte vp
on foote and fyghte with hym/ I wille wel said the knyght
and soo he alyghte vpon foote/ and auoyded his hors/ and cast
his shelde vpon his sholder/ and drewe his swerde/ and there
they fought a longe batayle to gyder ful nyghe two houres/
¶ Thenne sir Tristram said fayr knyght holde thyn hand/ &
telle me of whens thou arte/ and what is thy name/ ¶ As for
that said the knyght/ I wille be auysed/ but and thou wolt
telle me thy name/ peraduenture I wille telle the myn /

¶ Capitulum vj

Nowe fayr knyght he said/ my name is sire Tristram de
lyones/ Syre saide the other knyght/ and my name is
sir lamorak de galys/ A sir lamorak said sir Tristram / well

ke we mette/and̄ bethynke the nolb of the despyte thou dydest me of the sendyng of the horne vnto kynge Markes courte to the entente to haue slayne or dishonoured my lady the Quene la Beale Isoud/and therfore wete thou wel said sir Tristram the one of vs shalle dye or we departe/Sire said sir Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of seruage/and at that tyme ye promysed me grete frendship/thenne sire Tristram wold̄ make no lenger delayes but lasshed at sir Lamorak/ & thus they foughte longe/tyl eyder were wery of other/Thenne sir Tristram seid to sir Lamorak in alle my lyf mette I neuer with suche a knyght that was soo bygge and̄ well brethed as ye be/therfore said syre Tristram hit were/ pyte/ that ony of vs both shold here be meschyeued Syr said sire Lamorak for youre wnomme and name I wille that ye haue the worshyp of this batailles/and therfor I will yelde me vnto you/And ther with he took the poynte of his swerd to yelde hym/Nay said sir tristram ye shalle not doo soo/for wel I knowe your profers and more of your gentylnesse than for my fere or drede ye haue of me/And there with alle sir Tristram profered hym his swerde and said sire Lamorak as an ouercomen knyghte I yelde me vnto you/as to a mā of the most noble prowesse that euer I mette with alle/Nay said sir Lamorak I wille doo you gentylnesse/I requyre yow lete vs be sworne to gyders that neuer none of vs shalle after this day haue adoo with other/and there with alle syre Tristram and sire Lamorak swaw that neuer none of hem shold fyghte ageynst other nor for wele/ nor for woo

Capitulum vñ

And this meane whyle there came sire Palomydes the good knyght folowynge the questynge beest that hadde in shap a hede lyke a serpents hede/ and a body lyke a lybard/buttocks lyke a lyon/ and fored lyke an herte/and in his body there was suche a noyse as hit had ben the noyse of thyrtty couple of hoūdes questyng/and suche a noyse that beest made where someuer he wente/& this beest euermore syr palomydes folowed/for hit was called his queste/& ryght so as he folowed this beest/it came by syr Tristram/and soone after cam

Palamydes/and to breue this matere/he smote doune sir tris-
tram and sir Lamorak bothe with one spere/ and soo he depar-
ted after the feste Glatysaunt / that was called the questynge
beest/wherfore these two knyghtes were passynge Wrothe/ that
sir Palomydes wold not fyghte on foote with hem /
¶ Here men may vnderstande/that ken of worship that he was
neuer fourmed that alle tymes myght stande / but somtyme he
was putte to the werse by male fortune / And at somme tyme
the wers knyghte putte the better knyghte to a rebuke / Then-
ne sire Tristram and sire Lamorak gate sire Kehydius vpon a
shelde betwixe them bothe/and ledde hym to a fosters lodge/ &
there they gaf hym in chirge to kepe hym well/and with hym
they abode thre dayes/Thenne the two knyghtes toke their hor-
ses/and at the crosse they departed/And thenne said sir Tris
tram to sire Lamorak I requyre you yf ye happe to mete with
sir Palamydes/say hym that he shal fynde me atte same welle
there I mette hym/and there I sire Tristram shalle preue whe-
ther he be better knyght than I/and soo eyther departed from
other a sondry way/ and sire tristram rode nyghe there as was
sire kehydius/and sire Lamorak rode vntyl he came to a chap
pel/and there he putte his hors vnto pasture / and anone there
came sir Melyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemagus sone/&
he thew putte his hors to pasture/and was not ware of sir La
morak/and thenne this knyght sire Melliagaunce maade his
mone of the loue that he hadde to quene Gueneuer / and there
he made a wofful complaynte /All this herde sire Lamorak/ and
on the morne sir Lamorak took his hors and rode vnto the fo-
rest/and there he mette with two knyghtes houynge vnder the
woode shalue/ Faire knyghtes said sire Lamorak what doo ye
houynge here and watchynge/And yf ye be knyghtes arraunt
that wille Juste/soo I am redy/Nay sir knyght they saide/not
soo/we abyde not here for to Juste with you/ but we lye here in
a wayte of a Knyghte that shelue our broder /
¶ What knyght was that saide sir Lamorak that ye wold fay-
ne mete with all/Syre they saide/hit is sire Launcelot that sle-
we oure broder/ And yf euer we maye mete with hym/he shal
not escape but we shalle slee hym / ¶ Ye take vpon you a

gwte chyrge saide sire Eamorak / for sire launcelot is a noble proued knyzt/ As for that we doute not /for there nys none of vs but we are goody ynough for hym I wille not bileue that saidy sir Eamorak/ For I herdy neuer yet of no knyght the da yes of my lyf but sir launcelot was to bygge for hym

Capitulum xiij/

Ryght soo as they stode talkynge thus/ syre Eamorak was ware how syr launcelot came rydynge streyghte tolbardy them/ thenne sire Eamorak sale Wedy hym/ and he hym ageyne/ Andy thenne sire Eamorak asked sir launcelot/ yf there were ony thynge that he myght doo for hym in these marches / Nay said sire launcelot not at this tyme/ I thanke you/ thenne eyther departedy from other/ andy sir Eamorak wode ageyn ther as he lefte the two knyghtes/ andy thenne he fondy them hydde in the leuedy woode/ Fy on you said sir Eamorak fals tolvar des/ pyte andy shame it is/ that ony of you sholdy take the hyhe ordre of knyghthode/ Soo sir Eamorak departedy fro them/ and within a whyle he mette with sire Melyagaunce / Andy thenne syre Eamorak asked hym / why he louedy Quene Gueneuer as he dydy/ for I was not fer from you whanne ye made yo ur complaynte by the chappel/ Dydy ye soo said sir Melyagañ ce/ thenne wille I abyde by hit/ I loue quene gueneuer what wille ye with hit/ I wille preue andy make goody / that she is the fayreste lady andy mooste of beaute in the worldy/ As to that saidy sire Eamorak I say nay therto/ for quene Morgause of Orkeney moder to sire Galvayne and his moder is the fay reste quene andy lady that lyueth the lyf / That is not so saidy syre Melyagaunce / andy that wille I preue with my handes vpon thy body/ Wille ye soo saidy sire Eamorak/ and in a lytter quarel kepe I not to fyghte/ Thenne they departedy eyther from other in grete wrathe/ Andy thenne they came rydyng to gyder as hit hady ben thonder/ and eyther smote other so sore that the ir horses felle tolwardy to the erthe/ And thenne they auoyded their horses andy dressid their sheldes/ and drewe their swerdes Andy thenne they hurtledy to gyders as wylde bores/ and thus

they fought a grete whyle / For Melyagaunce was a goodly man and of grete myght/but sire Lamorak was hard bygge for hym/and putte hym allweyes a bak/but eyther had wounded other sore/ ¶ And as they stode thus fyghtynge/by fortune came sire Launcelot and sire Bleoberys rydynge/ And thenne sire launcelot rode betwixe them/and asked them/ For what cause they fought soo to gyders/ and ye are bothe knyghtes of kynge Arthur/

¶ Capitulum xiiij

Syr saidy Melyagaunce I shalle telle you for what cause we doo this bataille / I prayse my lady Quene Gueneuer / and saidy she was the fayreste lady of the worldy/and sire Lamorak saidy nay therto/For he saidy quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrer than she and more of beaute/A syre Lamorak why saiste thou soo/hit is not thy parte to dispraise thy pryncesse that thou arte vnder theire obeyssaunce dyn we alle/and there with he alyghte on foote/ and saidy for this quarel make the redy / For I wille preue vpon the/ that Quene Gueneuer is the fayreste lady and moost of bounte in the worldy ¶ Syre saidy sire Lamorak I am lothe to haue adoo with you in this quarelle/ For euery man thynketh his owne lady fayreste / and though I praise the lady/ that I loue moost/ye sholdy not be wrothe/For though my lady quene Gueneuer be fayreste in your eye/wete ye wel Quene Morgause of Orkeney is fayreste in myn eye / and soo euery knyght thynketh his owne lady fayreste/ and wete ye wel syr ye are the man in the worldy excepte sire Tristram / that I am moost lotheste to haue adoo with alle/ But and ye wille nedes fyghte with me I shal endure you as longe as I may / ¶ Thenne spake sire Bleoberys/and saidy/ my lordy sire Launcelot/I wyste you neuer soo mysauysedy as ye are now / For syre Lamorak saith you but reason and knyghtely/ ¶ For I warne you I haue a lady / and me thynketh that she is the fayreste lady of the world /Were this a grete reason that ye sholdy be wrothe with me for suche langage/ And wel ye wote/ that syr Lamorak is as noble a knyght as I knowe / and he

hath oughte you and ye euer good wille/ and therfore I pray
aye you be goode frendes/ ¶ Thenne sire Launcelot sayd
vnto sir lamerak/ I pray you forgeue me myn euylle wylle/
And yf I was mysauysed I wille amende hit/ Syre sayde
sir Lamorak the amendys is soone made betwixe you and me
And soo sir Launcelot and sire Bleoberys departed/ and syr
Melyagaunce and sir Lamorak took their horses/ and eyther
departed from other/ And within a whyle came kynge Ar-
thur and mette with sir Lamorak and Justed with hym/ and
there he smote doune sire Lamorack / and wounded hym sore
with a spere/ and soo he rode from hym/ wherfore sir Lamorak
was wrothe that he wold not fyghte with hym on foote/ bou
te it that sire Lamorak knelde not kynge Arthur

¶ Capitulum xv

NOw leue we of this tale/ and speke we of sire Trist-
ram/ that as he rode he mette with sir kay the seneschal
and there sire kay/ asked sir Tristram of what coūtrey
he was/ he answerd that he was of the countrey of Cornewail
Hit maye wel be said sir kay / for yet herd I neuer that euer
goode knyghte came oute of Cornewaile/ that is euyl spoken
said sir Tristram/ but and it please you to telle me your name
I requyre you/ Syre wete ye wel said sire kay that my name
is sire kay the seneschal/ Is that your name said sir Tristram/
nowe wete ye well that ye are named the shamefullest knyghte
of youre longe that nowe is lyuynge/ howe be it ye are called a
goode kuyght/ but ye are called Vnfortunate/ and passyng ouer
thwarte of your longe/ And thus they rode to gyders tyl they
came to a brydge / And there was a knyghte wold not lete
hem passe/ tyl one of hem Justed with hym/ and so that knyght
Justed with sir kay/ and there that knyght gaf sir kay a falle/
his name was sire Tor syre Lamorakes half broder/ and then-
ne they two rode to theyre lodgynge/ And there they fonde sire
Gaudyles/ and sir Tor came thyder anone after/
¶ And as they satte atte souper these foure knyghtes/ thre of

them spak alle shame by Cornysshe knyghtes/ ¶Syr Tristram herd alle that they saide/ and he sayd but lytell / But he thought the more/but at that tyme he discouerd not his name/Upon the morne sir Tristram took his hors/ and rode them vpon their way / And there syre Brandyles proferd to juste with sir Tristram/and sir Tristram smote hym doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne sire Tor le fyse de Bayshoure encountred with syre Tristram / and there sire Tristram smote hym doune/and thenne he rode his waye/and sir kay folowed hym /but he wold not of his felauship / Thenne sire Brandyles came to sir kay/ and said I wold wete fayne what is that knyghtes name/Come on with me said sir kay/and we shall praye hym to telle vs his name/Soo they rode to gyders/tylle they came nyghe hym/and thenne they were ware where he sat by a welle/and had putte of his helme to drynke at the welle And whanne he salde them come/he laced on his helme lyghtly/and took his hors/and proferd hem to juste/ Nay said syre Brandyles we justed late ynough with you/ we come not in that entent/But for this we come to requyre you of knyghtode to telle vs your name/My fayre knyghtes sythen that is your desyre / and to please you ye shal wete that my name is sir Tristram de lyones neuelbe vnto kynge Marc of Corne wayle/In good tyme saide sire Brandyles / and wel be ye fonden/and wete ye wel that we be ryght glade that we haue fonde you/and we be of a felauship that wold be ryght glad of your company / For ye are the knyghte in the worlde that the noble felauship of the round table mooste desyreth to haue the company of/God thanke them saide sir Tristram of theyre grete goodenes/ but as yet I feale wel that I am vnabyl to be of their felauship / For I was neuer yet of suche dedes of worthynes to be in the company of suche a felauship / A sayde sire kay and ye be syre Tristram de lyones ye are the man alled nolw mooste of prolwesse except sir Launcelot du lake/ For he kepeth not the lyf crysten ne hethen that can fynde suche another knyght to speke of his prolwesse and of his handes and his trouthe with alle / For yet coude there neuer creature saye of hym dishonour and make hit good / ¶Thus they talked a grete whyle/and thenne they departed eyther from

other suche weyes as hym semedy best/

Capitulum xxij/

NOw shall ye here what was the cause that kynge Arthur cam in to the forest perilous/that was in Northwalys by the meanes of a lady / her name was Annowre/and this lady came to kynge Arthur at Cardyf / andy she by fayre promyse andy fayre behestes made kynge Arthur to ryde with her in to that forest perilous/and she was a grete sorceresse/andy many dayes she hadde louedy kynge arthur/andy by cause she wold haue hym to lye by her / she came in to that Countrey/Soo whanne the kynge was gone With her/ many of his knyghtes folowed after kynge arthur/whiny they myst hym/as sir launcelot Braundyles and many other/and whenn she had brought hym to her boure/she desyred hym to lye by her and thenne the kynge remembryd hym of his lady/and wold not lye by her for no crafte that she coude doo / Thenne euery daye she wolde make hym ryde in to that forest with his owne knyghtes to the entent to haue had kynge arthur slayne/For whan this lady annoure salue that she myzt not haue hym at her wille/thenne she laboured by fals meanes to haue destroyedy kynge arthur andy slayne / Thenne the lady of the lake that was alwey frendely to kynge arthur / she Vnderstoode by her subtyl craftes that kynge arthur was lyke to be destroyed And therfore this lady of the lake that hyght Nyneue cam in to that forest to seke after sire Launcelot du lake/or sire Tristram for to helpe kynge arthur/for as that same day this lady of the lake knelwe wel that kynge arthur shold be slayne/onles that he hadde helpe of one of these two knyztes/ and thus she rode vp and donne tyl she mette with sire Tristram/and anone as she salue hym/she knelwe hym/O my lord sir Tristram she said welk be ye mette/ and blessid be the tyme that I haue mette with you/for this same day/and within these two houres shalle be done the foulest dede that euer was done in this land O fair damoysel said sir Tristram maye I amende hit / Come on with me she said and that in alle the haste ye maye/ for ye shal see the most worshipfullest knyzt of the worlde hard bestad

Thenne said sire Tristram I am redy to helpe suche a noble man/he is neither better ne wers said the lady of the lake but the noble kynge Arthur hym self/God defende saidy sir Tryst; ram that euer he sholde be in suche distresse/Thenne they rode to gyders a grete pas vntyl they came to a lytel turret a castel/e Vndernethe that castel they salve a knyghte standynge vpon foote fyghtynge with two knyghtes/ And soo sir Tristram bi held them/and at the laste the two knyghtes smote doune the one knyghte/ and that one of hem vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym/And the lady Annoure gat kyng Arthurs swerd in her hand to haue stryken of his hede / And there with alle came sire Tristram with alle his myghte/ cryenge/Traytresse/ Traitresse leue that/ And anone there sire Tristram smote the one of the knyghtes thorou the body that he felle dede/and thē ne he rasshed to the other/and smote his hals in sonder/ and in the meane whyle the lady of the lake cryed to kyng Arthur lete not that fals lady escape / Thenne kynge Arthur ouerto; ke her/and with the same swerde he smote of her hede/and the lady of the lake wok vp her hede and henge hit vp by the hey re of her sadel bowe/And thenne sir Tristram horsed kyng Ar thur/and rode forth with hym/but he charged the lady of the lake not to discouer his name as at that tyme/Whan the ky; nge was horsed/he thanked hertely sire Tristram/and desyred to wete his name/but he wold not telle hym/ but that he was a poure knyght auenturous/and soo he bare kynge Arthur fe lauship tyl he met with somme of his knyghtes/ And within a whyle he mette with sir Ector de marys / and he knelve not kynge Arthur nor sir Tristram/and he desyred to Juste with one of hem/Thenne sire Tristram rode vnto sir Ector/and smo; te hym from his hors/And whanne he hadde done soo/ he cam ageyne to the kynge/and said my lord yonder is one of your knyghtes/he may bere you felauship/and another day that de; de that I haue done for you I truste to god ye shalle vnder; stande that I wold do you seruyse/Alias said kyng Arthur lete me wete what ye are/Not at this tyme said sir Tristram/ Soo he departed and lefte kynge Arthur and sir Ector to gy

ders

And thenne at a day sette sire Tristram and sire Lamorak mette at the welle/ and thenne they wolk kehydius us at the fosters hous / and soo they wode with hym to the ship/ where they lefte dame Brangwayne and Gouernayle and soo they sayledy in to Cornewaile all holy to gyders/ and by assent and enformacyon of dame Brangwayn whan thye were landed they wode vnto sire Dynas the seneschal / a trusty serude of sir Tristrans / and so dame Brangwayne and syre Dynas wode to the courte of kynge Marke/ and told the quene la Beale Isoud that sir tristram was nyghe her in that countrey/ thenne for very pure joye la beale Isoud swouned/ & whan she myghte speke/ she said gentyl knyzt Seneschall helpe that I myght speke with hym/ outher my herte wille braste/

¶ Thenne sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne broughte syre tristram and kehydius preuely vnto the courte vnto a chamber where as la beale Isoud hadde assygned hit / and to telle the ioyes that were betwixe la beale Isoud and sire tristram / there is no tonge can telle it/ nor herte thynke hit/ nor pen write hit/ And as the Frenshe book maketh mencyon at the fyrste tyme that euer sir kehydius salue la beale Isoud / he was soo enamoured vpon her/ that for very pure loue he myghte neuer withdrawe hit/ And at the last as ye shalle here or the book be ended/ sire kehydius dyed for the loue of la beale Isoudy/ and thenne preuely he wrote vnto her lettres and ballades of the moost goodlyest that were vsed in tho dayes/ ¶ And whanne La beale Isoud vnderstood his lettres she hadde pyte of his co playnt/ and vnauysed she wrote another letter to comforte hym with alle / And sire tristram was alle this whyle in a turret at the commaundement of la beale Isoudy/ and whan she myght/ she came vnto sire tristram/ So on a day kynge Marke playedy at the chesse vnder a chamber wyndowe/ and at that tyme sire tristram and sire kehydius were within the chamber ouer kynge Marke/ and as it myshapped sir tristram fonde the letter that kehydius sent vnto la beale Isoud/ also he had fou̅d the letter that she wrote vnto kehydius/ & at that same tyme la Beale Isoud was in the same chamber/ Thenne sir tristram

came vnto la Beale Isoude and saide/Madame here is a let=
ter that was sente vnto you/and here is the letter that ye sent
vnto hym that sente you that letter/ Allas madame the good
loue that I haue loued you/ and many landes and ryches
haue I forsaken for your loue/and nowe ye are a traytresse to
me the whiche dothe me grete payne/but as for the sir Kehydi=
us I brought the oute of Bretayne in to this Coūtrey/and
thy fader kynge Hoel I wanne his landes/howe be it I wed
red thy syster Isoud le blaunche maynys for the goodnes she
dyd vnto me / And yet as I am true knyghte she is a clene
mayden for me/but wete thou wel syr Kehydius for this fals
hede and treason thou hast done me/I wille reuenge hit vpon
the/ And there with alle sir Tristram drelue oute his sworde /
and saide sire Kehydius kepe the/and thenne la Beale Isoud
swouned to the erthe/ And whanne sir Kehydius salue sir tris
tram come vpon hym/he salue none other bote/but lepte oute at
a bay wyndowe euen ouer the hede where sat kynge Marke pla
ynge at the chesses / And whanne the kynge salue one come
hurlynge ouer his hede/he sayd/ Felalue what arte thou/and
what is theause thou lepest oute at that wyndowe / ¶ My
lord the kynge saide Kehydius/hit fortuned me that I was
a slepe in the wyndowe aboue your hede / and as I slepte I
slommered/and soo I felle doune / And thus sir Kehydius
excused hym

¶ Capitulum viij

Thenne sir Tristram drede sore lest he were discouerd
vnto the kynge that he was there / wherfore he drelue
hym to the strengthe of the Toure / and armed hym in
suche armour as he had for to fyghte with hem that wold withs
stande hym/ And soo whanne sire Tristram salue/there was no
resystence ageynst hym / he sente Gouernaile for his hors and
his spere/and knyghtely he rode forth oute of the castel open=
ly that was called the castel of Tyntagil/ And euen atte ga=
te he mette with Syngalyn syr Galuayns sone / And anone
sir Syngalyn putte his spere in his reste / and ranne vpon
sire Trystram and brake his spere / and sire Tristram at that

tyme hadȝ but a ſwerdȝ/ and gaf hym ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that he fylle doune from his ſadel / andȝ his ſwerdȝ ſlode adoune/andȝ carf a ſonder his horſs neck/ Andȝ ſo ſire triſtram rode his waye in to the foreſt/andȝ alle this doynge ſalve kyng Mark/Andȝ thenne he ſente a ſquyer vnto the hurte knyghte andȝ commaundedȝ hym to come to hym/andȝ ſoo he dydȝ/ Andȝ whanne kynge Marke wyſt that it Was ſir Gyngalyn/he welcomedȝ hym/andȝ gaf hym an horſs/andȝ aſkedȝ hym what knyght hit was that hadȝ encoũtredȝ with hym/Syr ſaid ſir gyngalyn/I wote not what knyȝt he was/but wel I wote that he ſyghethandȝ maketh grete dole / Thenne ſir Triſtram within a whyle mette with a knyght of his owne that hyghte ſir Fergus/Andȝ whan he had mette with hym he made grete ſorowe in ſo moche that he felle doune of his horſs in a ſwoune / andȝ in ſuche ſorowe he was in thre dayes and thre nyghtes/ Thenne at the laſte ſir Triſtram ſent vnto the courte by ſir Fergus forto ſpeke what tydynges/ Andȝ ſo as he rode by the way he met with a damoyſel that came from ſir Palamydes to knowe and ſeke how ſir Triſtram dydȝ/Thenne ſir Fergus toldȝ her/ how he was al moſt out of his mynde/ ¶ Allas ſaid the damoyſel where ſhalle I fynde hym/In ſuche a place ſaid ſire Fergus ¶ Thenne ſir Fergus fond Quene Iſoud ſeke in her bedde / makynge the grettest dole that euer ony erthely woman made And whan the damoyſel fonde ſire Triſtram/ſhe made grete dole by cauſe ſhe myȝt not amende hym/for the more ſhe made of hym/the more was his payne/Andȝ at the laſt ſir Triſtram toke his horſs andȝ rode alweye from her/And thenne was it thre dayes or that ſhe coude fynde hym / And thenne ſhe broughte hym mete and drynke/but he woldȝ none/ and thenne another tyme ſir Triſtram eſcaped awey from the damoyſel/and it happedȝ hym to ryde by the ſame caſtel where ſire Palamydes andȝ ſir Triſtram dydȝ batailles whan la beale Iſoud departedȝ them/ Andȝ there by fortune the damoyſel mette with ſire Triſtram ageyne makynge the grettest dole that euer erthely creature made/and ſhe yede to the lady of that caſtel / and tolde her of the myſauenture of ſire Triſtram/allas ſaid the lady of that caſtel Where is my lord ſir triſtram/ Rygȝt here by your caſtel ſaid the damoyſel/In good tyme ſaide the lady/is he ſoo nyghe me / he

ſhalle haue mete and̄ drynke of the beſt/and an harp I haue of his /where vpon he taught me/ For of goodely harpynge he bereth the prycke in the worlde/ So this lady and damoiſel brought hym mete and̄ drynke / but he ete lytel therof / Thenne vpon a nyght he putte his hors from hym/ And̄ thenne he vnlaced̄ his armour/and̄ thenne ſir Triſtram wold̄ go in to the wilderneſſe and̄ braſt doune the trees and̄ bolwes/and̄ other; whyle whan he fond̄ the harp that the lady ſente hym/ thenne wold̄ he harpe and̄ playe therupon/ and̄ wepe to gyders/and ſomtyme whan ſire Triſtram was in the woode that the lady wyſt not where he was/thenne wold̄ ſhe ſytte her doune and̄ playe vpon that harp/Thenne wold̄ ſire Triſtram come to that harp/and̄ herken ther to/and ſomtyme he wold harpe hym ſelf Thus he there endured̄ a quarter of a yere/thēne at the laſt he ranne his way/and̄ ſhe wiſte not where he was become/ And̄ thenne was he naked̄ and̄ wayed̄ lene/and̄ pour of fleſſhe/ and̄ ſoo he felle in the felauſhip of herd men and̄ ſheepherdes/ and̄ dayly they wold̄ gyue hym ſomme of their mete/& drynke/And̄ whan he dyd̄ ony ſhrewd dede/they wold̄ bete hym with wodes/and̄ ſoo they clypped̄ hym with ſhewes and̄ made hym lyke a foole

¶ Capitulum xix

And̄ vpon a day Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole came in to Cornewaile with two squyers with hym/ and as they rode thorugh that foreſt/they came by a fayre welle/where ſir Triſtram was wonte to be/and̄ the whether was hote/ and̄ they alyghte to drynke of that welle/and̄ in the meane whyle their horſes brake bous/¶ Ryght ſoo ſire Triſtram came vnto them / and̄ fyrſt he ſouſpd̄ ſire Dagonet in that welle/ & after his squyers/and̄ there at bugh the ſheepherdes/ and̄ forth with al he ranne after their horſes and̄ broughte hem ageyne/ one by one/and̄ ryghte ſoo wete as they were/ he made hem lepe vp/and̄ ryde their wayes/¶ Thus ſire Triſtram endured̄ there an halfe yere naked̄/and̄ wold̄ neuer come in towne/ ne vyllage/The meane whyle the damoyſel that ſyre Palomydes ſente to ſeke ſir Triſtram ſhe yede vnto ſir Palomydes/and̄ told

hym alle the meschyef that sir Tristram endurdy / Alas sayd sir Palomydes hit is grete pyte that euer soo noble a Knyght sholdy be soo mescheuedy for the loue af a lady / But neuertheles I wille goo andy seke hym / andy comforte hym and I may ¶ Thenne a lytel before that tyme la Beale Isoudy hady commaunded sir Kehydius oute of the Countrey of Cornelwaille / Soo sir Kehydius departedy With a dolorous herte / andy by aduenture he mette With sir Palamydes / and they enfelaushyped to gyder / andy eyther complaynedy to other of theire hote loue that they louedy la beale Isoud / Nowe lete vs said sir Palomydes seke sire tristram that louedy her as wel as we / andy lete vs preue whether we maye recouer hym / Soo they rode in to that forest / and thre dayes andy thre nyghtes they wold neuer take their lodgynge but euer soughte sir tristram / Andy vpon a tyme by aduenture they mette With Kynge Mark that was ryden from hys meyal alone / whanne they salue hym / syre palomydes knelue hym / but sir Kehydius knelue hym not / A false kynge said sir Palomydes / it is pyte thou hast thy lyf / For thou arte a destroyer of alle worshipful Knyghtes / and by thy meschief and thy vengeaunce thou hast destroyedy that mooste noble Knyght sire tristram de lyones / And therfor defende the said sir Palomydes / for thou shalt dye this day / that were shame said Kynge Mark / for ye two are armed and I am vnarmed / As for that said sir Palomydes I shalle fynde a remedy therfore / here is a Knyzt With me / and thou shalt haue his harneis / Nay said kyng Mark I wille not haue adoo With yow for cause haue ye none to me / For alle the mysease that sir tristram hath / was for a letter that he fond / for as to me I dyd to hym no displeasyre / and gody knowyeth I am ful sory for his disease and malady / Soo When the kyng had thus yaused hym / they were frendes / and kyng Mark wold haue had them vnto tyntagil / but syr Palomydes Wolde not but torned vnto the Realme of Logrys / andy sir Kehydius saide that he wolde goo in to Bretayn / ¶ Nowe torne we vnto sir Dagonet ayene that whanne he and his squyers were vpon horsback / he demyd that the shepherdes had sente that foole to araye hem so / by cause that they laughed at hem / and soo they rode vnto the kepers of beestes and alle to bete them / Syr tristram salue them bete

that were wonte to gyue hym mete and drynke / thenne he ran thyder / and gat sir Dagonet by the hede / and gaf hym suche a falle to the erthe / that he brysed hym sore so that he lay stylle / And thenne he wraste his swerd oute of his hand / And therwith he ranne to one of his squyers / and smote of his hede / & the other fled / And soo sir Tristram took his waye with that swerd in his hand rennynge as he hadde ben wylde wode / ¶ Thenne sir Dagonet wode to kyng Marke and told hym how he had spedde in that foreste / And therfore saide sir Dagonet / Belwave kynge Marke that thou come not aboute that welle / in the foreste / For there is a foole naked / and that foole and I foole mette to gyders / and he hadde almoste slayn me / ¶ A saide kynge Marke / that is sir Matto le breune / that felle oute of his wytte by cause he lost his lady / For whan sir Galerys smote doune sir Matto and wanne his lady of hym / Neuer syns was he in his mynde / and that was pyte / for he was a good knyght /

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne sir Andred that was cosyn Daw sir Tristram / made a lady that was his paramour to say and to noyse hit that she was with sire Tristram or euer he dyed / And this tale she brought vnto kynge markes eares that she buryed hym by a welle / and that or he dyed / she besought kynge Marke to make his cosyn sir Andred kynge of the countre of Lyonas / of the whiche sir Trystram was bord of / Alle this dyd sir Andred by cause he wold haue had sire tristrams lãdes / ¶ And whanne kynge Marke herd telle / that sir tristram was ded / he wepte / and made grete dole / But whanne quene Isoud herd of these tydynges / she maade suche sorowe / that she was nyghe oute of her mynde / And soo vpon a daye she thought to slee her self / and neuer to lyue after sir tristrams deth And soo vpon a day la beale Isoud gat a swerd preuely / and bare hit in to her gardyn / and there she pyghte the swerd thorugh a plumme tree vp to the hyltes / soo that hit stak fast and hit stode brest hyghe / And as she wold haue wonne vpon the swerd and to haue slayne her self / ¶ Alle this aspyed kyng

marke/how she kneled doune and saide/swete lord Ihesu ha=
ue mercy vpon me/for I maye not lyue after the dethe of syr
Tristram de lyones/for he was my fyrst loue/and he shalle be
the last/and with these wordes came kyng mark and wok her
in his armes/and thenne he wok vp the swerdy/ and bare her
away with hym in to a toure/and there he made her to be kept
and watched her surely/ and after that she lay longe seke nyȝ
at the poynte of dethe / This meane whyle ranne sir Tristram
naked in the forest with the swerd in his hand/and soo he cam
to an hermytage/and there he leid hym doun and slepte/ and
in the meane whyle the hermyte stale awaye his swerdy/ and
leid mete doune by hym/Thus was he kepte there a ten dayes
And at the last he departed and came to the herd men ageyne/
And there was a gyaunt in that countre that hyght Taulleas
And for fere of sir Tristram more than seuen yere he durst ne=
uer moche goo at large / but for the mooste party he kepte hym
in a sture castel of his owne/ and soo this Tauleas herd telle /
that sir Tristram was dede by the noyse of the courte of kynge
Marke/Thenne this Tauleas wente dayly at large/And soo
he happedy vpon a daye he came to the herd men wandryng and
langerynge/ And there he sette hym doun to reste among them
The meane whyle ther cam a knyght of Cornewaile that ledde
a lady with hym/and his name was sir Dynaunt/& whanne
the gyaunt salue hym / he wente from the herd men and hydde
hym vnder a tree/and soo the knyght came to that welle / and
there he alyghte to repose hym/ And as soone as he was from
his hors/this gyaunt Tauleas came betwixe this knyght and
his hors/and toke the hors and lepte vpon hym/So forth with
he rode vnto sir Dynaunt/and wok hym by the coller/& pulled
hym afore hym vpon his hors/ and there wolde haue stryken
of his hede/ Thenne the herdy men said vnto sire Tristram / helpe
yonder knyght/helpe ye hym seid sir tristram/ we dare not saidy
the herd men/Thenne sir tristram was ware of the swerd of the
knyght there as hit lay/ and soo thyder he ranne/and wok vp
the swerd and stroke of sir tauleas hede and so he yede his way
to the herd men

¶ Capitulum xxj

Thenne the knyght took vp the gyaunts hede/and ba-
re hit with hym vnto kynge Marke/ and told hym/
what aduenture ketyd hym in the foreſt / and how a
naked man reſcowed hym/from the grymly gyaunt Taulcas
where hadde ye this aduenture ſaid kynge Marke/ forſothe ſa-
id ſyr Dynaunt at the fayre fontayne in your foreſte / where
many aduenturous knyztes mete/and there is the madde man
wel ſaid kynge Mark I wille ſee that wild man/So within
a day or two kynge Marke commaunded his knyghtes/& his
hunters that they ſhold be redy on the morne for to hunte/and
ſoo vpon the morne he went vnto that foreſt/ And whanne the
kynge came to that welle/he fonde there lyenge by that welle
a fayr naked man/and a ſwerd by hym/Thenne kyng Ma-
rk bleibe and ſtraked / and therewith his knyghtes came to
hym/and thenne the kynge commaunded his knyghtes to ta-
ke that naked man with fayrenes / and bzynge hym to my
caſtel/Soo they did ſaufly & fayre and caſt mantels vpon ſir
Triſtram and ſoo lede hym vnto Tyntagyll/ and there they ba
thed hym and waſſhed hym and gaf hym hote ſuppynges til
they had brought hym wel to his remembraunce/but alle this
whyle there was no creature that knewe ſir Triſtram nor what
man he was/Soo hit felle vpon a daye that the quene la beale
Iſoud herd of ſuche a man/that ranne naked in the foreſte /
and how the kynge had brought hym home to the Courte/
Thenne la Beale Iſoud called vnto her dame Brangwayne
and ſaid come on with me / For we wille goo ſee this man /
that my lord brought from the foreſt the laſt daye/So they paſ
ſed forthe/and ſpered where was the ſeke man/ And thenne
a ſquyer told the quene that he was in the gardyn / takynge
his reſt/and repoſe hym ageynſt the ſonne/Soo whan the que
ne loked vpon ſir Triſtram ſhe was not remembryd of hym /
but euer ſhe held vnto dame Brangwayne/ me ſemeth I ſhold
haue ſene hym here to fore in many places/ but as ſoone as ſir
Triſtram ſalve her/he knelve her wel ynough/ And thenne he
wzned alwey his vyſage/and wepte/ Thenne the quene hadde
allweyes a lytel bzachet with her that ſir Triſtram gaf her the
fyrſt tyme that euer ſhe came in to Cornewaile/& neuer wold
that bzachet departe from her / but yf ſyre Triſtram was nyghe

there as was la Beale Isoud / and this bracket was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce vnto syre Tristram for grete loue /and anone as this lytel bracket felte a saueour of syr Tristram she lepte vpon hym and lyckedy his learys and his erys/and th ene he vbynedy and questedy and she smelled at his fret and at his handes/and on all partyes of his body that she myghte come to/A my lady sayd dame Brangwayn vnto la beale Isoudy/Alas alas saidy she I see it is myn owny lordy syr Tristram/And therupon Isoudy felle doune in a swoune and soo laye a grete whyle/Andy whan she myght speke she saidy/my lordy sir Tristram blessidy be gody ye haue your lyf/and nowe I am sure ye shalle be discouerd by this lytel bracket/for she wille neuer leue you/Andy also I am sure as soone as my lordy kynge Mark doo knowe you/he wil banny sshe you oute of the countrey of Cornewaile/or els he will destroye you/For goddes sake myn owne lord/ graunte kynge Marke his wille/andy thenne drawe you vnto the Conte of kyng arthur/for there are ye bylouedy/and euer whan I maye I shalle sende vnto you/And whan ye lyst ye may come to me/ and at alle tymes erly and late I wille be at your commaundement/ to lyue as poure a lyf as euer dyd quene or lady/ O madame said sir Tristram goo from me/for mykel anger and daunger haue I escapedy for your loue

¶ Capitulum xxij

Thenne the quene departedy / but the bracket wold not from hym/and there with alle came kynge Marke and the bracket sat vpony hym/and bayed at them all/ There with al syr Andred spak and said syr this is sir Tristram I see by the bracket/ Nay said the kyng I can not suppose that / Thenne the kynge asked hym vpony his feith What he was/and what was was his name / ¶ So god me helpe said he / my name is sir Tristram de lyones/nowe do by me what ye lyst/A saide kyng Marke me repenteth of your recouer/& thenne he lete calle his barons to Juge sir Tristram to the dethe/thene many of his barons wold not assente therto / and in especyal syr Dynas the seneschal/& sir Fergus/And so by thaduyse of them al sir Tristram was banysshed out of the cõtrey for yere/& therupon he took his oth vpon a book before the kyng & his barons /

And soo he was made to departe oute of the Countrey of Cor=
newaile/and there were many barons brought hym vnto hys
shyp/of the whiche somme were his frendes/& somme his foes/
And in the meane whyle there came a knyghte of kynge Ar=
thurs/his name was Dynadan/and his comyng was for to
seke after sir Tristram/thenne they shelved hym where he was
armed at alle poyntes goynge to the shyp/Now fayre knyzte
said sir Dynadan or ye passe this courte that ye will Juste with
me/I requyre the/with a good wille said sir Tristram/& the=
se lordes wille gyue me leue / Thenne the Barons graunted
therto/and soo they ranne to gyders / and there sire Tristram
gaf sire Dynadan a falle/And thenne he praid sir Tristram to
gyue hym leue to goo in his felaushipe/ye shalle be ryght wel=
come said thenne sire Tristram/and soo they took theyr horses
and rode to their shyppes to gyders/and whanne sire Tristram
was in the see/he said/ Grete wel kyng Marke and all myn
enemyes/and saye hem I wille come ageyne whan I maye/
And wel am I rewarded for the fyghtynge with sire Mar=
haus/and delyuerd all this countrey from seruage/and wel
am I rewarded for the fetchyng and costes of Quene Isoud
oute of Irland/and the daunger that I was in fyrst & last
and by the way comynge home what daunger I had to bryn
ge ageyne Quene Isoud from the castel Pluere/and well I
am rewarded whanne I foughte with sir Bleoberys for syre
Segwarydes wyf/and well am I rewarded whan I fouzt
with syre Blamore de ganys for kynge Anguysshe/fader vn
to la Beale Isoud/and Well am I rewarded whan I smo=
te doune the good knyghte syre Lamorak de galys at kyngs
Markes request/And wel am I rewarded whan I fought
with the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ and the kynge of
Northgalys/and bothe these wold haue put his land in serua
ge/and by me they were put to a rebuke/ and wel I am re=
warded for the sleynge of Taulcas the myghty gyaunte and
many other dedes haue I done for hym/and now haue I my
wayson/And telle Kynge Mark that many noble knyghtes
of the table round haue spared the barons of this countrey for
my sake/Also am I not wel rewarded whan I fought with
the good knyght sir Palomydes and resolved quene Isoud

from hym/ And at that tyme kynge Marke saide afore all his lawns I shold haue ben better rewarded/ nad forth with alle he took the see/

¶ Capitulum xiij

And at the next landynge faste by the see / there mette with sir Tristram & with sir Dynadan sir Ector de maris and sir Boors de ganys/ and there sir Ector Justed with syr Dynadan/ and he smote hym and his hors doun And thenne sir Tristram wold haue Justed with syre Boors and sir Boors saide that he wolde not Juste with no Cornysshe knyghtes/ for they are not called men of worship/ and all this was done vpon a brydge/ and with this came sire Bleoberys and syr Dryaunt / and sir Bleoberys profered to Juste with syr Tristram/ and there sir Tristram smote doune syr Bleoberys/ Thenne saide sire Boors de ganys/ I wist neuer Cornysshe knyghte of soo grete labour nor soo valyaunt as that knyght that kepeth the trappours enbroudred with crownes/ And thenne sir Tristram and syr Dynadan departed fro them in to a forest/ and there mette them a damoysel that came for the loue of sire launcelot to seke after somme noble knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte for to resolve sir launcelot/ and soo sir launcelott was ordeyned/ for by the treason of quene Morgan le fay to haue slayne sir launcelot/ and for that cause she ordeyned thyrtty knyghtes to lye in a wayte for sir launcelot/ and this damoysel knewe this treason/ And for this cause the damoysel came for to seke noble knyghtes to helpe syr Launcelot/ For that nyght or the day after syr launcelot sholde come where these xxx knyghtes were/ And soo this damoysel mette with syre Boors and sire Ector and with sir Dryaunt / and there she told hem alle four of the treason of Morgan le fay/ and thenne they promysed her that they wolde be nyghe where sire launcelot sholde mete with the xxx knyghtes/ & yf soo be they set vpon hym/ we wil do vs solues as we can/ so the damoysel departed/ and by aduenture the damoisel met with sir tristram & with sir Dynadan/ & there the damoysel told hem al the treason that was ordeyned for sir launcelot/ Fair damoysel said sir tristram bryng me to that same place where they sholde mete with sir launcelot Thenne said sir Dynadan what will ye do/ hit is not for vs to fyghte with thyrtty knyghtes / and wete you wel I wylle

not therof/as to matche one knyght two or thre is ynough and they be men/But for to matche yͤ knyghtes that wille I neuer vndertake/fy for shame saidȝ sire Tristram / doo but youre parte/Nay saidȝ sir Dynadan I will not therof/but yf ye wil lene me your shieldȝ/for ye bere a sheld of Cornewaile/ and for the colwardyse that is namedȝ to the knyȝtes of Cornewaile by your sheldes ye be euer forborne/Nay saidȝ syr Tristram I will not departe from my sheld for her sake that gaf it me/But one thyng saidȝ sir Tristram I promyse the syr Dynadan / but yf thou wilt promyse me to abyde with me/here I shalle slee the For I desyre no more of the/ but answer one knyghte/ Andȝ yf thy herte wille not serue the/stande by andȝ loke vpon me andȝ them/Syre saidȝ syre Dynadan I promyse you to loke vpon & to doo what I may to saue my self/but I woldȝ I hadȝ not mette with you/ Soo thenne anone these thyrtty knyghtes cam fast by these four knyghtes/andȝ they were ware of them/and eyther of other / Andȝ soo these thyrtty knyghtes lete for thys cause that they woldȝ not wrathe them yf cas be that they had adoo with syr launcelot/andȝ the four knyghtes lete them passe to this entent that they woldȝ see andȝ beholde what they woldȝ doo with syr launcelot/ andȝ soo the thyrtty knyghtes paste on/andȝ came by sir Tristram andȝ by sir Dynadan/andȝ then ne sir Tristram crydȝ on hyghe / loo here is a knyght ageynste you for the loue of sire launcelot/andȝ there he slelve two with one sperdȝ andȝ ten with his swerdȝ/ Andȝ thenne came in syre Dynadan andȝ he dydȝ passynge wel / andȝ soo of the thyrtty knyghtes there wente but ten alwey/andȝ they fledde/Al this batailke salve sir Boȝs de ganys andȝ his thre felalwes / andȝ thenne they salve wel hit was the same knyghte that justedȝ with hem at the brydge/thenne they took their horses andȝ rode vnto syr Tristram andȝ praysedȝ hym andȝ thanked hym of his goodȝ dedes/andȝ they alle desyredȝ syre Tristram to goo with hem to their lodgynge/ andȝ he saidȝ nay/he woldȝ not go to no lodgynge/Thenne they alle four knyghtes praidȝ hym to telle hem his name/Faire lordes saidȝ syr Tristram/as at this tyme I wille not telle you my name/¶ Capitulum xxiiij/

THēne sir Tristram & sir Dynadan rode forth theire weye tyll they came to the shepherdes & to the herde men/& the-

re they asked hem yf they knelve or y lodgynge or herbewugh there nygh hand/ ¶ Forsothe sys sayde the herdmen/here by is good lodgynge in a castel/But there is suche a customme that there shalle no knyghte be herbewed but yf he juste with two knyghtes / and yf he be but one knyghte / he must juste with two / And as ye be therin soone shalle ye be matched/ There is shrewde herbewe saidy syr Dynadan/lodge where ye will/for I wille not lodge there/ Fy for shame saydy sir Tristram are ye not a knyghte of the table wundy/ wherfore ye may not with your worship refuse your lodgynge/Not soo saidy the herd men/for and ye be beten/ and haue the wers ye shalle not be lodged there/and yf ye bete them ye shalle be wel herbewed/ I saidy syr Dynadan they are two sure knyghtes/ Thenne sire Dynadan wold not lodge there in no maner/but as sire Tristram requyred hym of his knyghode/ and so they rode thyder/and to make shorte tale syr Tristram and sir Dynadan smote hem doune bothe/and soo they entred in to the castel and had good chere/as they coude thynke or deuyse / And whanne they were harmed and thought to be mery and in good rest/ there came in at the yates syre Palomydes and syre Gaherys requyrynge to haue the customme of the castel/ what aray is this said sire Dynadan/I wold haue my rest/that may not be said sir Tristram / Now must we nedes defende the customme of this castel/in soo moche as we haue the better of the lordes of this castel / and therfore saide sire Tristram / nedes muste ye make you redy/ In the deuyls name said sir Dynadan came I in to your company/ and so they made them redy And sir Gaherys encountred with sire Tristram/and syr Gaherys had a falle/and sir Palamydes encountred with sir Dynadan/and sir Dynadan had a falle/ thenne was hit fall for falle/Soo thenne muste they fyghte on foote / that wold not syr Dynadan / for he was so sore brysed of the falle that syre Palomydes gaf hym/Thenne sir Tristram vnlaced syre Dynadans helme/and praid hym to helpe hym/I wille not sayde syr Dynadan for I am sore wounded of the thyrtty knyghtes that we hadde but late agoo to doo with alle ¶ But ye fare said sire Dynadan vnto syr Tristram as a madde man and as a man yf is oute of his mynde yf wold cast hym self awey

and I may curse the tyme that euer I salve you/ For in al the worlde are not two suche knyghtes that ben so Wode as is sire launcelot and ye syr Tristram/ for ones I felle in the felauship of syr launcelot as I haue done nolde with you and he set me a werke that a quarter of a yere I kepte my bedde/ Jhesu defende me said syr Dynadan from suche two knyghtes/ and specialle from your felauship/ Thenne said syre Tristram I will fyghte with hem both/ Thenne syr Tristram badde hem come forth both/ for I wille fyghte with you/ thenne syr Palomydes and syr Gaherys dressid them/ and smote at hem bothe/ thenne Dynadan smote at syr Gaherys a stroke or two / and torned from hym/ nay said sir Palomydes/ it is to moche shame for vs two knyghtes to fyghte with one/ And thenne he dyd byd syr Gaherys stande a syde with that knyght that hath no lyste to fyghte/ Thenne they rode to gyders and fought longe/ and atte last syr Tristram doubled his strokes/ and drofe syre Palomydes a bak/ more than thre strydes/ And thenne by one assente syre Gaherys and syr Dynadan wente betwixe them/ and departed them in sonder / And thenne by assent of syr Tristram they wold haue lodged to gyders / But syre Dynadan wolde not lodge in that castel/ And thenne he cursed the tyme that euer he came in their feaushyp / and soo he took his hors / and his harneis/ and departed/ thenne sir Tristram prayd the lordes of that castel to lene hym a man to bringe hym to a lodgynge/ and soo they dyd/ and ouertoke sir Dynadan/ and rode to their lodgynge two myle thens with a goode man in a pryory/ and there they were wel at ease/ And that same nyght sir Bors and sire Bleoberys and sir Ector and syre Dryaunt/ abode stylle in the same place there as sire Tristram fouzt with the thyrtty knyghtes/ and there they mette with syr Launcelot the same nyght/ and had made promyse to lodge with syr Colgreuaunce the same nyght/

Capitulum xxb

But anone as the noble knyghte syr launcelot herde of the shelde of Cornelwayle thenne wyst he wel that hyt

was sire Tristram that fought with his enemyes/ And thenne syr Launcelot prayed syr Tristram/and called hym the man of moost worshyp in the worlde/ ¶ Soo there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Pellinore / and he desyred to wete the name of sire Tristram/but in no wyse he coude not/and so syr Tristram departed and lefte sir Dynadan in the pryory/for he was soo wery and soo sore brysed that he myghte not ryde / Thenne this knyght syr Pellinore saide to sire Dynadan/sy/ they that ye wille not telle me that knyghtes name I will ryde after hym/and make hym to telle me his name/or he shalle dye therfore/Belyve sir knyght said sir Dynadan/for and ye folowe hym/ye shalle repente hit/ Soo that knyghte sire Pelli/ nore rode after sire Tristram and requyred hym of Justes /thē/ ne si. Tristram smote hym doune and wounded hym thoruz the sholder/and soo he past on his way/ And on the nexte day folowyng syr Tristram mette with pursyuaūts/ and they told hym that there was made a grete crye of turnement betwene kynge Carados of scotlande and the kynge of Northwalys/& eyther sholde Juste ageyne other at the castel of maydens/ and these pursyuaūtes sought alle the cōutrey after the good knyz/ tes /and in especyal kynge Carados lete make sekynge for sir Launcelot du lake/and the kyng of Northgalys lete seke af/ ter sir Tristram de lyonas/ ¶ And at that tyme syr Tristram thought to be at that Justes / and soo by aduenture they mette with sire kay the seneschal and syr Sagramor le desyrus/and syr kay requyred sir Tristram to Juste/and sire Tristram in a maner refused hym/by cause he wold not be hurte nor brysed ageynste the grete Justes that shold be bifore the castel of maydens/and therfore he thought to repose hym and to reste hym/ And alway sir kay cryed sir knyzt of Cornelwaile Juste with me/or elles yelde the to me as recreaunte/when sir Tristram herd hym saye soo /he torned to hym / and thenne sire kay refused hym and torned his bak/Thenne syr Tristram saide as I fynde the/I shalle take the/ Thenne sire kay torned with euyll wylle/and syre Tristram smote syr kay doune/and soo he rode forthe/ ¶ Thenne syre Sagramor le desyrus rode after syre Tristram / and maade hym to Juste with hym/and thenne syre Tristram smote doune syre Sagramor le desyrus from his hors

and wode his way/and the same day he mette with a damoysel that wold hym that he sholde wynne grete worship of a knyzt aduentuwus that dyde mocke harme in alle that countrey/

¶ Whanne sir Tristram herde her say soo/he was glade to goo with her to wynne worship/ So sire Tristram wode with that damoysel a vj myle/and thenne mette hym syre Galvayne/and there with alle syre Galvayne knewe the damoysel / that she was a damoysel of Quene Morgan le fay/Thenne sir Galvayne vnderstode that she lade that knyght to somme meschyef/ Faire knyght said sire Galvayne whyder ryde you nolw with that damoysel / Syr said sire Tristram I wote not whyder I shalle ryde/but as the damoysel wylle lede me/Syr saide syre Galvayne ye shalle not ryde with her/for she and her lady did neuer good but ylle / And thenne sir Galvayne pulled oute his swerd/and said/damoysel/but yf thou telle me anon/for what what cause thou ledest this knyzt with the thou shalt dye for hit ryght anone/I knowe alle your ladyes treason/& yours/Mercy syre Galvayne she said / and yf ye wille saue my lyf/I wille telle you/Saye on said sir Galvayne/and tholw shalte haue thy lyf / Syre she said Quene Morgan le fay my lady hath ordeyned a xxx ladyes to seke & aspye after sir launcelot or sir tristram/& by ꝑ trainys of these ladyes who ꝑ may fyrst mete ony of these tlwo knyghtes they sholde torne hem vnto Morgan le fays castel/sayenge that they sholde doo dedes of worship/& yf ony of tho two knyztes cam there/ there be xxx knyghtes lyenge and watchynge in a toure to wayte vpon sir launcelot or vpon syre tristram/Fy for shame said sire Galvayne that euer suche fals treason sholde be wrought or vsed in a quene and a kynges syster/and a kynge and quenes dough ter

¶ Capitulum xxbj

SYr said sire Galvayne wille ye stande with me / and we wille see the malyx of these thyrtty knyghtes/ syr said sir tristram goo ye to hem/and hit please you/and ye shal see I wille not fayle you/for hit is not long a go syn I and a felawe mette with thyrtty knyztes of that quenes felauship

And god spede vs soo that we may wynne worshyp/So thē ne sir Galvayne and sire tristram rode towardy the castel where Morgan le fay was/and euer sir Gawayne demed wel that he was sire tristram de lyones by cause he herdy that two kn ygh̄tes had slayne and keleny thyrtty knygh̄tes/And whanne they came afore the castel sir Galvayn spak on hyghe/and sa id Quene Morgan le fay sende oute youre knygh̄tes/ that ye haue leydy in a watche for sir laūcelot & for sir tristram / Nowe said sir Galvayne I knowe your fals treasony/ and thorou all places where that I ryde men shall knowe of your fals trea son/and now lete see sir Galvayn/whether ye dare come out of your castel ye thyrtty knygh̄tes/thenne the quene spak and al the thyrtty knygh̄tes atōnes/and said/sir Galvayne ful wel weteste thou what thou dost and saist / For by gody we knowe the passynge wel/But alle that thou spekest/and dost/thow saist hit vpon pryde of that goody knygh̄te that is there with the/For there be somme of vs that knowen full wel the han dres of that knygh̄t ouer alle wel/And wete thou wel sir ga wayne / hit is more for his sake than for thyn that we wylle not come oute of this castel / For wete ye wel sir Galvayne the knygh̄t that berith the armes of Cornewaile / we knowe hym/and what he is/thenne sir Galvayne and sir tristram de parteny and rode ony their wayes a day or two to gyders / and there by aduenture they met with syr Kay and syr Sagramor le desyrus/And thenne they were glad of syr gawayne/and he of them/but they wiste not what he was with the shelde of Cornewaile/but by demynge/And thus they rode to gyders a daye or two/And thenne they were ware of syr Breuse saū ce pyte chacynge a lady for to haue slayne her/for he had slayn her paramour afore/ Hold you all stylle said syr Galvayne & shelde none of you forthe/and ye shalle see me reward yonder fals knyght/for and he aspye you he is so wel horsedy that he wille escape awey/And thenne syre Galvayne rode betwix syr Breuse and the lady/and said fals knygh̄te leue her/and ha ue ado with me/when syr Breuse salde no moo but syre ga wayne he feutryd his spere/and syr Galvayne ageynst hym/and there syr Breuse ouerthwelde syr Galvayne/and thenne he rode ouer hym/& ouerthwart hym twenty tymes to haue destroyed

hym/ and whan sire Tristram salue hym doo soo sylaynous a
de de/ he hurledy oute ageynste hym/ And whan syr Bruse sa;
ue hym with the shelde of Cornewaike / he knelue hym well/
that it was syre Tristram/ and thenne he fledde/ and sir Tris;
tram folowedy after hym/ and syr Bruse saunce pyte was so
horsedy that he wente his waye quyte/ and sir Tristram folowed
hym longe/ for he woldy fayne haue ben auengyd vpon hym /
And soo whanne he hadde longe chacedy hym / he salue a fayre
welle/ and thyder he wde to repose hym/ and tyedy his hors til
a tree/

Capitulum xbñ

And thenne he pulledy of his helme and wasshedy his
vysage/ and his handes/ and soo he felle on slepe /
In the meane whyle came a damoysel that had so ;
ught sir tristram many wayes and dayes within this landy /
And whanne she came to the welle she loked vpon hym/ & hady
forgetey hym as in remembraunce of sire Tristram/ but by hys
hors she knelue hym/ that hyghte passe Brewel/ that had ben
sire Tristrams hors many yeres/ For whanne he was mad in
the forest/ syr Fergus kepte hym/ Soo this lady dame Brans;
gwayne abode stylle tyl he was awake/ Soo whanne she salue
hym wake/ she salewedy hym/ and he her ageyn/ for eyther kn;
elue other of oldy acqueyntaunce/ thenne she woldy hym how she
hady sought hym longe and brode/ and there she woldy hym how
she hadde letters from quene La beale Isoudy / Thenne anoy sire
Tristram redde them/ and wete ye Well/ he was gladde/ for the;
ryn was many a pyteous complaynte / Thenne sir Tristram sa
idy/ lady Brangwayne ye shalle ryde with me tyl that turne
ment be done at the castel of maydens / And thenne shalle ye
bere letters and tydynges with you/ And thenne sire tristram
took his hors and sought lodgynge / and there he mette with
a goody auncyent knyght and praydy hym to lodge with hym
Ryzt so came Gonernaile Bnto sir Tristram / that was glady
of that lady/ Soo this oldy knyghtes name was sir Pellolby;
nus/ and he woldy of the grete turnement that sholdy be att the
Castel of mâydens/ And there sir launcelot and yyyñ knyzhes

of his bloody hnd ordeyned shelde of Cornewaile/and ryght soo there came one vnto syr Pellounes/ and told hym that sir Persydes de bloyse was come home / thenne that knyght helde vp his handes and thanked god of his comynge|home / and there sir Pellounes told syr Tristram that in two yere he had not sene his sone syr Persydes/Syr said sir Tristram I knowe wel your sone wel ynough for a good knyght/ soo on a tyme syr Tristram and syr Persydes came to their lodgynge both at ones/ and soo they vnarmed hem/and putte vpon hem their clothynge/ And thenne these two knyghtes eche welcomed other/ And whanne syr Persydes vnderstode that sir Tristram was of Cornewaile/he said he was ones in Cornewaile/and there I justed afore kynge Marke/ And soo it happed me at that tyme/to ouerthrowe ten knyghtes / and thenne came to me syre Tristram de lyones and ouerthrewe me/and took my lady awey from me/and that shalle I neuer forgete / but I shalle remembre me and euer I see my tyme/ A said sir trystram now I vnderstande that ye hate syr Tristram/what deme ye/wene ye that sir Tristram is not able to withstande your mayne/yes said sir Persydes I knowe wel that sir Tristram is a noble knyght and a moche better knyght than I/ yet shalle I not owe hym my goode wille/ ¶ Right as they stode thus talkynge at a bay wyndowe of that castel / they salwe many knyghtes rydynge to and fro towardy the turnement / And thenne was sire Tristram ware of a lykely knyght rydyng vp on a grete blacke hors/and a blacke couerd shelde/what knyght is that said sire Tristram with the blacke hors & the blak shelde he semeth a good knyght/ I knowe hym wel said sir Persydes he is one of the best knyghtes of the worlde / thenne is it syre Launcelot said sir Tristram/nay said syre Persydes/hit is syr Palomydes/that is yet vncrystened /

¶ Capitulum xxviij

Thenne they salwe moche people of the countrey saluwe sire Palomydes/And within a whyle after/ there cam a squyer of the castel / that told syre Pellounes that was lorde of that castel/that a knyght with a blak shelde had

ſmyten doune thyrten knyghtes/ Fayr broder ſaidy ſir Triſtramm vnto ſyr Perſydes/lete vs aſte vpon vs clokes/ andy lete hs goo ſee the play/Not ſoo ſaidy ſir Perſydes/ we wille not goo lyke knaues thyder / but we wille ryde lyke men andy goody knyghtes to withſtande oure enemyes/ Soo they armedy them andy took their horſes andy grete ſperes/andy thydre they went there as many knyghtes aſſayedy hem ſelf before the turnement And anone ſir Palomydes ſalue ſir Perſydes/andy thenne he ſente a ſquyer vnto hym andy ſaidy/goo thou to the yonder knyght with the grene ſheldy andy therin a lyon of gooldis/and ſay hym I requyre hym to juſte with me/ andy telle hym that my name is ſire Palomydes/whanne ſir Perſydes vnderſtoody that requeſt of ſyre Palomydes/he made hym redy / andy there anone they mette to gyders/but ſyre Perſydes hady a falle Thenne ſyre Triſtram dreſſidy hym to be wreengydy vpon ſir palomydes/andy that ſalue ſyre Palomydes that was redy/andy ſoo was not ſire Triſtram andy took hym at auauntage / andy ſmote hym ouer his hors tayle whanne he had no ſpere in his reyſte/ Thenne ſtarte vp ſyre Triſtram andy took his hors lyghtely/andy was wrothe oute of meſure / andy ſore aſhamedy of that falle / Thenne ſire Triſtramy ſente vnto ſyr Palomydes hy Gouernaile and praydy hym to juſte with hym at his requeſte Nay ſaidy ſire Palomydes as att this tyme I wille not juſte with that knyght / for I knowe hym better than he weneth / And yf he be wrothe/he may ryghte it to morne att the caſtel of maydens/where he maye ſee me andy many other knyghtes with that came ſyr Dynadan/andy whanne he ſalue ſire Triſtrā wrothe/he lyſt not to jape/ſo saydy ſir Dynadan/here may a mā preue/Be a man neuer ſoo goody yet maye he haue a falle / & he was neuer ſoo wyſe but he myght be ouerſene/and he rydeth wel that neuer fylle/Soo ſyre Triſtram was paſſynge wrothe andy saydy to ſyre Perſydes andy to ſyre Dynadan I wille re uenge me/Ryghte ſoo as they ſtood talkyng there/there came by ſir Triſtram a lykely knyght rydyng paſſynge ſoberly and hevyly with a blak ſhelde/what knyght is that ſaid ſir Triſtram vnto ſyr Perſydes/ I knowe hym well ſaidy ſir Perſydes/for his name is ſire Bryaunt of Northwalys/ſoo he paſte oy amonge other knyghtes of Northwalys / Andy there came

in syre launcelot du lake with a shelde of the armes of Cor=
newaile/and he sente a squyer vnto syr Bryaunt/and requy=
red hym to juste with hym/wel said syr Bryannt/sythen I
am requyred to juste/I wille doo what I may / and there
syre launcelot smote donne syr Bryaunt from his hors a gre=
te falle/ And thenne syr Tristram merueiled what knyght he
was that bare the shelde of Cornelwaile/what so euer he be sa=
id syr Dynadan I warante you he is of Kynge Bannys
kloody/the whiche ben knyghtes of the moost noble prolwesse /
in the world for to accompte soo many for soo many / Thenne
there came two knyztes of Northgales/that one hyghte Helue
de la montayne/and the other syr Madok de la montayne / &
they chalengyd sire launcelot foote hote / Syr Launcelot not
refusyng hem but made hym redy/with one spere he smote hem
doune bothe ouer their hors croupes/ and soo sir launcelot rode
his way/By the goody lordy saidy sire Tristram he is a goody
knyght that kepeth the shelde of Cornelwaile/ and me semeth he
rydeth in the best maner that euer I salwe knyghte ryde/Then=
ne the kynge of Northgalys rode vnto syre Palomydes / and
praidy hym hertely for his sake to juste with that knyght that
hath done vs of Northgalys despyte / Syr said sir Palomydes
I am ful lothe to haue adoo with that knyght/and cause why
is/for as to morne the grete turnement shalle be/ And therfor
I Wille kepe my self fresshe by my wille/Nay saidy the kynge
of Northgalys I pray you requyre hym of justes/ syre saydy
syr palomydes I wille juste at your request/and requyre that
knyght to juste with me/and oftyn I haue sene a many haue
a falle at his owne request

Capitulum xix

Thenne sir palomydes sente vnto sir launcelot a squyer
and requyredy hym of justes/ Fair felawe seidy sir la=
uncelot/ telle me thy lordes name/Syre said the squyer my lor
des name is syr Palomydes the goody knyght/In goody hou=
re saidy sir launcelot /for there is no knyght that I salwe thys
seuen yeres that I shdy leuer adoo with all than with hym /

And so eyther knyghtes made hem redy with two grete speres
Nay saidy syr Dynadan ye shalle see that sir Palomydes will
quyte hym ryght wel/hit may be soo saidy sir Tristram/ but I
Undertake that knyght with the sheldy of Cornewayle shal gy
ue hym a falle/I bileue hit not saidy sir Dynadan/ Ryght so
they spoord their horses/and feutrydy their speres / andy eyther
hytte other /andy syr palomydes brake a spere vpon sire launce
lot/ andy he sat and meued not/but sir Launcelot smote hym so
lyghtly that he made his hors to auoyde the sadel/andy the stro
ke brake his shelde andy the hauberke/and had he not falleny/he
hady be slayne/holde nolde said sir Tristram/ I wiste wel by the
maner of their rydyng bothe that sire Palomydes sholdy haue
a falle/Ryght so sir launcelot rode his way andy rode to a well
to drynke andy to repose hym/and they of Northgalys aspyedy
hym whyther he rode/ andy thenne there folowedy hym twelue
knyghtes for to haue meschwuedy hym/ for this cause that vp
ony the morne at the turnement of the castel of maydens that he
sholdy not wynne the victory/ Soo they came vpon sir launce
lot sodenly andy vnnethe he myght putte vpon hym his helme /
and take his hors but they were in handes with hym/& then
ne sir launcelot gat his spere andy rode thorou them/and there
he slewe a knyght and brake his spere in his body/ Thenne he
drewe his swerd and smote vpon the ryght hand and vpon the
lyfte handy soo that within a selue strokes he hady slayne o
ther thre knyghtes/andy the remenaunt that abode he wounded
hem sore alle that dydy abyde/ Thus syr launcelot escaped from
his enemyes of Northwalys/and thenne sir launcelot rode his
way tyl a frende & lodged hym tyl ony the morne/for he wold
not the fyrste daye haue ado in the turnement by cause of his
grete labour/And ony the fyrst day he was with kyng Arthur
there as he was set on hyghe vpon a schaffold to discerne who
was best worthy of his dedes/So sir launcelot was with kyng
Arthur/andy Justedy not the fyrst daye /

Capitulum xxxv

Now torne we vnto sir Tristram de lyones that comma;
unded Gouernaile his seruaunt to ordeyne hym a blak
sheldy with none other remembraunce therin/

And soo syr Persydes and syr Tristram departed from their hooste syr Pellounes / and they rode erly towardes the turnement/and thenne they dreIbe hem to kynge Carados syde of Scotlandy / and anone knyztes beganne the felde Ibhat of kynge Northgalys party/and Ibhat of kynge Carados party/ & thew began grete party/Thenne there Ibas hurlyng and rasshynge/Ryght soo came in syr Persydes and sire Tristram/and soo they dyd fare that they put the kyng of Northgalys abak Thenne came in syre Bleoberys de ganys and syre Galerys Ibith them of Northaglys/and thenne Ibas sir Persydes smyten doune/and alle mooste slayne / For moo than yl horsmen Iwente ouer hym/For syr Bleoberys dyd grete dedes of armes and syre Galerys fayledy hym not/Ibhynne sire Tristram byheldy them/and salde hem doo suche dedes of armes/he meruey=ledy Ibhat they Iwere/Also sir Tristram thought shame that sir Persydes Ibas soo done to / and thenne he gat a grete spere in his handy/and thenne he rode to sire Galerys and smote hym doune from his hors/And thenne Ibas sire Bleoberys Ibroth and gate a spere and rode ageynst sir Tristram in grete yre/ & there syre Tristram mette Ibith hym/ and smote sir Bleoberys from his hors/Soo thenne the kynge Ibith the honderd knyghtes Ibas Ibrothe/and he horsedy sire Bleoberys and sir galerys ageyne/and there beganne a grete medle/and euer sir tristram helpy them passynge shorte/ and euer sir Bleoberys Ibas passynge hey Bpon syre Tristram/and there came sir Dynadan a geynst syre Tristram/and sire Tristram gaf hym suche a buffet that he swounedy in his sadel/ Thenne anone sir Dynadan cam to sire Tristram / and saidy syr I knolde the better than tholde Ibeneste / But here I promyse the my trouthe I Ibille neuer come ayenst the more/for I promyse the that Iwerdy of thyn shal neuer come on myn helme/Ibith that came sir Bleoberys/and syr Tristram gaf hym suche a buffet that doune he leyd his hede/ and thenne he raught hym so sore by the helme/that he puledy hym Bnder his hors feet/ And thenne kyng Arthur bleIbe to lodgynge/Thenne syre Tristram departedy to his pauelione/ and sire Dynadan rode Ibith hym/and sire Persydes & kyng Arthur thenne and the kynges Bpon bothe partyes merueylled Ibhat knyght that Ibas Ibith the blak shelde/ Many said their

aduyse/and some knelde hym for syre Tristram/and helde their pees and wolde nought say/Soo that fyrste day kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and lordes that were juges gaf sir Tristram the pryce/how be hit they knelde hym not but named hym the knyght with the black shelde

Capitulum xxxvi

Thenne vpon the morne sire Palomydes retorned from the kynge of Northgalys/and rode to kyng Arthurs syde where was kynge Carados and the kynge of Irlande/ & syr launcelots kynne and sir Galvayns kynne/So sire palomydes sente the damoysel vnto sire Tristram that he sente to seke hym whanne he was oute of his mynde in the forest/and thys damoysel asked sire Tristram / what he was/ and what was his name/ As for that saide sir Tristram telle sir Palomydes ye shalle not wete as at this tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken two speres vpon hym/But lete hym wete thus moche said sir Tristram/ that I am the same knyghte that he smote doune in ouer euenyng at the turnement & telle hym playnly/ on what party that syre Palomydes be/I wille be of the contrary parte Syre saide the damoysel ye shalle vnderstande that sir Palomydes wille be on kyng Arthurs syde/where the moost noble knyghtes of the worlde ben/In the name of gode saide sir Tristram/thenne wille I be with the kynge of Northgalys by cause syr Palomydes wille be on kynge Arthurs syde / and els I wolde not but for his sake/ Soo whanne kynge Arthur was come they kelde vnto the felde / and thenne there began a grete party/and soo kynge Carados justed with the kynge of the honderde knyghtes / and there kynge Carados hadde a falle/thenne was there hurlynge and rasshynge/and ryght so cam in knyghtes of kynge Arthurs/and they kare on kast the kynge of Northgalys knyghtes/ Thenne sir Tristram came in and began so roughly and soo bygly that there was none myght withstande hym/and thus sire Tristram dured longe / And at the last syr Trystram felle amonge the felauship of kynge Ban/and there felle vpon hym syr Bors de ganys/ and syr Ector de marys/and sire Blamor de ganys/ & many

other knyghtes/ And thenne sir Tristram smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand that alle lordes and ladyes spak of his noble dedes / But at the last syre Tristram sholde haue sene the werse/sene not the kynge with the honderd knyghtes ben / And thenne he came with his felauship and rescolved sir Tristram/and brought hym awey from tho knyghtes that kepte the sheldes of Cornewaile / and thenne sir Tristram salve another felauship by them self / and there were al knyghtes to gyder/and sir Kay the Seneschal was there gouernour/Thenne sire Tristram rode in amongest them / and there he smote doune syr Kay from his hors/and there he fared among tho knyghtes lyke a grey hound among conyes/Thenne sawe launcelot fond a knyght that was sore wounded vpon the hede/Sir said sir launcelot who wounded you so sore/ Sire he said a knyght that berith a blacke shelde/ and I maye curse the tyme that euer I mette with hym for he is a deuyl and no man Soo sire launcelot departed fro hym/& thought to mete with sir Tristram/and soo he rode with his swerd drawen in his hand to seke sir Tristram/and thenne he aspyed hym how he hurled here and there/and at euery stroke syr Tristram wel nygh smote doune a knyght/O mercy Ihesu said the kynge syth the tyme I kawe armes salve I neuer no knyght do so merueillous dedes of armes/And yf I shold sette vpon this knyght said sir launcelot to hym self I dyd shame to my self/& there with al sir launcelot put vp his swerd/And thēne the kyng with the C knyztes/and an honderd more of Northwalys set vpon the twenty of sir launcelots kyn/and they xx knyztes held them euer to gyder/as wylde swyne and none wold faile other/& so whan sir Tristram behelde the noblesse of these xx knyghtes / he merueiled of their good dedes/ for he sawe by their face and by theil rule that they had leuer dye than auoyde the felde / ¶ Now Ihesu saide syre Tristram wel maye he be Valyaunte and ful of prowesse that hath suche a sorte of noble knyghtes vnto his kynne/ and ful lyke is he to be a noble man that is their leder and gouernour/ he mente hit by sir launcelot du Lake/ ¶ Soo whanne syre Tristram had be holden them long/he thouzt shame to see/ñ/ C knyztes batteryng

vpon tlventy knyghtes/ ¶ Thenne sire Tristram wode vnto the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ and said syre leue youre fyghtynge with tho tlventy knyghtes/for ye wynne no worshyp of them/ye be soo many/and they soo felde/ And wete ye well they wille not oute of the felde I see by their chere and countenaunce/and worshyp gete ye none and ye slee them/ therfore leue your fyghtynge with them/ for I to encreace my worshyp/I wyll ryde to the tlventy knyghtes and helpe them with al my myghte and polver/ ¶ Nay said the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ye shall not do so/ Nolv I see youre courage and curtosy/ I wille withdralve my knyghtes for your pleasyr/ for euermore a good knyght wylle fauoure another/and lyke wille dralve to lyke/

¶ Capitulum xxxij

Thenne the kyng with the honderd knyghtes withdrelve his knyghtes/ And al this whyle and long tofore syr launcelot had watched vpon syr Tristram with a very purpos to haue felaushiped With hym/ And thenne sodenly syr Tristram/syr Dynadan/and Gouernaile his man rode their waye in to the forest that no man perceyued where they wente/ Soo thenne kynge Arthur bleve vnto lodgynge/ and gaf the kynge of Northgalys the pryce by cause syr Tristram was vpon his syde/ Thenne syr launcelot rode here and there so wood as lyon that fauted his fylle by cause he had lost syr Tristram/and soo he retorned vnto kynge Arthur/and thenne in alle the felde was a noyse that with the wynde hit myght be herd tlvo myle thens/how the lordes and ladyes cryed the knyght with the blak shelde hath wonne the felde

¶ Allas said kynge Arthur where is that knyght become/hit is shame to alle tho in the felde so to lete hym escape alvey from you/ but with gentylnes and curtosy ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to the castel of maydens

¶ Thenne the noble kynge Arthur wente vnto his knyghtes and comforted them in the best wyse that he coude / and sayd/ my fayre felalves be not dysmayed / how be hit ye haue lost

the felde this daye and many were hurte and sore wounded / and many were hole/ ¶ My felawes said kynge Arthur loke that ye be of good cher / for to morne I wille be in the feld with you and wuenge you of youre enemyes ¶ Soo that nyght kynge Arthur and his knyghtes reposed them self/ ¶ The damoysel that came from la Beale Isoud vnto syr Tristram aske the whyle the turnement was a doynge she was with Quene Gueneuer/and euer the Quene asked her for what cause she came in to that Countrey ¶ Madame she answerd I come for none other cause but from my lady la Beale Isoud to wete of your welfare/ For in no wyse she wold not telle the Quene that she came for syr Tristrams sake/ Soo this lady dame Brangwayne took her leue of Quene Gueneuer/and she rode after syr Tristram / And as she rode thurgh the forest she herd a grete crye / thenne she commaunded her squyer to goo in to that forest to wete what was that noyse/and soo he came to a welle and there he fond a knyght bounden tyl a tree cryeng as he had ben wode and his hors and his harneis standynge by hym / And whan he aspyed the squyer/ther with he abraid/and brake hym self los and took his swerd in his hand/and ranne to haue slayne that squyer/Thenne he took his hors and fledde alle that euer he myght vnto dame Brangwayne/ and told her of his aduenture/Thenne she rode vnto syr Tristrams pauelione / and told sire Tristram what aduenture she had fond in the forest / Allas said syr Tristram vpon my hede there is somme good knyght at meschief/Thenne sire Tristram tooke his hors and his swerd/and rode thyder/there he herd how the knyght complayned vnto hym self and sayd/ O woful knyght syre palomydes what mysauenture befalleth me/that thus am defoiled with falshede and treason thorou syre Bors and syre Ector / Allas he sayde why lyue I soo longe/ And thenne he gat his swerd in his handes/ and maade many straunge sygnes and tokens/and soo thorou his ragynge he threwe his swerd in to that fontayne ¶ Thenne sir Palomydes wayled and wrange his handes/ And at the laste for pure sorow he ranne in to that Fontayne ouer his hely / and soughte after

his swerdy/ Thenne sir Tristram salve that and ranne vpon syr Palomydes/ andy helde hym in his armes fast/ What arte thou saidy Palomydes that holdeth me soo/ I am a man of this fo= rest that woldy the none harme/ Allas saidy sire Palomydes I maye neuer wynne worshipp where syr Tristram is / For euer where he is/ andy I be there thenne gete I no worshipp / Andy yf he be alwey/ for the mooste party I haue the gree / onles that sir Launcelot be there or syr Lamorak/ Thenne sire Palomydes saidy ones in Irlandy syr Tristram putte me to the werse/ and another tyme in Cornewaile andy in other places in this landy What woldy ye do said syre Tristram & ye hady sir Tristram/ I woldy fyghte with hym saidy sir Palomydes andy ease my hert vpon hym/ andy yet to saye the sothe syre Tristram is the gen= telyste knyght in this worldy lyuynge/ What wil ye doo sayd sir Tristram wille ye goo with me to youre lodgynge/ Nay sayde he I wille goo to the kynge with the honderdy knyghtes / for he rescowedy me from sire Bors de ganys/ andy sir Ector/ & els hady I ben slayne traiwourly / Syre Tristram saidy hym suche kynde wordes that syre Palomydes wente with hym to his lod gynge/ Thenne Gouernaile wente to fore/ andy chargedy dame Brangwayn to goo oute of the way to her lodgynge/ and byd ye syre Perseydes that he make hym no quarels/ Andy so they rode to gyders tyl they came to sire Tristrams pauelione/ andy there syre Palomydes fyndy alle the chere that myght be fyndy alle that nyghte/ But in no wyse sire Palomydes myzt not knowe what was syr Tristram/ andy soo after souper they yede to reste Andy syr Tristram for grete trauaile slepte tylle it was daye / Andy syr Palomydes myghte not slepe for anguyssshe/ andy in the daunynge of the daye he woke his hors pryuely/ andy rode his waye vnto syr Gaherys andy vnto syr Sagramour le desy= rus/ where they were in their pauelions/ for they thre were fe= lawes at the begynnynge of the turnement/ Andy thenne vp= on the morne the kynge bleue vnto the turnement vpon the thyrde daye/

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij/

SCo the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes they two encountred with kyng Carados and with the kynge of Irland / and there the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Carados/ and the kynge of Northgalys smote doune the kynge of Irland/With that came in syr Palomydes/and whan he cam he made grete werke / for by his endented shelde he was well knowen/Soo came in kynge Arthur/and dyd grete dedes of armes to gyders/and putte the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes to the werse/With this came in syr Tristram with his black shelde/ And anone he Justed with syre palomydes/and there by fyne force syr Tristram smote syre palomydes ouer his hors croupe/Thenne kynge Arthur cryed Knyght with the black shelde make the redy to me/ and in the same wyse sir Tristram smote kynge Arthur/And thenne by force of kyng Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and sir palomydes were horsed ageyne/Thenne kyng Arthur with a grete egre herte he gate a spere in his hand/and therupon the one syde he smote syr Tristram ouer his hors/Thenne foote hote syr Palomydes cam vpon sir Tristram as he was vpon foot to haue ouer ryden hym/Thenne sir Tristram was ware of hym / & there he stouped a syde/ and with grete yre he gate hym by the arme/and pulled hym doune from his hors/Thenne syre palomydes lyghtely arose/and thenne they dassshed to gyder myghtely with their swerdes/and many kynges / Quenes and lordes stode and beheld them/And at the laste syre Tristram smote syre palomydes vpon the helme thre myghty strokes/and at euery stroke that he gaf hym he said haue this for syre Tristrams sake/With that syre Palomydes felle to the erthe grouelynge/Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / & brought syre Tristram an hors/and soo was he horsed ageyn Wy thenne was syr Palomydes horsed / and with grete yre he Justed vpon syr Tristram with his spere as hit was in the reyste and gaf hym a grete dasshe with his swerd/

¶ Thenne sir Tristram auoyded his spere/ and gate hym by the neck with his bothe handes/and pulled hym clene oute of his sadel/and soo he bare hym afore hym the lengthe of ten speres /& thenne in the presence of hem al he lete hym falle at his

aduenture/Thenne sire Tristram was wayf of kynge Arthur/ with a nakedy swerdy in his handy/andy with his spere sir Tris tram vanne vpony kynge Arthur / andy thenne kynge Arthur boldely abode hym andy with his swerd he smote atwo his spe re/andy there with alle syre Tristram stonyedy/ andy soo kynge Arthur gaf hym thre or four grete strokes or he myzt gete out his swerdy/andy at the last sir Tristram drelve his swerdy and assailedy other passynge hardy/with that the grete prees depar tedy/thenne sir Tristram rode here andy there andy dydy his gre te payne that yj of the goody knyghtes of the blood of kynge Ban that was of sire launcelots kyn/that daye syre Tristram smote doune/that alle the estates merueilledy of his grete dedes andy alle cryedy vpony the knyght with the black sheldy

Capitulum xxxviij

Thenne this crye was soo large/that sir launcelot herd it/Andy thenne he gate a grete spere in his handy/andy came towardes the crye/Thenne sir launcelot cryed/ the knyght with the blak shelde make the redy to juste with me / Whanne sire Tristram herdy hym say so he gate his spere in his handy/andy eyther abeyshed doun their hedes/andy came to gy= der as thonder/andy sire Tristrams spere brake in pyeces/andy syr launcelot by male fortune stroke sir Tristram on the syde a dep woundy nyghe to the dethe/But yet syr Tristram auoyded not his sadel/andy soo the spere brak/there with all sir tristram that was woundedy gate oute his swerdy/andy he rasshedy to sir launcelot/andy gaf hym thre grete strokes vpon the helme that the fyre sprange there oute/andy sir launcelot abeyshedy his he= de loldely towardy his sadel bolve/Andy there with alle sir tris tram departedy from the felde/ for he felte hym soo woũded that he wende he sholdy haue dyedy/ andy sir Dynadan aspyedy hym andy folowedy hym in to the forest/Thenne sir launcelot abode & dydy many merueyllous dedes / Soo whan sire Tristram was departedy by the forestes syde/he alyght & vnlacedy his harneis and fresshed his woũd/thẽne wende sir Dynadan that he sholdy

haue dyed/ Nay nay saide sire Tristram/ Dynadan/ neuer dede the/ for I am hete hole/ & of this wounde I shal soone be hole by the mercy of god/ ¶ By that sir Dynadan was ware where came palomydes rydynge strygte vpon them / And thenne syre Tristram was ware that syre Palomydes came to haue destroyed hym /and so syre Dynadan gaf hym warnyng and saide sire Tristram my lord ye are soo sore wounded that ye may not haue adoo with hym / therfore I wille ryde ageynst hym and doo to hym what I maye/ And yf I be slayne ye maye praye for my soule and in the meane whyle ye maye withdrawe you and goo in to the castel/ or in the forste that he shalle not mete with you/ ¶ Syre Tristram smyled and said I thanke you syre Dynadan of your good wylle/ but ye shalle wete that I am able to handle hym/ And thenne anone hastely he armed hym and took his hors/ and a grete spere in his hand and said to syre Dynadan Adieu / & rode forward syre Palamydes a softe paas

¶ Thenne whanne sire Palomydes sawe that/ he made counte naunce to amende his hors / but he dyd hit for this cause/ For he abode sire Gaherys that came after hym/ ¶ And whanne he was come he rode forward syre Tristram / ¶ Thenne syre Tristram sente vnto syr palomydes and requyred hym to juste with hym/ And yf he smote doune sir Palomydes/ he wold doo no more to hym/ And yf it so happend that sire Palomydes smote doune syr Tristram he bade hym do his vttermaunce/ So they were accorded/ thenne they mette to gyders/ and syre Tristram smote doune sir palomydes / that he had a greuous falle / soo that he laye stylle as he hade ben dede/ And thenne sire Trystram ranne vpon syr Gaherys/ and he wold not haue jusied But whether he wolde or not syre Tristram smote hym ouer his hors croupe that he laye stylle as though he had ben dede / And thenne syr Tristram rode his waye and lefte syre Persydes squyer within the pauelions / and syre Tristram and syre Dynadan rode to an old knyghtes place to lodge them/ And that olde knyght had fyue sones at the turnement/ for whome he prayed god hertely for their comyng home/ ¶ And so as the frenssh book saith they cam home al/ & wel keten / And whan syr Tristram departed in to the forest syr lañcelot held alwey

the stoure lyke hardy as a man auagedy that wolk no hede to hym self/ andy wete ye wel there was many a noble knyghte ageynst hym/ Andy whanne kyng Arthur salbe sir Launcelot doo soo merueyllous dedes of armes/ he thenne armedy hym/ & took his hors andy his armour/ andy rode in to the felde to helpe syr launcelot/ andy so many knyghtes came in with kyng Arthur/ and to make short tale in conclusion the kyng of Northgalys/ andy the kynge of the honderdy knyghtes were putte to the wers/ andy by cause syre launcelot abode andy was the last in the feldy/ the pryce was yuen hym/ But sir Launcelot wolde neyther for kyngy/ Quene ne knyghte haue the pryce/ but whe re the crye was cryedy thorugh the felde/ syr launcelot sir launcelot hath wonne the felde this day / syre Launcelot lete make ony other crye contrary syr Tristram hath wonne the feldy / for he beganne fyrst andy last he hath enduredy/ andy soo hath he done the fyrst day/ the secondy andy the thyrdy day/

Capitulum xxxv

Thenne alle the estates andy degrees hyle andy lolde saydy of syr launcelot grete worshyp/ for the honour that he dydy vnto syr Tristram/ andy for that honour doyng to sir Tristram he was at that tyme more preysedy andy renownedy than andy he hady ouerthrowen v C knyghtes/ andy alle the peple holy for this gentylnes/ fyrst the estates bothe hyle andy lolde / andy after the comynalte cryedy at ones syre Launcelot hath wonne the felde who soo euer saye nay / Thenne was syre Launcelot wroth andy asshamedy/ andy soo there with alle he rode to kynge Arthur / Allas saidy the kynge we are alle dysmayedy that syr Tristram is thus departedy from vs / By godys saidy kynge Arthur he is one of the noblest knyghtes that euer I salue holdy spere or swerdy in handy/ andy the moost aurteyst knyght in his fyghtyng/ for ful hardy I sawe hym sayd kyng Arthur whanne he smote syr Palomydes vpon the helme thryes/ that he aslasshedy his helme with his strokes/ andy also he saidy/ here is a stroke for syr Tristram/ andy thus thryes he saydy/ Thenne kynge Arthur/ syr launcelot/ andy sire Dodynas le sauage wolde their horses to seke sir Tristram/ andy by the menes

of syr Perſydes/he hadȝ told kyng Arthur where syr Triſtram was in his pauelione/ but whanne they came there/syr Triſtram and sir Dynadan were gone/ thenne kynge Arthur andȝ syr launcelot were hevy / andȝ retornedȝ ageyne to the caſtel of maydens makyng grete dole for the hurte of syre Tryſtram/& his ſodeyne departynge/Soo godȝ me helpe ſaidȝ kyng Arthur I am more hevy that I can not mete with hym/thenne for al the hurtes that alle my knyghtes haue hadȝ at the turnement Rycht soo came sir Galerys andȝ told kynge Arthur how syr Triſtram hadȝ ſmyten doune syr Palomydes/andȝ it was atte syr Palomydes owne requeſt/ Alas ſaid Kyngȝ Arthur that was grete diſhonoure to syre Palomydes in as mocke as syre Triſtram was ſore woundedȝ / and now may we alle kynges and knyȝtes and menȝ of worſhip ſaye that syre Triſtram may be calledȝ a noble knyght and one of the beſt Knyghtes that euer I ſalve the dayes of my lyf/For I wille that ye al kynges andȝ Knyghtes knowe ſaid Kynge Arthur that I neuer ſalve Knyghte doo ſo merueylkouſly as he hath done theſe thre dayes/for he was the firſt that began and that lengeſt,held on ſauf this laſt day/ Andȝ though he was hurte it was a manly aduenture of two noble Knyghtes/andȝ whan two noble menȝ encountre nedes muſt the one haue the werſe lyke as godȝ wil ſuffre at that tyme/¶ As for me ſaid sir launcelot for alle the landes that euer my fader lefte me I wold not haue hurte sir Triſtram and I hadȝ knowenȝ hym at that tyme/that I hurt hym was for I ſalve not his ſheldȝ/For and I hadȝ ſene his blacke ſheldȝ / I woldȝ not haue medledȝ with hym for many cauſes/for late he dydȝ as mocke for me as euer dydȝ Knyght andȝ that is wel knowenȝ that he had adoo with thyrtty Knyȝtes/and no helpe ſaue syr Dynadan / Andȝ one thynge ſhalle I promyſe ſaid syr launcelot/syr Palomydes ſhalle repente it as in his vnkyndely delynge for to folowe that noble knyght that I by myſhap hurtedȝ thus / Syr launcelot ſaydȝ alle the worſhip that myght be ſaid by sir Triſtram/ Thenne kyng Arthur made a grete feeſt to alle that wold come / And thus we lete paſſe Kynge Arthur/andȝ a lytyl we wille torne vnto sir Palomydes that after he hadȝ a falle of sire Triſtram / he was nygh hand aragedȝ oute of his wyt for deſpyte of sir Triſtram

And̄ soo he followed hym by aduenture/ And̄ as he came by a ryuer in his woodenes /he wold haue made his hors to haue lepte ouer/ and̄ the hors fayled footynge/ and̄ felle in the Ryuer/ wherfore syre palomydes was adrad lest he shold haue ben drouned̄ / and̄ thenne he auoyded his hors/ and̄ swamme to the land̄/ and̄ lete his hors goo doune by aduenture/

Capitulum xxxvi. /

And̄ whanne he came to the land̄ he took of his harneis / and̄ satte worynge and̄ cryenge as a man oute of his mynde/ Ryght so came a damoysel euen by syr Palomydes that was sente fro syr Galwayne and̄ his broder vnto sir mordred̄ that lay seke in the same place with that old̄ knyzt where syr Tristram was/ For as the Frensshe book saith syr Persydes hurte soo syr Mordred̄ a ten dayes afore/ and̄ had̄ not ben for the loue of sir Galwayne and̄ his broder/ syr Persydes had̄ slayne sir Mordred̄ /and̄ soo this damoysel came by sir palomydes/ and̄ she and̄ he had langage to gyder/ the whiche pleasyd̄ neyther of them/ and̄ soo the damoysel rode her Wayes tyll she came to the old̄ knyghtes place / & there she fond̄ that old̄ knyght hold she mette with the woodest knyght by aduenture that euer she mette with all/ what haue he in his sheld̄ said sir Tristram / hit was endented̄ with white and̄ black saide the damoysel/ A said̄ sir Tristram that was sir palomydes/ the good̄ knyght/ For wel I knowe hym said̄ sir Tristram for one of the best knyghtes lyuynge in this realme/ Thenne that old̄ knyght took a lytel hackney and̄ rode for syre palomydes/ and brought hym vnto his owne manoyr/ and̄ ful wel knewe sire Tristram syr Palomydes/ but he said̄ but lytel/ for at that tyme syr Tristram was walkyng vpon his feet/ and̄ wel amended̄ of his hurtes / and̄ alweyes whan sire Palomydes salue syr Tristram /he wold̄ behold̄ hym ful merueillously / And̄ euer hym semed̄ that he hadde sene hym / Thenne wold̄ he saye vnto syre Dynadan and̄ euer I may mete with syre Tristram he shal not escape myn handes/ I merueile said̄ sir Dynadan yf

ye booste behynde syr Tristram/for it is but late that he was in youre handes / and ye in his handes/ why wolde ye not holde hym whanne ye hadde hym/for I salve my self twyes or thryes that ye gat but lytel worshyp of sir Tristram/ thenne was syr Palomydes asshamed/ Soo leue we them a lytyl whyle in the olde castel/with the old knyght sir Darras/ ¶ Now shalle we speke of Kynge Arthur/that saide to sir Launcelot had not ye ben/we hade not lost syre Tristram/for he was here dayly vn to the tyme ye mette with hym / and in an euylle tyme sayde Arthur ye encountred with hym/My lorde Arthur said Launcelot ye putte vpon me that I sholde ben cause of his departycyon/gode knowith hit was ageynste my wille / But whan men ben hote in dedes of armes ofte they hurte their frendes as wel as their foes/ And my lorde said sir launcelot ye shal vnderstande that sir Tristram is a man that I am loth to offende for he hath done for me more than euer I dyd for hym as yet/ But thenne sir Launcelot made bringe forth a booke and thēne sir launcelot saide/here we are ten Knyghtes that wil swere vpon a booke neuer to reste one nyght where we rest another this twelue moneth vn tyl that we fynde syr Tristram/ And as for me saide syre Launcelot I promyse you vpon this booke that and I may mete with hym/outher with fayrenes or foulnesse I shalle bringe hym to this courte / or elis I shalle dye therfore/And the names of these ten knyghtes that hadde vndertake this queste were these folowynge/Fyrst was sir Launcelot/syr Ector de Marys/syr Bors de ganys and Bleoberis and syre Blamor de ganys/and Lucan the botteler/ syr Wlbayne/syr Galyhud/Lyonel and Galyodyn/Soo these ye noble knyghtes departed from the courte of kynge Arthur/and soo they rode vpon their queste to gyders vntyl they came to a crosse where departed four wayes/ and there departed the felaushyp in four to seke syr Tristram / And as syr launcelot rode by aduenture he mette with dame Brangwayn that was sent in to that countrey to seke sir Tristram/ and she fledy as faste as her palfrey myght goo / Soo sire Launcelot mette with her and asked her why she flede/ ¶ A fayre knyghte saide dame Brangwayne I flee for drede of my lyf/for here folowith me syr Breuse sauns pyte to slee me / Holde you nyghe me sayde

ſir launcelot/ Thenne whanne ſire Launcelot ſalue ſir Breuſe ſaunce pyte/ſyr launcelot cryedy vnto hym/and ſaidy/falſe knyght deſtroyer of ladyes andy damoyſels / nowe thy laſt dayes be come/Whanne ſire Breuſe ſaunce pyte ſalue ſire launcelots ſhely he knewe hit wel/for at that tyme he bare not the armes of Cornewaile/but he bare his owne ſhelde / Andy thenne ſyre Breuſe fledy/andy ſyr Triſtram folowedy after hym/ But ſir Breuſe was ſoo wel horſed that whan hym lyſt to flee he myght wel flee/andy alſo abyde whan hym lyſt/
Andy thenne ſire launcelot retornedy vnto dame Brangwayne andy ſhe thankedy hym of his grete labour/

Capitulum xxxvij

NOw wille we ſpeke of/ſir Ewayn the butteler that by fortune he came rydyng to the ſame place there as was ſyr Triſtram/andy in he came in none other entente / but to aſke herbewe / thenne the porter aſked what was his name/Telle your lordy that my name is ſyr Ewayn the botteler a knyghte of the round table/ Soo the porter wente vnto ſyre Darras lordy of the place/andy toldy hym who was there to aſke herbrouz/Nay nay ſeidy ſyr Daname that was neuelye to ſyr Darras/ſaye hym that he ſhalle not be lodgedy here / But lete hym wete that I ſyr Daname wyll mete with hym anoy andy bydde hym make hym redy/So ſire Daname came forth oy horſback/andy there they mette to ryders with ſperes/and ſir Ewayn ſmote doune ſyr Daname ouer his hors croupe/and thenne he fledde in to that place/andy ſir Ewayn rode after hym/ & aſked after hym many tymes/Thenne ſyr dynadayn ſaid to ſire Triſtram hit is ſhame to ſee the lordes coſyn of this place deſoiledy/Abyde ſaid ſir Triſtram andy I ſhalle redreſſe it/andy in the meane whyle ſyr Dynadayn was oy horſback andy he Juſtid with Ewayn ꝑ botteler/& ther ſir Ewayn ſmote dynadā thurz the thyeke of the thyghe/andy ſoo he rode his way/andy ſire triſtram was wrothe that ſir Dynadayn was hurte/ & folowedy after andy thought to auenge hym/andy withm a whyle he ouertoke ſir Ewayn/andy badde hym turne/andy ſoo they mette to ryders ſoo that ſire Triſtram hurt ſir Ewayn paſſynge ſore/ andy

gaf hym a falle/With that came sire Owayne a gentyl knyzt And whanne he salwe sire Euan soo hurte/he calledy syre tris; tram to Juste with hym/Faire knyght saidy sire Tristram telle me your name I requyre you/Syre knyghte wete ye wel my name is syre Owayne le fyse de roy Oweyne/A saide sire Tris tram by my wille I woldy not haue adoo with you at no ty; me/ye shalle not soo saidy sir Owayne but ye shalle haue adoo with me/ Andy thenne sire Tristram salwe none other boote but wode ageynst hym andy onerthwelwe syr Owayn and hurte hym in the syde/andy soo he departedy vnto his lodgynge ageyne/ Andy whanne sire Dynadan vnderstood that syr Tristram had hurte sir Euan / he woldy haue ryden after syr Euan for to haue slayne hym/but sir Tristram woldy not suffre hym/

¶Thenne syr Owayne lete ordeyne an hors lytter/ andy brow; ught sir Euan to the abbey of Ganys/andy the castel there by hyght the castel of Ganys/ of the whiche syr Bleoberys was lordy/Andy at that Castel sire launcelot promysedy alle his fe; lawes to mete in the queste of syr Tristram/ Soo whan sir tris tram was come to his lodgyng/ther came a damoisel ꝑ told sir Darras that thre of his sones were slayne at that turnement andy two greuously woũdedy that they were neuer lyke to hel pe them self/Andy alle this was done by a noble knyghte that bare the black shelde/ andy that was he that bare the pryce /

¶Thenne came there one andy toldy syr Darras that the same knyght was within hym that bare the black sheldy/ Thenne sir Darras yede vnto sir Tristrams chamber/and there he fond his sheldy and shewedy it to the damoysel/A syr saidy the damoysel that same is he/that slewe your thre sones / Thenne without ony taryenge sir Darras putte syre Tristram andy syre Palo; mydes andy syr Dynadan within a strong pryson/and there sir Tristram was lyke to haue dyedy of grete sekenesse / and euer; ry day syr Palomydes woldy wpreue sir Tristram of old hate ketwixe them/And euer sir Tristram spak fayre andy saidy ly; tel/But whan sir Palomydes salwe the fallynge of sekenesse of sir Tristram thenne was he heuy for hym / andy comfortedy hym in alle the best wyse he coude/ Andy as the Frenshe booke saith there came fourty knyghtes to sire Darras / that were of his owne kyn/andy they wold haue slayne sire Tristram and

his two felawes / but sire Dawas wold not suffre that but kepte them in pryson/and mete and drynke they had/So sire Tristram endured their grete payne/for sekenesse had vndertake hym/and that is the grettest payne a prysoner maye haue For alle the whyle a prysoner may haue his helthe of body/he maye endure vnder the mercy of god and in hope of good de lyueraunce/But whanne sekenes wercketh a prysoners bo / thenne may a prysoner say al welthe is hym bereafte/ and thenne he hath cause to waple and to wepe/Ryght so dyd syre Tristram whanne sekenes had vndertake hym/ for thenne he woke sucke sorow that he had almost slayne hym self

¶ Capitulum xxxbiij

NOw wille we speke and leue sir Tristram/syre Palamydes/& syr Dynadan in pryson/and speke we of o; ther knyghtes that soughte after syre Tristram many dyuerse partyes of this land/and some yede in to Cornewaile/and by aduenture syr Galerys neuelye vnto kyng Arthur came vnto Kynge Mark/and there he was wel receyued/and satte atte kynge Marks owne table & ete of his owne messe/¶ Thenne kynge Mark asked sir Galerys what tydynges there were in the royalme of Logrys/Syre said syr Galerys the kyng reg neth as a noble knyght/and now but late there was a grete Justes and turnement as euer I salve ony in the realme of Logrys/and the moost noble knyghtes were at that Justes / But there was one knyght that dyd merueylously thre da ; yes/and he bare a black shelde/and of alle knyghtes that e ; uer I salve he preued the best knyght/thenne said Kyng mark that was syre launcelot or syre palomydes the paynym/ Not soo said syr Galerys/for bothe syre launcelot and sire Palomydes were on the contrary party ageynst the Knyght with the blak shelde/thenne was it sir Tristram said the kyng/ye said sir Ga lerys And there with all the Kyng smote doun his hede/& in his herte he ferde sore that syre Tristram shold gete hym suche worship in the Royame of Logrys/where thorou that he hym self shold not be able to withstande hym/ Thus syre Galerys

shdy grete chere with kynge Marke / andy with quene la Beale Isoud the whiche was glade of syr Galerys wordes / For wel she wist by his dedes andy maners / that it was syr Trist ram / Andy thenne the kynge made a feest Royal / andy to that feest came sir Owayne le fyse de roy Ureyne / andy somme callid hym Owayne le blaunche maynys / And this syr Owayn chalengedy alle the knyghtes of Cornewaile / Thenne was the kyng wood wroth that he shdy no knyghtes to answer hym / Thenne sire Andredy neuewe vnto kynge Mark lepte vp and saidy I wille encountre with syr Owayne / Thenne he yede and armed hym andy horsedy hym in the best maner / Andy there syr Owayne mette with syre Andredy andy smote hym doune that he swounedy on the erthe / Thenne was kynge Marke sory andy wrothe oute of mesure that he shdy no knyghte to wruenge his neuewe sir Andredy / Soo the kynge calledy vnto hym syr Dynas the seneschal / andy praidy hym for his sake to take vpon hym to juste with sir Owayne / Syr said syr Dynas I am full lothe to shaue adoo with ony knyght of the round table / yet saidy the kyng for my loue take vpon the to juste / Soo syr Dynas made hym redy / and anone they encountred to gyders with grete speres / but sire Dynas was ouerthrowen hors andy man a grete falle / Who was wrothe but kynge Marke / Allas he saidy haue I no knyght that wille encountre with yonder knyghte Syr said sir Galerys for your sake I wille juste / So sir Galerys made hym redy / and whanne he was armed he rode in to the felde / Andy whanne sir Owayne salve syr Galeryses shild he rode to hym andy said / sir ye doo not youre parte / For sire the fyrst tyme ye were made Knyght of the round table ye swore that ye sholdy not haue a do with your felauship wetyngly And pardy sir Galerys ye knowe me wel ynouz by my shelde & so do I knowe you by your shildy / andy thouz ye wold breke your othe / I wold not breke myn / for there is not one here nor ye that shalle thynke I am aferd of yow / but I durst ryght wel haue adoo with you / andy yet we be sister sones / Thenne was sir Galerys asshamedy / andy soo there with alle euery knyght went their way / and sir Owayne rode in to the countrey / Thenne kyng mark armedy hym and woke his hors andy his spere with a squyer with hym / And thenne he rode afore sir

Wlvayne/and ſodenly at a gap he ranne vpon hym as he that was not ware of hym/and there he ſmote hym al moſt thurgh the body/and there lefte hym/So within a whyle there cam ſir Kay/and fonde ſir Wlvayne / and aſked hym how he was hurte/I wote not ſaid ſir Wlvayne why nor wherfore/ but by treaſon I am ſure I gat this hurte/for here came a knyghte ſodenly vpon me or that I was ware/and ſodenly hurte me / ¶Thenne there was come ſyre Andred to ſeke kynge Marke ¶Thou traytour knyght ſaid ſir kay / and I wiſte it were thou that thus traitourly haſt hurte this noble knyghte/thou ſholdeſt neuer paſſe my handes/ Syre ſaide ſir Andred I dyd neuer hurte hym/and that I wylle reporte me to hym ſelf / Fy on you fals knyghtes ſaid ſyr kay/ for ye of Cornewaile ar nought worthe/ Soo ſyr kay made cary ſyr Wlvayne to the abbay of the blacke Croſſe/and there he was helyd/ And thenne ſyr Galerys took his leue of kynge Mark/But or he departed he ſayd / ſyre kynge ye dyd a foule ſhame vnto you & your Courte whan ye banny ſſhed ſir Triſtram out of this cōtrey/for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght and he had ben here/and ſoo he departed

¶Capitulum xxxix

¶Thenne there came ſyre kay the Seneſchal vnto kynge Marke/and there he hadde good chere ſhelvyng outeward / Nowe fayre lordes ſaid he wille ye preue ony aduenture in the foreſt of Morris in the whiche I knowe wel is as hardy an aduenture as I knowe ony/Syr ſaid ſir kay/ I wille preue hit/And ſir Galeryſe ſaid he wold be auyſed For kynge Mark was euer ful of treaſon/and there with al ſyr Galeryſe departed and rode his waye / And by the ſame waye that ſyre Kay ſholde ryde / he kepte hym doune to weſte chargynge his ſquyer to wayte vpon ſir kay / and warne me whanne he cometh/Soo within a whyle ſir kay came rydynge that way/and thenne ſir Galeryſe woke his hors and met hym and ſayd ſire kay ye are not wyſe to ryde at the requeſt of kynge Mark for he deleth alle with treaſon/ Thenne ſaid ſire kay I requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture/I ſhal not fayle

you saidy sir Gaherys/andy soo they wde that tyme tyl a lake/
that was that tyme calledy the perylous lake/Andy there they
abode vnder the shalwe of the wood/ ¶ The meane whyle kyng
Marke within the castel of Tyntagyl auoydedy alle his barōs
& alle other sauf suche as Were pryny with hym/were auoydedy
oute of his chamber/ Andy thenne he lete calle his neuelwe sir
Andredy/andy badde arme hym andy horse hym lyghtely/ & by
that tyme it was mydnyght/ And soo kynge Marke was ar-
medy in blak hors andy alle/ andy soo att a pryuy posterne they
twoo yssuedy oute with their Varlets with them/andy wde tylle
they came to that lake/Thenne sir Kay aspyedy them fyrst and
gat his spere/andy profewedy to juste/ Andy kynge Mark wde
ageynst hym/andy smote eche other ful hardy/ for the mone sho
ne as the bryght day/Andy there at that justes sir Kayes hors
fylle doune/for his hors was not so bygge as the kynges hors
and sir kayes hors brysedy hym ful sore/ Thenne sire Gaherys
was wrothe that sir kay hady a falle/Thenne he cryedy knyght
sytte thou fast in thy sadel/for I wille wuenge my felawe/
Thenne kynge Marke was aferd of syr Gaherys/andy so with
euyl wylle kynge Marke rode ageynst hym/andy sir Gaherys
gaf hym suche a strooke that he felle doun/ So thenne forth with
alle syr Gaheryse ranne vnto syr Andredy andy smote hym from
his hors quyte that his helme smote in the erthe/andy nyghe had
broken his neck/ Andy there with alle syr Gaherys alyghte and
gate vp sir Kay/Andy thenne they yode bothe on foote to them/
andy badde them yelde them / andy telle theire names other they
shold dye/Thenne with grete payne sire Andredy spak fyrst &
saidy hit is kynge Marke of Cornewaile / therfore be ye ware
what ye do/and I am sir Andredy his cosyn/ Fy on you bothe
said sir Gaheryse for a fals traitour/and fals treasony hast thou
wrouzt/and he both vnder the fayned chere that ye made vs / it
were pyte said sir Gaherys that thou sholdest lyue ony lenger/
Saue my lyf said kynge Marke and I wil make amendys &
conseyder that I am a kynge anoyntedy/it were the more shame
me saidy sir Gaherys to saue thy lyf/thou arte a kynge enoyn-
ted with creme / and therfore thou sholdest holde with alle men
of worship/And therfor thou arte worthy to dye /
With that he lasshed at kyng Mark without sayeng ony more &

couerd hym with his shelde and defended hym as he myghte/ and thenne sir kay lasshed at sir Andred/ and there with all kynge Marke yelded hym vnto syr Galerys/ And thenne he kneled adoune/and made his othe vpon the crosse of the suerd that neuer whyle he lyued he wolde be ageynst arraunt knyghtes/ And also he shulde to be goode Frende vnto sir Tristram/ yf euer he came in to Cornelwaile/ By thenne sir Andred was on the erthe/and sir Kay wolde haue slayne hym/lete he said sir Galerys/slee hym not I pray you/ It were pyte said syre Kay that he sholde lyue ony lenger/for this is nygh cosyn vnto syr Tristram/and euer he hath ben a traytour vnto hym/ & by hym he was exyled oute of Cornelwaile/and therfor I will slee hym sayde sir Kay/ye shalle not said sir Galerys sythen I haue gyuen the kynge his lyf/I pray you yeue hym his lyf/ And there with alle sir Kay lete hym goo/ And soo sir Kay and syre Galerys rode their way vnto Dynas the Seneschal for by cause they herde say that he louede wel sir Tristram/ Soo they reposed them there/and soone after they rode vnto the wyamme of Logrys/ And soo within a lytel whyle they mette with sire Launcelot that alweyes had dame Bragwayn with hym/to that entente/he wende to haue mette the sooner with sir Tristram/and syr launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornewaile/and whether they herd of sir Tristram or not/Syr Kay and sir Galerys answerde and said that they herde not of hym Thenne they tolde sir launcelot worde by worde of their aduenture/Thenne syr launcelot smyled and said/hard hit is to take oute of the flesshe that is bredy in the bone/ and soo maade hem merry to gyders

Capitulum xl

NOw leue we of this tale/and speke we of syr dynas that hady within the castel a peramour/ and she louede another knyghte better than hym/ And so vpanne syr Dynas wente oute on huntynge/she slypped doune by a tuell/ And took with her two brachets/and soo she yede to the knyghte that she louede/and he her ageyne/ And vpanne sir

Dynas come home/and myst his peramour and his brachets thenne was he the more wrother for his Brachets than for the lady/Soo thenne he rode after the knyght that hadd his peramour and badde hym torne and juste/So syr Dynas smote hym doune that with the falle he brake his legge and his arme/ And thenne his lady and peramour cryed sire Dynas mercy/and said she wold loue hym better than euer she dyd/ Nay said sir Dynas I shalle neuer truste them that ones betrayed me/and therfor as ye haue begonne so ende/ for I wyll neuer medle with you/And so sir Dynas departed and toke his brachets with hym/and soo rode to his castel/Now wil we torne vnto sir launcelot that was ryght hevy that he coude neuer here no tydynges of sir Tristram/for al this whyle he was in prysoy with sir Darras/Palomydes/& Dynadan / Thenne dame Brangwayne took her leue to goo in to Cornewaile and syr launcelot/syr kay/& syr Gaherys rode to seke sir Tristram in the countrey of Surleuse/ Now speketh this tale of sir tristram and of his two felawes/for euery daye syre Palomydes brauled and sayd langage ageynst syr Tristram/ I merueyle said sir Dynadan of the syr Palomydes/and thou hadest syre Tristram here/thou woldest do hym no harme/ For and a wolf and a shepe were to gyders in a prysoy / the wolf wold suffre the sheep to be in pees/ and wete thou wel said sire Dynadan this same is sire Tristram at a word/and now maist thou do thy best with hym/ & lete see now yf ye can skyfte it with your handes/thenne was sire Palomydes abasshed and said lytyl/ syr Palomydes thenne said syr Tristram / I haue herd mocke of your maugre ageynst me/but I wille not medle with you as at this tyme by my wille/ by cause I drede the lordy of this place that hath vs in gouernaunce/for and I dredde hym not more than I doo the/ soone hit shold be skyfte/soo they pacyfyed them self/Ryght soo came in a damoysel and said knyghtes be of good chere for ye are sure of your lyues/and that I herd say my lord syre Darras/Thenne were they gladde alle thre / For dayly they wende they shold haue dyed/ ¶ Thenne soone after this syr Tristram fylle seke that he wende to haue dyed/ thenne syr Dynadan wepte/ and soo dyd sire Palomydes vnder them bothe making grete sorou/ ¶ Soo a damoysel

came in to them and fonde them mornynge / Thenne she went vnto sire Darras / and tolde hym how that myghty knyghte that hatte the black shelde was lykely to dye / That shalle not be sayd sir Darras / for god defende whanne knyghtes come to me for socour that I sholde suffre hem to dye within my pryson / Therfor saide sir Darras to the damoysel / fetche that knyzt and his felalwes afore me / And thenne anone sir Darras sawe sir Tristram brought afore hym / he saide sire knyghte me repenteth of thy sekenesse / for thou arte called a ful noble knyght / and soo hit semeth by the / And wete ye wel it shall neuer be said that syr Darras shalle destroye suche a noble knyght as thou arte in pryson / how be hit / that thou hast slayn / iij of my sones / where by I was grete ly agreued / But nowe shalt thou goo and thy felalwes / and youre harneis & horses haue ben fayre and clene kepte / and ye shall goo where hit lyketh you vpon this couenaunt / that thou knyght wilt promyse me to be good frende to my sones two that ben nowe on lyue / and also that thou telle me thy name / Syr saide he as for me my name is sir Tristram de Lyones / and in Cornewaile was I borne and neuewe I am vnto kynge Marke / And as for the deth of your sones I myght not doo with alle / For and they hadde ben the nexte kyn yf I haue / I myzt haue done none other wyse / And yf I hadde slayne hem by treason or trechery I hadde ben worthy to haue dyed / Alle this I conseyder said syr Darras / that alle that ye dyde was by force of knyghthode / and that was the cause I wolde not putte you to deth / But sythe ye be syr Tristram the good knyght I pray you hertely to be my good frend and to my sones / Syr said sire Tristram I promyse yowe by the feithe of my body euer whyle I lyue I wille do yowe seruyse / for ye haue done to vs but as a naturel knyghte ought to doo / Thenne sir Tristram reposed hym there tyl that he was amended of his sekenesse / And whanne he was bygge and stronge / they took their leue / and euery knyght took their horses and soo departed and rode to gyders tyl they came to a crosse way / Nowe felalwes saide syr Tristram here wylle we departe in sondry wayes / and by cause sire Dynadan hadde the fyrste aduenture of hym I wille begynne

¶ Capitulum xlij

SOo as sir Dynadan rode by a welke / he fond a lady makyng grete dole/what eyleth you said sir Dynadan Syre knyght said the lady I am the wofullest lady of the worldy/for within these fyue dayes/here came a knyght called sir Breuse sance pyte/and he slewe myn owne broder/ And euer syns he hath kepte me at his owne will/and of al men in the worldy I hate hym moost/And therfor I requyre you of knyghtode to auenge me/for he wille not tary but he here anone/Lete hym come said sire Dynadan/ And by cause of honour of alle wymmen I wylle doo my parte/ With this cam syr Breuse/And whan he sawe a knyght with his lady / he was wood wrothe / And thenne he said sir knyght kepe the from me/soo they hurled to gyder as thonder/ and eyther smote other passynge sore/ But syre Dynadan putte hym thurgh the sholder a greuous wounde/ and or euer sir Dynadan myght torne hym syr Breuse was gone and fledde/ Thenne the lady prayd hym to bringe her to a Castel there beside but fo ur myle thens/ and soo sir Dynadan brought her there / & she was welcome/for the lord of that castel was her Vnkel / and soo syre Dynadan rode his way vpon his aduenture/Nolw torne we vbe this tale Vnto syre Tristram that by aduenture he cam to a castel to aske lodgynge/ wherin was quene Morgan le fay/ & soo whan sire Tristram was lete in to that castel / he had goode chere alle that nyght/And vpon the morne whan he wold ha ue departed/the Quene said/ wete ye wel ye shalle not departe lyghtely/for ye are here as a prysoner/ Jhesu defende said syr Tristram/for I was but late a prysoner/ Fayr knyght sayd the quene ye shalle abyde with me tyl that I wete what ye ar and from whens ye come/And euer the Quene wold set syr Tristram on her owne syde/and her paramour on the other syde/ And euer Quene Morgan wold beholde syr Tristram / & wher at the knyght was Jalous/ and was in wille sodenly to haue ronne vpon syr Tristram with a swerd/but he lefte it for shame/thēne the quene said to sir Tristram telle me thy name &

I ſhalle ſuffre you to departe whan ye wille/ vpon that couena-
unt I telle you my name is ſyr Triſtram de lyones/ A ſayd
Morgan le fay/ and I had wyſt that thou ſholdeſt not haue
departed ſoo ſoone as thou ſhalt/ But ſythen I haue maade a
promyſe/ I wille holde hyt/ with that thou wilt promyſe me to
bere vpon the a ſhelde that I ſhall delyuer the / vnto the caſ-
tel of the hardy woche where kynge Arthur hath cryed a grete
turnement/ and there I pray you that ye wille be/ and to doo
for me as moche dedes of armes as ye maye doo/ For att the
Caſtel of maydens ſyr Triſtram ye dyde merueillous dedes of
armes as euer I herd knyght doo/ Madame ſaid ſyr Triſtram
lete me ſee the ſhelde that I ſhalle bere/ Thenne the ſhelde was
brought forth/ and the feld was guldyſſh with a kynge and
a quene therin paynted/ and a knyght ſtandynge aboue them
vpon the kynges hede/ and the other vpon the quenes /
Madame ſaid ſir Triſtram this is a fayre ſhelde and a myghty
But what ſygnefyeth this kynge and this quene / and that
knyght ſtandynge vp bothe their hedes/ I ſhalle telle you ſaid
Morgan le fay hit ſygnefyeth kynge Arthur and quene gue-
neuer and a knyght that holdeth them both in bondage and in
ſeruage/ who is that knyght ſaid ſyre Triſtram / that ſhalle ye
not wete as at this tyme/ ſaid the quene/ but as the Frenſſhe
book ſaith Quene Morgan louedy ſir Launcelot beſt / and euer
ſhe deſyred hym/ and he wold neuer loue her/ nor doo no thyng
at her requeſt/ and therfore ſhe held many Knyghtes to gyder/
for to haue taken hym by ſtrengthe / And by cauſe ſhe demed
that ſyr Launcelot loued Quene Gueneuer peramour / and
ſhe hym ageyne/ therfore Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned that
ſhelde to put ſir launcelot to a rebuke to that entent that kyng
Arthur myght vnderſtande the loue bitwene them/ Thenne ſir
Triſtram took that ſhelde and promyſed her to bere hit atte tur-
nement at the caſtel of the hard roche/ But ſir Triſtram knewe
not that that ſhelde was ordeyned ageynſt ſyr launcelot / but
afterward he knewe hit

Capitulum xlij

So thenne sire Tristram took his leue of the Quene / and toke the fielde with hym/ Thenne came the knyght that helde Quene Morgan le fay / his name was syre Hymeson/and he made hym redy to folowe syre Tristram/fayr frende saide Morgan ryde not after that knyght / for ye shalle not wynne no worship of hym/ Fy on hym cowardy saide sire Hemyson/for I wyst neuer good knyghte come oute of Cornewaile/but yf hit were syr Tristram de Lyones / what & that he he saide she/ Nay nay saide he/he is with la beale Isoud and this is but a daffyssh knyght/ Alas my fair frende ye shalle fynde hym the best knyght that euer ye mette with alle/ For I knowe hym better than ye doo/for your sake saide sir Hemyson I shalle slee hym/ A fayr frende said the Quene me repenteth that ye wylle folowe that knyght / for I fere me sore of youre ageyne comynge/with this /this knyghte rode his waye wroth/and he rode after syr Tristram as fast as he hadde beyn chaced with knyghtes / Whanne sir Tristram herde a knyghte come after hym soo fast/he retorned about/and sawe a knyght comynge ageynst hym/ And whanne he came nyghe to sir Tristram/he cryed on hyghe syr knyght kepe the from me/ Thenne they rashed to gyders as hit hadde ben thonder/and sir Hemyson brysed his spere vpon syr Tristram/ but his harneis was soo goody that he myght not hurte hym / And syre Trystram smote hym harder and bare hym thorou the body / and fylle ouer his hors croupe/Thenne sire Tristram tornedy to haue done more with his swerdy/but he salbe soo mocke bloody go from hym that hym semedy he was lykely to deye/ And so he departedy from hym/and came to a fayre manoyre to an old knyght and there syre Tristram lodgedy

¶ Now leue to speke of sir Tristram / and speke we of the knyght that was woundedy to the dethe/thenne his varlet alyght and took of his helme/and thēne he asked his lord whether there were ony lyf in hym/there is in me lyf saide the knyghte but hit is but lytyl / and therfore lepe thou vp behynde me / whan thou hast holpen me vp / and holde me fast that I falle not/and bryngе me to Quene Morgan le fay/for dere drauȝtes of dethe drawen to my herte that I may not lyue / for I wold fayne speke with her or I dyedy/ For els my soule wyll

he in grete peryll and I dye/for with grete payne his Barlet brought hym to the Castel/and there syr Hemyson fylle doun dede/Whanne Morgan le fay salve hym dede/she made grete sorowe oute of reason/And thenne she lete despoylle hym vnto his shyrte/and soo she lete hym putte in to a tombe/ And aboute the tombe she lete wryte/Here lyeth syr Hemyson slayne by the handes of sire Tristram de lyones/¶ Nowe wyne we vnto syre Tristram that asked the knyght his hoost yf he salve lacke ony knyghtes aduenturous/Sir he saide the last nyght here lodged with me Ector de marys and a damoysel with hym/ and that damoysel tolde me that he was one of the best knyghtes of the worlde/that is not soo saide sir Tristram/for I knowe four better knyghtes of his owne blood/and the fyrst is syr launcelot du lake/calle hym the best knyght/and sir Bors de ganys Syr Bleoberys/syr Blamor de ganys and syr Galeris/nay saide his hoost/sir Galvayne is a better knyght than he/that is not soo saide syr Tristram/for I haue mette with hem bothe/ & I felte syr Galerys for the better knyght and sir Lamorak I calle hym as goode as ony of them/except sir launcelot / Why name ye not sir Tristram saide his hoost / for I accompte hym as goode as ony of them/I knowe not sire Tristram saide tristram/thus they talked and bourded as longe as them lyste/ and thenne went to reste/And on the morne sir Tristram departed and took his leue of his hoost / and rode towarde the woche deure/and none aduenture had sire Tristram but that/ & soo he rested not tyl he came to the castel where he salwe fyue Centys

¶Capitulum xliij

Thenne the kynge of Scotes and the kyng of Irland helde ageynst kynge Arthurs knyghtes/ and there began a grete medle/So came in syr Tristram and dyde merueillous dedes of armes/for there he smote doune many knyghtes/And euer he was afore kynge Arthur with that shelde / And whanne kynge Arthur salve that shelde/ he meruylled gretely in what entente hit was made/ but Quene Guenuer armed as it was wherfor she was heuy/Thēne was ther a da-

moysel of Quene Morgan in a chamber by kynge Arthur/ And whan she herd kynge Arthur speke of that shelde/thēne she spak openly vnto kynge Arthur/ syre kynge wete ye well this shelde was ordeyned for you to warne you of your shame and dishonour/and that longeth to you and your Quene/ And thenne anone that damoysel pyked her awey pryuely/ that no man wyst where she was become/ Thenne was kynge Arthur sadde and wrothe and asked from whens came that damoysel/ there was not one that knelde her/ nor wyste where she was become/Thenne Quene Gueneuer called to her sir Ector de marys/and there she made her complaynte to hym/ and said I wote wel this shelde was made by Morgan le fay/ in despyte of me and of sir Launcelot/ wherfore I drede me sore lest I shold be destroyed/ And euer the kynge bihelde syre Tristram that dyd soo merueillous dedes of armes that he wōdred sore what knyght he myght be/and wel he wyst hit was not syr launcelot/ And hit was told hym that syr Tristram was in petyte Bretayne with Isoud la blaunche maynys/ for he demyd and he had ben in the realme of Logrys/syr launcelot or somme of his felawes that were in the queste of syr Tristram that they shold haue fond hym or that tyme/So kyng Arthur had merueylle what knyght he myghte be/ And euer syr Arthurs eye was on that shelde/ Alle that aspyed the Quene/and that made her sore afered/Thenne euer syr Tristram smote doune knyghtes wonderly to beholde what vpon the ryght hand and vpon the lyfte hand that vnnethe no knyzt myght withstande hym/And the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irlande beganne to withdrawe hem/Whanne Arthur aspyed that/he thought that that knyght with the straunge shelde shold not escape hym/ Thenne he called vnto hym syre Owayn la blaunche maynys/and bad hym arme hym and make hym redy/Soo anone kynge Arthur and sir Owayne dressid them bifore sir Tristram and requyred hym to telle hem where he had that shelde/Syr he said I had it of Quene Morgan le fay sister vnto kynge Arthur

¶ Soo here endeth this history of this book/ for it is the firste book of sire Tristram de lyones/ and the second book of sir tristram folowyth

¶ Here begynneth the seconde book of sire Tristram/How syr Tristram smote doune kyng Arthur & sir Olwayne/by cause he wolde not telle hem wherfor that shelde was made/ But to say the sothe sire Tristram coude not telle the cause/ for he knewe it not

¶ The tenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

AND yf so be ye can descryue what ye here/ ye are worthy to here the armes/As for that said syr Tristram I wille ansuere you/this shelde was yeuen me/not desyred/ of quene Morgan le fay And as for me I can not descryue these armes for it is no poynt of my charge/and yet I truste to god to here with worship/Truly sayde kynge Arthur ye oughte not to here none armes/but yf ye wist what ye bare/But I pray you telle me youre name/to what entente saide syre Tristram/ for I wolde wete saide Arthur/Syre ye shalle not wete as at this tyme/thenne shalle ye and I doo bataille to gyders sayde kyng Arthur / why saide syre Tristram wylle ye doo bataille with me but yf I telle you my name/and that lytyl nedeth you and ye were a man of worshyp / for ye haue sene me thys day haue had grete trauaylle/And therfore ye are a vylayno⁊ us knyght to aske bataille of me consyderynge my grete tra⁊ uaylle/how be hit I wyl not fayle you/ and haue ye no doub te that I feare not you / though ye thynke ye haue me atte a grete auauntage / yet shalle I ryght wel endure you / And there with all kynge Arthur dressid his shelde and his spere and syre Tristram ageynst hym / and they came soo egerly to gyders/ And there kynge Arthur brake his spere all to pye⁊ ces vpon syr Tristrams shelde/ But sir Tristram hitte Arthur ageyne that hors and man felle to the erthe/ And there was kynge Arthur wounded on the lyfte syde a grete wounde and a perylous/Thenne whanne sir Olwayne salwe his lord Ar⁊ thur lye on the grounde sore wounded he was passynge hey⁊ And thenne he dressid his shelde and his spere/and cryed a

lode vnto syr Tristram and saidy knyght defende the/ So they came to gyder as thonder/ andy syr Owayne brysedy his spere/ alle to ppeces vpon syre Tristrams shelde / andy syre Tristram smote hym harder andy sorer with suche a myzt that he bare hym clene oute of his sadel to the erthe/ With that syr Tristram wo: ; nedy aboute andy saidy Fair knyghtes / I hady no nede to Juste with you/for I haue hady ynough to doo this daye/ Thenne a: ; wose Arthur/andy wente to syr Owayn andy said to sire Tru: ; tram we haue as we haue deserued/ For thurgh our orgulyte we demaundedy batailke of you/ andy yet we knewe not youre name / Neuertheles by seynt cwsse saidy syre Owayne he is a stwonge knyght at myn aduyse as ony is nowe lynyng/ Thenne sir Tristram departedy/ andy in euery place he askedy & demaundedy after sir Launcelot/but in no place he coude not he re of hym whether he were dede or on lyue/wherfor sir tristram made grete dole andy sorowe/Soo syr Tristram rode by a forest andy thēne was he ware of a fayre toure by a mareyse on that one syde/andy on that other syde a fayr medowe / Andy there he salwe ten knyghtes syghtynge to gyder/ Andy euer the newe he came / he salwe howe ther was but one knyght dydy batailke ageynst nyne knyghtes/andy that one dydy soo merueylously that syre Tristram hady grete wonder that euer one knyzt myz ght doo soo grete dedes of armes/ andy thennne withim a lytell whyle he hady slayne half their horses / andy vnhorsedy them / andy their horses ranne in the feldes andy foreste / Thenne syre Tristram hady soo grete pyte of that one knyght that endured soo grete payne/andy euer he thought hit sholdy be syr palomy ; des by his shelde/andy soo he rode vnto the knyghtes and cry ; edy vnto them/and bad them seace of their batailke/for they did them self grete shame soo many knyghtes to fyghte with one / Thenne answerdy the maister of tho knyghtes / his name was calledy Bruse saunce pyte that was after that tyme the mooste meschyeuous knyght lyuynge/and said thus/syr knyzt what haue ye ado with vs to medle/ Andy therfor andy ye be wyse/ departe on your way as ye can/for this knyghte shalle not es ; cape vs/that were pyte saidy syr Tristram that soo goody a kn ; ght as he is sholdy be slayne soo colwardly/ Andy therfore I warne you I will socoure hym with alle my puyssaunce

¶ Capitulum secūdum

So syre Tristram alyghte of his hors by cause they were on foote that they sholdy not slee his hors/ And thē ne dressid his sheldy with his swerd in his handy/ andy he smote on the ryght handy andy on the lyfte handy passyng sore that wel nygh at euery stroke he strake douy a knyght/And whenj they aspyedy his strokes/ they fled all With greuse saūce ynto vnto the toure/& sir Tristram followed fast after with his swerd in his handy / but they escaped in to the toure/andy shytte sire Tristram without the gate / ¶ Andy whanne sire Tristram salve this/he returned aback vnto syr Palomydes/and fond hym syttyng vnder a tree sore wounded/A faire knyght saide syre Tristram wel be ye fonde/Gramercy said sir palomydes of yo; ur grete goodenes /for ye haue rescowedy me of my lyf andy sauedy me from my dethe/what is your name saidy sir Tristram / he saidy my name is syr Palomydes/O Jhesu saidy syr Tristrā thou hast a fayre grace of me this daye / that J sholdy rescowe the/andy thou arte the manj in the worldy that J mooste hate / but now make the redy/for J will doo batailke with the/what is your name saydy palomydes/ my name is sir Tristram your mortal enemy /hit may be soo saidy sir palomydes/ But ye ha; ue done ouer mocke for me this day that J sholdy fyghte with you/for inj as mocke as ye haue sauedy my lyf/hit Wille be no worshipp for you to haue adoo with me/for ye are fressh and J amj wounded sore/Andy therfor andy ye wille nedes haue adoo with me/Assigne me a day and thenne J shal mete with you without fayle/ye saye wel said sir Tristram/Nowb J assigne you to mete me inj the medowe by the ryuer of Camelot / where Merlyon sette the peroyn/soo they were agreedy/ Thenne sir Tris tram askedy syr Palomydes why the ten knyghtes dydy batailk with hym/for this cause said sir palomydes/as J rode by myn aduentures inj a forest here besyde/J aspyed where laye a dede knyght/andy a lady wepynge besyde hym / Andy whanne J salve her makynge suche dole / J asked her who sleve her lorde ¶ Syre she said the falsest knyght of the worldy nowb lyuyng andy he is the mooste Vylayne that euer manj herd speke of /

and his name is sir Breuse sauce pyte/thenne for pyte I ma de the damoysel to lepe on her palfroy/ and I promysed her to be her warraunt/and to helpe her to entyere her lord/ And soo sodenly as I came rydynge by this toure/ there came oute syr Breuse sauce pyte / and sodenly he strake me from my hors/ And thenne or I myghte recouer my hors/this sir Breuse sle; we the damoysel/and soo I took my hors ageyne/and I was sore ashamed/and so beganne the medle betwixe vs/and this is is the cause wherfore we dyd this batailke/Well said sir tris tram now I vnderstande the maner of your bataylle/ but in ony wyse haue remembraunce of your promyse that ye haue ma de with me to doo batailke with me this day fourtenyght/I shal not fayle you said sir Palomydes/ wel said sir Tristram as at this tyme I wille not fayle you tyl that ye be oute of the dañ ger of your enemyes/So they mounted vpon theyr horses/ & rode to gyders vnto that foreste / and there they fond a fayre welle/ with clere water burbelynge/ fayr sir said sir Tristram to drynke of that water haue I courage / and thenne they a; lyght of their horses/And thenne were they ware by them whe re stood a grete hors tyed to a tree/and euer he neyghed And thenne were they ware of a fayr knyght armed vnder a tree lackyng no pyece of harneis saue his helme lay vnder his hede/By the good lord said sir Tristram yonder lyeth a wel farynge knyght/what is best to doo/ Awake hym said sir pa; lomydes/so sir Tristram awaked hym with the but of his spe; re/And soo the knyght arose vp hastely and putte his helme vpon his hede/and gat a grete spere in his hand/and without ony moo wordes he hurled vnto sir Tristram / and smote hym clene from his sadel to the erthe / and hurte hym on the lyfte syde that sir Tristram lay in grete perylle/Thenne he walloped ferther/and fette his cours/and came hurlynge vpon sir palo mydes/and there he strake hym a parte thorou the body that he fylle from his hors to the erthe/¶ And thenne this straunge knyght lefte them there/and took his way thurgh the foreste/ With this sir Palomydes and sire Tristram were on foote and gat their horses ageyn/and eyther asked couuceylle of other/ what was best to done/By my hede said sir Tristram I wylle folowe this strong knyght that thus hath shamed vs/¶ Well

sayd sir Palomydes/ & I wylle repose me here by with a frendy of myn / Beware sayd sire Tristram vnto Palomydes that ye fayle not that day that ye haue set with me to do batayll/ for as I deme ye wille not holdy your day / for I am mocke bygger than ye/ As for that sayd sir Palomydes / be hit as hit be maye for I feare you not/ For and I be not seke nor prysoner I wil not fayle you/ But I haue cause to haue more doubte of you that ye wille not mete with me/ for ye ryde after yonder strong knyght/ And yf ye mete with hym/ hit is an hardy aduenture and euer ye escape his handes/ Right soo sir Tristram and sir Palomydes departedy/ and eyther took their wayes dyuerse

Capitulum iij

And so syre Tristram rode longe after this stronge knyght / And at the laste he sawe where lay a lady ouer thwarte a dede knyght/ Faire lady said sir Tristram who hath slayne your lordy/ Syr she said here came a knyght rydyng as my lordy and I rested vs here / and asked hym of whens he was/ and my lordy said of Arthurs courte/ therfore said the stronge knyght I wille juste with the / for I hate alle these that ben of Arthurs Courte/ And my lordy that lyeth here dede amountedy vpon his hors / and the stronge knyght and my lordy encountredy to gyder/ and there he smote my lordy thorugh oute with his spere / and thus he hath broughte me in grete woo and dammage / That me repenteth sayd sire Tristram of your grete anger/ and hit please you/ telle me your husbandes name/ syr sayd she his name was Galardoun that wolde haue preuedy a goody knyght / Soo departedy sir Tristram from that dolorous lady and rode moche euylle lodgyng/ Thenne on the thyrde day syr Tristram mette with syr Galbayne and with sir Bleoberys in a foreste at a lodge and eyther were sore wounded/ Thenne syre Tristram askedy syr Galbayne and syr Bleoberys yf they met with suche a knyghte with suche a cognoyssaunce with a keuerd shelde/ Faire syr sayd these knyghtes suche a knyght met with vs to oure grete dommage/ & fyrst he smote doune my felalbe syre Bleoberys & sore woūded

hym/by cause he hadde me I shold not haue ado with hym
For why he was ouer stronge for me/ That strong knyght to-
ke his wordes at scorne and said he said it for mockery/ And
thenne they rode to gyders/ and soo he hurte my felawe / And
Whan he had done so/I myght not for shame/but I must Juste
with hym/And at the fyrst course he smote me doune/ and my
hors to the erthe/ And there he had al moost slayne me / and
from vs he took his hors/and departed/and in an euyll tyme
we mette with hym / Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram soo he
mette with me/and with another knyght that hyght Palomy
des/and he smote vs bothe doune with one spere/ and hurt vs
ryght sore/ By my feythe said sir Galvayne by my counceil ye
shalle lete hym passe/and seke hym no ferther/for at the neyte
feest of the round table vpon payne of my hede ye shalle fynde
hym there/By my feythe said sir Tristram I shall neuer reste
tyl that I fynde hym/ And thenne sir Galvayne asked hym
his name/thenne he said my name is sir Tristram/and so ey-
ther told other their names/and thenne departed syr Tristram/
and rode his way/ And by fortune in a medolve sire Tristram
mette with sir Kay the seneschal and sir Dynadan / What ty-
dynges with you said sir Tristram with you Knyghtes / Not
good said these knyghtes / why soo said sir Tristram I praye
you telle me /for I ryde to seke a knyght/ what cognoyssaunce
he weth he said sir Kay / He weth said sir Tristram a couerd
shelde close with a clothe / By my hede said sir Kay that is the
same Knyght that mette with vs/for this nyght we were lod-
ged within a wydowes hous/and there was that knyght lod-
ged/ And whanne he wyst we were of Arthurs court/he spak
grete vylonye by the kynge/and specially by the Quene Gue-
neuer / ¶ And thenne on the morne was waged batāille
with hym for that cause/And at the fyrst recōutre said sir Kay
he smote me doune from my hors/and hurte me passynge sore /
And whanne my felawe syr Dynadan salve me smyten doune
and hurte/he wold not reuenge me/but fledde from me/ And
thus is he departed/And thenne sir Tristram asked them theyr
names/and soo eyther told other their names / And soo syre
Tristram departed from syr kay/and from sir Dynadan / and
so he paste thurgh a grete forest in to a playne tyl he was wax

of a pryozy/ andz thene he repoſedz hym with a goodz man ſyxe dayes

Capitulum quartum

And thenne he ſendz his man that hyght Gouernaile/ & commaundedz hym to goo to a Cyte there by to fetche hym nelve harneis/ foz hit was long tyme afoze that/ that ſyre Triſtram hadz ben refreſſhedz/ his harneis was bryſedz & brokez And whanne Gouernaile his ſeruaunt was come with his ap parail/ he toke his leue at the wydowe/ andz mounted vpon his hors/ andz rode his way erly on the morne/ And by fodeyn ad uenture ſyr Triſtram mette with ſir Sagramore le deſyrus / & with ſir Dodynas le ſaueage/ And theſe two knyghtes mette with ſyre Triſtram andz queſtyonedz with hym/ and aſked hym yf he wold juſte with hem / Faire knyghtes saidz ſir Triſtram with a goodz wylle I wold juſte with you / But I haue promyſed at a day ſette new handz to do batailles with a strongz knyght/ And therfore I am lothe to haue ado with you / foz and hit myſſfortunedz me here to be hurte I ſholdz not be able to doo my batailles/ whiche I promyſedz / As foz that saidz Sa gramoz maulgre your hedz ye ſhalle juſte with vs/ oz ye paſſe from vs/ well ſaid ſyr Triſtram/ yf ye enforce me therto I muſt doo what I may/ And thenne they dreſſidz their ſheldes/ and came rennynge to gyder with grete yre/ But thurgh ſyr Triſtrams grete force he ſtrake ſyr Sagramoz from his hors/ Then ne he hurled his hors ferther/ and saidz to ſir Dodynas/ knyzte make the redy / andz ſoo thorou fyne force ſyre Triſtram strake Dodynas from his hors/ And whanne he salve hem lye on the erthe/ he took his brydel / andz rode forth on his way andz his man Gouernaile with hym/ Anone as ſir Triſtram was paſte ſyr Sagramore and ſir Dodynas gate ageyne their horſes / & mountedz vp lyghtely andz folowedz after ſir Triſtram / Andz whan ſyre Triſtram salve them come ſoo faſt after hym/ he retor nedz with his hors to them/ andz aſkedz them what they woldz Hit is not longe ago ſythen I ſmote you to the erthe at your owne requeſt/ andz defyre/ I woldz haue rydden by you/ but ye woldz not ſuffre me/ andz nowe me semeth ye wold doo more ba taille with me/ That is trouthe saidz ſire Sagramore andz ſyre

Dodynas/for we wille be wuengyd of the despyte ye haue do ne to vs/Faire knyghtes saidy sir Tristram that shalle lytyl ne de you/for all that I dyd to you/ye causedy hit/Wherfore I re; quyre you of your knygthode leue me as at this tyme / for I am sure andy I doo batailke with you I shalle not escape with oute grete hurtes/andy as I suppose ye shalle not escape alle lotles/Andy this is the cause why I am soo loth to haue ado with you / For I must fyghte within these thre dayes with a goody knyght andy as valyaunt as ony is nolw lyuynge/ andy yf I be hurte I shalle not be able to doo batailke with hym/ What knyght is that saidy sir Sagramor that ye shalle fyghte with alle/Syrs saidy he it is a goody knyght calledy sir Palo ; mydes/Wy my hede saidy sir Sagramor andy sire Dodynas ye haue cause to drede hym/for ye shalle fynde hym a passyng go ; od knyght/and a valyaunt/Andy by cause ye shalle haue ado with hym/We wille forbere you as at this tyme / andy els ye sholdy not escape vs lyghtely/But fayr knyght said sir Sa; gramour telle vs your name/Syr said he my name is sir Tris tram de lyones/A said Sagramor and sir Dodynas well be ye fonde/for moche worshyp haue we herd of you/And thenne ey ther wolde leue of other/andy departedy on their way/

Capitulum v

Thenne departed sire Tristram andy rode streyghte vnto Camelot to the peron that Merlyn hady made to fore where sire Lancyor that was the kynges sone of Irland was slayne by the handes of Balyn/andy in that same place was the fayr lady Columbe slayn that was loue vnto sir Lancelot for after he was dede she tolde his suerd and threst hit thorou her body/And by the crafte of Merlyn he made to entiere this kny; ght Lancelot and his lady Columbe vnder one stone/And at that tyme Merlyon profecyedy / that in that same place sholdy fyghte two the best knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs da ; yes/andy the best louers/ Soo whanne syre Tristram came to the tombe where lancyor and his lady were buryed/ he

loked aboute hym after sir Palomydes/Thenne was he ware of a semely knyght came rydyng ageynst hym all in whyte/with a couerd shelde / Whanne he came nyghe sir Tristram he said on hyghe ye be welcome syr Knyght/ and wel and truly hast ye holde your promyse/And thenne they dressid their shel-des and spewes/ and came to gyders with alle theire myghtes of their horses/and they met so fyersly that bothe their horses and Knyghtes fylle to the erthe/ And as fast as they myght auoyded theyr horses/and putte their sheldes afore them/ and they strake to gyders with bryght swerdes as men that were of myght/and eyther woūded other wonderly sore that the blood ranne out vpon the grasse/And thus they fought the space of four houres/that neuer one wold speke to other one word/ & of their harneis they had helpen of many pecys/O lord Jhesu said Gouernaile I merueyle gretely of the strokes my maister hath yeuen to your mayster/By my hede said sir Launcelots seruaunt your maister hath not yeuen so many but your maister hath receyued as many or more/O Jhesu saide Gouernaile it is to moche for sir palomydes to suffre or sir Launcelot/And yet pyte it were that eyther of these good Knyghtes shold des-troye others blood/Soo they stode and wepte bothe/and made grete dole / when they salwe the brygh te swerdes ouer couerd with blood of their bodyes/ Thenne at the last spake syr Launcelot and said knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel/as euer I salwe knyght/therfor and hit please you telle me your name / Syr saide syre Tristram that is me lothe to telle ony man my name/Truly said sir launcelot and I were requyred I was neuer loth to telle my name/Hit is wel said said sir Tristram thenne I requyre you to telle me your name/fayr knyghte he said my name is sir launcelot du lake/ Allas said fire Trist-ram what haue I done/for ye are the man in the world that I loue best/Faire knyght said sir Launcelot telle me your name Truly said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones/O Jhesu sa id sir launcelot what aduenture is befalle me / And there with syr launcelot kneled doune and yelded hym vp his swerd And there with alle sir Tristram kneled adoune / and yelded hym vp his swerd/And soo eyther gaf other the degree/ And thenne they bothe forth with all went to the stone/and set them

doune vpon hit / and̄ woke of their helmes to kele them / and̄ eyther kyst other an honderd tymes/ And̄ thenne anone after they took of their helmes and̄ rode to Camelot/and̄ there they mette with sir Galvayne and̄ with sir Gaherys that had̄ made promyse to Arthur neuer to come ageyne to the court tyl they had brought syr Tristram with them

Capitulum septum

Retorne ageyne said sir launcelot for your queste is done / for I haue mette with sir Tristram/loo here is his owne persone/Thenne was syr Galvayne glade/and̄ said to sire Tristram ye are welcome/for nowe haue ye easyd̄ me grete ly of my labour / For what cause said sir Galvayne came ye in to this courte/ Fair sir said̄ sir Tristram I came in to thys countrey/by cause of syr Palomydes/for he and̄ I had̄ assygned̄ at this day to haue done bataille to gyders at the Perouns And̄ I merueyle I here not of hym/ And thus by aduentur my lord̄ syr Launcelot and̄ I mette to gyders/ With this came Kynge Arthur/ And̄ whan he wyst that there was sir Tris tram / thenne he ranne vnto hym and̄ toke hym by the hand̄ / And̄ saide sire Tristram ye are as welcome as ony Knyghte/ that euer came to this Courte / And̄ whanne the Kynge had̄ herd how sire Launcelot and he had foughten/ and̄ eyther had̄ wounded̄ other wonderly sore/ thenne the Kynge maade grete dole/Thenne sir Tristram told̄ the Kynge how he came thyder for to haue had adoo with sire Palomydes/ And̄ thenne he told̄ the kynge how he had̄ resolved hym from thenyne knyghtes and̄ Breuse saunce pyte/ And̄ how he fond̄ a Knyght lyeng by a well/and̄ that Knyght smote doune sir Palomydes and me/ but his shelde was couerd with a clothe/Soo sir Palomy des lefte me/and̄ I folowed after that Knyghte/ and̄ in ma ny places I fonde where he had slayne Knyghtes/ and̄ forius tely many/ By my hede said sir Galvayne that same Knyghte smote me doun and sire Bleoberys and̄ hurte vs sore both/ he with the couerd̄ shelde / A sayd̄ sir Kay that Knyght smote me adoune & hurte me passynge sore/ & fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myght not/Ihesu mercy said̄ Arthur What

knyght was that with the couerd shelde / I knowe not saide sir Tristram/and so said they all/nowe said kyng Arthur thenne wote I for it is sir launcelot/thēne they all loked vpon sir launcelot & said ye haue begyled vs with your couerd shelde /Hit is not the fyrst tyme saidy Arthur he hath done soo/My lord saydy sir Launcelot truly wete ye wel I was the same knyght that bare the couerdy shelde / Andy by cause I wold not be knowen that I was of your Courte I saidy no worshyp of your howe That is trouthe saidy sir Gawayne/sir kay/and sir Bleoberys Thenne kynge Arthur took sir Tristram by the handy/& went to the table roundy/Thenne came Quene Gueneuer andy many ladyes with her/andy alle tho ladyes saydeny at one boyce/welcome sir Tristram/welcome saidy the damoyselx/welcome sayd knyghtes/welcome said Arthur for one of the best knyghtes / andy the gentylest of the worldy/andy the may of mooste worshyp/for of alle maner of huntynge thou bereste the pryce / andy of alle mesures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge/andy of alle the termes of huntyng andy haukyng ye are the begynner/of all Instrumentes of musyke ye ar the best/therfor gentyl knyght saidy Arthur ye are welcome to this courte / Andy also I pray you said Arthur graunte me a bone/it shall be at your commaundement saidy Tristram/ wel saidy Arthur I wille desyre of you that ye wille abyde in my courte/Syr saide syre Tristram therto is me lothe/for I haue ado in many countreyes/Not soo saidy Arthur/ye haue promysedy hit me / ye maye not say nay/Syr saidy sir Tristram I wille as ye wille/Thenne went Arthur vnto the seges about the roundy table/and lokedy in euery syege/the whiche were voyde that lacked knyghtes/Andy thenne the kynge salue in the siege of Marhaus letters that saideny/this is the syege of the noble knyght sir Tristram/Andy thenne Arthur made sir Tristram knyght of the table round with grete nobley andy grete feest as myghte be thought/for sir marhaus was slayne afore by the handes of sire Tristram in an yslandy/ and that was wel knowen at that tyme in the courte of Arthur / for this marhaus was a worthy knyght/Andy for euylle dedes that he dyd vnto the countrey of Cornewaile/sire Tristram andy he foughte/ Andy they foughte soo longe tracynge andy trauercynge tylle they felle bledynge

to the erthe/for they were so sore wounded that they myght not stande for bledynge/and sir Tristram by fortune wouerdy and syre Marhaus dyedy thurgh the stroke on the hede/Soo leue we of sir Tristram and speke we of Kyng Marke/

¶ Capitulum Bñ

Thenne Kynge Marke hady grete despyte of the renoume of sir Tristram/ and Thanne he chacedy hym oute of Cornewaike/yet was he neuelye vnto Kynge Marke/ but he hady grete suspecyon vnto sire Tristram by cause of his Quene la Beale Isoudy/ for hym semedy that there was to mocke bowe bitwene them bothe/ Soo whan sir Tristram departedy oute of Cornewaike in to Englondy/ kynge marke herdy of the grete prowesse that sir Tristram dyd there/the whiche greuedy hym sore/Soo he sentte on his party men to aspye what dedes he dydy/ And the Quene sentte pryuely on her party spyes to knowe what dedes he had done/for grete loue was bitwene them tweyn Soo whan the messagers were come home/they told the trouth as they hady herdy that he passedy alle other knyghtes/ but yf it were sir launcelot / Thenne kynge Marke was ryght heuy of these tydynges/andy as glady was la Beale Isoudy/ Thenne in grete despyte he took with hym two good Knyztes/and two squyers/and disguysed hym self/andy took his way in to Englondy to the entente for to slee sir Tristram/andy one of these ij Knyghtes hyght Bersules/andy the other Knyzt was calledy Amant/Soo as they rode Kynge marke askedy a knyght that he met where he sholdy fynde Kynge Arthur/he saidy at Camelot/Also he askedy that Knyghte after sire Tristram whether he herdy of hym in the courte of Kynge Arthur/wete you wel said that Knyzt ye shall fynde sir Tristram ther for a many of as grete worshipas is nowe lyuyng for thurz his prowesse he wañ the turnement of the castel of maydens / that standeth by the hardy welle/ Andy sythen he hath wonne with his owne handes thyrtty Knyghtes that were men of grete honour/

¶ And the laste batail that euer he dyde/he foughte With syre

Launcelot/ and that was a merueilous batayll̃e/ And not by force syr launcelot brought sir Tristram to the Courte/ and of hym kynge Arthur made passynge gret ioye/ and soo made hym knyght of the table round/ and his seate was where the good knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was/ Thenne was kyng Marke passynge sory whanne he herd of the honour of sir Tristram/ and soo they departed/ Thenne said kyng Marke vnto his two knyghtes/ Now wille I telle you my counceylle ye are the men that I truste moost to on lyue/ and I wille that ye wete my comynge hyder is to this entente/ for to destroye sir Tristram by wyles or by treason/ and hit shalle be hard yf euer he escape our handes/ Alas said sir Bersules what mene you/ for ye be sette in suche a waye/ ye are disposed shamefully For sir Tristram is the knyzt of moost worshipp that we know/ we lyuynge/ And therfor I warne you playnly I wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the de the/ and therfor I wyll yelde my seruyse/ and forsake you whan kynge Mark herd hym say so/ Sodenly he drewe his swerd and said A traitour/ & smote syr Bersules on the hede that the swerd wente to his teeth/ Whanne Amant the knyghte salue hym doo that vylaynous dede/ and his squyers/ they said hit was foul done/ and meschyeuously/ wherfore we wille doo the no more seruyse/ and wete ye wel/ we wil appeche the of treason afore Arthur/ Thenne was kynge Marke wonderly wrothe/ and wold haue slayne Amant/ but he and the two squyers held them to gyders/ and sette nought by his malyce/ whanne kynge marke salue he myght not be reuenged on them/ he said thus vnto the knyght Amant/ wete thou wel/ and thou appeche me of treason/ I shalle therof defende me afore kynge Arthur/ but I requyre the that thou telle not my name that I am kyng mark what someuer come of me/ As for that said sir Amant I wil not discouer your name/ and soo they departed/ and Amant and his felawes took the body of Bersules and buryed hit

¶ Capitulum Octauum

THenne kynge Mark rode tyl he came to a fontayne / and there he rested hym / and stode in a doubte whether he wolde ryde to Arthurs courte or none / or retorne ayeyne to his countrey / And as he thus rested hym by that fontayne / ther came by hym a knyght wel armed on horsbak / and he alyghte and tyed his hors vntyl a tree / and sette hym doune by the brynke of the fontayne / and there he made grete lāgour and dole / and made the dolefullest complaynte of loue / that euer man herd / and al this whyle was he not ware of kynge Marke / And this was a grete parte of his complaynte / he cryed and wepte sayenge O fayre Quene of Orkeney kynge Lots wyf and moder of sir Galvayne and to sire Gaheris and moder to many other / for thy loue I am in grete paynes / Thenne kynge Marke arose and went nere hym / and sayd / Fayr knyght ye haue made a pytous complaynte / Truly sayd the knyght / hit is an honerd parte more reufullyr than my herte can vtter / I requyre you said kyng Marke telle me youre name / Sir said he as for my name I wil not hyde it from no knyght that berith a shelde / and my name is sire Lamorak de galys / But whan sire Lamorak herd kynge Mark speke thenne wist he wel by his speche that he was a Cornyssh knyght / Syr said sir Lamorak / I vnderstande by your tonge ye be of Cornewaile wherin there duelleth the shamefullest kynge that is now lyuynge / for he is a grete enemy to alle good knyghtes / and that preueth wel / for he hath chaced oute of that Countrey syr Tristram that is the worshipfullest knyght that nolw is lyuynge / and alle knyghtes speken of hym worship / And for Jalousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his countrey / Hit is pyte said sir Lamorak that euer ony such fals knyght cowardy as kynge Marke is shold be matched with suche a fayre lady and so good as la Beale Isoud is / for alle the worlde of hym speketh shame / and of her worshyp that ony Quene maye haue

¶ I haue not ado in this matere said kynge marke / neyther nought wille I speke therof Wel said said syre Lamorak syre ony ye

telle me ony tydynges / I am telle you saidy syr Lamorak / that there shalle be a grete turnement in hast bysyde Camelot at the castel of Jagent/andy the kynge with the C knyztes & the kyng of Irlandy as I suppose make that turnement

¶ Thenne there came a knyght that was callidy sire Dynadan/andy salewedy them bothe/ Andy whan he wyst that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornewaile/he repreuedy hym for the loue of kynge Marke a thousandy foldy moze/ than dydy sir lamorak/thenne he profewedy to Juste with kynge Mark / andy he was ful lothe therto But sir Dynadan edgydy hym soo/ that he Justedy with sir Lamorak/& sir Lamorak smote kyng marke so sore that he bare hym oy his spere ende ouer his hors tayle / Andy thenne kynge Marke arose ageyne / andy folowedy after sir Lamorak/but sir Dynadan woldy not Juste with sire Lamorak/But he woldy kynge Marke that sire Lamorak was syre kay the seneschalk/that is not soo saidy kynge Mark / foz he is moche byggar than sir kay/andy soo he folowedy andy ouerto ke hym/andy badde hym abyde/What wille ye doo saidy sir Lamorak/Syr he saidy/I will fyghte with a swerdy/ foz ye haue shamedy me with a spere/ And there with they dasshed to gyders with swerdes/andy sir Lamorak suffredy hym/andy forbare hym Andy kynge Marke was passyng hasty/and smote thycke strokes/Syr Lamorak salde he woldy not stynte andy waxydy som what wrothe/andy doubledy his strokes/ foz he was one of the nobleste knyghtes of the worldy/andy he bete hym soo oy the helme that his shelde henge nyz by the sadel bowe Whan sir lamorak salde hym fare soo/he saidy/syr knyght what chere me semeth ye haue nyghe your fylle of fyghtynge/hit were pyte to doo yow ony more harme/foz ye are but a meane knyght/therfoze I gyue you leue to goo where ye lyst/Gramercy saidy kyng Mark Foz ye & I be not matches/Thenne sir dynadan mockedy kyng Marke andy saidy ye are not able to matche a goody knyght/as foz that saidy Kyng Mark at the first tyme that I Justed with this Knyzt ye refusedy hym/ Thynke ye that it is a shame to me said syr Dynadan/Nay syr it is euer worship to a Knyzt to refuse that thyng that he may not atteyne/therfoz your worship hady ben moche moze to haue refusedy hym as I dydy/foz I warne you playnly he is able to bete suche fyue as ye / andy

I be/for ye Kenyghtes of Cornewaile are no men of worshíp/ as other Kenyghtes are/ And by cause ye are no men of wor-shíp/ye hate alle men of worshíp/for neuer was bredde in yo-ur countrey suche a Kenyght as is sír Tristram /

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne they rode forth alle to gyders Kynge Mark/sír Lamorak & sír Dynadan tyl that they came to a bryd-ge/ And at the ende therof stode a fayre Toure / Thenne salue they a Kenyght on horsback wel armed braundysshyng a spere cryenge and proferynge hym self to juste/Nowe saidy sír Dy-nadan Vnto Kyng Mark/yonder ar two brethren that one hy-ght Aleyn/and the other hyghte Tryan,that will juste with ony that passeth this passage/Nowe profer your self said Dyna dan to Kynge Mark/for euer ye be leide to the erthe / Thenne Kynge Marke was ashamed/and there with he feutryd hys spere/and hurtled to sír Tryan/and eyther brake their speres/ all to pyeces/and passid thurgh anone/Thenne syr Trian sent Kynge Mark another spere to juste more/But in no wyse he wold not justs no more/ Thenne they came to the castel al thre Kenyghtes/and praidy the lord of the castel of herburgh/ ye are ryght welcome saidy the Kenyghtes of the castel/for the loue of the lord of this castel/the whiche hyght sír Tor le fyse aries / & thenne they came in to a fayr courte wel arayred / and they had passynge good cheer tyl the lieutenaunt of this castel that hyght Berluse/ aspyed Kyng Marke of Cornewaile/Then-ne said Berluse/syr Kenyght I knowe you better than ye we-ne / for ye are Kynge Marke that slewe my fader afore myne owne eyen / and me hadde ye slayne hadde I not escaped in to a woody/but wete ye wel for the loue of my lord of this cas tel I will neyther hurte you ne harme you nor none of your felauship/But wete ye wel whan ye are past this lodgynge / I shalle hurte you and I may/for ye slewe my fader traiw-urly/But fyrst for the loue of my lordy sír Tor/and for the lo ue of sír Lamorak the honourable Kenyght that hew is lodgedy ye shal haue none ylle lodgynge/ For hit is pyte that euer ye shold be in the company of goody Kenyghtes/ for ye ar the most

Bylaynous knyght or kynge that is nowe knowen on lyue / for ye are a destroyer of goody knyghtes andy alle that ye doo is but treason/

¶ Capitulum y

Thenne was kynge Marke sore ashamedy/ andy sayd but lytyl ageyne/But whanne sir Lamorak andy sir Dynadan wyst that he was kynge Marke / they were sory of his felaushyp/Soo after souper they wente to lodgynge/ Soo on the morne they arose erly/andy kynge Marke/andy sir Dynadan rode to gyders/andy thre myle fro their lodgynge there met with hem thre knyghtes/andy sir Berluse was one / andy that other his two cosyns/ Syr Berluse sawe kynge Marke/andy thenne he cryedy on hyghe traytour kepe the from me/ for wete thou wel that I am Berluse/Syr knyght said sir Dynadan/ I counceyle you to leue of at this tyme/ for he is rydynge to Kynge Arthur/ Andy by cause I haue promysedy to conduyte hym to my lordy kynge Arthur/nedes must I take a part with hym/howe be hit I loue not his condycyon/and fayne I wold be from hym/Wel dynadan said sir Berluse me repentyth that ye wille take party with hym/but nowe doo your best/ And thē ne he hurtledy to Kynge Marke andy smote hym sore vpon the shelde/that he bare hym clene out of his sadel to the erthe / That salue sir Dynadan/andy he feutrydy his spere/andy ranne to one of Berluses felawes/andy smote hym doune of his sadel/Thenne Dynadan tornedy his hors/ andy smote the thyrde knyght in the same wyse to the erthe / for sire Dynadan was a goody knyght on horsback/andy there byganne a grete batail for Berluse and his felawes helde them to gyders strongly on fote Andy soo thurgh the grete force of sir Dynadan/ kyng Marke had Berluse to the erthe/andy his two felawes fledde / andy had not ben syre Dynadan kynge Mark Wolde haue slayne hym/ Andy soo syre Dynadan wesolued hym of his lyf/for kynge Marke was but a murtherer/Andy thenne they took their horses/ andy departedy/andy lefte sir Berluse there sore wouñded Thenne kynge Mark and sir Dynadan rode forth a four leges englysshe tyl that they came to a brydge where houedy a knyght on horsback armedy andy redy to Juste/

¶ Loo saydy

ſyr Dynadan vnto Kynge Marke / yonder houeth a Knyght that wille Juſte/for there ſhalle none paſſe this brydge/ but he muſt Juſte with that Knyght/ Hit is wel ſaid kynge marke for this Juſtes falleth with the/Syr Dynadan knewe the knyght wel/that he was a noble Knyght/and fayne he wold haue Juſted/but he had leuer Kyng Mark had Juſted with hym/but by no meane kynge Marke wold not Juſte/ Thenne ſyr Dynadan myght not refuſe hym in no maner/ And then ne eyther dreſſid their ſperes and their ſheldes/ and ſmote to gyders ſoo that thorou fyne force ſyr Dynadan was ſmyten to the erthe/and lyghtely he arose vp/and gat his hors/and requyred that Knyght to doo batailke with ſuerdes/ And he an ſuerd and ſaid Fair Knyght as at this tyme I may not haue ado with you nomore/for the auſtomme of this paſſage is ſuche/Thenne was ſir Dynadan paſſynge wrothe/ that he myght not be reuenged of that Knyghte/and ſoo he departed/ and in no wyſe wold that Knyght telle his name/But euer ſir Dynadan thought he ſhold knowe hym by his ſhelde that it ſhold be ſir Toz

Capitulum vj

SOo as they rode by the way / Kynge Mark thenne began to mocke ſir Dynadan and ſaid I wend yold Knyghtes of the table round myght not in no wyſe fynde their matches/ye ſay well ſaid ſir Dynadan/as for you on my lyfe I calle you none of the beſt knyghtes/But ſythe ye haue ſuch a deſpyte at me/I requyre you to Juſte with me / to preue my ſtrengthe/Not ſoo ſaid Kynge Mark/for I wille not haue ado with you in no maner/But I requyre you of one thyng that whanne ye come to Arthurs courte diſcouer not my name/ for I am there ſoo hated/It is ſhame to you ſaid ſir Dynadan / that ye gouerne you ſoo ſhamefully/for I ſee by you ye ar full of cowardyſe and ye are a murtherer/ and that is the gretteſt ſhame that a Knyght may haue/ for neuer a Knyght kynge a murtherer hath worſhip/nor neuer ſhalle haue / for I ſalve but late thurz my force ye wold haue ſlayn ſir Berluſe a bet ter Knyghte than ye / or euer ye ſhal be / & more of proweſſe

¶Thus they wode forth talkynge tyl they came to a fayre pla
ce where stoody a knyght andy prayd them to take their lodgy-
nge with hym/Soo at the request of that knyght/they reposed
them there andy made them wel at ease/andy had grete chere /
For al arraunt knyghtes were welcome to hym/and specially
alle tho of Arthurs courte/ Thenne sire Dynadan demaundedy
his hoost what was the Kynygtes name that kepte the brydge
For what cause aske you it saidy his hoost/ for hit is not long
ago saidy syr Dynadan sythen he gaf me a falle/A fayr kny-
ght saidy his hoost/therof haue ye no meruaylle for he is a pas-
synge goody knyght/andy his name is sir Tor the sone of ari-
es le Bayshere/ A saidy sir Dynadan was that sir Tor/for tru-
ly soo euer me thought/Ryght as they stode thus talkyng to
gyders/they sawe come rydynge to them ouer a playne .vj. kn-
yghtes of the courte of kynge Arthur wel armedy at al po-
ynctes/ Andy there by theire sheldes sire Dynadan knewe them
wel/The fyrst was the goody knyght sir Owayne the sone of
Kynge Uryens/the secondy was the noble knyght sir Bran-
dyles/the thyrdy was Ozana le cur hardy / the fourthe was
Owayne les auenturous/The fyfthe was syr Agrauayne/
The .vj. sir Mordredy broder to sir Galwayne/ Whanne sir Dyna
dan had sene these .vj. knyghtes/he thought in hym self he wold
bryngе kynge Marke by some wyle to Juste with one of them
Andy anone they toke their horses & ranne after these knyghtes
wel a thre myle englysshe/ Thenne was kynge Marke ware /
Where they sat al syxe aboute a welle / andy ete and dranke su-
che metes as they hady/andy their horses walkyng andy somme
tyedy/andy their sheldes henge in dyuerse places aboute them
Loo said sir Dynadan yonder ar Knyghtes arraunt that wyl
Juste with vs/Godyforbede saidy Kynge Mark/for they be syx
andy we but two / As for that saidy sire Dynadan lete vs not
spare/for I wille assaye the formest/ andy there with he maade
hym redy/Whanne kynge Marke sawe hym doo soo as fast as
sir Dyuadan rode towardy them Kynge marke rode frowardy
them with alle his mayneal meyny/ Soo whan sire Dynadan
sawe Kynge Marke was gone / he sette the spere oute of the
west/andy threwe his sheldy vpon his bak/ andy came rydynge
to the felaushyp of the table roundy/ Andy anone sire Owayne

knelbe sir Dynadan/and welcomed hym/and soo dyd al his felaushyp/

Capitulum xvij/

AND thenne they asked hym of his aduentures/ & whether he had sene syr Tristram or sir launcelot/ So god me helpe said sir Dynadan I salve none of them sythen I departed from Camelot/ what knyght is that said sir Brandyles that soo sodenly departed from you/ and wor ouer yonder felde/Syr said he/hit was a knyghte of Cornelwaile/and the moost horryble cowardy that euer bestrode hors/what is his name said alle these knyghtes/I wote not said sir Dynadan/ Soo whan they hadd reposed them/and spoken to gyders/they took their horses/and wor to a castel where duelled an old knyght that made alle knyghtes ermaunt good chere/ Thenne in the meane whyle that they were talkynge came in to the castel syr Gryflet le fyse de dieu/and there was he welcome/and they alle asked hym whether he hadd sene sire launcelot or syre Tristram/Syrs he answerd I salve hym not sythen he departed from Camelot/Soo as sir Dynadan walked and beheld the castel/there by in a chamber he aspyed kynge Marke/and thenne he rebuked hym/and asked hym why he departed soo/ Syr said he for I durst not abyde by cause they were so many But how escaped ye said kyng Mark/syr said sir Dynadan they were ryght good frendes than I wend they had ben/ who is Capytayn of that felaushyp said the kynge/ thenne for to fere hym sir Dynadan sayd that it was sir launcelot/ O Jhesu said the kyng myghte I knowe sir launcelot by his shelde/ye said Dynadan/for he berith a shelde of syluer and black bendys/ Alle this he said to fere the kyng/ for sire launcelot was not in his felaushyp/Now I pray you said kyng Mark that ye wille ryde in my felaushyp/that is me lothe to doo said syre Dynadan by cause ye forsoke my felaushyp/Ryght soo sir Dynadan went from kyng Mark & wente to his owyn felaushyp and soo they mounted vpon their horses/& rode on their wayes/and talked of the Cornysshe knyghte/for Dynadan told them that he was in the castel where they were lodged/ hit is

wel said said sir Gryflet/for here haue I brought sir Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole that is the best felawe and the meryest/ in the world/ ¶ Wille ye doo wel said sir Dynadan I haue told the Cornysshe knyght that here is sir Launcelot/and the Cornysshe knyght asked me what shelde he bare/Truly I told hym that he bare the same shelde that sir Mordred kereth/wherfore ye doo wel said sir Mordred I am hurte and maye not wel bere my shelde nor harneis/And therfore put my shelde and my harneis vpon sir Dagonet/and lete hym sette vpon the Cornysshe knyght/that shalle be done said sir Dagonet by my fey the/Thenne anone was Dagonet armed hym in Mordreds harneis and his shelde / & he was sette on a grete hors & a spere in his hand/Nowe said Dagonet shrive me the knyght / & I trowe I shalle bere hym doune / Soo alle these knyghtes rode to a woode syde/and abode tyl kynge Marke came by the way/Thenne they putte forth sir Dagonet/and he came on al the whyle his hors myght renne streyght vpon kynge Mark And whanne he came nyghe kynge Marke / he cryed as he were woody/and said kepe the knyghte of Cornewaile/ for I wille slee the/Anone as kynge Mark behheld his shelde/ he said to hym self/yonder is sir launcelot Allas nowe am I destroyed/and there with alle he made his hors to renne as fast as it myghte thorugh thycke and thynne / And euer sire Dagonet folowed after kynge Mark cryenge and ratynge hym as a woody man thurgh a grete forest/whanne sir Owayne and sire Gaudyles salue dagonet soo that kynge Marke / they laughed all as they were woody/And thenne they toke theire horses/and rode after to see how sir Dagonet spedde/for they wold not for no goody that sire Dagonet were slayne / for kyng Arthur loued hym passynge wel/and made hym knyght his owne handes / And att euery turnement he beganne to make kynge Arthur to laughe/Thenne the knyghtes rode here and there cryenge and chacyng after kynge Marke that alle the forest range of the noyse /

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo kyng Mark rode by fortune by a welle in the way where stood a knyght erraunte on horsback armed att al poyntes with a grete spere in his hand

And whanne he salde Kynge Marke comynge fleynge/he sa-
id Knyght retorne ageyne for shame and stand with me / &
I shalle be thy warraunt/A fayr Knyght saide Kyng Marke
lete me passe/for yonder cometh after me the beste knyght of the
worlde with the blak bended shelde/Fy for shame said the kn-
yght he is none of the worthy Knyghtes/ and yf he were syre
launcelot or sir Tristram I shold not doubte to mete the bet-
ter of them bothe/ Whanne Kynge Marke herd hym saye that
word/he torned his hors and abode by hym/And thenne that
stronge Knyght bare a spere to Dagonet/and smote hym so so-
re that he bare hym ouer his hors tayle/and nygh he had bro-
ken his neck/And anone after hym came sir Brandyles/and
whanne he salde Dagonet haue that falle / he was passynge
wrothe/and cryed Kepe the Knyght/and soo they hurtled to
gyders wonder sore/But the Knyght smote sir Brandyles so
sore that he wente to the erthe hors and man / Syre Owayne
came after and salde alle this/Jhesu said he/yonder is a stro-
nge Knyght/And thenne they feutryd their speres/and this
Knyght came soo egerly that he smote doune sir Owayne /
Thenne came Ozana with the hardy hert/ and he was smyten
doune/Nowe said sire Gryflet by my counceyl lete vs sende to
yonder straunt Knyght / and wete whether he be of Arthurs
Courte/for as I deme it is sir Lamorak de galys/Soo they
sente vnto hym/and prayd the straunge Knyghte to telle his
name/and whether he were of Arthurs courte or not/ As for
my name they shalle not wete/ but telle hem I am a Knyzt ar-
raunt as they ar/and lete them wete that I am no Knyghte
of Kynge Arthurs Courte / and soo the squyer rode ageyne
vnto them and told them his answer of hym/By my hede said
sir Agrauayne he is one of the strongest Knyghtes that euer
I salde/for he hath ouerthrowen thre noble Knyghtes/and ne
des we must encountre with hym for shame/ So syr Agraua-
yne feutryd his spere/and that other was redy/ & smote hym
doune ouer his hors to the erthe/And in the same wyse he smo
te sir Owayne les auoultres and also sir Gryflet/ thenne had
he serued hem alle/but sir Dynadan/for he was behynde/ and
sir Mordred was vnarmed and Dagonet had his harneis /
¶ Soo whan this was done this stronge Knyght rode on his

his way a softe pace/ and kynge Marke rode after hym/ prayenge hym mykel/ but he wolde answer no wordes/ but syghed wonderly sore/ hangynge downe his hede/ takyng no hede to his wordes/ Thus they rode wel a thre myle Englysshe/ and thenne this Knyght called to hym a Barlette / and badde hym ryde Untyl yonder fayr manoyre/ and recommaunde me to the lady of that castel and place / and praye her to sende me refresshynge of goody metes/ and drynkes/ And yf she aske the what I am/ Telle her that I am the knyght that folowyth the Glatysaunt breest/ that is in Englysshe to saye the questynge beeste for that beest where someuer he yede/ he questedy in the bely with suche a noyse/ as it hadde ben a thyrtty couple of hounders

¶ Thenne the Barlet wente his way and came to the manoyr and salewed the lady/ and told her from whens he came/ And whan she Understode that he came from the knyghte that folowed the questynge beeste / O swete lordy Jhesu she sayd whan shalle I see that noble Knyghte my dere sone Galahadys / Alas wille he not abyde with me/ and there with she swouned and wepte/ and made passynge grete dole/ And thenne als so soone as she myghte she gaf the Barlet alle that he axyd / And the Barlet returned Unto sir Galahadys/ for he was a Barlet of kynge Marke/ And as soone as he came/ he told the knyghtes name was sir Galahadys/ I am wel pleasyd said kynge Marke but holde the stylle and seye no thynge/ ¶ Thenne they alyghte and sette them downe and reposed them a whyle/ Anone with alle kynge Marke felle on slepe/ whanne syre Galahadys salue hym soundy a slepe/ he took his hors and rode his Way and saidy to them/ I wille not be in the companye of a slepynge Knyghte/ And soo he rode forthe a grete pace

¶ Capitulum viii

Now wyne we Unto sire Dynadan that fonde these seuen knyghtes passynge heuy / And whanne he wyste how that they spedy/ as heuy was he/ My lord Owayne saidy Dynadan/ I dare ley my hede it is sir Lamorak de galys/ I promyse you alle / I shalle synde hym/ and he may be founde in

this countrey/and̄ soo sywe Dynadan wode after this knyght/
And̄ so dyd̄ kyng Marke that sought hym thurgh the forest
Soo as kyng Mark wode after sir Palomydes/he herd̄ a noy-
se of a man̄/that made gwete dole/ Thenne kyng Mark wode as
nyghe that noyse as he myght and̄ as he durst/Thenne was he
ware of a knyght that was descended̄ of his hors/and̄ hadde
put̄e of his helme/and̄ there he made a pytous complaynte/
and̄ a dolorous of loue
¶ Nold leue me that/and̄ talke we of sire Dynadan that wo-
de to sette syr Palomydes/And̄ as he came within a foreste/he
mette with a knyght a chacer of a dere/Syr said̄ sire Dyna-
dan̄ mette ye with a knyghte with a shelde of syluer/and̄ ly-
ons hedes/ye fayr knyghte sayd̄ the other/with suche a knyght
mette I with but a whyle agone/ and̄ straytē yonder waye he
yede/Gramercy said̄ sir Dynadan̄/for myght I fynde the trak
of his hors I shold not fayle to fynde that knyghte/Nyghte
so as sir Dynadan̄ wode in the euen lake/he herd̄ a doleful no-
yse as it were of a man̄/ ¶ Thenne sir Dynadan̄ wode tōward̄
that noyse/And̄ whanne he came nyghe that noyse/ he alyghte
of his hors/and̄ wente nere hym on foote/ Thenne was he wa-
re of a knyght that stood̄ vnder a tree and̄ his hors tyed̄ by
hym/and̄ the helme of his hede/and euer that knyght made a
doleful complaynte as euer made knyght/ And̄ alweyes he
made his complaynte of la Beale Isoud̄ the Quene of Cor-
newaile/and̄ said̄ A fayr lady why loue I the/ for thou art
fayrest of alle other/and yet shewest thou neuer loue to me/nor
kyndnesse/ Alas yet must I loue the/And̄ I may not blame the
fayre lady/for myn eyen ben cause of this sorowe/And̄ yet to
loue the I am but a foole / for the best knyghte of the worl̄d
loueth the/and̄ ye hym ageyne/that is sir Tristram de Lyones.
And̄ the falsest kynge and̄ knyghte is youre husband̄/and̄
the moost cowardy and̄ ful of treason is your lord̄ kyng ma-
rke ¶ Alas that euer so fayre a lady and̄ pyerles of
alle other shold̄ be matched with the moost vylaynous knyght
of the worl̄d / Alle this langage herd̄ kynge Marke/what
sir Palomydes said̄ by hym/wherfore he was adradde/whanne
he salwe sire Dynadan̄ lest and̄ he aspyed̄ hym / that he wold̄
telle syre Palomydes that he was kynge Marke / and̄ there

for he withdrewe hym and took his hors and rode to his men where he commaunded hem to abyde/And soo he rode as faste as he myght vnto Camelot/& the same day he fonde there Amant the knyght redy that afore Arthur had appeled hym of treason/and soo lyghtely the kynge commaunded them to do batayle/And by mysauenture kynge Marke smote Amant thorugh the body/And yet was Amant in the ryghtuous quarel And ryghte soo he took his hors and departed from the court for drede of sir Dynadan that he wold telle syr Tristram and sir Palomydes what he was /¶ Thenne were ther maydens / that la Beale Isoud hadde sente to sire Tristram that knewe sir Amant wel

¶ Capitulum xb

THenne by the lycence of Kynge Arthur/ they went to hym and spak with hym / for Whyle the troncheon of the spere stake in his body he spak/ A fayr damoysels said Amant/recommaūde me vnto la Beale Isoud/ and telle her that I am slayn for the loue of her and of sir Tristram/ And there he told the damoysels how cowardly Kyng Marke had slayne hym and sire Persyles his felawe/ ¶ And for that dede I appeled hym of treason/and here am I slayne in a ryghtuous quarel/and alle was by cause of sir Persyles & I wold not consente by treason to slee the noble knyght sir tristram /Thenne the two maydens cryed alowde that alle the courte myght here it/and said O swete lord Jhesu that knowest alle hydde thynges / why suffrest thow soo fals a traytour to vaynquysshe and slee a trewe knyght that fought in a ryghtuous quarel/ Thenne anone hit was sprongen to the Kyng and the quene and to alle the lordes that it was kynge Marke that had slayne syr Amant/and sire Persiles afore hand/ wherfor they dyd their batailke/Thenne was Kyng Arthur wroth oute of mesure/and so were alle the other knyghtes But whanne sire Tristram knewe alle the matere / he made grete dole and sorowe oute of mesure / and wepte for sorowe for the losse of the noble knyghtes syr Persyles & of sir Amant

¶ Whanne sir Launcelot aspyed sir Tristram wepe/he wente hastely to kynge Arthur and said syre I pray you gyue me leue to retorne ageyne to yonder fals kynge and knyghte / I pray yow said kynge Arthur/fetche hym ageyne/but I wold not that ye slewe hym for my worshyp / Thenne sir launcelot armed hym in alle haste/and mounted vpon a grete hors/ & toke a spere in his hand and rode after kynge Marke/And from thens a thre myle englysshe/sir launcelot ouertook hym/ and bade hym torne recreaunt kyng and knyght/For why / or thou wilt or not thou shalt go with me to kyng Arthurs Courte/Kynge Marke retorned and loked vpon sir Launcelot/and said Faire syr what is your name/wete thou wel said he my name is sire Launcelot/and therfor defende the/ And whanne Kynge Marke wiste that it was sire Launcelot/and came soo fast vpon hym with a spere/he cryed thenne on lowde I yelde me to the sir launcelot/honourable knyghte/ But sire Launcelot wold not here hym/but came fast vpon hym/kyng Marke salue that / and maade no defence but tombled adoune out of his sadel to the erthe as a sak / and there he lay stylle/ and cryed sire launcelot mercy/Aryse recreaunt knyghte and kynge/I wylle not fyghte said Kynge Marke/But whether that ye wille I wil goo with yow /

Allas Allas said sire Launcelot that I maye not gyue the one buffet for the loue of sire Tristram and of la Beale Isoud And for the two knyghtes that thou hast slayne traitourly / And soo he mounted vpon his hors and brought hym to kyng Arthur/and there Kynge Marke alyghte in that same place and threwe his helme from hym vpon the erthe/and his sword and fylle flat to the erthe of kynge Arthurs feet and putte hym in his grace and mercy / ¶ Soo god me help said Arthur ye are welcome in a maner/and in a maner ye ar not welcome / In this maner ye are welcome that ye come hyder maulgre thy hede as I suppose/ ¶ That is trouthe said kynge Marke/and els I had not ben here/For my lord sir Launcelot brought me hyder thurgh his fyne force / and to hym am I yolden to as recreaunt/ ¶ Wel said Arthur ye vnderstande ye oughte to doo me seruyse / homage and feaute/And neuer

wolde ye doo me none/but euer ye haue ben ageynst me/and a destroyer of my knyghtes/nowe/howe wille ye acquyte you/Sir saide Kynge Marke/Ryght as your lordship will requyre me vnto my power/I wille make a large amendys/ For he was a fayre speker and fals there vnder/Thenne for grete pleasyr of syr Tristram to make them tweyne accorded/the kyng with held kynge Marke/as at that tyme/ and made a broken loue day betwene them/

¶ Capitulum xbij

NOw torne we ageyne vnto sir Palomydes howe sir Dynadan comforted hym in alle that he myghte from his grete sorowe/What Knyghte are ye said sir Palomydes/ syre I am a knyght erraunt as ye be that hath soughte you longe by your shelde/Here is my shelde said sir Palomydes/wete ye wel and ye wille oughte/there with I wille defende hit/ Nay said sir Dynadan I wille not haue ado with yowe/ but in goode maner/And yf ye wil ye shal fynde me sone redy/Syr said sir Dynadan whyder ward ryde you this way/By my hede saide sir Palomydes I woote not but as fortune ledeth me/Herde ye or salve ye ought of sir Tristram/So god me helpe of sir Tristram I bothe herde and salve / and not/ for thenne we louede not inwardly wel to gyders/yet at my meschyef sir Tristram rescowed me from my dethe/and yet or he and I departed by bothe our assentes we assigned a day that we shold haue met at the stony grane/that merlyon sette beside Camelot/ & there to haue done batailke to gyders/ howe be hit I was letted saide sir Palomydes that I myght not holde my daye / the whiche greueth me sore/ but I haue a large excuse/For I was pryssoner with a lorde and many other moo / and that shalle syre Tristram ryght Wel Vnderstande/ þ I brake hit not of fere of cowardyse/And thenne sir Palomydes told sir Dynadan the same day that they shold haue mette/ Soo gode me helpe saide syre Dynadan that same day mette sire Launcelot and sir Tristram at the same graue of stone/¶ And there was the mooste myghtyeste batailke that euer was sene in this lande betwyxe

tivo knyghtes/for they fought more than two houres / And there they bothe bledde soo moche blood/that alle men mercy ledy that euer they myght endure hit/

¶ And so at the laste by bothe their assentes they were made frendes and sworne bretheren for euer/ and no man can juge the better knyght/ And nowe is sir Tristram made a Knyghte of the wundy table/and he sytteth in the sege of the noble knyght sire Marhaus/ ¶ By my hede saidy sir Palomydes syre Tristram is ferre bygger than sir Launcelot/ and the hardyer Knyghte/ ¶ Haue ye assayedy them bothe saide syre Dynadan/ ¶ I haue sene syre Tristram fyghte saidy syre Palomydes /but neuer sire Launcelot/to my lyke tynge/ But at the fontayne where sire Launcelot lay on slepe there with one spere he smote doune sire Tristram/and me said Palomydes/but at that tyme they kneive not eyther other

Faire Knyghte said sir Dynadan as for sir launcelot and sir Tristram lete them be/for the werst of them wille not be lyghtly malcheby of no knyghtes that I knowe lyuynge/

No saidy sire Palomydes gody defende but and I hady a quarel to the better of them bothe/ I woldy with as goody a wyll fyghte with hym as with yowe

¶ Syre I requyre you telle me your name and in good feith I shalle holde you company/ yf that we come to Camelot/and there shall ye haue grete worshipp nowe at this grete turnement for there shalle be the Quene Gueneuer/ and la Beale Isoud of Cornewaile / were yowe wel syre Knyght for the loue of la Beale Isoudy I wille be there and els not/ but I wille not haue adoo in Kynge Arthurs courte/ Sir saidy Dynadan I shal ryde with yowe and doo you seruyse/so ye wille telle me youre name/Syre ye shalle Understande my name is syre palomydes brother to Safere the goody and nobble Knyghte / And Syre Segwarydes and I we be Sarasyns borne of fader and moder/ ¶ Syre saidy sire Dynadan I thanke you moche/for the tellyng of your name/For I am gladde of that I knowe your name/& I promyse you by the feyth of my body ye shalle not be hurte by me by my will/but rather be auaunced/ And therto wille I helpe yowe with all my power I promyse you/doubte ye not / And certaynly on my lyf ye shalle

wynne grete worship in the Courte of kynge Arthur / And be ryght welcome/ Soo thenne they dressidy on their helmes/ & putte on their sheldes/ & mountedy vpon their horses/ andy toke the wode way wardy Camelot/ Andy thenne were they ware of a castel/ that was fayre andy ryche/ and also passyng strong as ony was wyth in this reame

¶ Capitulum xbij

Syr Palomydes said Dynadan here is a Castell that I knowe wel / andy therin dwelleth Quene Morgan le fay kynge Arthurs syster/ Andy kynge Arthur gaf her this Castel/ the whiche he hath repentedy hym sythen a thousandy tymes/ for sythen kynge Arthur andy she haue ben at debate and stryfe/ but this castel coude he neuer gete nor wynne of her by no maner of engyne/ Andy euer as she myght she made werre on kynge Arthur/ Andy alle daungerous knyghtes she withholdeth with her for to destroye alle these knyghtes that kynge Arthur loueth/ Andy there shalle noo knyghte passe this way but he muste juste With one knyght or with two or with thre And yf hit happe that kyng Arthurs knyght be beten/ he shal lese his hors andy his harneis/ andy alle that he hath/ andy hardy yf that he escape/ but that he shalle be prysoner/

¶ Soo godly me helpe saidy Palomydes this is a shameful customme andy a vylaynous vsaunce for a Quene to vse / Andy namely to make suche werre vpon her owne lordy / that is called the floure of chyualry that is Crysteny or hethen / andy With alle my hert I woldy destroye that shameful custommc / Andy I Wille that alle the worldy wete she shalle haue no seruyse of me/ Andy yf she sende oute ony knyghtes/ as I suppose she wil for to juste they shalle haue bothe their handes ful/

Andy I shalle not fayle you saidy sir Dynadan vnto my pusyssaunce vpon my lyf/ Soo as they stode on horsback afore the Castel/ there came a knyght With a redy sheldy andy iij squyers after hym/ Andy he came streyght vnto syre Palomydes the goody knyghte/ andy saidy to hym/ Fayre andy gentyl knyght

ewraunt I wequyre the for the loue thou olveste vnto knyghthode that ye wille not haue adone here with these men of thys Cas-
tell/for this was sire Lamorack that thus saidy / For I came hyder to seke this dede/ andy hit is my wequest/Andy therfor I hisecke you knyght lete me dele/ andy yf I be betey / wuenge me/In the name of gody said Palomydes/lete see holv ye vil spede/andy ive shalle beholdy you/¶ Thenne anone came forth a knyght of the Castel andy profeedy to Juste with the knyzte with the weedy shyldy/Anone they encountwedy to gyders/ and he with the weed shelde smote hym soo hard that he bare hym ouer to the erthe/There with anone came another knyght of the cas-
tel/andy he was smytey so sore that he auoydedy his sadel/ And forth with alle came the thyrd knyghte / andy the knyght With the weedy shelde smote hym to the erthe/ Thenne came sir Palo-
mydes andy besought hym that he myght helpe hym to Juste
Faire knyght said he vnto hym suffre me as at this tyme to fy-
ue my wyfe / For andy they were tlventy knyghtes I shalle not doubte them/ Andy euer there were vpon the walkys of the castel many lordes and ladyes that cryed and said wel shue ye Justed knyght with the weedy shelde/¶ But as soone as the Knyght had smytey hem doune/his squyer toke their horses/& auoyded their sadels andy brydels of the horses / andy tournedy them in to the forest/and made the knyghtes/ to be kepte to the ende of the Justes/Right soo came oute of the castel the fourth Knyght/and freshly profered to Juste with the knyghte with the weed shelde / and he was redy/and he smote hym soo hardy/ that hors and many felle to the erthe/& the knyghtes bak brak with the falle and his neck also/ O Jhesu said syr Palomydes that ponder is a passyng goody knyzt/ and the best Justar that euer I salve/By my hede said sir Dynadan he is as good as euer was sir Launcelot or sir Tristram what knyghte someuer he be/

¶ Capitulum xviii

¶Thenne forthe with alle came a knyght oute of the cas-
tel with a shelde bended with blak and with Whyte/
¶ Andy anone the knyghte with the wede shelde and

And he encountred soo hardy/ that he smote the Knyght of the Castel thorou the bendes shelde and thurgh the body/and hurte the hors tail / Faire Knyghte saidy syr Palomydes ye haue ouer mocke on handy/therfor I praye you lete me juste/for ye hady nede to be repposedy/ Why sir saidy the knyght/seme ye that I am weyke and feble/andy sir me thynketh ye profer me wrong andy to me shame whan I doo wel ynough/I telle yolu nolu as I toldy you erst/for andy they were tlwenty knyztes I shal lete them/ Andy yf I be beten or slayne thenne may ye wenge me/ Andy yf ye thynke that I be wery/andy ye haue any appetyte to juste with me/I shalle fynde you justynge ynough / Syr saidy Palomydes I said it not by cause I woldy juste with you/but me semeth that ye haue ouer mocke on handy/& therfor andy ye were gentyl saidy the Knyght with the reedy shelde ye sholdy not profer me shame/therfor I requyre you to juste with me/andy ye shalle fynde that I am not wery/Syth ye requyre me said sir palomydes/take kepe to your self/ ¶ Thenne they two Knyztes came to gyders as fast as their horses myght renne/ andy the Knyght smote sir Palomydes so sore on the shelde that the spere went in to his syde a grete wounde andy a perillous / Andy there with alle sir Palomydes auoydedy his sadel/ And that Knyght tornedy vnto sir Dynadan/ And whenne he salwe hym comynge/he cryedy a loude andy saidy/ syr I wyll not haue ado with you/but for that he lete it not/but cam stroyghte vpon hym/Soo sire Dynadan for shame put forthe hys spere andy alle to sheuerdy hit vpon the Knyght/But he smote syr Dynadan ageyne soo hardy that he smote hym clene from his sadel/but their horses he woldy not suffre his squyers to medle with/andy by cause they were knyghtes errauntt/Thenne he dressidy hym ageyne to the castel andy justedy with seuen knyztes moo/andy there was none of hem myght withstande hym/ but bare hym to the erthe / Andy of these tlwelue Knyghtes he slewe in playne justes four/ Andy the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a suerdy/ that they sholdy neuer vse the euylle custommes of the castel/ Andy whan he hady made them to swere that othe/he lete them passe / Andy euer stode the lordes andy the ladyes on the Castel walles cryeng and sayenge / Knyghte with the reedy shelde ye haue meruellously

wel done as euer the ſalde Knyght dyd / And therwith came a knyght oute of the Caſtel· Gnarmedy and ſaidy / Knyght with the redy ſheld ouer moche dammage haſt thou done to de this day/therfor returne whyther thou wilt/for here ar no mo wille haue ado with the / for the repente ſore that euer thou kameſt here/for by the is fordone the oldy auſtomme of this caſtel/And with that wordy he tourneth ageyne in to the Caſtel / and ſhytte the yates/ Thenne the Knyght with the rede ſheldy tourneth and calledy his ſquyers/andy ſo paſt forth on his waye andy tooke a grete paas/And whanne he was paſt fire Chalomydes went to ſir Dynadan andy ſaidy I hady neuer ſuche a ſhame of one Knyght that euer I met/Andy therfore I caſte me to ryde after hym/andy to be reuengedy with my ſwerdy/ for on horſback I deme I ſhalle gete no worſhip of hym/ Syre Chalomydes ſaid Dynadan ye ſhalle not medle with hym by my counceil for ye ſhal gete no worſhip of hym/andy for this cauſe/ ye haue ſene hym this day haue had ouer moche to done & ouer moche trauailedy/ By almyzty Ihesu ſaid Chalomydes I ſhalle neuer be at eaſe tyl that I haue had ado with hym/ Syr ſaid Dynadan I ſhalle gyue you my beholdynge/ wel ſaid Chalomydes/thenne ſhall ye ſee how we ſhalle redreſſe our myghtes Soo they tooke their horſes of their Barlets/ andy rode after the Knyght with the redy ſhelde/& doune in a Baley beſyde a fontayne they there kaue where he was alyghte to repoſe hym/and hady done of his helme/for to drynke at the welle

Capitulum xix

Thenne Chalomydes rode faſte tyl he came nyghe hym / Andy thene he ſaid Knyght remembre ye of the ſhame ye dyd to me rpght now at the Caſtel / therfore dreſſe the/for I wille haue ado with the/ Fair knyzt ſaid he to Chalomydes of me ye wynne no worſhip/for ye haue ſene this daye that I haue ben trauailedy ſore/ As for that ſaidy Chalomydes I wille not lete/for wete ye wel I wil be reuengedy/ wel ſaid the knyght I may happen to endure you/ And there with alle he mou-
ted vpon his hors and tooke a grete ſpere in his handy redy for

to juste/Nay saidy palomydes I Wille not juste/for I am sure at justynge I gete no pryce/ Fair knyght said that knyghte It woldy biseme a knyght to juste and to fyghte on horsback ye shalle see what I Wille doo saidy Palomydes/and therwith he alyghte doune vpon foote/andy dressid his shelde afore hym andy pulledy oute his swerdy/Thenne the knyghte with the re; edy sheldy descendedy doune from his hors/andy dressid his shelde afore hym/andy soo he dreve oute his swerdy/ Andy thenne they came to gyders a softe pas/andy wonderly they lasshed to gy ders passyng thycke the mouēnaunce of an houre/ or euer they brethedy/Thenne they tracydy andy trauercyd andy wayed won derly wrothe/andy eyther behyght other dethe/they helve so faste with their swerdes that they cutte in doune half theire swerdes/ andy mayles that the bare flesshe in some place stode aboue the; yr harneis/¶ Andy whan sir Palomydes beheldy his felalves swerdy ouer hylledy with his bloody / hit greuedy hym sore/ some whyle they faynedy/some whyle they stroke as wyldy men/ But at the last sir Palomydes wayedy faynte by cause of his first wounde that he hady atte castel with a spere/ for that wo; undy greuedy hym wonderly sore/ Faire knyght saidy Palomy; des me semeth we haue assayed eyther other passyng sore/andy yf hit may please the / I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name/Sir said the knyzt to Palomydes/ that is me loth to doo/ for thou hast done me wronge/ and no knyghthode to pre fer me batailles/consyderynge my grete trauayle/¶ But and thou wolt telle me thy name/I wille telle the myn/Syr said he wete thou wel my name is palomydes/ A syr ye shall vnder stande my name is sir Lamorak de galys/sone and heyre vnto the goody knyghte andy kynge/kynge Pellenore/andy syr Tor the goody knyght is my half broder/ Whanne sire Palomydes herd hym saye soo he kneledy doune andy asked mercy for oul; tragyously haue I done to you this daye/ consyderyng the gre te dedes of armes I haue sene you done/ shamefully andy vn; knyghtely I haue requyredy you to doo batailles/ A syre Palo; mydes said sir Lamorak/ouer mocke haue ye done andy sayd to me/ Andy ther with he enbraced hym with his both handes/ and saidy Palomydes the worthy knyght in alle this landy is noo better than ye nor more of prowesse/ andy me repentydy sore that

we sholde fyghte to gyders/So it doth nol me saide sir Chalomydes/and yet am I sorer wounded than ye ben/ ¶But as for that I shalle soone therof be hole/But certaynly I wold not for the fayrest castel in this land/but yf thou and I had met for I shalle loue you the dayes of my lyfe afore al other knyghtes except my broder sir Safere/I saye the same saide syre Lamorak except my broder sir Tor/Thenne came sire Dynadan/and he made grete ioye of sir Lamorak/¶Thenne theire squyers dressid to the their sheldes and their harneis/and stopped their woundes/And there by at a pryory they rested them alle nyghte/

¶Capitulum xx

NOw forne we ageyne/when sire Gaynys and sir Brandoyles with his felawes came to the Courte of kynge Arthur/they told the kynge/syr Launcelot and sir Tristram/how sire Dagonet the foole chaced kynge Marke thurgh the forest/and how the stronge knyght smote them doune al seuen with one spere/There was grete laughynge and japynge atte kynge Marke and at sire Dagonet/But all these knyghtes coude not telle what knyght it was that reskowed kyng Marke Thenne they asked kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym / and he answerd and said/ he named hym self the knyght that folowed the questynge beest/ and on that name he sente one of my Varlets to a place where was his moder/and when she herd from whens he cam/ she made passyng grete dole and discouerd to my Varlet his name and said/O my dere sone sire Chalomydes why wolt thou not see me/and therfor syr said kyng Marke it is to Vnderstande his name is sir Chalomydes a noble knyght / Thenne were alle these seuen knyghtes glade that they knewe his name/¶Now forne we ageyne/ for on the morne they toke their horses tothe sir Lamorak/Chalomydes Dynadã with their squyers and Varlets tyl they salve a fayre castel / that stoode on a montayne wel closed/and thyder they rode and there they fond a knyght that hyght Galahalt that was lord of that castel / and there they had grete cher and were wel eased/Syr Dynadan said sire Lamorak what wil ye do o

sir saidy Dynadan/ I wylle to morolde to the courte of kynge Arthur/ ¶ By my hede saidy sir Palomydes I wille not ryde these thre dayes/ for I am sore hurte/ andy moche haue I bled Andy therfor I wille repose me here/ Truly said sir Lamorak/ andy I wille abyde here with you/ Andy whan ye ryde/ thenne wille I ryde/ onles that ye tary ouer longe/ Thenne wyll I take myn horse/ therfor I pray you syr Dynadan abyde andy ryde with vs/ Feythfully said Dynadan I wylle not abyde for I haue suche a talent to see sir Tristram that I may not abyde longe from hym/ / A Dynadan said syre Palomydes nolv do I vnderstande/ that ye loue my mortal enemy/ andy therfore holv sholdy I trust yow / wel saidy Dynadan I loue my lordy syre Tristram aboue all other/ andy hym wille I serue andy do honour/ So shalle I saidy syre Lamorak in al that may lye in my power/ Soo on the morne sir Dynadan rode vnto the court of kynge Arthur / Andy by the way as he rode he salve where stode an errant knyght/ andy made hym redy for to juste/ Not soo saidy Dynadan for I haue no wylle to juste/ with me shalle ye juste saidy the knyght or that ye passe this waye/ Wether aske ye justes by loue or by hate/ The knyght answerd wete ye wel/ I aske hit for loue & not for hate/ hit mayr wel be soo said syre Dynadan/ but ye profer me hardy loue/ whan ye wylle juste with me with a sharp spere / ¶ But fayre knyghte saidy syre Dynadan sythe ye wylle juste with me/ mete wyth me in the Courte of kynge Arthur/ andy there shalle I juste with you/ Wel saidy the knyght sythe ye wille not juste with me I pray yolv telle me your name/ ¶ Syr knyght saidy he my name is syre Dynadan/ A saidy the knyghte/ ful wel knolve I you for a goody knyghte and a gentyl/ and wete yolv wel I loue you hertely/ ¶ Thenne shalle here be no justes saidy Dynadan betwixe vs/ Soo they departedy/ Andy the same day he came to Camelot where lay kynge Arthur / Andy there he saleledy the kynge andy the quene/ syre Launcelot andy syre Tristram/ andy alle the Courte was gladde of sir Dynadan/ for he was gentyl wyse andy curteys/ andy a goody knyghte/ And in especyal the valyaunt knyght sir Tristram louedy syre Dynadan passyng wel aboue alle other knyghtes sauf sir launcelot ¶ Thenne the kynge askedy

syr Dynadan what aduentures he hadʒ sene/ Sire said Dyna-
dan I haue sene many aduentures/andʒ of somme kyng mark
knoweth/but not alle/Thenne the kynge herkenedʒ syr Dyna
nadan how he toldʒ that sir Palomydes andʒ he were afore the
castel of Morgan le fay/andʒ how syr Lamorak toke the Jus-
tes afore them/andʒ how he foriustedʒ twelue knyghtes/ andʒ
of them four he slewe/Andʒ how after he smote doune sir Palo
mydes andʒ me bothe/I may not byleue that saydʒ the kynge
For sir Palomydes is a passyng goodʒ knyghte / that is Bery
trouthe saidʒ sir Dynadan/but yet I salue hym better preuedʒ
handʒ for handʒ/ Andʒ thenne he toldʒ the kyng alle that batail
Andʒ how sir Palomydes was more weyker andʒ more hurte/
andʒ more lost of his bloodʒ/Andʒ withoute doubte saydʒ sir dy
nadan hadʒ the batailke lenger lastedʒ/palomydes had be slayn
O Jhesu saidʒ Kynge Arthur this is to me a grete merueylle
Syr saidʒ Tristram merueylle ye no thynge therof/ forʒ at myn
aduys / there is not a Valyaunter knyghte in the Worldʒ ly-
uynge/forʒ I knowe his myght/ Andʒ nowʒ I wille saye yowʒ
I was neuer soo wery of knyghte but yf it were sir launcelot
Andʒ there is no knyghte in the worldʒ excepte syr Launcelot
I woldʒ dydʒ soo wel as sir Lamorak / Soo godʒ me helpe sa-
idʒ the kyng I woldʒ that knyght syre Lamorak came to thys
Courte/syr saidʒ Dynadan he wille be here in shorte spac̃e/ andʒ
syr Palomydes bothe/ but I fere that Palomydes may not yet
trauayle

Capitulum xxj/

Thenne within thre dayes after the kynge lete make a
Justyng at a pryory/ Andʒ there made hem redy many
Knyghtes of the rounde table/ Forʒ syr Gawayne and
his bretherē made them redy to Juste/But Tristram/Laūce lot
norʒ Dynadan woldʒ not Juste / but suffredʒ sir Gawayne forʒ
the loue of kyng Arthur with his brethern to Wynne the gre
yf they myght / Thenne onʒ the morne they apparayled them to
Juste syr Gawayne and his four brethern/ and dydʒ there gre
te dedes of armes/and sir Ectorʒ de marys dyd merueylously
wel/But sire Gawayne passedʒ alle that felauship/ wherfore

kynge Arthur and alle the knyghtes gafe sire Gawayne the honour at the begynnynge/ ¶ Ryght soo kynge Arthur was ware of a knyght and two squyers / the whiche came oute of a forest syde with a sheld couerd with leder / And thenne he came sly ly and hurtlyd here and there/ And anone with ane spere he had smyten doune two knyghtes of the round table Thenne with his hurtlyng he lost the keuerynge of his sheld thenne was the kynge and aske other ware that he hare a red shelde / O Jhesu saide Kynge Arthur see where rydeth a stoute knyghte he with the redy shelde/ And there was noyse & crye enge Gelware the knyght with the redy shelde/ Soo within a lytel whyle he had ouerthrowen thre brethern of sire Galwaynes/ Soo godd me help said Kynge Arthur me semeth yonder is the best juster that euer I salve / with that he salve hym encountre with sire Galwayne/ and he smote hym doune with soo grete force that he made his hors to auoyde his sadel/ ¶ Holde now said the kyng sire Galwayne hath a falle/ wel were me / and I knelve what knyght he were with the red shelde/ I knowe hym wel said Dynadan/ but as at this tyme ye shalle not knowe his name/ By my hede saidd syr Tristram he justed bet ter than sir Palomydes/ And yf ye lyst to knowe his name/ wete ye wel his name is sir Lamorak de galys/ As they sto de thus talkynge/ sire Galwayne and he encountred to gyders ageyne/ And there he smote sir Galwayne from his hors / and bysyd hym sore/ And in the syghte of Kynge Arthur he smote doune twenty knyghtes beside sire Galwayne and his brethern/ And soo clerely was the pryse yeuen hym as a knyght pyerles/ Thenne sly ly and merueylously syr Lamorak with drelve hym from alle the felauship in to the forest syde/ Al this aspyed Kynge Arthur/ for his eye went neuer from hym/ ¶ Thenne the Kynge syr Launcelot syr Tristram and syr dynadan took theire hackneis/ and rode streyght after the goodd knyght syr Lamorak de galys/ And there fond hym / And thus saidd the kyng/ A fayr knyght wel be ye fonde/ Whanne he salve the kynge/ he put of his helme and salewed hym/ and whanne he salve sir Tristram/ he alyghte doun of his hors and ranne to hym to take hym by the thyes/ but sir Tristram wold

not ſuffre hym/but he alyghte or that he came/and eyder took other in armes/and made grete ioye of other/ The kynge was glade /and alſo was alle the felauſhip of the wounde table ſ eycepte ſire Galvayne and his bretheren / And whanne they wyſt that he was ſyre Lamorak/they had grete deſpyte at hym and were wonderly wrothe with hym/that he hade putte hym to diſhonour that day/ Thenne Galvayn calledy pryuely in cōe ille alle his brethern/and to them ſaide thus/ Faire brethe ; ren here may ye ſee whome that we hate/kynge Arthur loueth And whome that we loue he hateth/ ¶ And wete ye wel my fayr bretheren/that this ſir Lamorak wille neuer loue vs/ by cauſe we ſlelve his fader kynge Pellenore/for we demed that he ſlelve our fader kynge of Orkeney/And for the deſpyte of Pellenore ſyr Lamorak dyde vs a ſhame to oure moder/ ther; fore I wille be reuenged/Syr ſaide ſir Galvayns bretheren / lete ſee how ye wylle or maye be reuenged/and ye ſhalle fynde vs redy/Wel ſaid Galvayne holde you ſtylle and we ſhalle aſpye oure tyme /

¶ Capitulum xxvij

Nowe paſſe we oure matere/ and leue We ſire Galvayn and ſpeke of kynge Arthur that on a day sayde vn to kynge Marke/Syr I pray yowe gyue me a yefte that I ſhall aye yowe/Syr ſaide kyng Mark I will gyue you what ſomeuer ye deſyre and hit be in my power/Syre gramercy ſaide Arthur/This I wille aſke yowe that ye wille be good lorde vnto ſir Triſtram/for he is a man of grete honour/and that ye wille take hym with yowe in to Cornelvaile/ & lete hym ſee his frendes/and there cheryſſhe hym for my ſake / Syre ſaide kynge Marke I promyſe yowe by the feythe of my body and by the feythe that I owe to gode and to yowe I ſhalle wor ; ſhippe hym for your ſake in alle that I can or may/ Syr ſaid Arthur/and I wylle forgyue yowe alle the euylle wylle that euer I oughte yowe/ and ſo be that ye ſwere that vpon a booke afore me/with a goode wille ſaide kynge Marke/ and ſoo he there ſware vpon a booke afore hym and alle hiſknyghtes/ & ther with kynge Mark and ſire Triſtram toke eyther other by

the handes hardy knyt to gyders/But for alle this kynge marke thought falsly/as it preuedy after/for he put sir Tristram in pryson/andy wlwardly wolde haue slayne hym/ Thenne for one after kynge Marke took his leue to ryde in to Cornewa yl/andy sir Tristram made hym redy to ryde with hym / wherof the moost party of the roundy table were wrothe andy heuy / & in especial sir Launcelot andy sire Lamorak andy sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure/ For wel they wyst kyng Marke wolde slee or destroye sir Tristram/ Allas saidy Dynadan that my lordy syr Tristram shalle departe/ and sir Tristram toke suche sorowe that he was amasydy lyke a foole / ¶ Allas said sir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur what haue ye done/for ye shalle lese the moost many of worship that euer cam in to your court It was his owne desyre saidy Arthur/and therfore I myghte not doo with alle/for I haue done alle that I may andy made them at accordy/ Accordy saidy sir launcelot fy vpony that accord For ye shalle here that he shalle slee sir Tristram / or put hym in a pryson/for he is the moost cowarde andy the vylaynst kyng andy knyght that is nowe lyuyng/ Andy there with sire Launcelot departedy/andy cam to kynge Mark/and said to hym thus Syr kyng wete thou wel the good knyght sir Tristram shalle goo with the/Welware I rede the of treasony/for andy thou meschyeue that knyght by ony maner of falshede or tresony by the feythe I owe to gody andy to the ordre of knyghthode I shalle slee the myn owne handes/ Syr launcelot saidy the kyng ouer moche haue ye saidy to me/and I haue sworne and said ouer largely afore kynge Arthur in herynge of alle his knyghtes / that I shal not sle nor betraye hym/It were to me ouer moche shame to breke my promyse/ ye saye wel said sir Launcelot But ye are called so fals andy ful of treasony that no many may byleue yow ¶ For soth it is knowen wel Wherfor ye came in to this countrey/and for none other cause but for slee sir tristram/Soo with grete dole kynge Marke andy sir Tristram rode to gyders/for hit was by sir Tristrams wil andy his meanes to goo with kyng Marke andy all was for the entente to see la Beale Isoud/for without the syghte of her syr Tristrã myght not endure

¶ Capitulum xxiij

Nolv torne we ageyne vnto sire Lamorak / and speke we of his bretheren / syr Tor whiche was kynge Pelles nozs fyrst sone and bygoten of Aryes wyf the couberd for he was a bastardy and sire Agwuale was his fyrste sone begoten in wedlok / syre Lamorak / Dornar / Percyuale / these were his sones to in wedlok / ¶ Soo whanne kynge Marke and sire Tristram were departedy from the Courte / there was made grete dole and sorowe for the departynge of sir Tristram Thenne the kynge and his knyghtes made no maner of Jo ye eyghte dayes after / And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyghte with a yonge squyer with hym / And whanne this knyghte was vnarmed / he went to the kynge and requyredy hym to make the yonge squyer a knyghte / Of what lygnage is he come saidy kynge Arthur / Syre saidy the knyght he is the sone of kyng Pellenore that dydy you somtyme goody seruyse / And he is broder vnto syr Lamorak de galys the goody knyghte / wel saidy the kynge for what cause de syre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyghte / wete you wel my lordy the kynge that this yonge squyer is broder to me as wel as to sir Lamorak / andy my name is Aglauale Syre Agwuale saidy Arthur for the loue of sire Lamorak and for his faders loue he shalle be made knyghte to morolwe / ¶ Nolv telle me saidy Arthur what is his name / Syre saidy the knyght his name is Percyuale de Galys /
Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott / But the kynge andy alle the knyghtes thoughte hit wold be longe or that he preuedy a goody knyghte ¶ Thenne at the dyner whanne the kynge was set at the table / andy euery knyght after he was of prolwesse / the kyng commaundedy hym to be sette amonge meane knyghtes / andy soo was sire Percyuale sette as the kynge commaundedy / Thenne was there a maydeny in the Quenes court that was come of hyghe blood / & she was domme & neuer spak word / Ryght so she cam streyght in to the halle / & went vnto sir Percyuale & tolke hym by ꝑ hād & said a

lolde that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit/ Arise syr Percyuale the noble knyght and godes knyght and go with me/ and soo he dyd / And there she brought hym to the ryght syde of the sege perilous / And said Fair knyghte take here thy sege/ for that sege appertayneth to the and to none other/ Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste / And as she was confessid and houseld thenne she dyed / Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete ioye of syr Percyuale

Capitulum xxiiii

NOw forne we vnto sir Lamorak that moche was there preysed/ Thenne by the meane of sir Galvayn and his brethren/ they sente for her moder there besydes fast by a Castel besyde Camelot / and alle was to that entente to slee sir Lamorak/ The Quene of Orkeney was there but a Whyle but sir Lamorak wyst of their kynge/ and was ful fayne/ & for to make an ende of this matere he sente vnto her/ and ther betwixe them was a nyght assygned that sir Lamorak shold come to her/ Therof Was ware syre Gaherys / and there he rode afore the same nyght and waited vpon sire Lamorak/ and thē ne he salve where he came all armed / and where sire Lamorak alyghte / he teyed his hors to a preuy posterne / and so he wēt in to a palour and vnarmed hym/ And thenne he wente vnto the Quenes bedde/ and she made of hym passynge grete Joye and he of her ageyne/ for eyther loued other passynge sore /

Soo whan the knyght syr Gaherys/ salve his tyme/ he cam to their beddes syde alle armed with his swerd nāked/ and sodenly gat his moder by the here and strake of her hede/ whanne sir Lamorak salve the blood dasshe vpon hym all hote/ the whiche he loued passynge wel/ wete yolde wel he was sore abasshed and desmayed of that dolorous knyght/ And there with al sir Lamorak lepte out of the bedde in his sherte as a knyght desmayed sayenge thus A syre Gaherys knyght of the table vnd foule and euylle haue ye done and to yolde grete shame Allas why haue ye slayn your moder that bare you with more ryght ye shold haue slayne me / The offence hast thou done

sayd Gaherys not withstandynge a man is borne to offre his seruyse / but yet sholdest thold helpe with whome thold me ; dleste/for thold hast putte me and my brethern to a shame/and thy fader selfe our fadre/and thold to lye by our moder is to moche shame for bs to suffre/And as for thy fader kyng Pellenore my broder sir Galhayne and I selfe hym/ye dyd hym the more wronge saidy sire Lamorak / For my fader selfe not your fadre/it was Balyn le saueage / and as yet my fadres dethe is not reuengedy/leue tho wordes saidy sir Gaherys / For and thou spekest felonsly I wil slee the / But by cause thold arte nakedy I am ashamedy to slee the/but wete thou wel / in what place I may gete the/I shalle slee the/and nold my moder is quyte of the/and withdralhe the/and take thyn armour that thold were gone/Syre Lamorak salhe there was none other bote but fast armedy hym and wok his hors and rode his way makynge grete sorowe;/But for the shame and dolour he wold not ryde to kynge Arthurs Courte/but rode another waye/But whan hit was knowen that Gaherys had slayne his moder/the kynge was passynge wrothe and commaunded hym to goo oute of his courte/wete ye wel sire Galhayn was wrothe that Gaherys had slayne his moder/and lete sire Lamorak escape/ And for this matere was the kynge passynge wrothe and soo was sir Lamorak and many other knyghtes Syr saidy sir Launcelot here is a grete meschyef befallen by felony / and by fore cast treason that your syster is thus shamefully slayne/And I dare saye that it was wrought by treson And I dare saye ye shalle lese that goody knyghte sir Lamorak the whiche is grete pyte/I wote wel and am sure and sir Tristram wyste hit/he woldy neuer more come within your courte/the whiche sholdy greue yold moche more and alle youre knyghtes / Gody defende said the noble kynge Arthur that I shold lese sire Lamorak or sir Tristram / for thenne thweyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table roundy were gone/ Syre saide syre Launcelot I am sure ye shalle lese sir Lamorak for sir Gawayne and his brethern wille sle hym/by one meane or other/for they amonge them haue concludedy and sworne to slee hym and euer they may see their tyme/That shalle I lette sayd Arthur

¶ Capitulum xxb

NOw leue we of sire Lamorak / and speke of sire Gawayns bretherene specaally of syr Agrauayne and syre Mordred as they rode on theire aduentures they mette with a knyght fleynge sore wounded/and they asked hym wha & tydynges/ Faire knyghtes said he here cometh a knyght after me that wylle slee me/ With that came sire Dynadan ryding to them by adnenture/but he wold promyse them no helpe But sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred promysed hym to reskewe hym/ There with alle came that knyght strayght vnto them And anone he profered to juste/ That salve syre Mordred and rode to hym but he strake Mordred ouer his hors tayle

¶ That salve sire Agrauayn and streyght he rode toward that knyght / And ryght soo as he serued Mordred soo he serued Agrauayne/and said to them/ Syrs wete ye wel hothe that I am Breuse sauce pyte that hath done this to yolv/ And yet he rode ouer Agrauayne fyue or syxe tymes/

¶ Whan Dynadan salve this / he muste nedes juste with hym for shame/ And so Dynadan and he encountred to gyders/that with pure strengthe sir Dynadan smote hym ouer his hors tayle/ Thenne he took his hors and fledde/for he was on foot one of the valyauntest knyghtes in Arthurs dayes /and a grete destroyer of alle good knyghtes / Thenne rode sir Dynadan vnto sir Mordred and vnto sir Agrauayne/ Syre knyght said they alle wel haue ye done/and wel haue ye reuenged vs/wherfor we praye yolv telle vs youre name/ Faire sirs ye ought to knowe my name the Whiche is called sire Dynadan / Whanne they vnderstood that it was Dynadan/they were more wroth than they were before/for they hated hym oute of mesure by cause of sir Lamorak/ For Dynadan had suche a .custome that he loued alle good knyghtes that were valyaunt/and he hated al tho that were destroyers of good knyghtes / And there were none that hated Dynadan but tho that euer were called murtherers Thenne spack the hurt knyght that Breuse sauce pyte hadde chaced/his name was Dalan / and said yf thou be Dynadan/ tholv slewest my faxr/Hit may wel be so said Dynadan/ but thenne it was in my defence and at his requeste / By my hede said Dalan tholv shalt dye therfore/ and there with he dressid

his spere and his shelde / And so make the shorter tale syr Dynadan smote hym doune of his hors that his neck was nyg broken / And in the same wyse he smote syr Mardrey and sir Agrauayne / And after in the queste of the Sanegreal owardly and felonnsly they slewe Dynadan / the whiche was grete dammage / for he was a grete bourder and a passyng goody knyght

¶ And soo sire Dynadan rode to a Castel that hyght Beale Valet / And there he fonde sire Palomydes that was not yet hole of the wounds that syr Lamorak gaf hym / And there Dynadan told Palomydes alle the tydynges that he herde and salve of syre Tristram / and how he was gone with kynge Marke / and with hym he hath alle his royll and desyre / There with syre Palomydes wayted wrothe / for he loued la Beale Isoud / And thenne he wyste wel that syre Tristram enioyed her

¶ Capitulum xxxj

NOw leue we sire Palomydes and sire Dynadan in the castel of Beale Valet / and torne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur / There came a knyght oute of Cornelvail his name was Fergus / a felawe of the rounde table / And ther he tolde the kynge and sir Launcelot goody tydynges of sir Tristram / and there were brought goodly letters / and how he lefte hym in the castel of Tyntagil

¶ Thenne came the damoysel that broughte goodly letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto sire launcelot / and there she hadde passynge goody chere of the kynge and of the Quene Guenever and of sire Launcelot / ¶ Thenne they wrote goodly letters ageyne / But syre Lañcelot hadde euer sire Tristram kewarde of kynge Marke / for euer he called hym in his letters kynge Foye / As who saith / he fareth alle with wyles and treason / wherof sire Tristram in his herte thanked syre Lañcelot ¶ Thenne the Damoysel went vnto la Beale Isoud and bare her letters from the kynge and from syre Launcelot / wherof she was in passynge grete Joye

¶ Faire damoysel saidy la Beale Isoud / how fareth my

Lord' Arthur and the Quene Gweneuer/ and the noble knyzt
syr Launcelot / she answerd and to make short tale/ mocke the
letter that ye and sire Tristram ben in Joye /
God welwarde them said la beale Isoud/ for sir Tristram suffe weth
grete payne for me and I for hym/ So the damoysel departed
and broughte letters to Kynge Marke/ And whanne he had
redde them/ and vnderstood them/ he was wrothe with sir Tris-
tram/ for he demed that he had sente the damoysel vnto Kyng
Arthur/ For Arthur and Launcelot in a maner thwarted kyng
marke/ And as Kynge marke redde these letters/ he demed tre-
son by syr Tristram/ Damoysel said Kynge marke / wille ye
ryde ageyne and bere letters from me vnto Kynge Arthur/ sir
she said I wille be at your commaundement to ryde whan ye
wille/ ye saye wel said the Kyng/ come ageyne said the Kyng
to morne/ and fetche your letters/ Thenne she departed/ & told
them how she sholde ryde ageyne with letters vnto Arthur
Thenne we praye you said la beale Isoud and sir Tristram
that whanne ye haue receyued your letters / that ye wolde co-
me by vs that We may see the pryuete of your letters/ Al that
I may doo madame ye wote wel I must doo for sir Tristram
for I haue ben longe his owne mayden/ Soo on the morne the
damoysel went to kynge marke to haue had his letters and to
departe / I am not auysed said kynge marke as at this tyme
to sende my letters/ Thenne pryuely and secretely he sent let-
ters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto Quene Queneuer/ and vn
to sir Launcelot/ So the varlet departed/ and fond the Kynge
and the Quene in walys at Carlyon/ And as the kyng and
the Quene were at masse the varlet came with the letters //
And whanne masse was done the kynge and the Quene ope-
ned the letters pryuely by them self/ And the begynnynge of
the kynges letters spak wonderly short vnto Kynge Arthur/
and bade hym entermete with hym self and with his wyf / &
of his knyghtes / For he was able ynough to rule and kepe
his wyf

WHanne kynge Arthur vnderstood the letter/ he musyd of many thynges/& thouzt on his systers wordes quene Morgan le fay that she had sayd betwixe quene gueneuer and sir Launcelot / And in this thoughte he studyed a grete whyle / Thenne he bethought hym ageyne how his syster was his olvne enemy/and that she hated the Quene and sir launcelot/and soo he putte all that oute of his thoughte

¶ Thenne kynge Arthur redde the letter ageyne/and the latter clause said that kynge Marke woke sire Tristram for his mortal enemy/wherfor he put Arthur oute of doubte he wold be revengyd of sir Tristram/Thenne was kyng Arthur wroth with kynge Marke/And whanne quene Gueneuer redde her letter and vnderstood hit/she was wrothe oute of mesure/ for the letter spak shame by her/and by sir launcelot / And soo prively she sente the letter vnto sir Launcelot/ And whanne he wyste the entent of the letter/he was soo wrothe that he leyd hym doune on his bedde to slepe/wherof sir Dynadan was ware/for hit was his maner to be privy with alle goody knyghtes/And as sire launcelot slepte he stale the letter oute of his handy and redy it word by word/ And thenne he made grete sorow for anger/and soo sir Launcelot awaked/and went to a wyndowe/and redde the letter ageyne / the whiche maade hym angry/Syre saidy Dynadan wherfore be ye angry/ discouer your hert to me/ For sothe ye wote wel I olde you goody wylle/how be hit I am a poure knyght and a seruytour vnto you and to alle goody knyghtes/ For though I be not of worshyp my self I loue alle tho that ben of worshyp/It is trouth said sir Launcelot/ye are a trusty knyght/ and for grete trust I wille shewe you my counceylle/ And whan Dynadan vnderstood alle/he saidy this is my counceyl/ Sette you ryght nought by these thretys / For kynge marke is soo vylaynous / that by fayre speche shalle neuer man gete of hym/¶ But ye shalle see what I shalle doo/I wille make a lay for hym / & whan hit is made I shalle make an harper to synge hit afore hym/Soo anone he wente and made hit / and taughte hit an harper that hyght Elyot/And whanne he coude hit/ he taught hit to many harpers

¶ And soo by the wylle of sire Launcelot and of Arthur the harpers went streyghte in to

walys/ andy in to Cornelbaile to synge the laye that sire Dy=
nadan made by kynge Marke/ the whiche was the werste lay
that euer harper sange with harp or with ony other Instrumen
tys

¶ Capitulum xviij

NOw forne we ageyne vnto sire Tristram andy to kyng
Marke/ As syr Tristram was at Justes andy att tur=
nement/ hit fortunedy he was sore hurte bothe with a
spere andy with a swerdy/ but yet he wanne allweyes the degre
Andy for to repose hym/ he wente to a goody knyght that duel
ledy in Cornelbaile in a Castel whos name was Syr Dynas
le Seneschalk/ Thenne by myssfortune there came oute of Ses=
oyne a grete nombre of meny of armes/ andy ay hydous hoost/ &
they entredy nygh the castel of Tyntagyl/ andy her Cappytayns
name was Elyas a good many of armes/ Whan kyng Mark
vnderstode his enemyes were entredy in to his landy/ he maade
grete dole andy sorolw/ for in no wyse by his wille kyng Mark
wolde not sende for sir Tristram for he hatedy hym dedly / Soo
Whan his counceill was come/ they deuysedy andy cast many pe=
ryls of the strengthe of her enemyes/ And thenne they conclu
dedy all at ones andy saidy thus vnto kynge Marke/ Syr we=
re ye wel ye must sende for sire Tristram the goody knyghte or
els they wylle neuer be ouercome / For by sire Tristram they
must be foughten with alle/ or els we wolde ageynst the streme
¶ Wel saidy kynge Marke I wille doo by your counceylle /
but yet he was ful lothe ther to / but nede constraynedy hym to
sende for hym/ Thenne was he sente for in alle haste that myghte
be that he sholdy come to kynge Marke / Andy whanne he vn=
derstoody that kynge Marke hady sente for hym / he mountedy
vpon a softe ambuler andy rode to kynge Marke/ Andy whan
he was come/ the kynge said thus/ Faire neuelwe syr Tristrā
this is alle/ Here be come owre enemyes of Sessoyne / that are
here nyghe handy / andy without tarynge they must be mette
with shortly or els they wylle destroye this countrey/ Syr said
sir Tristram wete ye wel alle my polwer is at your commaun
dement/ Andy wete ye wel syre/ these eyght dayes I may here

none armes for my wounded ben not yet hole/ And by that day
I shalle doo what I may/ ye saye wel said kynge Marke/
Thenne goo ye ageyne and repose yow and make yow fresshe
And I shalle go and mete the Sessoyns with alle my power
Soo the kyng departed fro Tyntagyl and sir Tristram went
to repose hym/ and the kyng made a grete hoost and departed
them in thre/ The fyrste parte lede syr Dynas the Seneschall
and sir Andred lede the second parte/ and sir Argus lede
the thyrd parte/ and he was of the blood of kyng Mark/ and
the Sessoyns had thre grete batails/ and many good men of
armes/ And soo kynge Marke by the aduyse of his knyghtes
yssued oute of the Castel of Tyntagyl vpon his enemyes
And Dynas the good knyghte rode oute afore/ and slewe ij
knyghtes his owne handes/ and thenne kegan the batayls /
And there was merueyllous brekyng of speres and smytyng
of swerdes/ and slewe doune many good knyghtes/ And euer
was syr Dynas the Seneschal the best of kyng Markes par
ty/ And thus the bataille endured longe with grete mortalyte
But at the last kynge Mark and sire Dynas were they ne-
uer soo lothe they withdrewen hem to the castel of Tyntagyll /
with grete slaughter of peple/ and the Sessoyns folowed on
fast/ that ten of them were put within the gates and four sla-
yne with the porte coloyse/ Thenne kyng Marke sente for sire
Tristram by a Varlet that told hym alle the mortalyte /
¶ Thenne he sente the Varlet ageyne and bad hym telle kyng
Mark that I wille come as soone as I am hole/ for erste I
maye doo hym noo good/ Thenne kynge Mark hadde his an-
swer / There with came Elyas and badde the kynge yelde vp
the castel/ for ye maye not holde it no whyle/ Sir Elyas saide
the kynge so wyll I yelde vp the castel yf I be not soone resco-
wed/ Anone kyng Marke sente ageyne for resolue to sir tris
tram/ By thenne sir Tristram was hoole / and he hadde goten
hym ten good knyghtes of Arthurs/ And with hem he rode
fro Tyntagyl/ And whanne he salwe the grete hoost of Sess-
oyns he merueylled wonder gretely/ And thenne sir Trystram
rode by the woodes and by the dyches as secretely as he myght
tyl he came nyghe the gatys / And there dressid a knyghte to
hym/ whan he salwe that sir Tristram wold entre sir tristram

ſmote hym doune dede/ And ſoo he ſerued thre mo / And euerycke of theſe ten knyghtes ſlewe a man of armes/ Soo ſir triſtram entryd in to the caſtel of Tyntagyl / And whan kynge Marke wyſt that ſir Triſtram was come he was glad of his comyng/ and ſoo was alle the felauſhyp/ and of hym they made grete Joye

Capitulum xxix

SOo on the morne Elyas the capytayne came/ and bad kynge Marke come oute/ and doo batailke/ for now the good knyghte ſir Triſtram is entryd / It wylle be ſhame to the ſayd Elyas for to kepe thy walles/ Whan kynge Mark Vnderſtode this/ he was wrothe and ſayd no word/ but went Vnto ſir Triſtram and axed hym his counceyl/ Sire ſaid ſir Triſtram wylle ye that I gyue hym his anſuer/ I wille wel ſayd kynge Marke/ Thenne ſir Triſtram ſaid thus to the meſſagere Here thy lord word from the kynge and me/ that we wyl do batail with hym to morne in the playne felde/ What is your name ſaid the meſſager/ Wete thou wel/ my name is ſir Tryſtram de Lyones/ There with alle the meſſager departed / and told his lord Elyas alle that he had herd/ Syr ſaide ſire Triſtram Vnto kynge Marke I praye yolu gyue me leue to haue the rule of the batail/ I pray yolu take the rule ſaid kyng mark Thenne ſire Triſtram lete araye the batailke in what maner that it ſhold be/ He lete departe his hoſt in fyue partyes/ and ordeyned ſir Dynas the Seneſchal to haue the fore ward / & other knyghtes to rule the remenaunt / And the ſame nyghte ſyre Triſtram brente alle the Seſſoyns ſhyppes Vnto the cold water/ Anone as Elyas wyſt that he ſaid hit was of ſir Triſtrams doynge/ for he caſteth that we ſhalle neuer eſcape moder ſone of Vs/ Therfore fayre felawes fyghte frely to morwe / & myſcomforte yolu noughte for ony knyzt though he be the beſt knyght in the world/ he maye not haue adoo with Vs alle/

Thenne they ordeyned theyr batails in four partyes Wonderly wel apparailled and garnyſſhed with men of armes Thus they within yſſued/ and they without ſette frely Vpon them/ and there ſir Dynas dyd grete dedes of armes/ not for

thenne sir Dynas and his felauship were put to the werse/ With that came sire Tristram and sleme two knyghtes with one spere/thenne he sleme on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand/that men merueylled that euer he myght do suche dedes of armes/And thenne he myght see somtyme the batailke was dryuen a bolde draughte from the castel/ and somtyme it was at the gates of the Castel / Thenne came Elyas Capytayne rasshynge here and there/ and hytte kynge Mark so sore vpon the helme that he made hym to auoyde the sadel / And thenne sir Dynas gaf kynge Mark ageyne to horsback / There with alle came in sir Tristram lyke a lyon/and there he mette with Elyas/and he smote hym so sore vpon the helme that he auoyded his sadel/ And thus they fought tyl it was nyghte/ and for grete slauzter and for wounded peple euerycke party drewe to their reste/And whan kynge Marke was come within the castel of Tyntagyl/he lacked of his knyghtes an honderd and they without lacked two honderd / and they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes/And thenne they went to counceil/and wete yolde wel eyther party were lothe to fyghte mor/soo that eyther myght escape with their worship

When Elyas the capytayn vnderstode the dethe of his men/ he made grete dole/ And whan he wyst that they were lothe to goo to batailke ageyne/he was wrothe oute of mesure/ Thenne Elyas sente worde vnto kyng Mark in grete despyte whether he wolde fynde a knyght that wolde fyghte for hym/body for body / And yf that he myght slee kynge Markes knyghte / he to haue the truage of Corne Waile yerely / And yf that his knyght slee myn/I fully releece my clayme for euer Thenne the messager departed vnto kynge Marke and tolde hym how that his lorde Elyas had sente hym worde to fynde a knyght to doo batailke with hym body for body/whanne kyng Marke vnderstoode the messagyer he bade hym abyde / and he sholde haue his answer / Thenne called he alle the Baronage to gyder to wete what was the beste counceyll/They sayde all at ones to fyghte in a felde we haue no luste/for hade not ben syr Tristrams prowesse / hit hade ben lykely that we neuer sholde haue escaped/ And therfor sir as we deme/ hit were wel done to fynde a knyght that wolde do batail with hym for he knyghtly

Dt for thenne whan alle this was said/they coude fynde no knyght that wold do batailke with hym/ Syre kynge said they alle / here is no knyght that dare fyghte with Elyas/ Allas said kynge Marke thenne am I vtterly ashamed and vtterly destroyed/ onles that my neuelbe sire Tristram wylle take the batailke vpon hym/ wete yolv wel they sayd alle he had yesterday ouer mocke on hand/ and he is very for trauaille/ and sore wounded/ where is he said kyng marke Syr said they he is in his lede to repose hym/ Allas said kynge Marke/ but I haue the socour of my neuelbe sir Tristram I am vtterly destroyed for euer/ There with one wente to syr Tristram there he lay and told hym what kynge Marke had sayd/ And there with sire Tristram arose lyghtly/ and putt on hym a longe golvne/ and came afore the kynge and al the lordes/ And whan he salve hem alle soo desmayed/ he asked the kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem / Nener verse said the kynge/ And there with he told hym alle how he had word of Elyas to fynde a knyzt to fyghte for the truage of Cornelvail/ and none can I fynde / And as for yolv said the kynge and alle the lordes ve maye aske no more of yolv for shame/ For thurgh your hardynes yesterday ye saued alle your lyues/ Syre said syr Tristram nolv I vnderstande ye wold haue my socour/ reason wold that I shold doo al that lyeth in my polver to doo/ saupnge my worship/ and my lyf / how be hit I am sore brysed and hurte/ And sythen sir Elyas proffereth soo largely/ I shalle fyghte with hym or els I will be slayne in the felde/ or els I wille delyuer Cornelvaile from the old truage/ And therfore lyghtely calle his messager and he shalle be answerd/ for as yet my wounces ken grene and they wille be sorer a seuen nyght after than they ken nolv/ And ther for he shalle haue his answere/ that I will doo batail to morn with hym /Thenne was the messager departed ward ught before kynge Marke/ Herke my felawe said sir Tristram goo fast vnto thy lord and bydde hym make true assurance on his party/ for the truage/ as the kyng here shalle make on his party/ and thēne telle thy lord sir Elyas that I sir Tristram kynge Arthurs knyght / and knyghte of the table round /

wylke as to morne mete with thy lordy on horsback/ to doo batail as longe as my hors maye endure/ Andy after that to doo ba; taille with hym on foote to the vttermoste/ the messager beheldy syr Tristram from the top to the too / Andy there with alle he departedy andy came to his lordy andy toldy hym how he was an swerdy of sir Tristram/ Andy there with alle was made hostage on bothe partyes/ andy made hit as sure as hit myghte be/ that whether party hady the victory/ soo to ende / Andy thenne were bothe hostes assembledy on bothe partyes of the felde Without the castel of Tyntagyl/ & ther was none but sir Tristram & sir Elyas armedy / Soo whan the poyntement was made they departedy in sonder/ andy they came to gyders With alle the myght that their horses myghte renne/ Andy eyther knyghte smote o; ther soo hardy that bothe horses andy knyghtes went to the er; the/ Not for thenne they bothe lyghtely arose andy dressid the; ir sheldes on their sholders with nakedy swerdes in their han; des/ andy they dasshedy to gyders that hit semedy a flammynge fyre about them/ Thus they tracydy andy trauercydy andy helpe on helmes andy halberkes/ and alte alwaye many cantels of their sheldes/ andy eyther woundedy other passynge sore/ so that the hote blody felle freshly vpon the erthe/ ¶ And by thenne they had foughten the mountenaunce of an houre/ sir Tristram wayte faynte andy forbledde/ andy gaf sore a bak / That salve sire Elyas/ andy folowedy fyersly vpon hym / andy woundedy hym in many places/ Andy euer sire Tristram tracydy and tra uercydy/ andy wente froward hym here andy there/ andy couerdy hym with his shelde as he myghte alle weykely/ that alle may saidy he was ouercome/ For sir Elyas hadde gyuen hym twen; ty strokes ageynst one/ ¶ Thenne was there laughyng of the Sessoyns party and grete dole on Kynge Markys party / Allas said the Kynge We are ashamedy andy destroyedy all for euer/ for as the book saith syr Tristram was neuer so matched but yf it were sir launcelot / Thus as they stode andy beheldy bothe partyes / that one party laughynge andy the other party wepynge/ Syre Tristram remembrydy hym of his lady la bea; le Isoud that lokedy vpon hym / Andy how he was lykely ne; uer to come in her presence/ Thenne he pulled vp his shelde that erst henge ful lowe / Andy thenne he dressid vp his shelde vnto

Elyas/and̄ gaf hym manȳ sadde stroȝes twenȳ ageynst one and̄ alle to brake his shelde and his hauberk/that the hote blode ranne doune to the erthe/ Thenne leganne kynge Marke to laughe and̄ alle Cornysshe men/and that other party to wepe/ And̄ euer sir Tristram saide to sir Elyas yelde the/ ¶ Thenne Whanne sir Tristram salve hym soo stakkerynge on the groū̄de he saide syr Elyas I am ryght sory for the / for thou arte a passynge goode knyghte as euer I mette with alle exceptē sire Launcelot/ther With alle sir Elyas fylle to the erthe / & there dyede/What shalle I doo said sir Tristram vnto kynge marke for this bataille is at an ende/Thenne they of Elyas party departede/ and̄ kynge Marke took of hem many prysoners to redresse the harmes and̄ the scathes that he had̄ of them/and the remenaunt he sente in to their countrey to bowlde oute their felawes/Thenne was sire Tristram serched and̄ wel helpe/ yet for alle this kynge Marke wolde fayne haue slayne sir Tristram/ ¶ But for alle that euer sire Tristram salve or herde by kynge Marke yet wolde he neuer kelwave of his treason/But euer he wolde be there as la Beale Isoude was

¶ Capitulum xxxj

NOw wille we passe of this mater / and̄ speke we of the harpers that sir Launcelot and̄ sir Dynadan hadde sente in to Cornelwaile/And̄ at the grete feest that kyng marke made for Joye that the Sessoyns were putte oute of his Countrey / Thenne came Elyas the harper with the lay that Dynadan had̄ made and̄ secretely broughte hit vnto sir Tristram and̄ tolde hym the lay that Dynadan had̄ made by kynge Marke/And̄ whan sir Tristram herde hit/ he saide O lorde Jhesu that Dynadan can̄ make wonderly wel and̄ ylle/ there as it shalle be/ ¶ Syr saide Elyas dare I synge this songe afore kynge Marke/ye on̄ my peryll saide sire Tristram/for I shalle be thy warraunt / Thenne at the mete cam in Elyas the harper/ & by cause he was a curyous harper men herd hym synge the same lay that Dynadan had̄ made/the whiche spak the moost vylony by kyng Marke of his treason̄ / that euer man herde/whan the harper had̄ songe his songe to the ende/ kynge Marke was wonderly wrothe ¶ And̄ sayde/thou

harper how durst thow be soo bolde on thy hede to synge thys
songe afore me/Syr saide Elyas wete yow wel I am a myn
strel/and I must doo as I am commaūded of these lordes that
I here the armes of/And syre wete ye wel that sir Dynadan
a knyghte of the table round made this songe / and made me
to synge hit afore yow/Thow sayest wel sayde kynge Marke
And by cause thow arte a mynstral/thow shalt go quyte/ but
I charge the hyde the fast oute of my syghte / Soo the harper
departed and wente to sir Tristram and tolde hym how he had
spede/Thenne syre Tristram lete make letters as goodely as he
coude to launcelot and to sire Dynadan/And soo he lete con
duyte the harper oute of the coūtrey/but to say ꝑ Kyng Mark
was wonderly wrothe he was/ for he demed that the lay that
was songe afore hym was made by sir Tristrams counceylle/
wherfore he thoughte to slee hym/and alle his wel wyllars /
in that countrey

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

Now torne we to another mater that felle bitwene kyng
Marke and his broder that was called the good pry-
nce Sodwyne that alle the peple of the countrey loued passy-
nge wel /So hit befelle on a tyme that the mescreaunte Sa-
rasyns londed in the countreye of Cornewaile soone after the-
se Sessoyns were gone/And thēne the goode prynce Boudwy-
yne at the landynge he areysed the countrey pryuely and hy-
stely/And or hit were day/he lete put wylde fyre in thre of his
owne shyppes/and sodenly he pulled vp the sayle/ And with
the wynde he made tho shyppes to be dryuen amonge the nauye
of the Sarasyns/And to make shorte tale tho thre shippes set
on fyre alle the shippes that none were saued/And atte poynt
of the day the goode prynce Boudwyn with all his felaushyp
sette on the mescreauntes with shoutes and cryes and slewe
to the nombre of xl/M/ and lefte none on lyue/whan kynge
Marke wyst this he was wonderly wrothe that his broder sh-
olde wynne suche worshyp/And by cause this prynce was bet-
ter beloued than he in all that countrey/And that al so Boud
wyn loued wel sir Tristram/ therfore he thoughte to slee hym

And thus hastely as a man oute of his wytte he sente for pry-
nce boudwyn/e Anglides his wyf/e bad them bryngе theyre
yonge sone with them that he myght see hym/Alle this he dyd
to the entente to slee the childe as wel as his fader/for he was
the falsest traiwur that euer was borne/Alas for his goode-
nes and for his goody edes this gentyl prynce Boudwyn
was slayne/ Soo whan he came with his wyf Anglydes the
kynge made them fayre semblaunt tyl they had dyned/
And whanne they had dyned/ Kynge Marke sente for his
broder and saide thus/Broder holde spede yolde whan the mes
creaunts aryued by yolde/me semeth hit hade be youre parte to
haue sente me worde that I myght haue ben at that Journeye
for it hade ben reason that I hade had the honour and not you
Syre saide the Prynce Boudwyn it was soo that and I hade
tarryed tyl that I hade sente for yolde/tho myscreauntes hadde
destroyed my countrey/ Thou lyest fals traytour saide Kynge
Marke/for thou arte euer aboute for to wynne worshyp from
me/and put me to dishonour/and tholde chrystt that I hate/
And there with he stroke hym to the hert with a daggar/ that
he neuer after spake worde/ Thenne the lady Anglydes made
grete dole and swouned/for she salwe her lord slayne afore her
face/Thenne was there no more to doo but prynce Boudwyn
was despoylled and brought to buryels/But Anglydes pry
uely gat her husbandes dobblet and his sherte/ and that she
kepte secretely/Thenne was there moche sorowe and cryenge/
and grete dole made sir Tristram/sir Dynas/sir Fergus/ and
so dyd alle knyghtes that were there/ for that prynce was pas
syngly wel beloued/ Soo la Beale Isoud sente vnto An-
glydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf and bade her auoyde lyg
tely or els her yonge sone Alysander le Orphelyn shold be sla
ye/whanne she herd this/she took her hors and her child/ and
rode with suche poure men as durst ryde with her/

Capitulum xxviii

Not withstandynge whan Kyng Marke had done this
dede/yet he thought to doo more vengeaunce/ and with

his swerdy in his hand / he sought from chamber to chamber to seke Anglydes andy her yonge sone/ And when she was myste / he askedy a goody knyghte that hyghte Sadok / andy chargedy hym by payne of dethe to fetche Anglydes ageyne/ and her yonge sone/ So sythe Sadok departedy/ and rode after Anglydes/ Andy within ony myle he ouertoke her / andy badde her torne ageyne andy ryde with hym to Kynge Marke/ Allas fair knyzt sire saidy/ what shalle ye wynne by my sones dethe or by myn/ I haue hadde ouer mocke harme and to grete a losse / Madame saidy Sadok/ of your losse is dole and pyte/ but madame saidy Sadok wold ye departe oute of this countrey with your sone / and kepe hym tyl he be of age/ that he may wreuenge his faders dethe/ thenne wolde I suffer yolb to departe from me/ So ye promyse me to wreuenge the dethe of prynce Boudwyn / A gentyl knyght Jhesu thanke the / and yf euer my sone Alysander le Orphelyn lyue to be a knyght/ he shal haue his faders doubblet and his shert with the blody markes/ and I shalle gyue hym suche a charge that he shalle remembre hit whyles he lyueth / Andy there with al Sadok departedy from her / and eyther by wke other to gody ¶ Andy when Sadok came to kyng Marke he wold hym feythfully that he had drouned yong Alysander her sone/ and therof kynge Marke was ful glade /
¶ Nolb torne we vnto Anglydes that rode bothe nyghte andy day by aduenture oute of Cornewaile/ and lytyl and in selue places she rested/ but euer she drelbe southward to the see syde/ tyl by fortune she came to a castel that is called Magouns/ & nolb hit is called Arundel in southsex/ and the Conestable of the castel welcomed her and said she was welcome to her olbne castel/ and there was Anglydes worshipfully receyued/ for the Conestables wyf was nyghe her cosyn/ andy the Conestables name was Belangere/ and that same Conestable told Anglydes that the same Castel was hers by ryght enherytaunce /
Thus Anglydes endured yeres and wynters tyl Alysander was bygge and stronge/ there was none soo wyghte in all that Countrey/ neyther there was none that myghte doo no maner of maystry afore hym /

¶ Capitulum xxviii

¶ Thenne vpon a day Bellangere the Conestable came to Anglydes and sayd Madame it were tyme my lord Alysander were made knyzt/ for he is a passyng strong ponge man/ Syre said she I wold he were made knyghte / But thenne must I yeue hym the moost charge that euer syn= ful moder gaf to her childe/ Doo as ye lyste sayd Bellange= re/ and I shalle gyue hym warnynge that he shalle be maade knyght/ Now hit wyl be wel done that he may be made knyght at oure lady day in lentr/ Be hit soo said Anglydes/ and I pray yolv make redy therfore / Soo came the Conestable to Al= ysander and told hym that he shold at oure lady in lente be made knyghte/ I thanke god said Alysander these are the best tydynges that euer came to me / Thenne the Conestable ordey= ned twenty of the gretest gentylmens sones and the best born men of the countrey that shold be maade knyghtes that same day that Alysander was made knyght/ Soo on the same daye that Alysander and his twenty felalves were made knyght= es/ at the offrynge of the masse there came Anglydes vnto her sone and sayd thus/ ¶ O fayre swete sone I charge the vpon my blessynge and of the hyghe ordre of chyualry that thou ta keste here this day/ that tholv vnderstande what I shalle saye / and charge the with alle/ There with alle she pulled out a blo dy dobblet and a blody sherte that were bebledde with old blo= od/ whanne Alysander salve this/ he starte abak and wayed pale/ and sayd fayre moder what maye this meane/ I shall telle the fayre sone/ this was thyne olvne faders dobblett and sherte that he ware vpon hym that same daye that he was slay= yne/ and there she told hym why and wherfore/ And how for his goodenes kynge Marke slelve hym with his daggar afore myn olvne eyen/ And therfor this shalle be youre charge that I I shalle gyue the

¶ Capitulum xxix

Now I requyre the/ and charge the vpon my blessyng

and vpon the hyghe ordre of knyzthode that sholde be wuengyd
vpon kynge Marke for the dethe of thy fadre / and there with
all the sowned/ Thenne Alysander lepte to his moder / and
took her vp in his armes and sayd Fair moder ye haue gyuen
me a grete charge/ and here I promyse yow I shalle be auen
gyd vpon Kynge Marke / whanne that I may/ and that I
promyse to god and to yow ¶ Soo this feest was
endyd/ and the conestabyl by the aduyse of anglydes lete pur
ueye that Alysander was wel horsed and harneysid/ Thenne
he justed with his twenty felawes that were made knyghtes
with hym/ but for to make a shorte tale he ouerthrewe alle tho
twenty that none myght withstande hym a buffet/ ¶ Thenne
one of tho Knyghtes departed vnto Kynge Marke/ and told
hym alle how Alysander was maade Knyghte / and alle the
charge that his moder gaf hym as ye haue herd afore tyme
¶ Allas fals treason saidy Kynge Marke I wende that yon
nge traitour hady ben dede/ Allas whome may I truste / And
there with alle kynge Marke took a swerdy in his handy/ and
soughte sire Sadok from chamber to chamber to slee hym/
¶ Whanne sir Sadok salwe kynge Marke come with his swerd
in his handy/ he sayd thus/ Welcome Kynge Marke and come
not nyghe me/ for wete thow wel that I sauedy Alysander his
lyf/ of whiche I neuer repente me / for thow falsly and co-
wardely slewe his fader Boudwyn traytourly for his goody
dedes/ wherfore I pray almyghty Jhesu sende Alysander my-
ghte and strengthe to be wuengyd vpon the/ and now welcome
Kynge Marke of yonge Alysander/ for he is made a knyghte/
¶ Alas saidy Kynge Marke that euer I sholdy here a tray-
tour saye soo afore me/ ¶ And there with foure Knyghtes of
kynge Markes dwelde theire swerdes to slee syre Sadok / but
anone sir Sadok slewe hem alle in Kynge Markes presente /
And thenne sire Sadok past forthe in to his chamber/ and to-
ke his hors and his harneis / and rode on his waye a goody
pas/ For there was neyther syre Tristram / neyther syre Dy-
nas nor syre Fergus that wolde sir Sadok ony euylle wylle/
¶ Thenne was Kynge Marke wrothe/ and thoughte to destro-
ye syre Alysander and syre Sadok that hady sauedy hym / for
kynge Marke dredde and hatedy Alisander mooste of ony man

kynge Johanne sir Tristram vnderstood that Alysander was made knyght/ Anone forth with alle he sente hym a letter prayenge hym and chargynge hym that he Wold draive hym to the Courte of kynge Arthur/and that he putte hym in the rule and in the handes of sire Launcelot

¶ Soo this letter was sente to Alysander from his cosyn syr Tastram/ And at that tyme he thought to doo after his com=maundement/ Thenne kynge Mark calledy a knyght that brought hym the tydynges from Alysander/ and badde hym abyde stylle in that countrey/Sythe saydy that knyght soo muste I doo/for in myn owne countrey I darre not come / No force saidy kynge Marke / I shalle gyue the here double as mocke landes as euer thou hadeste of thyne owne/But within shorte space sir Sadok mette with that fals knyght/ and slewe hym Thenne was kynge Marke wode Wrothe oute of mesure

¶ Thenne he sente vnto Quene Morgan le fay/and to the quene of Northgalys prayenge them in his letters that they two sorceresses wold sette alle the countrey in fyre with ladyes that were enchauntresses/ And by suche that were daungerous knyghtes as Malgryn Breuse saunce pyte/ that by no meane Alysander le Orphelyn shold escape / but outher he shold be taken or slayne/This ordenaunce made kyng Marke for to destroye Alysander

¶ Capitulum xxxvj

NOw forne we ageyne vnto sire Alysander that at his departynge his moder toke with hym his faders blody sherte/ Soo that he bare with hym alweyes tylle hys dethe daye in tokenynge to thynke on his faders dethe

¶ Soo was Alysander purposedy to ryde to london by the coū=seille of sire Tristram to syr Launcelot / And by fortune he wente by the see syde/and vode vvonge/and there he vanne at a turnement the gre/that kynge Carados made/ And there he smote doune kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes and also sire Safere a goody knyght that was sire Gahanyes broder the good knyght/ ¶ Alle this salve a damoysel/and

ſalue the beſt knyght Juſte that euer he ſalue / And euer as he ſmote doune knyghtes/ he made them to ſlepe to were none harneis in a twelue monethe and a day/This is wel ſayd / ſaide Morgan le fay / this is the knyght that I wold fayne ſee/ And ſoo ſhe took her palfroy and rode a grete whyle/ and thenne ſhe reſted her in her pauelione/ So there came four knyghtes two were armed and two were vnarmed / and they told Morgan le fay their names/ the fyrſt was Elyas de gomeret/ the ſecond was Carde Gomoret/ tho were armed / that other tweyne were of Camylyard/ coſyns vnto Quene Gueneuer/ and that one hyzt Guy/ and that other hyght Garaūt tho were vnarmed / There theſe four Knyghtes told Morgan le fay how a yonge knyghte had ſmyten them doune before a Caſtel/ For the mayden of that Caſtel ſaid that he was but late made knyghte and yonge/ But as we ſuppoſe but yf hit were ſire Triſtram or ſire Launcelot or ſire Lamorak the good knyz there is none that myzt ſytte hym a buffet with a ſpere/ Well ſaid Morgan le fay I ſhalle mete that knyght or it be longe tyme/ and he dwelle in that countrey

¶ Soo torne we to the damoyſell of the Caſtel that whanne Alyſander le Orphelyn hadde foriuſted the four Knyghtes ſhe called hym to her and ſaid thus/ Syre knyghte wolt thou for my ſake Juſte and fyghte with a knyghte for my ſake of this countrey that is and hath ben long tyme an euyll neyghbour to me / his name is Malgryne / and he wylle not ſuffer me to be maryed in no maner wyſe for all that I can doo/ or ony knyght for my ſake/

¶ Damoyſel ſaid Alyſander and he come whyles I am here I wylle fyghte with hym/ and my poure body for your ſake I wille Jeoparde/ And there with alle ſhe ſente for hym / for he was at her commaundement/ And whan eyther hadde a ſyghte of other/ they made hem redy for to Juſte/ and they cam to gyder egerly/ and Malgryn bryſed his ſpere vpon Alyſander/ and aliſander ſmote hym ageyne ſo hard that he bare hym quyte from his ſadell to the erthe/ But this Malgryne arooſe lyghtly and dreſſid his ſheld and drewe his ſwerd / and badde hym alyzte/ ſayēg thouz thou haue the better of me on horſback

thou shalt fynde that I shalle endure lyke a knyght on foot
It is wel said said Alysander/ and soo lyghtly he auoyded
his hors and bitoke hym to his Varlet/ And thenne they ras
shed to gyders lyke two bores and leyd on their helmes and
sheldes longe tyme by the space of thre houres that neuer man
coude saye whiche was the better Knyghte
¶ And in the mene whyle came Morgan le fay to the damoy
sel of the Castel/and they behelde the bataylle/ But this mal
gryne was an olde rotedy Knyghte/and he was calledy one of
the daungerous knyghtes of the worldy to doo bataille on foot
but on horsback there were many better / And euer this Mal
gryne awaytedy to slee Alysander/and soo wounded hym won
derly sore/that it was merueylle that euer he myghte stande /
for he lady bledde soo mocke blody/for Alysander fought wyld
ly and not wyttely/ And that other was a felonous knyzte
and awaytedy hym/and smote hym sore/ And somtyme they
rasshed to gyders with their sheldes lyke two bores or rammes
and fylle grouelynge bothe to the erthe/
¶ Nowe knyghte sayd Malgryn holdy thy handy a whyle / &
telle me what thou arte/I wylle not said Alysander/ but yf
me lyst/But telle me thy name / and why thou kepest thys
countrey/or els thou shalt dye of my handes/wete thou well
sayd Malgryne that for this maydens loue of this Castel I
haue slayne ten goody knyghtes by myshap/ and by outerage
and ozgulyte of my self I haue slayne ten other knyghtes /
Soo gody me helpe sayd Alysander this is the folwlest confes
syon that euer I herd knyghte make/ nor neuer herd I speke
of other men of suche a shamefull confession/ wherfore hit were
grete pyte & grete shame vnto me that I shold lete the lyue ony
lenger/ therfore kepe the as wel as euer thou mayst/ for as I
am true knyghte eyther thou shalte slee me or els I shal slee
the/ I promyse the feythfully
¶ Thenne they lasshed to gyders fyersly/And at the last Al
ysander smote Malegryne to the erthe/ And thenne he racyd
of his helme/and smote of his hede lyghtely/
¶ And whanne he hadde done and endedy this bataille/anone
he calledy to hym his Varlet the whiche brought hym his hors
And thenne he wenyng to be strong ynouz wold haue mou̅ted

And soo ſhe leyd ſire Alyſander in an hors lyttar and ledde hym in to the Caſtel/ for he he had no foote ne myzt to ſtande vpon the erthe/ for he had lyzkene greete wounded/ and in eſpeyal one of them was lyke to be his dethe/

Capitulum xxxviij

Thenne Quene Morgan le fay ſerched his wounded/ and gaf ſuche an oynement vnto hym that he ſhold haue dyed/ And on the morne whanne ſhe came to hym he complayned hym ſore/ And thenne ſhe put other oynements vpon hym/ And thenne he was out of his payne/ Thenne cam the damoyſel of the Caſtel and ſaid vnto Morgan le fay/ I pray yold helpe me that this Knyght myght wedde me / for he hath wonne me with his handes/ ye ſhalle ſee ſaid Morgan le fay what I ſhalle ſaye Thenne Morgan le fay went vnto Alyſander and bad in ony wyſe that he ſhold refuſe this lady and ſhe deſyre to Wedde yold/ for ſhe is not for yold/ Soo the damoyſel came and deſyred of hym maryage/ damoyſel ſayd Orphelyn I thanke yold but as yet I caſte me not to marye in this countrey/ Syre ſhe ſaid fythen ye will not mary me / I pray yold in ſoo moche as ye haue wonne me that ye wyl gyue me to a Knyght of this countrey that hath ben my frende / & louedy me many yeres / with alle my herte ſaid Alyſander I wylle aſſente therto/ Thenne was the Knyzte ſente for/ his name was Geryne le groſe/ And anone he made them hand faſt/ and wedded them/ Thenne came Quene Morgan le fay to Alyſander and bade hym aryſe and putte hym in an hors lyttar and gaf hym ſuche a drynke that in thre dayes and thre nyghtes he waked neuer but ſlepte/ and ſoo ſhe brought hym to her owne caſtel that at that tyme was called la Beale regard / Thenne Morgan le fay came to Alyſander and aſked hym yf he wold fayne be hole/ who wold be ſeke ſaid Alyſander and he myght be hole/ wel ſaid Morgan le fay thenne ſhalle ye two ; myſe me by youre knyghthode that this daye twelue monethe and a daye ye ſhalle not paſſe the compas of thys Caſtel/ and without doubte ye ſhalle lyghtely be hole/ I aſſente ſaid ſire

Alysaunder/And there he made her a promyse / thenne was he soone hole/And whanne Alysander was hole/thenne he repentyd hym of his othe/for he myghte not be reuengyd vpon kynge Marke/Ryght soo there came a damoysel that was cosyn to the Erle of pase/and she was cosyn to Morgan le fay/and by ryght that castel of la Beale regardy sholde haue ben hers by true enherytaunce/Soo this damoysel entredy in to this castel/where lay Alysander/and there she fond hym vpon his bed passynge heuy and alle sad

Capitulum xxxviij

Syr knyghte saidy the damoysel/and ye wolde be merry I-wolde telle yow goody tydynges/ wel were me saidy Alysander/and I myghte here of goody tydynges/ for now I stande as a prysoner by my promyse/Syr she saydy were ye wel that ye be a prysoner and werse than ye wene / for my lady my cosyn Quene Morgan le fay kepeth yow here for none other entente but for to doo her pleasyr with yow whan hit lykedy her/O Jhesu defende me saidy Alysander from suche pleasyr for I had leuer cutte alwey my hangers than I wolde do her suche pleasyr/As Jhesu helpe me saidy the damoysel/ and ye wold loue me and be ruledy by me I shalle make youre reconcyliaunce with your worshyp/Telle me saidy Alysander / by what meane/and ye shalle haue my loue/fayre knyghte saydy she/this castel of ryght ought to be myn/And I haue an vncle the whiche is a myghty Erle/he is Erle of pase/and of alle folkes he hatedy moost Morgan le fay/ and I shalle sende vnto hym/and praye hym for my sake to destroye this castel/ for the euylle custommes that ben vsedy therin/And thenne wylle he come and sette wylde fyre on euery parte of the castel/and I shalle gete yow oute at a pryuy posterne/and there shall ye haue your hors and your harneis/ ye say wel damoysel saydy Alysander/and thenne she saydy ye may kepe the tome of thys Castel this twelue monethy/and a day/thenne breke ye not your othe/Truly fayr damoysel said Alysander ye saye sothe/ And thenne he kyste her and dydy to her plesaunce as it pleasedy them bothe at tymes and leysers/Soo anone she sent vnto

her vncle and bade hym come and destroye that castel/ for as the book saith/ he wold haue destroyed that castel afore tyme/ and not that damoysel ben/ Whanne the Erle vnderstood her lettres/ he sente her word ageyne that on suche a day he wold come and destroye that castel/ Soo whan that day came she she ladi Alysander a posterne where thorou he sholde flee my to a gardyn/ and there he sholde fynde his armour and his hors / Whanne the day came that was sette thyder came the erle of pase with four honderd knyghtes/ and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castel/ that or they seased they lefte not a stone standynge/ And alle this whyle that the fyre was in the Castelle/ he abode in the gardyn/ And whan the fyre was done / he lete make a crye that he wold kepe that pyece of erthe/ there as the castel of la beale regard was a twelue monethe and a daye / from alle manere knyghtes that wold come/ Soo hit happed there was a duke that hyzte Anfirus/ and he was of the kyn of sir launcelot/ And this knyght was a grete pylgrym / for euery thyrde yere he wold be at Jherusalem/ And by cause he vsed alle his lyf to goo in pylgremage men alled hym duke Anserus the pylgrym/ And this duke had a douzter that hyzt Alys that was a passyng fayre woman/ And by cause of her fader she Was called Alys le beale pylgrym/ And anone as she herd of this crye/ she went vnto Arthurs courte & sayd openly in heryng of many knyghtes/ that what knyghte maye ouercome that knyght that kepeth that pyece of erthe shal haue me and alle my landes/ whan the knyghtes of the round table herd her saye thus/ many were glade/ for she was passynge fayre and of grete rentes/ Right so she lete crye in castels and tolwnes as faste on her syde as as Alysander dyd on his syde/ Thenne she dressid her pauelione strayght by the pyece of the erthe that Alysander kepte/ So she was not so soone there/ but there came a knyght of Arthurs courte that hyght Sagramore le desyrus/ and he profered to juste with Alysander/ & they encountred / and Sagramore le desyrus brysed his spere vpon sire Alysander/ but sire Alysander smote hym soo harde that he auoyded his sadel/ And whanne la Beale Alys salue hym juste soo wel/ she thought hym a passynge goodly knyzt on horsback/ And thenne she lepte oute of her pauelione/ & tolde

sir Alysander by the brydel/and thus she sayd/ Fayre knyght I requyre the of thy knyghthode/shewe me thy vysage/I dar wel said Alysander shewe my vysage/ And thenne he put of his helme/ and she salve his vysage/she said / O swete Jhesu/ the I must loue/and neuer other/thenne shewe me your vysage said he/

Capitulum xxxix

Thenne she vnlvympled her vysage / And whanne he salve her / he said here haue I fond my loue and my lady/Truly fayre lady said he I promyse yolv to be your knyghte/and none other that bereth the lyf/ Nolv gentil knyghte said she telle me your name/My name is said he Alysander le Orphelyn/Nolv damoysel telle me your name sayd he/my name is said she/Alys la beale pilggrym/ And whan we be more at oure hertes ease both ye and I shalle telle other of what blood we be come / Soo there was grete loue betwyxe them/And as they thus talked / there came a knyghte that hyghte Harsouse le Berbuse and ayed parte of sir Alysanders speres/Thenne sire Alysander encountred with hym/and at the fyrst sir Alysander smote hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne there came another knyghte that hyzt sire Helvgon/ And sire Alysander smote hym doune as he dyd that other/Thenne sire Heugon profered to do batalle on foote/syre Alysander ouercame hym with thre strokes/ and there wold haue slayne hym had he not yelded hym/ Soo thenne Alisander made bothe the two knyghtes to swere to were none armour in a twelue moneth and a day/Thenne sire Alisander alyzte doun and went to reste hym and repose hym/Thenne the damoysell that halp sire Alysander oute of the castel in her play told Alys all to gyder how he was prysoner in the castel of la beale regard/ and there she told her how she gat hym oute of pryson/Syr said Alys la Beale pylgrym me semeth ye ar mocke beholdynge to this mayden/ that is trouth said sir Alysander/ And there Alys told hym of what blood she Was come / Syre wete ye wel she said that I am of the blood of Kynge Ban that was fader vnto sir Launcelot ye wys fayr lady sayd Alysander my moder told me that my fader was broder

vnto a kynge/and I am nyghe cosyn vnto sire Tristram/Thē-
ne this whyle came there thre knyghtes/that one hyzt Wayns/
and the other hyght Haruys de le marches / and the thyrde
hyght Peryn de la montayne/and with one spere sire Alysan
der smote them doune alle thre/and gaf them suche falles/that
they hadde no lyste to fyghte vpon foote/Soo he made them to
swere to were none armes in a twelue moneth/ Soo whanne
they were departed sire Alysander behelde his lady Alys on
hors bak as he stood in her pauelione / And thenne was he soo
enamoured vpon her that he wyst not whether he were on hors-
bak or on foote/Right so came the fals Knyght syr Mordred
and salue sir Alysander was assoted vpon his lady/and ther
with alle he took his hors by the brydel/ and ledde hym here &
there/and had cast to haue ledde hym oute of that place to ha-
ue shamed hym / whanne the damoysel that halpe hym out of
that Castel salue how shamefully he was ledde/Anone she le
te arme her and sette a shelde vpon her sholder/ And ther with
she mounted vpon his hors/and gatte a naked sword in her
hand/and she threst vnto Alysander with alle her myght/and
she gaf hym suche a buffet that he thought the fyre flewe oute
of his eyen/And whanne Alysander felte that stroke he loked
about hym/and dradde his sword/And whan he salue that she
fledde/and soo dyd Mordred in to the forest/and the damoysel
fledde in to the pauelione/So whanne Alysander vnderstood
hym self how the fals knyght wold haue shamed hym/hadde
not the damoysel ben/thenne was he wrothe with hym self that
syre Mordred was soo escaped his handes / But thenne sire
Alysander and Alys hadde good game at the damoysel how
sadly she hytte hym vpon the helme/ Thenne sir Alysander
Jusied thus day by day/and on foot he dyd many batails with
many knyghtes of kynge Arthurs court and with many kn-
yghtes straungers/therfore to telle alle the batails that he did
it were ouer moche to reherse/for euery day within that twelue
moneth he had adoo with one Knyght or with other/ and some
day he had adoo with thre or with foure/ And there was neuer
knyght that putte hym to the werse/ & at the twelue monethes
ende he departed with his lady Alys la beale pylgrym/ and
the damoysel wold neuer goo from hym/and soo they Went in

to theyr countrey of Benoye/and lyued there in grete Joye /

¶ Capitulum xl

But as the book sayth/kyng marke wold neuer stynte tyll he had slayne hym by treason/ / and by Alys he gat a child that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse/and by good fortune he came to the courte of Kynge Arthur/ and pruedy a passynge goody Knyghte/ and he reuengedy his faders dethe for the fals Kynge Marke slewe bothe syre Tristram & Alysander falsly and felonsly/and hit happedy so that Alysander hadde neuer grace ne fortune to come to Kynge Arthurs court For and he hady comen to sire launcelot alle knyghtes sayd/ that knelde hym / he was one of the strengest knyghtes that was in Arthurs dayes/and grete dole was made for hym Soo lete we of hym passe and torne we to another tale So hit befelle that sire Galahalt the haute prynce was lordy of the countrey of Surluse/wherof came many goody knyghtes / And this noble prynce was a passynge goody man of armes and euer he helde a noble felaushyp to gyders / And thenne he came to Arthurs court/& toldy hym his entent/how this was his wylle/how he wold lete crye a Justes in the cõutrey of Surluse/the whiche countrey was within the landes of kynge Arthur/and there he axedy leue to lete crye a Justes/ I wyl gyue me yolde leue saidy Kynge Arthur/ But wete thowe wel saidy Kynge Arthur/ I maye not be there/ Syre saidy Quene Gueneuer please hit you to gyue me leue to be at that Justes/ with right goody wille saidy Arthur / for sire Galahalt the haute prynce shall haue yolde in gouernaunce/ Syr saidy Galahalt I wille as ye wylle/sir thenne the quene I wille take with me andy suche knyghtes as pleasen me best/ do as ye lyst saidy kynge Arthur/So anone she commaundedy sire Launcelot to make hym redy with suche knyghtes as he thought best/Soo in euery goody towne andy castel of this landy was made a crye/ that in the countrey of Surluse syre Galahalt sholde make a Justes that shold laste eyghte dayes/ Andy how the haute prynce with the help of Quene Gueneuers knyghtes shold Juste

ageyne alle maner of men that wold come/whanne this crye was knowen/kynges and prynces/dukes and Erles / Barons and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that justes And at the daye of justyng there came in sire Dynadan/disguysed/and dyd many grete dedes of armes

Capitulum xlj

Thenne at the request of Quene Gueneuer and of kynge Bagdemagus/sir Launcelot came in to the rayeng but he was desguysed/and that was the cause that fe we folke knewe hym / and there mette with hym sir Ector de marys his owne broder / and eyther brake their spewes vpon other to theyr handes/And thenne eyther gate another spere / And thenne sire launcelot smote doune syr Ector de marys his owne broder/That salve sire Bleoberys/and he smote sir launcelot suche a buffet vpon the helme that he wyst not wel where he was/Thenne sir launcelot was wrothe/and smote sir Bleoberys so sore vpon the helme that his hede bowed doune backward/And he smote efte another buffet that he auoyded his sadel/and soo he rode by/and threst forth to the thyckest/whan the kynge of Northgalys salve sire Ector and Bleoberys lye on the grounde/thenne was he wroth/for they came on his party ageynst them of Surluse/So the kynge of Northgalys ran to sire Launcelot/and brake a spere vpon hym all to pyeces There with sire Launcelot ouerwok the kynge of Northgalys and smote hym suche a buffet on the helme with his suerd that he made hym to auoyde his hors/and anone the kyng Was horsed ageyne/So bothe the kynge Bagdemagus and the kyng of Northgalys party hurled to other/ and thenne beganne a stronge medle/but they of Northgalys were ferre bygger Whanne sire launcelot sawe his party goo to the werst/he thrange in to the thyckest prees with a suerd in his hand/ & there he smote doune on the ryght hand and on the lyft hand and pulled doune knyghtes and racyd of their helmes that alle men hadde wonder that euer one knyght myghte doo such dedes of armes/whanne sire Mellegaunt that was sone Vnto kyng Bagdemagus sawe how sir Launcelot ferd/he merueiled

gwekly/ And whan he vnderstood that it was he/he wyst wel
that he was desguysed for his sake/ Thenne sire Malegeaunt
prayd a knyghte to slee sir launcelots hors outher with swerd
or with spere/ At that tyme kynge Bagdemagus mette with
a knyghte that hyght Sauseyse a good knyghte/ to whom he
sayd/ How fayr Sauseyse encounter with my sone Malege-
aunt/and gyue hym large payment/for I wold he were wel
kepd of thy handes that he myghte departe oute of this feld/
And thenne sir Sauseyse encountred with syr Malegeaunt/
and eyther smote other doune/ And thene they fought on fo-
te/and there Sauseyse had wonne syre Malegeaunt/hadde not
there come resowes/ So thenne the haute prynce bleve to kod-
gynge/ And euery knyghte vnarmed hym/and went to the
gyete feest/ ¶ Thenne in the meane whyle there came a damoy-
sel to the haute prynce/ and complayned that there was a kn
yghte that hyght Gonerys that withheld her alle her landes
Thenne the knyghte was there presente and caste his gloue to
hym or to ony that wold fyghte in her name/ Soo the damoy-
sel took vp the gloue alle hevyly for defaute of a champyon /
Thenne there came a varlet to her and sayd damoysel/ wille ye
doo after me/ful fayne sayd the damoysel / thenne goo ye vnto
suche a knyght that lyeth here beside in an ermytage/ and that
folweth the questynge beest/ and pray hym to take the bataille
vpon hym/and anone I woke wel he wille graunte yow /
¶ So anone she took her palfroy/and within a whyle she fond
that knyght that was sire Chalomydes/ And whan she requy-
red hym/he armed hym and rode with her/and made her to go
to the haute prynce/and to aske leue for her knyght to doo ba
tail/ I wille wel sayd the haute prynce/Thenne the knyghtes
were redy in the feld to juste on horsback/and eyther gatte a
spere in their handes and mette soo fyersly to gyders that the-
ir speres alle to sheuerd/Thenne they flange out swerdes/and
syr Chalomydes smote sire Gonerys doune to the erthe / And
thenne he racyd of his helme and smote of his hede / Thenne
they wente to souper / and the damoysel loued Chalomydes as
paramour/but the book saith she was of his kyn / Soo thenne
Chalomydes desguysed hym self in this maner/ in his shelde
he bare the questynge beest and in alle his trappours/ ¶ And

whanne he was thus redy/he sente to the haute prynce to gyue hym leue to juste with other knyghtes/ but he was adoubted of sire launcelot/The haute prynce sente hym worde ageyne/ that he sholde be welcome/ and that syre Launcelot sholde not juste with hym / Thenne sire Galahalt the haute prynce lete crye what knyght someuer he were that smote doune sir Palomydes sholde haue his damoysel to hym self/

¶ Capitulum xlij

Here begynneth the seconde daye/anone as sire Palomydes came in to the felde/ syr Galahalt the haute prynce was at the raunge ende/and mette with sire Palomydes/and he with hym with grete speres/ And thenne they cam soo harde to gyders that their speres alle to sheuerde/ But syr Galahalt smote hym soo harde that he bare hym backward ouer his hors/but yet he lost not his styropes/ ¶ Thenne they dreue their swerdes and lasshed to gyder many sadde strokes / that many worshipful knyghtes lefte their besynes to behold them But at the last sire Galahalt the haut prynce smote a stroke of myghte vnto Palomydes sore vpon the helme/but the helme was soo harde that the swerd myght not byte but slypped and smote of the hede of the hors of sir Palomydes/whan the haut prynce wyst and salve the good knyght falle vnto the erthe / he was ashamed of that stroke / And there with he alyghte doune of his owne hors/and prayde the goode knyghte Palomydes to take that hors of his yefte/and to forgyue hym that dede/Syre said Palomydes I thanke yow of your grete goodnes/for euer of a man of worshyp/a knyghte shalle neuer haue dishworshyp/and soo he mounted vpon that hors / and the haute prynce bad another anone / Now saide the haute prynce I relese to yow that maiden/for ye haue wonne her/A said palomydes the damoysel and I be at your commaundement/ So they departed and sire Galahalt dyde grete dedes of armes / And ryght soo came Dynadan/and encountred with syr Galahalt/and eyther came to other so fast with theire speres that their speres brak to their handes/But Dynadan bad wende the haute prynce bad bey more wery than he was/And thenne

he smote many sadde strokes at the haute prynce/ but whan dy
nadan salve he myght not gete hym to the erthe/ he saidy My lo;
dy I pray yolv leue me/ andy take another/ the haute prynce
kuelve not Dynadan/ andy lefte goodely for his fayr wordes/
And soo they departedy/ but soone there came another/ and told
the haute prynce that hit was Dynadan/ for soth saydy the pry;
nce therfor am I sory that he is soo escapedy from me/ for with
his mockes andy japes / nolv shalle I neuer haue done with
hym/ And thenne Galahalt rode fast after hym/ andy bad hym
abyde Dynadan for kynge Arthurs sake/ Nay saidy Dynadan
soo gody me helpe We mete no more to gyder this daye/ Thenne
in that wrathe the haute prynce mette with Melyagaunt/ and
he smote hym in the throte that and he had fallen his neck had
broken/ andy with the same spere he smote doune another kny;
ght/ Thenne came in they of Northgalys/ andy many straūgers
and were lyke to haue putte them of Surluse to the werse/ for
syr Galahalt the haut prynce hady ouer mocht in handy/ Soo
there came the goody knyghte Semoundy the Valyaunt wyth
fourty knyghtes/ andy he bete them al aback/ Thenne the Quey;
ne Gueneuer andy sire launcelot lete kolve to lodgynge/ andy
euery knyghte warmedy hym/ andy dressidy hem to the feeste /

Capitulum xliij

When Palomydes was warmedy he ayedy lodgynge
for hym self andy the damoysel/ Anone the haute pry;
nce commaundedy them to lodgynge/ Andy he was not so soone
in his lodgynge/ but there came a knyghte that hyght Archa
de/ he was broder vnto Gomoryes that Palomydes slelve afo;
re in the damoysels quarel/ Andy this knyght Archade called
syre Palomydes traytour / andy appelydy hym for the dethe of
his broder/ By the leue of the haute prynce saydy Palomydes
I shalle answer the / whan sire Galahalt vnderstoody theyre
quarel/ he badde them goo to dyner / andy as soone as ye haue
dynedy / loke that eyther knyghte be redy in the felde/ So when
they hadde dynedy they were armedy bothe/ andy wolde their hor
ses/ andy the quene andy the prynce andy syr Launcelot were set
to beholdy them/ andy soo they lete renne their horses/ and there
sir Palomydes bare Archade on his spere ouer his hors tayle

Andy thenne Palomydes alyght andy dwelve his swerdy / but syr Archade myght not aryse/andy there syr Palomydes racyd of his helme/andy smote of his hede/ ¶ Thenne the haute prynce andy Quene Gueneuer wente vnto souper/ ¶ Thenne Kynge Bagdemagus sente alweye his sone Melyagaunt by cause syr Launcelot sholdy not mete with hym/for he hatedy sire Launce lot/andy that kneive he not

¶ Capitulum xliii

Now begynneth the thyrde daye of Juseynge / andy att that daye Kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy / andy there came ageynst hym kynge Marsyl / that hady in yefte ay Iland of syre Galahalt the haute prynce / Andy this yland hady the name Pomytayn/ Thenne hit befelle that Kyng Bag demagus andy kynge Marsyl of Pomytayn mette to gyders with speres / andy Kynge Marsyl hady suche a buffet that he felle ouer his hors cwupe ¶ Thenne came therin a Knyght of Kynge Marsyl to wuenge his lordy / Andy kynge Bagdemagus smote hym doune hors andy man to the erthe ¶ Soo there came ay Erle that hyght arrouse/andy sir Bruse andy ay hondrdy knyghtes with hem of Pometayne / andy the Kynge of Northgalys was with hem / Andy alle these were a= geynst them of Surluse / Andy thenne there beganne grete ba= taylle/andy many Knyghtes were caste vnder hors feet / Andy euer Kynge Bagdemagus dydy best/for he fyrste beganne/ & euer he helde on/Galerys Galhayns broder smote euer at the face of Kynge Bagdemagus/Andy at the laste kynge Bag= demagus hurtledy doune Galerys hors andy man ¶ Thenne by aduenture syre Palomydes the goody Knyghte mette with syre Bleoberys de Ganys/syre Bleoberys broder/ Andy eyther smote other with grete speres/ that both theyre hor ses andy Knyghtes felle to the erthe/But syre Blamore hady suche a falle that he hady al moost broken his neck/for the blo = ody braste oute at nose/mouthe andy his exes/but at the laste he wouerdy well by good surgyens/ Thenne thewam in the duke

Chaleyns of Clarannce and in his gouernaunce there came a knyghte that hyghte Elys la noyre/ And there encountred with hym Kynge Bagdemagus / and he smote Elys that he made hym to auoyde his sadel/ ¶ Soo the Duke Chaleyns of Clarannce dyd there grete dedes of armes/ and of soo late as he came in the thyrde daye there was no man dyd soo wel except kynge Bagdemagus and sire Palomydes that the pryce Was gyuen that day to Kynge Bagdemagns /

¶ And thenne they kelde vnto lodgynge and vnarmed hem and wente to the feest/ ¶ Right soo came Dynadan and mocked and Japed with Kynge Bagdemagus that alle knyghtes lough at hym/ for he was a fyne Japer and wel kuynge alle good knyghtes/ ¶ Soo anone as they hadyned/ there came a Varlet berynge foure speres on his bak/ & he came to Palomydes/ & sayd thus / here is a Knyzte by hath sente you the choyse of foure speres/ and requyreth you for your lady sake to take that one half of these speres / and Juste with hym in the felde/ ¶ Telle hym said Palomydes I wyll not fayle hym / whanne sire Galahalt wyste of this/ he bade Palomydes make hym redy/ ¶ So the Quene Gueneuer the haute prynce and sire Launcelot they Were set vpon scha-fholdes to gyue the Jugement of these two Knyghtes /

¶ Thenne syre Palomydes and the straunge knyght ranne so egerly to gyders that their speres brake to their handes/ Anon with alle eyther of them toke a grete spere in his hand and alle to sheuered them in pyeces / And thenne eyther toke a gretter spere/ And thenne the knyghte smote doune syre Palomydes hors and man to the erthe / And as he wold haue passed ouer hym/ the straunge knyghtes hors stumbled and felle doune vpon Palomydes ¶ Thenne they drelde their swerdes and lasshed to gyders wonderly sore a grete whyle/ ¶ Thenne the haute prynce and sire Launcelot sayd they salde neuer two knyghtes fyghte better than they dyd / but euer the straunge knyght doubled his strokes/ and putte Palomydes abak/ there with alle the haute prynce cryed hoo / and thenne they wente to lodgynge/ And whanne they were vnarmed/ they knewe hit Was the noble knyzt syr Lamorak ¶ Whanne syr Launcelot knewe that hit was sir Lamorak he

made mocke of hym / for aboue alle erthely men he loued hym best except sire Tristram/ ¶ Thenne Quene Gueneuer commended hym/and so dyd alle other good knyghtes made mocke of hym except sire Galvayns brethern/ Thenne quene Gueneuer said Now sire launcelot syr I requyre yow that ye juste ony more/ that ye juste with none of the blood of my lord Arthur/soo he promysed he wold not as at that tyme

¶ Capitulum xlv

Here begynneth the fourthe daye / thenne came in to the felde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / and alle they of Northgalys and the duke chaleyns of Clarraunce/ and Kynge Marsyl of pomalyn/and there came Safyr Palomydes broder/ and there he wold hym lydynges of his moder/ and his name was called the Erle/ And so he appeled hym afore kynge Arthur/ for he made warre vpon oure fader and moder/ and there I slelve hym in playne battaille/ Soo they wente in to the feld / and the damoysel wyth them/ and there came to encounte ageyne them sire Bleoberys / rys de ganys/ and sir Ector de marys/ sire Palomydes encoũtred with sir Bleoberys/ and eyther smote other doune/ And in the same wyse dyd sire Safere and sir Ector / and tho two couples dyd battaille on foote/ Thenne came in sire Lamorak & he encountred with the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ and smote hym quyte ouer his hors tayle/ And in the same wyse he serued the kynge of Northgalys / and also he smote doune Kynge Marsyl/ And so or euer he stynte/ he smote doune with his spere and with his swerd thyrtty knyghtes when Duke Chaleyns sawe Lamorak doo soo grete prowesse/ he wolde not medle with hym for shame/ and thenne he charged alle his knyghtes in payne of dethe that none of yow touche hym/ For hit were shame to alle good knyghtes and that knyght were shamed/

¶ Thenne the two Kynges gadred them to gyders/ and alle they sette vpon sire Lamorak / and he fayled them not/ but rasshed here and there smytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte & made of many helmes/ so that

the haute peyne and Quene Gueneuer saide they salve ne-
uer knyghte do suche dedes of armes on horsback / Allas sayde
Launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus/I wylle arme me/and he
pe syre Lamorak/and I wylle ryde with yolu saide kyng bag
demagus/ And whanne they two were horsed they came to sir
Lamorak that stoode amonge thyrtty knyghtes/and wel was
hym that myght reche hym a buffet/and euer he smote ageyn
myghtely/ Thenne came there in to the pres sir launcelot/ and
he thrwe doune sir Mador de la porte/ And with the truncheon of that spere he threwe doune many knyghtes/ And kynge
Bagdemagus smote on the lyfte hand and on the ryzt hand
merueylously wel / And thenne the thre kynges fledde aback
There with alle thenne sire Galahalt lete blowe to lodgynge/ &
alle the hewdes gaf sire Lamorak the pryce/ ¶ And alle this
whyle foughte Palomydes/sire Bleoberys/sire Safere/ sir Ec
tor on foot/never were there foure knyghtes euener matched/
And thenne they were departed and had Vnto their lodgyng
and Vnarmed hem/and soo they wente to the grete feeste/
But whanne sire Lamorack was come in to the courte quene
Gueneuer took hym in her armes and sayde syr wel haue ye
done this daye/ Thenne came the haute prynce and he maade of
hym grete Joye/and soo dyde Dynadan for he wepte for Joye
But the Joye that sire Launcelot made of sir Lamorak there
myghte no man telle/thenne they Wente Vnto rest/and on the
morne the haute prynce lete blowe Vnto the felde

¶ Capitulum xlvj

Here begynneth the fyfthe daye/soo hit befelle that syre
Palomydes came in the morne tyde / and profered to
juste there as kynge Arthur was in a Castel there be
sydes Surluse/and there encountred with hym a worshipful
duke/and there sire Palomydes smote hym ouer his hors crop
upe/ And this duke was Vnkel Vnto kynge Arthur/ Thenne
sire Elyses sone rode Vnto Palomydes / and Palomydes ser-
ued Elyse in the same wyse/ whanne sire Owayne salve thys

he was wrothe/Thenne he took his hors/and encountred with syr Palomydes/and Palomydes smote hym soo hard/ that he went to the erthe hors and man/ And for to make a short tale/he smote doune thre bretheren of syre Galpayns / that is for to say Mordred Gaherys and Agrauayne/O Jhesu said Arthur this is a grete despyte of a Sarasyn that he shalle smyte doune my blood/ And there with alle kyng Arthur was wode wrothe/and thought to haue made hym redy to Juste/
That aspyed sire Lamorak that Arthur and his blood were discomfyte / And anone he was redy and axed Palomydes yf he wold ony more Juste / why sholde I not said Palomydes/Thenne they hurtled to gyders and brake their spere/and alle to sheuerd them / that alle the castel range of theyr dyntys/Thenne eyther gate a grettter spere in his hand/ and they came soo fyersly to gyders/but sir Palomydes spere alle to brast and syre Lamorak dyde holde/there with alle sire Palomydes lost his stereoppes and lay vp right on his horsback/ And thenne sire Palomydes retorned ageyne and took his damoysel/ and sir Safere retorned his way/ Soo whan he was departed kynge Arthur came to syr Lamorak and thanked hym of his goodnes/and prayd hym to telle hym his name / Syr sayd Lamorak wete thold wel/I olbe yold my seruyse/ but as att this tyme I wylle not abyde here/ for I see of myn enemyes many aboute me ¶ Allas sayd Arthur now wote I wel/it is syre Lamorak de galys/ O Lamorak abyde with me/and by my croune I shalle neuer fayle the / and not soo hardy in Galpayns hede / nor none of his bretheren to doo the ony wronge/ Syre said syre Lamorak wronge haue they done me and to yold bothe/ That is trouth sayd the kyng for they slelbe theyre olbne moder and my syster / the whiche me sore greueth/ It hadde ben mocke fayrer and better that ye had wedded her/for ye are a kynges sone as wel as they
¶ O Jhesu sayd the noble Knyght sire Lamorack vnto Arthur her dethe shalle I neuer forgete/I promyse yold and make myn auolbe vnto god I shalle reuenge her dethe as soone as I see tyme conenable/ And yf hit were not at the reuerence of your hyhenes/I sholde nold haue ben reuenged vpon syre Galpayn & his bretheren/truly said arthur I wil make you at

axrdy/Syr saidy Lamorak as at this tyme I may not abyde with yolu/for I muste to the Justes / Where is syre launcelot andy the hauce prynce syre Galahalt/ Thenne there was a da= moysel that was doughter to kynge Sandes / andy there was a Sarasyn knyghte that hyghte Corsabryn/ and he louedy the damoysel/ andy in no wyse he woldy suffre her to be maryedy/for euer this Corsabryn noysedy her andy namedy her that she was ouce of her mynde / andy thus he letce her that she myght not be maryedy

Capitulum xliiij

SOo by fortune this damoysel herdy telle that Palomy= des dydy mocke for damoysels sake/ soo she sent to hym a pensel/and praydy hym to fyghte with sire Corsabryn for her loue/ andy he shold haue her/ andy her landes of her fa= ders that sholdy falle to her/Thenne the damoysel sente vnto cor sabryn andy badde hym goo vnto sire Palomydes that was a paynym as wel as he/andy she gaf hym warnyng that she had sente hym her pensel/ andy yf he myghte ouercome Palomydes she woldy wedde hym / whanne Corsabryn wyste of her dedes/ thenne was he woody wroth andy angry/andy rode vnto Syr= luse where the haute prynce was/andy there he fondy sire Pa= lomydes redy the whiche hady the pensel/Soo there they waged batail either with other afore Galahalt/ wel said the haute pr= ynce/this daye muste noble knyghtes Juste/andy at after dy= ner we shall see how ye can spede/Thenne they bleve to Justes Andy in cam Dynadan /andy mette with sir Geryn a good kn= yght/and he threwe hym doune ouer his hors croupe / and sire Dynadan ouerthrewe four knyztes moo/and there he dyd gre= te dedes of armes/for he was a goody knyzt/but he was a scof fer/and a Japer and the meryest knyght among felauship that was that tyme lyuynge/ And he badde suche a customme that he loued euery goody knyghte/and euery good knyght loued hym ageyne/

Soo thenne whanne the haute prynce salue Dynadan doo soo wel/he sente vnto syre la= uncelot/and bad hym stryke doune syre Dynadan/ And whan that ye haue done so bringe hym afore me and the noble quene

Gueneuer/Thenne sir Launcelot dyd as he Was requyred / Thenne sire Lamorak and he smote doune many knyghtes/ & racyd of helmes/and drofe alle the knyghtes afore them And soo sire Launcelot smote doune sire Dynadan/and made his men to Vnarme hym/ and soo brought hym to the quene and the haute prynce and they lough at dynadan so sore that they myghte not stande/ Wel saidy sire Dynadan yet haue I no shame/for the oldy shrewe sire Launcelot smote me doune/ So they wente to dyner/alle the Courte hadi goody sporte at Dynadan

¶ Thenne Whanne the dyner was done/they bleue to the felde to beholde sire Palomydes and Corsabryn / Syre Palomydes pyght his pensell in mydes of the felde / & thēne they hurtled to gyders with their speres as it were thonder/and eyther smote other to the erthe/ And thenne they pulledy oute their swerdes/and dressidy their sheldes/and lasshed to gyders myghtely as myghty knyghtes/that wel nyghe there was no pyece of harneis Wolde holdy them/for this Corsabryn was a passynge felonous knyghte / Corsabryn saidy Palomydes Wylte thow release me yonder damoysel/and the pensell / Thenne was Corsabryn Wrothe oute of mesure/ and gaf Palomydes suche a buffet that he kneledy on his knee/

¶ Thenne Palomydes arose lyghtely / and smote hym Vpon the helme/that he felle doune ryght to the erthe/ And ther With he racydy of his helme/ and saydy Corsabryn yelde the or elles thou shalt dye of my handes / Fy on the saidy Corsabryn/ doo thy werst/thenne he smote of his hede/And there With alle many a stynke of his body Whan the soule departedy/ that there myght no body abyde the sauoure/ Soo was the corps hidde albeye and buryedy in a Woody by cause he was a paynym/

¶ Thenne they bleue Vnto lodgynge / and Palomydes was Vnarmedy ¶ Thenne he Wente Vnto Quene Gueneuer/to the haute prynce/and to syre Launcelot/ ¶ Syre sayd the haute prynce/ here haue ye sene this day a grete myrakel by Corsabryn/what sauour there was Whanne the soule departedy from the body/There for syre We Wylle requyre yow to take the baptym Vpon yow/and I promyse yow alle knyghtes Wylle sette the more by yow/and say more Worship by yow

¶ Syre saidy Palomydes I Wille that ye alle knowe / that in

to this lande I came to be crystened / and in my herte I am crystened / and crystend wille I be / ¶ But I haue made suche an avolde that I maye not be crystend tyl I haue done seuen true batails for Jhesus sake / And thenne will I be crystend / And I truste god wylle take myn entent for I meane truly / Thenne sire Palomydes prayed Quene Guenever and the haute prynce to soupe with hym / / And soo they dyd bothe sire Launcelot and sire Lamorak / and many other goode knyghtes / Soo on the morne they herde their masse / and bleve the felde / and thenne knyghtes made them redy /

¶ Capitulum xlviii

Here begynneth the sythe day / Thenne came therin syr Galerys / and there encountred with hym syre Ossaise of Surluse / and sir Galerys smote hym ouer his horse croupe / And thenne eyther party encountred with other / and there were many speres broken / and many knyghtes cast vnder feete / ¶ Soo there came in sir Dornard and sir Agwuale that were brethern vnto sire Lamorak / and they mette with other two knyghtes / and eyther smote other soo hard that alle four knyghtes and horses felle to the erthe / whan sire Lamorak salve his two brethern doune / he was wrothe oute of mesure / And thenne he gat a grete spere in his hand / and there with alle he smote doune four goode knyghtes / and thenne his spere brake / Thenne he pulled oute his swerde / and smote aboute hym on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand / and rayed of helmes and pulled doune knyghtes that alle men merueylled of suche dedes of armes as he dyd / for he ferde so that many knyghtes fledde / Thenne he horsed his brethern ageyne and sayd brethern ye oughte to be ashamed to falle so of your horses / what is a knyght but whan he is on horsback / I sette not by a knyght whanne he is on foote / for alle batails on foote ar but pelowres batails / For there sholde no knyghte fyghte on foote / but yf hit were for treason / or els he were dryuen therto by force / therfore brethern sytte faste on your horses or els fyghte neuer more afore me / With that came in the duke

Chaleyns of Clarannce / and there encountred with hym the Erle Walbes of Surluse/and eyther of hem smote other doune/Thenne the knyghtes of bothe partyes horsed their lordes ageyne/for syr Ector and Bleoberys were on foote wayteynge on the duke Chaleyns/And the kynge with the honderd knyghtes was With the erle of Walbes/ With that came Galerys/and lasshed to the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and he to hym ageyne/Thenne came the Duke Chaleyns/and departed them/thenne they bleve to lodgynge/and the knyghtes harmed them and dreve them to their dyner / and atte myddes of their dyner in came Dynadan and began to rayle/Thenne he beheld the haute prynce that semed wrothe with somme faute that he salve/for he hadde a customme he loued no fysshe/and by cause he was serued with fysshe ; the whiche he hated therfore he was not mery/Whan sir Dynadan had aspyed the haute prynce/ he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede/and that he gatte betwixe two dysshes/and serued the haute prynce with that fysshe/And thenne he said thus/sir galahalt wel may I lykyn yow to a wolf/for he wille neuer ete fysshe but flesshe/thenne the haute prynce lough at his wordes Wel wel said Dynadan to launcelot / what deuylle doo ye in this Countrey/for here may no meane knyghtes wynne no worshyp for the/sir Dynadan said Launcelot I ensure the I shalle no more mete with the nor with thy grete spere / for I maye not sytte in my sadel when that spere hyttyth me/ And yf I be happy I shalle kelpare of that boystous body that thou berest/wel said launcelot make goody watche euer / godyforbede that euer we mete but yf hit be at a dysshe of mete/Thenne lough the Quene and the haute prynce / that they myghte not sytte at their table/thus they made grete joye tyl on the morn And thenne they herd masse/and bleve to felde/ And quene Gueneuer and all the estates were set and juges armed elene with their sheldes to kepe the ryghte

Capitulum xliy

Nowe begynneth the seuenth batail/ there cam in the duke Cambynes/ and there encountred with hym syr Arystaunce that was counted a good knyghte / & they mette soo hard that eyther bare other doune hors and man

Thenne came there the Erle of Lambayle and helped the duke ageyne to hors/ Thenne came there syr Ossayse of Surluse / and he smote the erle Lambayle doune from his hors / Thenne beganne they to doo grete dedes of armes/ and many spewes were broken/ and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe

Thenne the kynge of Northgalys and the Erle Olbawes smote to gyders that alle the Juges thought it was lyke mortal dethe/ This meane whyle quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce and syr laūcelot made there syre Dynadan make hym redy to Juste/ I wold saidy Dynadan ryde in to the felde / but thenne one one of yow elleyne wille mete with me/ Per dieu saydy the haute prynce ye maye see how we sytte here as Juges with oure sheldes / and alweyes mayst thow behold whether we sytte here or not / Soo syr Dynadan departedy and toke his hors and mette with many knyghtes / and dydy passynge wel/ And as he was departedy/ syre Launcelot desguysed hym self/ and putte vpon his armour a maydens garment fressh/ ly attyredy/ Thenne sire Launcelot made sire Galyhodyn to lede hym thorugh the raunge / and alle men hady wonder what damoysel it was / And soo as sire Dynadan came in to the raunge/ sire Launcelot that was in the damoysels araye gatte Galyhodyns spere and ranne vnto sir Dynadan/ And alwayes sire Dynadan loked vp there as syre Launcelot was/ and thenne he salve one sytte in the stede of sire Launcelot armedy/ But whanne Dynadan salve a maner of a damoysel he drad peryls that it was syre launcelot desguysedy/ but syre Launcelot came ony hym so fast that he smote hym ouer his hors ouerre / and thenne grete sornes gate sire Dynadan in to the foreest there besyde/ & there they dispoylledy hym vnto his shirte and putte vpon hym a Womans garment/ and so brought hym in to the felde/ and soo they bleibe vnto lodgynge/ And euery knyght wente and vnarmedy them/ thenne was sir Dynadan brought in among them alle/ And whanne Quene Gueneuer salve sir Dynadan brought soo amonge them alle / thenne she

lough that sir kylle doune/ and soo dyd alle that shew lowe/ Wel sayd Dynadan to launcelot thow arte soo fals that I can neuer kelware of the/ Thenne by alle the assente they gaf syre Launcelot the pryce/ the neyt was sire Lamorak de galys/ the thyrd was sir Palomydes/ the fourthe was kynge Bagdemagus/ soo these four knyghtes had the pryce/ and there was grete Joye/ and grete nobley in alle the Courte/ And on the morne Quene Gueneuer and sir Launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur/ but in noo wyse syr Lamorak wold not go with them I shalle vndertake said sire launcelot that and ye wylle goo with vs/ kynge Arthur shalle charge syre Gawayne and his brethern/ neuer to doo yow hurte/ As for that sayd syre Lamorak I wylle not truste sire Gawayne nor none of his brethern/ and wete ye wel sir Launcelot/ and hit were not for my lord kynge Arthurs sake/ I shold matche sire Galvayn and his brethern wel ynouz/ But to say that I shold trust them/ that shal I neuer/ and therfor I pray you recommaunde me vnto my lord Arthur and vnto alle my lordes of the rounde table/ And in what place that euer I come I shal do you seruyse to my power/ and syr it is but late that I reuen gyd that whan my lord Arthurs kynne were put to the werse by sire Palomydes/ Thenne sir Lamorak departed from sir laū celot/ and eyther wepte at their departynge

Capitulum l

NOw forne we fro this mater/ and speke we of sir tristram of whome this booke is prynapal of/ and leue we the kynge and the quene/ syr Launcelot/ and syre Lamorak/ and here begynneth the treason of kynge Mark that he ordeyned ageynst syr Tristram/ There was cryed by the costes of Cornewaile a grete turnement and Justes/ and al was done by sir Galahalt the hault prynce/ and kynge Bagdemagus to the entent to slee Launcelot or els vtterly destroye hym and shame hym/ by cause sir launcelot had alweyes the hyher degree/ therfore this prynce and this kynge made this Justes ageynst sire Launcelot/ And thus her counceyle was discouerd

Vnto kynge Marke wherof he was ful gladde/Thenne kyng Marke bethoughte hym that he wold haue syre Tristram vnto that turnement desguysed that no man sholde knowe hym/ to that entente that the haute prynce shold wene that sir Tristram were syre launcelot/Soo at thise Justes came in syr Tristram/ And at that tyme sir launcelot was not there/but whan they salve a knyzt desguysed doo suche dedes of armes/they wende hit hadde ben sir launcelot/And in especyal kynge Marke sayd hit was syre launcelot playnly / Thenne they sette vpon hym bothe kynge Bagdemagus and the haute prynce and theyre knyghtes that hit was wonder that euer sire Tristram myght endure that payne/Not withstandynge for alle the payne that he hadde syr Tristram wanne the degree at that turnement/ and there he hurte many knyztes and bruysed them/and they hurte hym and bruysed hym wonderly sore/ ¶ So whanne the Justes were alle done / they knelve wel that hit was sire Tristram de Lyones/and all that were on kyng markes party were glad that sir Tristram was hurte / and the remenaunt were sory of his hurte/for syre Tristram was not soo behated as was syre Launcelot within the Reame of Englond/Thenne came kyng Marke vnto syre Tristram/and sayde fayre neuevve I am sory of your hurtes/Gramercy my lorde saide syre Tristram / ¶Thenne kynge Marke made sir Tristram to be putte in an hors lere in grete sygne of loue/ and saide fayre cosyn I shalle be your leche my self/ and soo he rode forthe with sire Tristram and brought hym to a Castel by day lyghte/And thenne kynge Marke made syre Tristram to ete/ And thenne after he gaf hym a drynke/the whiche as soone as he had dronke/he felle on slepe/And whanne it was nyghte he made hym to be caryed to another castel/and there he putte hym in a stronge pryson / & there he ordeyned a man and a woman to gyue hym his mete and drynke/Soo there he was a grete whyle/ thenne was syr Tristram myssed/ and no creature wyst where he was become Whan la beale Isoud herd hou he was myssed pryuely she went vnto sir Sadok & praid hym to aspye where was sir Tristram Thenne when Sadok wyst hou sir tristram was myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyng mark & the traitours of Magõs/thẽne sadok & thdo of his cosyns leid them in an

enbussement fast by the castel of Tyntagyl in armes / And as by fortune there came rydynge Kynge Marke and foure of his neuelues /and a certayn of the traytours of Magouns Whanne sir Sadok aspyed them /he brake oute of the bussh; ment/and sette there vpon them/ And whan kynge Mark aspyed sire Sadok/he fledde as fast as he myghte/ and there sir Sadok slelue alle the four neuelues vnto Kynge Marke / But these traitours of Magons slelue one of Sadoks cosyns a grete wounde in the neck / but Sadok smote the other to the dethe/Thenne sir Sadok rode vpon his way vnto a Castel that was called Lyonas/and there he aspyed of the treason and felony of kynge Marke/Soo they of that castel rode with syre Sadok tyl that they came to a Castel that hyghte Arbray / & there in the toune they fonde syre Dynas the Seneschal / that was a goode Knyght/ But whan sire Sadok hade told syre Dynas of alle the treason of Kynge Marke/ he defyed suche a Kynge/and sayde he wolde gyue vp his landes that he held of hym /And Whanne he saide these wordes alle manere Knyghtes sayde as syre Dynas saide / Thenne by his aduys and of sire Sadoks he lete stuffe alle the tolunes and Castels within the Countrey of Lyones and assembled all the peple that they myght make

Capitulum lj

Nolw torne we vnto Kynge Marke that whan he was escaped from sir Sadok/he rode vnto the Casiel of Tyntagyl/and there he made grete crye and noyse/& cryed vnto hazneis alle that myghte bere armes/Thenne they soughte and fonde where were dede four cosyns of kyng Markes and the traytour of Magouns/Thenne the kynge lete entyere them in a chappel/thenne the kynge lete crye in alle the countrey that helde of hym to goo vnto armes ; for he vnderstoode to the werre he must nedes/Whanne Kynge Marke herde and vnderstoode holw syre Sadok and sir Dynas were aryseu in the Countrey of Lyones/he remembryd of Wyles and treason/ Lo thus he dyd/he lete make and counterfete letters from the pope

and dyd make a straunge clerke to brynge them vnto kyng mar
ke/the whiche letters specyfyed that kynge Marke shold ma
ke hym redy vpon payne of cursyng with his hoost to come to
the pope to helpe to goo to Jherusalem for to make warre vp
on the Sarasyns/whan this clerk was come by the meane of
the kynge/anone with alle kyng marke sente these letters vn
to sire Tristram and bade hym saye thus / that and he wold
goo werre vpon the mescreauntes/he shold be had oute of pry
son/and to haue alle his power/whanne sire Tristram vnder
stood this letter/thenne he sayd thus to the Clerke / A kynge
Marke euer hast thou ben a traytour/and euer wylle be/ but
Clerke said sire Tristram Say thou thus vnto kynge marke
Syn the Apostle pope hath sente for hym/bydde hym goo thy
der hym self/for telle hym traitour kynge as he is I wylle
not goo at his commaūdement/gete I oute of pryson as I may
for I see I am wel rewarded for my true seruyse / Thenne
the Clerke retorned vnto kynge Marke and told hym of the
answer of sire Tristram/wel sayd kynge marke yet shal he be
kegyled/Soo he wente in to his chamber and counterfete let
ters/and the letters specyfyed that the pope desyred sire Tri
stram to come hym self to make werre vpon the mescreauntes
Whan the Clerke was come ageyne to sir Tristram and woke
hym these letters/thenne sire Tristram beheld these letters/ &
anone he aspyed they were of kynge Markes counterfetynge
A said syre Tristram fals hast thou ben euer kynge Marke /
and soo wolt thou ende/Thenne the Clerke departed from sire
Tristram and came to kynge Marke ageyne/By thenne there
were come four wounded knyghtes within the castel of Tyn
tagil/and one of them his neck was nygh broken in tweyn
Another had his arme stryken alwey / the thyrde was borne
thurgh with a spere/the fourth had his teeth stryken in tweyn
And whanne they came afore kynge Marke they cryed and
sayd/kynge/why fleest thou not for alle this countrey is a
rysen clerely ageynst the / thenne was kynge Marke wrothe
oute of mesure / and in the meane whyle there came in to the
countrey sire Percyuale de galys to seke sire Tristram / And
whan he herd that syre Tristram was in pryson/syr Percyual

made clerely the delyueraunce of sir Tristram by his knyghtly meanes/ And whan he was soo delyuerd/ he made grete Joye of syre Percyuale/and soo echone of other; Syr Tristram sayd vnto sire Percyuale/ and ye wille abyde in these marches I wylle ryde with yow/ Nay sayd Percyuale in this countrey I maye not tary/for I muste nedes in to walys/ ¶ Soo syre Percyuale departed from sire Tristram/and rode strayghte vnto kynge Marke / and told hym how he had delyuerd syre Tristram/and also he told the kyng that he had done hym self grete shame for to putte sir Tristram in pryson/ For he is nowe the knyght of moost renomme in this worlde lyuynge

And wete thow wel the noblest knyghtes of the worlde loue syr Tristram/and yf he wille make werre vpon yow/ye maye not abyde hit/That is trouthe sayd kynge Marke/but I may not loue sire Tristram by cause he loueth my Quene and my wyf la beale Isoud/ A fy for shame sayd syr Percyuale say ye neuer so more/ Are ye not vnkel vnto sir Tristram / and he your neuelye/ye sholde neuer thynke that soo noble a knyghte as sire Tristram is that he wolde doo hym self soo grete a vylony to holde his vnkels wyf/howe be it said syr Percyuale he may loue your Quene synles by cause she is called one of the fayrest ladyes of the worlde/ Thenne syr Percyuale departed from kynge Marke/Soo whan he was departed kyng Marke bethought hym of more treson / Not withstādyng kyng marke graunted syre Percyuale neuer by no manere of meanes to hurte sire Tristram/Soo anone kynge Marke sente vnto syre Dynas the Seneschal that he sholde putte doune alle the peple that he had reysed/ for he sente hym an othe that he wolde goo hym self vnto the pope of Rome to warre vpon the mescreauntes/and this is a fayrer werre than thus to areyse the peple / ageynst youre kynge/whanne sir Dynas vnderstood that kynge marke wolde goo vpon the mescreauntes/thenne sire Dynas in alle the hast putte doune alle the peple/ and whan the peple were departed euery man to his home/thēne kyng marke aspyed where was sire Tristram with la Beale Isoud / and there by treason kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in pryson contrary to his promyse that he made vnto syre Percyuale/whanne Quene Isoud vnderstood that syr Tristram was

in prysoy/she made as gret sorowe as euer made lady or gen-
tylwoman / Thenne sire Tristram sent a letter vnto la Beale
Isoud and prayd her to be his good lady/and yf hit pleased
her to make a vessel redy for her and hym/he wold goo with
her vnto the reame of Logrys that is this land/ Whanne la
Beale Isoud vnderstood syre Tristrams letters and his entent
she sente hym another/and badde hym be of good comforte/for
she wold doo make the vessel redy and alle thynge to purpos
¶ Thenne la beale Isoud sente vnto syre Dynas and to sadok
and prayd hem in ony wyse to take Kynge Marke/ and put
hym in prysoy vnto the tyme that she and syre Tristram were
departed vnto the Royamme of Logrys/whan sir Dynas the
Seneschall vnderstood the treasoy of Kynge Marke/he promy
sed her ageyne and sente her word that Kynge Marke shold
be put in prysoy / And as they deuysed hit soo it was done /
And thenne syre Tristram was delyuerd oute of prysoy/and
anone in alle the haste Quene Isoud and syr Tristram went
and took their counceyll with that they wold haue with them
whan they departed

¶ Capitulum lii

Thenne la Beale Isoud and sire Tristram took their
vessel/and came by water in to this land/ and so they
were not in this land four dayes/but there came a crye
of a Justes and turnement that Kynge Arthur lete make /
Whanne sire Tristram herd telle of that turnement he desguysed
hym self/and la Beale Isoud/and rode vnto that turnement
And whan he came there he salue many Knyghtes Juste and
turneye/and so syr Tristram dressid hym to the raunge/ and to
make short conclusion/he ouerthrewe fourten Knyghtes of the
round table/ Whanne sir Launcelot salue these Knyghtes thus
ouerthrowen/sire launcelot dressid hym to sir Tristram / That
salue la Beale Isoud how sire launcelot was come in to the
felde/ ¶ Thenne la Beale Isoud sente vnto sire Launcelot a
ryngе/and badde hym wete that it was sir Tristram de lyones
Whanne sir launcelot vnderstood that there was syre Tristram
he Was ful gladde/and wold not juste/ thēne sire Launcelot

aspyed wh̄ydar syre Tristram yede/and after hym he wde/and thenne eyther made of other grete Joye/ And soo sire Launcelot brought sire Tristram and la beale Isoud vnto Joyous gard that was his owne Castel that he had wonne with his owne handes / And there sire Launcelot put them in to welde for their owne/And wete ye wel that Castel was garnysshed and furnysshed for a kynge and a quene Royal there to haue soiourned/ and syre Launcelot charged alle his people to honoure them and loue them as they wold doo hym self /

¶Soo sire launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur/and thenne he wold Quene Gueneuer how he that Justed soo wel atte last turnement was sire Tristram / and there he wold her how he rode with hym la beale Isoud maulgre kynge Marke / ¶ soo Quene Gueneuer told alle this vnto kynge Arthur /

¶Whanne kynge Arthur wyste that sire Tristram was escaped and comen from kynge Marke/and had brought la beale Isoud with hym /thenne was he passynge glade / So by muse of sire Tristram kynge Arthur lete make a crye/ that on may day shold be a Justes before the castel of Lonazep / And that Castel was fast by Joyous gard / And thus Arthur ordeyned that alle the knyghtes of this land and of Corne wayle and of North Walys shold Juste ageynste alle these out̄reyes/Irland/Scotland/and the remenaunt of walys & the countrey of Goze and Surluse and of Lystynoyse/ & they of Northumberland and alle they that helde landes of arthur a this half the see/whanne this crye was made / many knyghtes were glade and many were vngladde/¶ Syre said laūcelot vnto Arthur by this crye that ye haue made ye wyll put vs that ben aboute yow in grete Jeopardy / for there be many knyghtes that haue grete enuye to vs/therfore when we shal mete at the daye of Justes there wille be harde skyfte amonge vs/ As for that said Arthur I care not/ there shal we preue who shal be best of his handes/Soo whan sir launcelot vnder stode wherfore kynge Arthur made this Justyng th̄ene he made suche purueaunce that la beale Isoud shold beholde the Justes in a secrete place that was honest for her estate/

¶Now torne we vnto sire Tristram and to la beale Isoud / how they maade grete Joye dayly to gyders with alle manere

of myrthes that they coude deuyse/and euery day sir Tristram
Wolde goo ryde on huntynge/for sire Tristram was that tyme
called the best chacer of the worlde / and the noblest blower of
an horne of alle maner of mesures/for as bookes reporte / of
syre Tristram came alle the goode termes of Venery and of hū
tynge and alle the syses and mesures of blowynge of an horne/and of hym we had fyrste alle the termes of haukynge/ &
whiche were beestes of chace and beestes of Venery/and whiche were Vermyns/and alle the blastes that longen to all maner of gamen/Fyrste to the Vncoupelynge / to the sekynge/ to the rechate/to the flyghte/to the dethe/and to strake/and many other blastes and termes/that all māner of gentylmen shalle cause to the Worldes ende to preyse sir Tristram and to praye for his soule

¶ Capitulum liij

SOo on a daye la beale Isoude sayde Vnto sir Tristram I merueyle me moche saide she/ that ye remembre not your self holde ye be here in a straunge countrey and here be many perylous knyghtes/and wel ye wote that kyng Marke is ful of treason / and that ye wylle ryde thus to chace and to hunte Vnarmed ye myghte be destroyed / ¶ My fayr lady and my loue I crye you mercy I wille no more doo soo Soo thenne sire Tristram rode dayly on huntynge armed and his men berynge his shelde and his spere/Soo on a day a lytyl afore the monethe of may syre Tristram chaced an hert passynge egerly/and soo the herte passed by a fayr welle/ And thenne sir Tristram alyghte and putte of his helme to drynke of that burbley water/ Ryght soo he herde and salde the questynge beest come to the welle/when syre Tristram salde that beste/he putte on his helme for he demed he sholde here of sir Palomydes/for that beste was his queste/ ¶ Ryght so sir Tristram salde where came a knyghte armed Vpon a noble courser/ and he salewed hym/and they spake of many thynges/ and thys knyghtes name was Breuse sauntz pyte/ and ryght so with alle there came Vnto them the noble knyghte sire Palomydes / and eyther salewed other/and spake fair to other

Fair knyghtes said sir Palomydes I canne telle yow tydyn-
ges/what is that said tho knyghtes / Syrs wete ye wel that
kynge Marke is put in pryson by his owne knyghtes / and
alle was for loue of sire Tristram/ for kynge Marke sholde put
syre Tristram twyes in pryson/And ones sire Percyuale de-
lyuerd the noble knyghte sire Tristram oute of pryson
¶ And at the laste tyme Quene La beale Isoud delyuerd
hym / and wente clerely alwey with hym in to this rame/&
alle this whyle kynge Marke the fals traytour is in pryson /
Is this trouthe said Palomydes/Thenne shall we hastely fe-
te of sire Tristram/ And as for to say that I loue la Beale
Isoud peramours I dare make good that I doo / and that
she hath my seruyse aboue alle other ladyes / and shalle haue
the terme of my lyf/ And ryght soo as they stood talkynge /
they salwe afore them where came a Knyghte alle armed on a
grete hors/and one of his men bare his shelde / and the other
his speres/ And anone as that Knyght aspyed them he gatte
his shelde and his spere/and dressid hym to Juste
¶ Fair felawes said sire Tristram ponder is a Knyghte wil
Juste with vs/lete see which of vs shalle encountre with hym
for I see wel he is of the courte of Kynge Arthur
¶ It shalle not be longe or he be mette with alle said sire Pa-
lomydes / for I fonde neuer noo knyght in my queste of this
Glastynge beest/but and he wolde Juste I neuer refused hym
¶ As wel may I said Breuse sauns pyte folowe that beest
as ye/Thenne shalle ye doo batailles with me said Palomydes/
Soo sire Palomydes dressid hym vnto that other Knyghte
syre Bleoberys that was a full noble Knyghte nyghe kynne
vnto sire Launcelot / And soo they mette soo hardy / that sire
Palomydes felle to the erthe hors and alle/
Thenne sir Bleoberis cryed a lowde and said thus/make the
redy thou fals traytour knyghte Breuse sauns pyte/for wete
thow certaynly I wille haue adoo with the to the vttermaunce
for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou hast falsly bi-
traid ¶ Whanne this false knyght and traitour
Breuse sauns pyte herde hym saye soo/ he took his hors by the
brydel and fledde his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte
renne/for sore he was of hym aferd/ ¶ Whan syr Bleoberys

ſalue hym flee he folowed faſte after thorugh thycke and tho-
rugh thynne / And by fortune as ſir Breuſe fledde / he ſalue
euen afore hym thre knyghtes of the table round/of the whi-
che tho one hyghte ſire Ector de marys / the other hyghte ſyre
Percyuale de galys/ the thyrde hyghte ſir Harre de fyſe lake
a goody knyght andy an hardy/ And as for ſyr Percyuale he
was calledy that tyme of his tyme one of the beſt knyghtes of
the worldy andy the beſt aſſuredy/whey Breuſe ſalue theſe kny-
ghtes he rode ſtreyghte vnto them andy cryedy vnto them & pra-
ydy them of reſcowes/ what nede haue ye saidy ſire Ector / A
fayr knyghtes ſaide ſyre Breuſe here folowyth me the mooſt
traytour knyght andy mooſt coward and mooſt of bylony/his
name is Breuſe ſaunce pyte /andy yf he may gete me he wylle
ſlee me withoute mercy andy pyte/ Abyde with vs ſaid ſir per
cyuale andy we ſhalle warraunt yow/ Thenne were they wax
of ſyre Bleoberys that came rydynge alle that he myghte /
Theyne ſir Ector put hym ſelf forth to Juſte afore them alle/
Whey ſire Bleoberis ſalue that they were four knyghtes/ and
he but hym ſelf/he ſtode in a doubte / whether he wold torne or
hold his waye/Thenne he ſaid to hym ſelf I am a knyght of the
table roundy/andy rather than I ſholdy ſhame myn othe & my
bloody I wille holdy my way what ſoo euer falle therof/ Andy
thenne ſire Ector dreſſidy his ſpere and ſmote either other paſ
ſynge ſore/but ſire Ector felle to the erthe/That ſalue ſir Per
cyuale and he dreſſid his hors vward hym alle that he myghte
dryue/but ſir Percyuale had ſuche a ſtroke that hors and may
felle to the erth/ ¶ Whanne ſir Harre ſalue that they
were bothe to the erthe/thenne he ſaid to hym ſelf / neuer Was
Breuſe of ſuche proweſſe/Soo ſire Harre dreſſid his hors / &
they mette to gyders ſoo ſtrongly that bothe the horſes and kn-
yghtes felle to the erthe/but ſire Bleoberis hors beganne to re
couer ageyne/That ſalue ſire Breuſe andy he came hurtlyng/&
ſmote hym ouer and ouer andy wolde haue ſlayne hym as he
lay on the grownd/Thenne ſyr Harre le fyſe lake awſe lyghte-
ly and toke the brydel of ſir Breuſe hors and ſaid/ ¶ Fy for
ſhame ſtryke neuer a Knyght when he is at the erthe/ for this
Knyght may be called no ſhameful knyghte of his dedes / for
yet as men may ſee there as he lyeth on the grūd he hath done

worshipfully/and̄ putte to the werse passynge good knyghtes. Therfore wylle I not lete saide sire Breuse / thow shalte not chese said̄ syr Harre as at this tyme/ Thenne whanne sir Breuse salve that he myghte not chese nor haue his wylle/ he spake fayre/ Thenne syre Harre lete hym goo/ And̄ thenne anone he made his hors to renne ouer syre Bleoberys/and rasshed hym to the erthe lyke yf he wold̄ haue slayne hym / Whanne syre Harre salve hym doo so vyloynsly/he cryed̄ traytour knyzt le=ue of for shame/and̄ as sir Harre wold̄ haue taken his hors to fyghte with sir breuse / thenne sir Breuse ranne vpon̄ hym as he was half vpon̄ his hors and̄ smote hym doune hors & man̄ to the erthe/and̄ had nere slayne syr Harre the good kn=yght/ That salve sire Percyuale/and̄ thenne he cryed̄ traitour knyghte what dost thou/ And̄ whan̄ sire Percyuale was vpon̄ his hors/syr Breuse woke his hors and̄ fledde all that euer he myght/and̄ syre Percyuale and̄ syre Harre folowed̄ after hym fast/but ener the lenger they chaced the ferther were they behynde/ Thenne they torned̄ ageyne and̄ came to syr Ector de marys and̄ to syre Bleoberys/ A fayr knyghte said̄ Bleo=berys why haue ye socoured that fals knyght & traitour/ why said̄ sire Harre what knyght is he / for wel I wote hit is a fals knyght said̄ sir Harre and̄ a colward and a felonous kn=yght/ Syr said̄ Bleoberys he is the moost colward̄ knyghte / and̄ a deuourer of ladyes and̄ a destroyer of good̄ knyghtes and̄ specyally of Arthurs/ what is your name saide sir Ector my name is Syr bleoberys de ganys/ Alas fair cosyn̄ sayde Ector/forgyue it me/ for I am sir Ector de marys/ thenne syre Percyuale and̄ sire Harre made grete ioye that they met with bleoberys / but alle they were heuy that syr breuse was esca=ped̄ them wherof they made grete dole

¶ Capitulum liiij

Ryght soo as they stood thus/there came sir Palomydes And̄ whanne he salve the shelde of bleoberys lye on the erthe/ ¶ Thenne said̄ Palomydes he that olbeth

that sheld/lete hym dresse hym to me/for he smote me doune he-
re fast by at a fontayne/and therfore I wylle fyghte for hym
on foote/I am redy saidy Bleoberys here to answer the/for ve-
re thold wel syr knyzt it was I/and my name is Bleoberys
de ganys/wel arte thou met saide Palomydes/andy wete thold
wel my name is Palomydes the sarasyn/ andy eyther of them
hatedy other to the dethe/ ¶Syre Palomydes saydy Ector wete
thold wel there is neyther thold nor none knyght that bereth the
lyf that fleeth ony of oure blood/but he shalle dye for hit/ther
for andy thold lyste to fyghte goo seche sire Launcelot or sir Tris-
tram andy there shalle ye fynde your matche/with hem haue I
mette saidy Palomydes/but I hady neuer no worship of them /
was there neuer no maner of knyghte said sire Ector but they
that euer matchedy with yold/yes saydy Palomydes/there was
the thyrde a goody knyght as ony of them/andy of his age he
was the best that euer I fondy/for and he myghte haue lyued
lyf he hady ben an hardyer many/ there lyueth no knyghte nold
suche/andy his name was syre Lamorak de galys/And as he
hady Justedy at a turnement/there he ouerthrewe me/andy xxx
knyghtes moo/andy there he wanne the degree/Andy at his de
partynge there mette hym syre Gawayne andy his brethewen / &
with grete payne they slewe hym felonsly bnto alle good kny-
ghtes grete domage / Anone as sir Percyuale herdy that his
broder was dede syr Lamorak/ he felle ouer his hors mane swo-
ounynge / andy there he made the grettest dole that euer maade
knyghte/ ¶Andy whan syr Percyuale awoos/he saidy/Allas
my good and noble broder syre Lamorak / nold shalle we ne-
uer mete / andy I trowe in alle the wyde worldy a many maye
not fynde suche a knyght as he was of his age / andy hit is to
moche to suffre the dethe of our fader kynge Pellenore / & nold
the dethe of our goody broder sir Lamorak/Thenne in the me-
ane wyle there came a varlet from the court of kyng Arthur
andy told them of the grete turnement that sholdy be at Lona-
zep/andy hold these landes Cornewail/ & Northgalys sholdy be
ageynst alle them that woldy come

¶Capitulum lv

NOw wote ye how sir Tristram that as he rode on hys lynge/he mette with sire Dynadan that was comen in to that countrey to seke syr Tristram/Thenne sire Dynadan wold sire Tristram his name / but sire Tristram wold not telle hym his name/wherfore syr Dynadan was wrothe / For suche a foolysshe knyghte as ye are saide sire Dynadan I salve but late this day lyenge by a welle/and he fared as he slepte/and there he lay lyke a foole grymmynge and wold not speke/and his shelde lay by hym/ and his hors stode by hym/and Wel I wote he was a louer / A fayr syr saide syr Tristram are ye not a louer/mary fy on that crafte said sir dynadan/that is euylle saide said sire Tristram/for a knyzt maye neuer be of prowesse/but yf he be a louer/it is wel said said sir Dynadan/Now telle me your name syth ye be a louer/or els I shalle doo batailke with you/ As for that saide sir Tristram hit is no reason to fyghte with me/but I telle you my name And as for that my name shalle ye not wete as at this tyme Fy for shame said Dynadan arte thou a knyghte and darste not telle thy name to me/therfore I wil fyghte with the/ As for that saide sir Tristram I wylle be aduysed/for I wil not doo batail/but yf me lyst/ And yf I doo batail said sire Tristram ye are not able to withstande me/ Fy on the coward saide syr Dynadan/and thus as they houed styl they salve a knyght came rydyng ageynst them/Lo said sir Tristram see where yonder cometh a knyght rydynge wylle Juste with you/Anon as sir Dynadan beheld hym he said that is the same doted knyzt that I salve lye by the welle neither slepyng ne wakyng/wel sayde sire Tristram I knowe that knyght wel with the couerd shelde of asure/he is the kynges sone of Northumberland/his name is Eppynegrys/and he is as grete a louer as I knowe/ and he loueth the kynges doughter of walys a ful fayre lady And now I suppose said sire Tristram/and ye requyre hym/ he wille Juste with you/and thenne shalle ye preue whether a louer be a better knyghte or ye that wylle not loue no lady/wel said Dynadan now shalt thou see what I shall do/ There with alle sire Dynadan spake on hyghe and said sir knyghte make the redy to Juste with me/for it is the custome of erraũt knyzhtes one to Juste with other/ Sir said Eppynegrys is yͭ the rule

of yolv arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght to juste vvith
he or nyll/ / As for that sayd Dynadan make the redy/ for here
is for me/ And there vvith al they spored theyr horses & met
to gyders soo hardy that Eppynegrys smote doune sir Dynadan
Thenne sir Tristram rode to sire Dynadan and sayd holv nolv
me semeth the louer hath vvel spedde/ Fy on thy Colvardy sayd
syre Dynadan/ and yf tholv be a goody knyghte reuenge me/
Nay sayd syr Tristram I vvylle not juste as at this tyme /
but take your horse and lete vs goo hens/ Gody defende me sa-
yd syre Dynadan from thy felaushyp/ For I neuer sped vvel
syn I mette vvith the/ and soo they departed/ vvel sayd sir tris
tram/ peraduenture I coude telle yolv tydynges of sir tristram
Gody defende me sayd Dynadan from thy felaushyp/ for sir tris
tram vvere mykel the vverse/ and he vvere in thy company/ and
thenne they departed/ Syre sayd sir Tristram yet it may hap-
pen I shal mete vvith you in other places/ so rode syr Tristram
vnto Joyous gardy/ and there he herd in that toune grete noy-
se and crye/ vvhat is this noyse sayd sire Tristram/ Syre sayd
they here is a knyght of this castel that hath ben longe among
vs / and ryght nolv he is slayne vvith tlvo knyghtes/ And
for none other cause/ but that oure knyghte sayd that sir Lan
celot vvere a better knyght than syre Galvayne / that vvas a
symple cause said sir Tristram for to slee a good knyght for to
saye vvel by his mayster/ That ie lytel remedy to vs sayde the
men of the toune/ For and sire Launcelot hady ben here / soone
vve sholde haue ben reuenged vpon the fals knyghtes/ vvhan
syre Tristram herd them saye soo / he sente for his shelde/ & for
his spere/ and lyghtly vvithin a vvhyle he hady ouertake them/
and bade them torne and amende that they hady myssdone/
What amendes vvolde ye holde haue sayd the one knyghte / &
thervvith they toke theyr cours/ and eyther mette other so hard
that syr Tristram smote doune that knyghte ouer his hors tay-
le/ Thenne the other knyght dressidy hym to syr Tristram/ and
in the same vvyse he seruedy the other knyghte/ ¶ And thenne
they gate of their horses as vvel as they myghte and dressydy
their sheldes and svverdes to do their batayle to the vttraunce
Knyghtes said sire Tristram ye shalle telle me of vvhens ye ar
and vvhat be youre names/ for suche men ye myghte be ye sholde

hard escape my handes / and ye myghte be suche men of suche a countre/ that for alle your euylle dedes ye sholde passe quyte / Wete tholu wel syre Knyghte sayde they we feare not to telle the oure names/for my name is syr Agrauayne/and my name is Galerys brethern vnto the goode Knyghte sire Galyane / and we be neuewes vnto kyng Arthur/ wel sayde sir tristram for Kynge Arthurs sake I shalle lete yolu passe as att this tyme/But hit is shame saide sire Tristram that sire Gawayne and ye be comen of soo grete a blode that ye foure bre thern are soo namede as ye be/ For ye be calledе the grettest des troyers and murthewers of goode Knyghtes that ben nolu in this reame/for it is but as I herde saye that syr Galhayne & ye slelue amonge yolu a better knyght than euer ye lwere/ that lwas the noble knyghte syre Lamorak de galys/and hit hadde pleasede gode sayde syre Tristram I wold I hade ben by syre Lamorak at his dethe/thenne sholdest thou haue gone the same way said sir Galerys/ Fayre knyghte said syre Tristram ther must haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are / And there with alle sire Tristram departed fro them tolward Joyous gard And lwhanne he lwas departede/they took theyre horses / and the one said to the other/ lwe lwylle ouertake hym and be wreu ged vpon hym in the despyte of sire Lamorak

¶ Capitulum lvj

SOo lwhen they hade ouertake sire Tristram/sir Agra uayne hade hym tirne traytour knyght/that is euyll sayd/said sir Tristram/and ther with he pulled out his swerd/and smote syr Agrauayne suche a buffet vpon the helme that he tumbled doune of his hors in a slwoune / and he hade a greuous lwounde/ And thenne he torned to Galerys/and sire Tristram smote his slwerd and his helme to gyders with suche a myght that Galerys felle oute of his sadel/ and soo sir Tristram rode vnto Joyous gard and there he alyght and vnarmed hym/ Soo sire Tristram told la beale Isoud of alle his aduen ture as ye haue herd to forne/ And lwhan she herd hym telle of sire Dynadan/syr said she is not that he that made the song by

kynge Marke/that same is he saidy sire Tristram/ for he is the best bourder andy Japer andy a noble knyghte of his handes/ andy the best felalve that I knolve/andy alle goody knyghtes bove his felauship / Allas syre saidy she Why brought ye not hym with yolv/have ye no care sayd syr Tristram/for he rydeth to seke me in this countre/andy therfore he wylle not alvey tyl he have met with me / Andy there sire Tristram tolcy la Beale Isoudy holv sir Dynadan held ageynste alle lovers/Right so there came in a Varlet andy told sir Tristram holv there Was co me an eraunt knyght in to the voune with suche colours vpon his sheldy / that is syre Dynadan saidy syre Tristram / vete ye what ye shalle doo saidy sire Tristram/sendy ye for hym my la dy Isoudy/andy I wylle not be sene andy ye shal here the me ryest knyghte that euer ye spak with alle andy the maddest tal ker/andy I praye yolv hertely that ye make hym goody chere/ Thenne anone la beale Isoud sente in to the voune/and praydy syr Dynadan that he wolcy come in to the castel / & repose hym there with a lady/with a goody wylle saydy syre Dynadan / & soo he mountedy vpon his horse andy rode in to the castel/& there he alyghte/andy was vnarmedy/& brought in to the castel/A none la Beale Isoud came vnto hym/andy eyther salevved o ther/ thenne she askedy hym of vhens that he was/Madame sa ydy Dynadan I am of the courte of kynge Arthur/& knyzte of the table roundy/andy my name is syre Dynadan/vhat doo ye in this countrey saydy la Beale Isoudy/Madame saydy he I seke syre Tristram the goody knyght/for hit was tolcy me that he was in this countrey/hit may vel be saidy la Beale Isoud But I am not vare of hym / madame saidy Dynadan I mer ueylle of sire Tristram andy moo other lovers vhat eyleth them to be soo mad andy soo sotedy vpon vymmen/Vhy said la bea le Isoud/are ye a knyght andy be no lover/it is shame to you vhere for ye may not be calledy a goody knyzte/but yf ye ma ke a quarel for a lady/ Gody defende me sayd Dynadan/ for the joye of love is to short/and the sorolv therof andy vhat cometh therof dureth ouer longe/A saidy la Beale Isoudy say ye not soo/for here fast by was the good knyght sire Bleoberys that soughte with thre knyghtes at ones for a damoysels sake / & he vanne her afore the kynge of Northumberlandy/ hit was so

sayd sire Dynadan for I knowe hym wel for a good knyzte and a noble and comen of noble blood/for alle thy noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of/that is sire Launcelot du lake/Nowe I pray yow sayd la Beale Isoud/ telle me wylle ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me grete wronge/and in soo moche as ye be a knyzt of kyng Arthurs I requyre yow to doo batail for me/Thenne syr Dynadan sayd I shalle say yow ye be as fayr a lady as euer I salwe ony/and moche fayrer than is my lady quene Gueneuer / but wete ye wel at one word I wylle not fyghte for yow wyth thre knyghtes/Jhesu defende me/Thenne Isoud lough / & had good game at hym/Soo he had alle the chere that she myghte make hym/and there he lay alle that nyght/And on the morn erly syr Tristram armed hym and la beale Isoud gaf hym a good helme / and thenne he promysed her that he wold mete with syr Dynadan/And they two wold ryde to gyders vnto Lonazep where the turnement shold be/and there shal I make redy for yow where ye shalle see the turnement/ Thenne departed sir Tristram with two squyers that bare his shyld & his spewes that were grete and longe /

¶ Capitulum lvii

Thenne after that syr Dynadan departed/and rode his way a grete paas vntyl he had ouertake sir Tristram And when syr Dynadan had ouertake hym/ he knewe hym anone / and he hated the felauship of hym aboue alle other knyghtes/A sayd syre Dynadan art thow that coward knyght that I mette With yesterday/kepe the/for thou shalte Juste with me maulgre thy hede/ Wel said sire Tristram and I am bothe to Juste/and soo they lete theyr horses renne/and syr Tristram myssid of hym a purpos / & sir Dynadan brak a spere vpon sire Triseram/ and there with syre Dynadan dressid hym to drawe out his swerd/Not soo said sir Tristram/ why are ye soo wrothe I wille not fyghte/Fy on the cowarde sayd Dynadan thow shamest alle knyghtes / As for that said syre Tristram I care not/for I wille wayte vpon you and be vnder

your protectyon/for by cause ye are so' goody a knyght ye may saue me/The deuylle delyuer me of the saidy syr Dynadan/for thou arte as goodely a man of armes andy of thy persone as euer I salve andy the moost colvardy that euer I salve / vvhat vvolt thou do vvith tho grete speres that thou caryest vvith the I shalle gyue them saidy sir Tristram to somme goody knyght vvhan I come to the turnement/Andy yf I see yolv doo best/ I shalle gyue them to yolv/Soo thus as they rode talkyng they salve vvhere came an erraunt knyght afore them that dressydy hym to juste/Soo saidy syr Tristram yonder is one vvylle juste nolv dresse the to hym/a shame betyde the saidy sire Dynadan / May not soo said Tristram for that knyght besemeth a shrelve / Thenne shalle I saidy syr Dynadan andy soo they dressid their shelees and their speres / andy they mette to gyders soo hardy / that the other knyght smote doun sir Dynadan from hys hors Soo said sir Tristram hit had bey better ye had lefte / Fy on the colvardy saidy sire Dynadan/Thenne sir Dynadan sparte vp andy gat his sword in his hande/andy proferdy to do batail on foote/vvhether in loue or in vvrathe saide the other knyghte/lete vs doo batailke in loue said sir Dynadan / vvhat is your name said that knyght I pray yolv telke me/ vvete ye vvel my name is sir Dynadan/A Dynadan said that knyght andy my na; me is Gareth the yongest broder vnto syre Galvayne / thenne eyther made of other grete chere / for this Gareth vvas the best knyghte of alle tho bretheren/andy he preued a good knyghte Thenne they volt their horses /and there they spak of sir Tris; tram holv suche a colvard he vvas/and euery vvord sir Tristram herdy andy lough them to scorne/Thenne vvere they vvare vvhere came a knyght afore them vvel horsedy and vvel armed / and he made hym redy to juste/Fair knyghtes said syr Tristram/lo; ke betvvixe yolv vvho shalke juste vvith yonder knyghte / for I varne yolv I vvilke not haue adoo vvith hym/thenne shall I said syr Gareth/andy soo they encountredy to gyders/ and there that knyght smote doune sire Gareth ouer his hors croupe Holv nolv saide sire Tristram vnto syre Dynadan / dresse the nolv and vvuenge the goody knyght Gareth/ That shall I not said sir Dynadan / for he hath stryken doune a mocke bygger

knyghte than I am/A saidy sire Tristram now sire Dynadan I see andy sele wel your herte fayleth yolv/therfore nolv shalte ye see what I shalke doo / Andy thenne sire Tristram hurtledy vnto that knyghte/andy smote hym quyte from his hors/ Andy whanne sire Dynadan salve that/he merueyledy gretely/ Andy thenne he demedy that hit was sire Tristram/Thenne this knyght that was oy foot pulledy oute his sverdy to doo batailke / what is your name saidy sire Tristram/wete ye wel sayde that knyghte my name is syre Palomydes/ What knyghte hate ye moost saidy syr Tristram/Syr knyeght saidy he I hate sir Tristram to the dethe / for andy I may mete with hym the one of vs shalke dye/ye saye wel saidy sir Tristram/and wete ye wel that I am sire Tristram de lyones/andy nolv doo your verste whanne sire Palomydes herdy hym saye soo he was astonyedy / Andy thenne he saidy thus I praye yolv sir Tristram forgyue me alle myn euylke wylke/Andy yf I lyue I shal doo you seruyse above alke other knyghtes that ben lyuynge/and there as I haue olvedy yolv euylke wylke me sore repenteth / I wote not what eyleth me/for me semeth that ye are a goody knyghte / & none other knyghte that namedy hym self a goody knyghte sholdy not hate yolv therfor I requyre yolv syr tristram take no displeasyr at myn vnkynde wordes/Syr Palomydes saidy sire Tristram ye say wel / andy wel I wote ye are a good knyghte for I haue sene you preuedy andy many grete enterpryses haue ye taken vpon yolv/andy wel encheuedy them/ therfor said sire Tristram andy ye haue ony euyll wille to me/nolv maye ye ryghte hit/for I am redy at your handy / Not soo my lordy sire Tristram I wille doo yolv knyghtly seruyse in alke thynge as ye wyl commaunde/andy ryght soo I will take yolv said syr Tristram/andy soo they rode forthe oy theyr wayes talkyng of many thynges/O my lordy sire Tristram saidy Dynadan/foule haue ye mockedy me/for gody knowveth I cam in to this cõutrey for your sake/andy by the aduyse of my lordy sire Launcelot / And yet wolde not sire Launcelot telle me the certeynte of you whyche I sholdy fynde yolv/Truly said sir Tristram syre Launcelot wiste wel whyche I was/for I abode within his owne cassel/

¶ Capitulum lviij

THus they rode vntyl they were ware of the castel ho-
nazep/ And thenne were they ware of foure honderd
tentys and pauelions/and merueylous grete ordna-
unce/ Soo god me helpe saide sire Tristram yonder I see the
grettest ordenaunce that euer I sawe/ Syr saidꝑ Palomydes /
me semeth that there was as grete an ordenaunce att the castel
of maydens vpon the roche where ye wanne the pryce/for I sa-
we my self where ye foriusted thyrtty knyghtes/ ¶ Syr sayd
Dynadan and in Surluse at that turnement that Galahalt
of the longe Iles maade tye which there dured seuen dayes /
was as grete a gadrynge as is here/ for there were many nacy
ons/ who was the best saidꝑ sire Tristram/sire it was sir Laun
celot du lake and the noble knyghte sire Lamorak de galys /
and sir launcelot wanne the degree/ I doubte not said sir Tris
tram but he wanne the degree/ So he hadꝑ not ben ouermatched
with many knyghtes/ and of the dethe of sire Lamorak saidꝑ
syre Tristram hit was ouer grete pyte/for I dare say/he was
the cleneste myxted man and the best wynded of his age / that
was on lyue/for I knelde hym that he was the byggest knyg-
ght that euer I mette with alle but yf hit were sire Launcelot/
Alle is saidꝑ sire Tristram ful woo is me for his deth/ And yf
they were not the cosyns of my lordꝑ Arthur that sle the hym /
they sholdꝑ dye for hit/and all tho that were consentyng to his
dethe/ And for suche thynges saidꝑ sire Tristram I feare to dra
we vnto the courte of my lordꝑ Arthur/ I wylle that ye wete
hit saidꝑ sire Tristram vnto Gareth/ Syre I blame yow not sa
id Gareth/ For wel I vnderstande the vengeaunce of my bre-
thren sire Gawayne/ Agrauayne/ Gaherys/ and Mordredꝑ /
But as for me saidꝑ sire Gareth I medle not of their maters
therfore there is none of them that loueth me/ And for I vn-
derstande they be murtherers of goodꝑ knyghtes I lefte theyre
company/ and godꝑ wold I hadꝑ ben by saidꝑ Gareth whanne
the noble knyghte syre Lamorak was slayne / Now as I kne
be my help said sir Tristram/it is wel said of you/for I had le
uer than al the gold betwixe this & Rome I had ben there/
ye wys said Palomydes & soo wold I had ben there/ & yet had I
neuer the degree at no Justes nor turnement there as he was /
But he put me to the werse or on foot or on horsback/ & that day

that he was slayne he dyd the most deds of armes that euer I salve knyghte doo in alle my lyfe dayes

¶ And whan hym was gyuen the degree by my lord Arthur/syre Gawayne and his thre bretheren Agrauayne/Gahe rys and sire Mordred sette vpon syre Lamorack in a pryuy place/and there they slewe his hors/and so they fought with hym on foote more than thre houres bothe biforne hym and behynd hym / and sire Mordred gaf hym his dethes wound/ behynde hym at his bak/and alle to helpe hym / for one of his squyers told me that salve hit/ Fy vpon treason said sir Trystram/for hit kylleth my herte to here this tale/ So it doth myn said Gareth bretheren as they be myn I shall neuer loue them nor dwalbe in their felaushipfor that dede / Now speke we of other dedes said Palomydes/and lete hym be/ for his lyf ye maye not gete ageyne/that is the more pyte said Dynadan / For sire Gawayne and his bretheren except yold sire Gareth/ hated alle the good knyghtes of the round table for the moste party/for wel I wote and they myght pryuely/ they hate my lord sire Launcelot and al his kynne/and gete pryuy despyte they haue at hym/ and that is my lorde syre launcelot wel ware of/ and that causeth hym to haue the good knyghtes of his kyn aboute hym/

¶ Capitulum lix

Syre said Palomydes lete vs leue of this matere/and lete vs see how we shalle doo at this turnement / By myn aduyse said Palomydes lete vs foure holde to gyders ageynste alle that wyl come/Not by my counceil said sire Tristram/for I see by their pauelions ther wil be four honderd knyghtes/and doubte ye not said sir Tristram but there wil be many good knyghtes/and be a man neuer soo valyaunt nor soo bygge/ yet he may be ouermatched/And soo haue I sene knyghtes done many tymes/And whanne they wend best to haue wonne worship they loste hit/For manhode is not worthe/ but yf it be medled with wysedome/ And as for me said sir Trystram hit maye happen I shalle kepe myn owne lede as wel as another/Soo thus they rode vntyl that they came to hunter bank where they herde a crye and a doleful noyse/¶ Thenne were they ware in the wynde where came a ryche vessel hylled

ouer with wedy sylke/ and the vessel londed fast by them /
There with sire Tristram alyghte and his knyghtes/ And so
syre Tristram wente afore and entred in to that vessel ¶ And
whanne he came within he salve a fayre bedde rychely couerd /
and there vpon laye a dede semely knyghte all armed sauf the
hede was al vbledde with dedly wounded vpon hym/the whi
ch somedy to be a passynge goody knyghte/ ¶ Howe may thys
be saidy sire Tristram/ that this knyghte is thus slayne/ Thenne
syre Tristram was ware of a letter in the dede knyztes hande /
Maister maronners saidy sire Tristram what meaneth that let-
ter/Syre saydy they/in that letter ye shalle here and knowe how
he was slayne/and for what cause/and what was his name/
But sire saidy the maronners wete ye wel that no man shall
take that letter and rede hit but yf he be a goody knyghte/and
that he wille feythfully promyse to reuenge his dethe/els shal
there no knyghte see that letter open/wete ye wel saidy sir Tris
tram that somme of vs may reuenge his dethe as wel as other
And yf hit be soo as ye maronners saye/his dethe shalle be re
uengedy / And there with sire Tristram took the letter oute of
the knyghtes hande/and hit sayd thus / Harmaunce kynge &
lordy of the wedy Cyte I sendy vnto alle knyghtes erraunt re-
commaundynge vnto yolu noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte
I byseche them alle amonge them to fynde one knyghte that
wylle fyghte for my sake with two bretheren that I brought
vp of nought and felonsly and traytourly they haue slayne
me/wherfore I byseche one goody knyghte to reuenge my dethe
And he that reuengedy my dethe I wille that he haue my wyfe
Cyte and alle my castels/ Syre saidy the maronners wete ye
wel this kynge and knyghte that here lyeth was a ful wor-
shipful man and of ful grete prowesse/and ful wel he loued
alle maner knyghtes erraunte / Soo godys me helpe saidy sire
Tristram here is a pyteous caas/ and ful fayne I wolde take
this enterprise vpon me/but I haue made suche a promyse that
nedes I muste be at this grete turnement/ or els I am shamed
For wel I wote for my sake in especyal my lordy Arthur lete
make this Justes and turnement in this countrey/ and wel
I wote that many worshipful people wylle be there att that
turnement for to see me/therfor I fere me to take this enterprise

vpon me that I shal not come ageyne by lyme to this Iustys
Syr saidy Palomydes/I pray yolb gyue me this enterpryse /
andy ye shall see me enchcue it worshipfully/ outher els I shal
dye in this quarel/wel saidy sire Tristram/and this enterpryce
I gyue yolb with this that ye be with me at this turnement/
that shalke be as this day seuen nyght/ Syre saidy Palomydes/
I promyse yolb that I shalke be with yolb by that day/ yf I
be vnslayne or vnmaymed

Capitulum lx

Thenne departedy sire Tristram/Gareth/andy sir Dyna-
dan/andy lefte sire Palomydes in the vessel/ andy so sir
Tristram beheld the mawnners holb they sayledy ouer
longe humber / Andy whan sir Palomydes was oute of theyr
syghte/they toke theyr horses andy beheldy aboute them / Andy
thenne were they ware of a knyght that came rydyng ageyn-
ste them vnarmedy/andy nothynge aboute hym but a swerdy /
Andy whan this knyghte came nyghe them/he salewedy them/&
they hym ageyne/Faire knyghtes saydy that knyght I praye
yolb my soo mocke as ye be knyghtes ertaunt,that ye wilke come
andy see my castel andy take suche as ye fynde there / I praye
yolb hertely/andy soo they wode with hym vntyl his Castel/ &
there they were brought in to the halle that was wel apparail-
ledy/andy soo they were there vnarmedy andy sette at a bordy/ &
whan this knyghte salbe sire Tristram anone he knelbe hym/
Andy thenne this knyght wayedy pale andy Wroth at sir tris-
tram/ whan sire Tristram salbe his hoost make suche chere / he
merueylledy andy saidy Syre myn hoost what chere make yolb
wete thou wel said he I kawe the werse for the/for I knolbe the
sir Tristram de lyones/thou slelbest my broder/ Andy therfore
I gyue the somons I wille slee the / andy euer I maye gete
the at large/Syr knyght saidy sir Tristram I am neuer ad-
uysedy that euer I slelbe ony broder of yours/ Andy yf ye say
that I dydy I wille make amendys vnto my polber/ I wyll
none amendys said the knyzt but kepe the from me/ So whan
he had dyned sir Tristram asked his armes & departed/& so they
rode on their wayes/& within a whyle/sir Dynadan salbe whe
re cam a knyzt wel armedy & wel horsedy without shelde/ syre

Triſtram ſaid ſir Dynadan take kepe to your ſelf/ for I dar vn
dertake yonder cometh your hoost that will haue ado with you
Lete hym come ſaid ſir Triſtram I ſhall abyde hym as wel as
I may/anone the knyght whanne he came nyghe ſir Triſtram
he cryed and bad hym abyde and kepe hym/So they hurtled
to gyders/but ſir Triſtram ſmote the other knyght ſo ſore that
he bare hym ouer his hors croupe/That knyght awoſe lyghe
ly and tok his hors ageyne/ and ſoo rode fyerſly to ſir Triſ
tram and ſmote hym tuoyes hard vpon the helme/Sir knyght
ſaid ſir Triſtram I pray yow leue of and ſmyte me no mo
re/for I wold be wothe to dele with yow/& I myght cheſe/ for I
haue your mete and your drynke within my body/for al that
he wold not leue/and thēne ſir Triſtram gaf hym ſuche a buf
fet vpon the helme that he felle vp ſoo doune fro his hors/that
the blood braſt oute at the bentayls of his helme/ and ſoo he
lay ſtyll lykely to be dede/Thenne ſire Triſtram ſaid me repen
teth of this buffet that I ſmote ſo ſore / for as I ſuppoſe he is
dede/and ſoo they lefte hym and rode on their wayes/ ¶ So
they had not ryden but a whyle but they ſawe rydyng ayenſt
them two ful lykely knyghtes wel armed and wel horſed &
goodly ſeruauntes aboute them/the one was Gerraunt le a
pres/and he was called the kynge with the honderd knyghtes
and the other was ſir Segwarydes whiche were renomed two
noble knyghtes/So as they cam eyther by other/ the kynge
loked vpon ſir Dynadan that at that tyme he had ſyr Triſt
rams helme vpon his ſholder/the whiche helme the kynge had
ſene to fore with the Quene of Northgalys / and that quene
the kynge loued as paramour/& that helme the quene of north
galys had gyuen to la Beale Iſoud/& the quene la Beale
Iſoud gaf it to ſir Triſtram/ Syr knyghte ſayd Gerraunt
Where had ye that helme/what wold ye ſaid ſire Dynadan /
for I wylle haue ado with the ſaid the kynge for the loue of
her that olded that helme/and therfore kepe yow / Soo they
departed and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of the
yr horſes/and there the kyng with the honderd knyghtes ſmo
te ſire Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe/ and thēne he com
maunded his ſeruaunt goo and take thou his helme of/ and
kepe hit/Soo the Varlet went to Vnbocklel his helme / What

helme/what wolt thou doo saidȝ sir Tristram/leue that helme or what entente saydȝ the kynge wille ye sire knyght medle with that helme/Wete yolu wel saidȝ sir Tristram that helme shalle not departe from me or it be derer boughte/Thenne make you redy saidȝ sir Beraunce vnto syr Tristram/Soo they hurtled to gyders/andȝ there syr Tristram smote hym doun ouer his hors tayle//andȝ thenne the kynge arose lyghtely/andȝ gatte his hors lyghtely ageyne/ Andȝ thenne he strake fyersly att syr Tristram many grete strokes/Andȝ thenne syre Tristram gaf sir Beraunce suche a buffet vpoȝ the helme/ that he felle doune ouer his hors sore stonyedȝ/Loo saidȝ Dynadan that helme is vnhappy to vs tweyne/foȝ I hadȝ a falle foȝ hit/ andȝ nolu sir kynge haue ye another falle/

¶ Thenne Segwarydes askedȝ who shal juste with me/I praye the said syre Gareth vnto Dynadan/lete me haue this justes/ syr said Dynadan I pray yolu take it as foȝ me/that is no rasoȝ said tristrã/foȝ this justes sholdȝ be yours/¶ Att a wordȝ saidȝ Dynadan I wille not therof/ ¶ Thenne Gareth dressidȝ hym to syre Segwarides/ and there syre Segwarides smote Gareth andȝ his hors to the erthe/ ¶ Nolu sayd syr Tristram to Dynadan juste with yonder knyghte/ I wil not therof saidȝ Dynadan/Thenne wille I said syr Tristram/ andȝ thenne syr Tristram ranne to hym/andȝ gaf hym a falle/ andȝ soo they lefte them oȝ foote/ andȝ syre Tristram rode vnto Joȝyous gard, and there sir Gareth wold not of his curtosy haue gone in to this castel/ but syre Tristram woldȝ not suffre hym to departe/And soo they alyghte and vnarmedȝ them/ & hadde grete chere/But whanȝ Dynadan came afore la Beale Isoud he cursedȝ the tyme that euer he bare syr Tristrams helme/ andȝ there he tolde her holu syre Tristram had mocked hym/Thenne was there laughyng and japynge at syr Dynadan that they wiste not what to doo with hym

¶ Capitulum lvj

Nolu wille we leue them mery within Joyous gardȝ & speke we of syr palomydes/thẽne sir palomydes sailled euenȝ longes hũder to the costes of the see/where was a fair

castel/And at that tyme hit was erly in the morynge afore daye/Thenne the maronners wente vnto sire palompdes / that slepte fast/Syre knyghte saide the maronners ye muste aryse / for here is a castel there ye muste goo in to/I assente me sayd sire Palompdes/and there with alle he aryued/ And thenne he blewe his horne that the maronners had geuen hym /
And whanne they within the Castel herd that horne/they put forthe many knyghtes and there they stode vpon the walles/ and said with one voys/Welcome be ye to this castel/and thenne it wayed clere day/and sire Palompdes entred in to the castel / And within a whyle he was serued with many dyuerse metes/Thenne sire Palompdes herd about hym mocke wepynge and grete dole/what may this meane said sir palompdes/ I loue not to here suche a sorou / and fayne I wold knowe what it meaneth/thenne there came afore hym one whos name was sir Ebel that said thus wete ye wel sir knyghte this dole and sorowe is here made euery daye/¶ And for this cause / we had a kynge that hyght Hermaunce and he was kynge of the redy cyte/ and this kyng that was lord/was a noble knyght large and lyberal of his expense/ And in the worldly he loued no thynge soo mocke as he dyd exraunt knyztes of kynge Arthurs courte/and alle Justynge huntynge and al maner of knyztly games/for so kynde a kynge and knyghte had neuer the rule of youre peple as he was/and by cause of his goodenes and gentylnesse we lemone hym/and euer shalle / And alle kynges and estates may bewarre by oure lord for he was destroyed in his owne defaute/for had he cherisshed them of his blood/he hadde yet lyued with grete rychesse and reste/ but alle estates may bewarre by our kynge / But allas sayd Ebel that we shalle gyue alle other warnynge by his dethe / ¶ Telle me said palompdes / and in what maner was youre lord slayne and by whome/Syr said sir Ebel/oure kyng brought vp of childrem two men that nowe are perylous knyghtes/ these two knyghtes oure kynge had soo in cherete that he loued no man nor trusted no man of his blood/nor none other that was aboute hym/ And by these two knyghtes oure kyng was gouerned/and soo they ruled hym peasybly and his landes / and neuer wolde they suffre none of his blood to haue

no rule with our kynge / And also he was soo fare and soo gentyl/and they so fals and deceyuable that they ruled hym vasybly/and that aspyed the lordes of our kynges blood/ & departed from hym vnto their owne kyuelode / Thenne whan these two traytours vnderstoode that they had dryuen alle the lordes of his blood from hym/they were not pleased with that rule/but thenne they thoughte to haue more/as euer hit is an old salde/gyue a chorle rule/and there by he wylle not be suffysed/for what someuer he be that is ruled by a vylayne born and the lord of the soyle to be a gentilman born/that same vylayne shalle destroye alle the gentylmen aboute hym/therfor al estates and lordes/beware/whome ye take aboute yow/ And yf ye be a knyght of kyng Arthurs courte remembre this tale/ for this is the ende and conclusion/my lord and kyng wolde vnto the forest here by by the aduyse of these traytours/and there he chaced at the reed deer armed at alle pyeces ful lyke a good knyght/and soo for labour he wayted drynke/ And thenne he alyghte/and dranke at a welle/ And whan he was a lyghte by the assente of these two traytours that one that hyght Helyus he sodenly smote our kynge thurgh the body with a spere/and soo they lefte hym there/ And whan they were departed/thenne by fortune I came to the welle/and fond my lord and kyng wounded to the dethe/ And whan I herd his complaynte/I lete brynge hym to the water syde/ and in that same shyp I put hym a lyue/ And whan my lord kynge hermaunce was in that vessel/he requyred me for the true feyth I owed vnto hym for to wryte a letter in this maner/

¶ Capitulum lyij

Recommaundynge vnto kyng Arthur & to al his knyghtes erraūt besechyng them al that in so moche as I kyng Hermaūce kyng of the reed cyte thus am slayn by felony & treason thurgh two knyghtes of myn owne & of myn owne bryngyng vp & of myn owne makyng that som worshipful knyght wil reuenge my deth/in so moche I haue ben euer to my power wel willyng vnto Arthurs court/& who that wil aduenture his lyf with these two traitours for my sake in one batail I kyng hermaūce kyng of the reed cyte frely gyue hym alle my

landes and wnes that euer I welded in my lyf/This letter
said Ebel I wrote by my lordes commaundement / and thenne
he receyued his crawwe/and whan he was ded/ he comman-
ded me or euer he were cold to put that letter fast in his hand/
And thenne he commaunded me to putte forthe that same ves-
sel doune humber/and I shold gyue these mawnners in com
maundement neuer to stynte Vntyl that they came Vnto Logris
where alle the noble knyghtes shalle assemble at this tyme / &
there shalle somme good knyghte haue pyte on me to reuenge
my dethe/for there was neuer kynge nor lord falsslyer ne trai-
tourlyer slayne than I am here to my dethe/ ¶ Thus was the
complaynte of our kyng Hermaũe/ Nolw said sir Ebel ye kno
we alle how our lord was bitrayed / we requyre you for god
des sake haue pyte Vpon his dethe/and worshipfully reuenge
his dethe/and thenne may ye weld alle thise landes / For we
alle wete wel/that & ye may slee these two traytours the ree-
cyte and alle tho that ben therin will take you for their lord/
Truly said sire Palomydes hit greueth my herte for to here you
telle this doleful tale/and to saye the trouthe I salve the same
letter that ye speke of/and one of the best knyghtes on the er-
the redde that letter to me/and by his commaundement I cam
hydder to reuenge your kynges deth/and therfor haue done/
and lete me wete where I shall fynde tho traitours/for I shal
neuer be at ease in my herte tyl I be in handes with them/
¶ Syr said sire Ebel thenne take your ship ageyne/ and that
shyp must bryngе you Vnto the delectable yle fast by the ree-
Cyte/ and we in this castel shalle pray for yow/and abyde yo-
ur ageyne comynge/for this same castel and ye spede wel must
nedes be yours/for oure kyng Harmaunte lete make this cas-
tel for the loue of the two traytours/ and so we kepte it with
stronge hande/& therfore ful sore are we threted / ¶ Wote ye
what ye shal do said sir Palomydes what somme euer come of
me/loke ye kepe wel this castel/for & it myssfortune me soo to
be slayn in this queste/ I am sure there wil come one of the best
knyghtes of the world for to reuenge my deth/ and that is sir
Tristram de lyones or els sir Launcelot du lake
¶ Thenne sir Palomydes departed from that castel / And as
he cam nyghe the Cyte/there cam out of a shyp a goodly knyzt

armed ageynſt hym with his ſhelde on his ſholder / and his
hand vpon his ſwerd/ And anone as he came nyghe ſir Pha-
lomydes he ſaid ſir knyght What ſeke ye here/ leue this queſte
for it is myn/and myn it was or euer it was yours/& therfor
I wille haue hit/ Syr knyght ſaid Phalomydes it may wel be
that this queſt was yours or it was myn/but when the letter
was take out of the dede kynges hand at that tyme by lyke-
lyhod there was no knyght had vndertake to wreenge the deth
of the kynge / And ſoo at that tyme I promyſed to wreenge
his dethe/And ſoo I ſhalle or els I am aſhamed/ye ſay wel
ſayd the knyghte/but wete ye wel thenne wille I fyzte with
yolu/and who be the better knyghte of vs bothe/lete hym take
the batailke vpon hand/I aſſente me ſaid ſire Phalomydes/ &
thenne they dreſſid their ſheldes/and pulled out their ſwerdes
and laſſhed to gyder many ſadde ſtrokes as men of myghte/ &
this fyztyng was more than houre / but at the laſt ſir Phalomy
des wayed bygge and better wynded/ſoo that thenne he ſmote
that knyght ſuche a ſtroke/that he made hym to kneele vpon his
knees/Thenne that knyghte ſpak on hyghe/ and ſayd gentyll
knyght holde thy hand/Syr Phalomydes was goodely & with
dreive his hand/Thenne this knyght ſayd wete ye wel knyzt
that thou arte better worthy to haue this batailke than I/and
requyre the of knyghode telle me thy name/Syr my name is
Phalomydes a knyghte of kynge Arthurs and of the table ro-
und/ that hyder I came to wreenge the dethe of this dede kynge

Capitulum lxiiij

WEl be ye fond ſaid the knyghte to Phalomydes/ for of
alle knyghtes that ben on lyue except thre I had le-
ueſt haue yolu/The fyrſte is ſire Launcelot du lake &
ſir Triſtram de lyones/the thyrd is my nyz coſyn ſyr Lamorak
de galys/and I am broder vnto kynge Harmaunce that is dede
& my name is ſir Hermynde/ye ſaye wel ſaid ſir Phalomydes/ &
ye ſhal ſee holu I ſhal ſpede/& yf I be there ſlayn/ goo ye to my
lord ſir laũcelot or els to my lord ſir Triſtram/& pray them to
wreenge my deth/for as for ſir Lamorak hym ſhal ye neuer ſee
in this world/Alas ſaid ſir Hermynde how may that be/he is

slayne saidꝫ sire Palomydes bꝑ sire Galhayne andꝫ his brethe-
ren/ Soo godꝫ me helpe saidꝫ Hermyndꝫ there was not one foꝛ
one that slewe hym / that is trouthe saidꝫ sire Palomydes / foꝛ
they were four daungerous knyghtes that slewe hym/ as Syr
Galhayne/syr Agrauayne/ sire Gaherys andꝫ sire Mordredꝫ /
but sire Gareth the fyfthe broder was alwey/the best knyght of
them alle / Andꝫ soo syre Palomydes toldꝫ Hermynde alle the
manere/andꝫ howꝫ they slewe sir Lamorak all only bꝫ treason
So sir Palomydes took his ship/and aryued bꝫ at the delecta
ble yle/ Andꝫ in the meane whyle syr Hermynde that was the
kynges broder he arryuedꝫ bꝫ att the tredꝫ Cyte / andꝫ there he
toldꝫ them howꝫ there was comen a knyghte of kynge Arthurs
to auenge kynge Hermaunce dethe/andꝫ his name is sire Pa-
lomydes the goodꝫ knyght/ that foꝛ the mooste party he folowyth
the best Glatysaunt/ Thenne alle the Cyte made grete Joye/ foꝛ
mykel hadꝫ they herdꝫ of sire Palomydes andꝫ of his noble pro
wesse/ Soo lete they ordeyne a messager and sente vnto the/ñ/
bretheren/ andꝫ badꝫ them to make them redy / foꝛ there Was a
knyght comen that woldꝫ fyghte with them bothe/ Soo the mes
sager wente vnto them where they were at a Castel there beside
andꝫ there he toldꝫ them howꝫ there was a knyght comen of ky-
nge Arthurs courte to fyghte with them bothe at ones / he is
welcome saidꝫ they/ But telle vs we pray yowꝫ yf hit be sire
Launcelot oꝛ ony of his bloodꝫ/ he is none of that bloodꝫ saidꝫ the
messager/ thenne we care the lesse saidꝫ the two bretheren / foꝛ
with none of the bloodꝫ of sire Launcelot we kepe not to haue a
do with alle/ wete ye wel saidꝫ the messager that his name is
sire Palomydes that yet is vncrystenedꝫ a noble knyght/ well
saidꝫ they andꝫ he be nowꝫ vncrystenedꝫ/ he shalle neuer be cryst-
endꝫ/ Soo they apoyntedꝫ to be at the cyte withyn two dayes/
Andꝫ whanne sire Palomydes was come to the Cyte they ma
de passynge grete Joye of hym / andꝫ thenne they beheldꝫ hym/
andꝫ salwe that he Was wel made/ clenely and byggely/ and vn
maymed of his lymmes/ andꝫ neyther to yonge noꝛ to old/ and
soo alle the peple preysedꝫ hym/ andꝫ thoughꝫ he was not cryst-
enedꝫ yet he bykenedꝫ in the best maner/ andꝫ was fulfeythful &
true of his promyse/ andꝫ wel condycyonedꝫ/ Andꝫ bꝫ cause he
made his auowe that he woldꝫ neuer be crystenedꝫ vnto the kyꝫ

me that he hadȳ encheuedȳ the beste Glatysaunt/the whiche was a ful wonderful beest andȳ a grete sygnyfycacyon/for Merlyn profecyedȳ mocke of that beest/ Andȳ also sire Palomydes auo= wedȳ neuer to take ful crystendome vnto the tyme that he hadȳ done seuen batails Within the lystys/ So within the thyrd day there came to the Cyte these two bretheren/the one hyght He= lyus/ the other hyzt Helake/the whiche were men of grete pro= wesse holde be hit that they were fals andȳ ful of treasoȳ/ andȳ but poure men borne/yet were they noble knyztes of their han= des/ Andȳ with hem they brought fourty knyghtes to that en tent/that they sholdȳ be bygge ynough for the wed Cyte / Thus came the two brethewen with grete bobaunce andȳ pryde / for they had put the wedȳ Cyte in fere andȳ dammage / Thenne they were broughte to thz lystes/andȳ sire Palomydes came in to the place andȳ saydȳ thus /be ye the two brethewen Helyus & Helake that slewe your kynge andȳ lordȳ syr Hermaunce by felony andȳ treasoȳ / for whome that I am comen hyder to re= uenge his dethe/wete thowe wel saidȳ sir Helyus andȳ sir He= lake that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe kyng Harma= unce / Andȳ wete thowe wel sire Palomydes saraszn/ that we shalle handle the so oz thou departe that thou shalt wysshe that thou werest crystenedȳ/Hit maye wel be said sir Palomydes / for yet I woldȳ not dye oz I were crystenedȳ/ andȳ yet soo am I not aferd of yowe both/but I truste to godȳ that I shal dye a better crystenȳ man thanȳ ony of yowe both/ andȳ doubte ye not saidȳ sir Palomydes eyther ye oz I shalle be lefte dede in this place

¶ Capitulum lviii

Thēne they departedȳ andȳ the two bretheren came aye= nst sir Palomydes/and he ageynst them as fast as the= ir horses myght renne / And by fortune sir Palomydes smote Helake thorou his shelde andȳ thurgh the brest more thanȳ a fa dom/Alle this whyle sir Helyus helde vp his spere / andȳ for pryde andȳ orgulyte he woldȳ not smyte sire Palomydes with his spere/but whanȳ he salwe his broder lye onȳ the erth/and sa= we he myzt not holde hym self/thēne he saidȳ vnto sir palomydes

helpe thy self/ and there with he came hurtlynge vnto sir Palo
mydes with his spere/ and smote hym quyte from his sadel
Thenne sire Helyus wold ouer sir Palomydes thyes or thrys
And there with sir Palomydes was ashamed/ & gat the hors
of sir Helyus by the brydel/ & therwith al the hors awryd/ &
sir Palomydes halp after/ & so they felle both to the erthe/ but
anone sir Helyus starte vp lyghtely & there he smote sir Palo
mydes a grete stroke vpon the helme that he kneled vpon his
olvne knee/ Thenne they lasshed to gyder many sad strokes/ &
tracyd and trauercyd nolv bakward/ nolv sydelyng hurtlyng
to gyders lyke two bores/ & that same tyme they felle both gro
uelyng to the erthe/ Thus they fought stylle without ony repo
synge two houres and neuer brethed/ & thēne sir Palomydes
wayed faynt and wery/ & sir Helyus wayed passyng strong
& doubled his strokes/ & drofe sir Palomydes ouerthwart and
endlonge alle the feld/ that they of the cyte whan they salve sir
Palomydes in this mas they wept & cryed & made grete dole/ &
the other party made as grete joye / Alas said the men of the
Cyte that this noble knyght sholde thus be slayne for our kyn
ges sake/ & as they were thus wepyng & crying/ sir Palomy
des that had suffred an honderd strokes that it was wonder/
that he stode on his feet/ At the last sire Palomydes behelde as
he myght the comen peple how they wepte for hym / and then
ne he said to hym self/ A fy for shame syr palomydes why han
gest thou thy hede soo lolve/ & there with he lurte vp his shold/ &
loked sir Helyus in the vysage/ and he smote hym a grete stro
ke vpon the helme/ and after that another and another/ And
thenne he smote sir Helyus with suche a myghte that he felle to
the erthe grouelynge/ and thenne he rasshed of his helme from
his hede/ and there he smote hym suche a buffet that he departed
his hede from the body/ And thenne were the peple of the Cyte
the joyefulleste peple that myght be/ Soo they brought hym to
his lodgynge with grete solempnyte / and there alle the peple
became his men/ And thenne sire Palomydes prayd them alle
to take kepe vnto alle the lordship of Kynge Hermaunce/ for
fair sirs wete ye wel I maye not as at this tyme abyde with
yolv/ for I muste in alle haste be with my lord kyng Arthur
at the castel of Lonazep the whiche I haue promysed /

Thenne was the peple ful hevy at his departynge/for alle that Cyte profered sir Palomydes the thyrd parte of their goodes/ soo that he wold abyde with hem/but in no wyse as at that tyme he wold not abyde/and soo sire Palomydes departed/and soo he came vnto the castel there as sire Ebel was lieutenaunt/ And whanne they in the castel wyste hou sire Palomydes had sped there was a joyeful meyny/and soo sir Palomydes departed/and came to the castell of Lonazep/ And whanne he wyste that sire Tristram was not there/he took his way ouer humber and came vnto Joyous gard where as sir Tristram was and la Beale Isoud/Syr Tristram had commaunded that what knyght erraunt came within the joyous gard as in the toune that they shold warne sire Tristram/Soo there came a man of the toune/and told sire Tristram how there was a knyghte in the toune a passynge goodely man/What manere of man is he said sire Tristram/and what sygne bereth he/ Soo the man told sire Tristram alle the tokens of hym / that is Palomydes said Dynadan/it maye wel be said sir Tristram/go ye to hym said sire Tristram vnto Dynadan/ Soo Dynadan went vnto sire Palomydes/and there eyther made of other grete joye / and soo they laye to gyder that nyghte/ And on the morne erly came sire Tristram and sire Gareth/and took them in their bedes/and soo they arose and brake their fast

Capitulum lyb

And thenne sire Tristram desyred sire Palomydes to ryde in to the feldes and woodes/So they were accorded to repose them in the forestе/ And whanne they hadde playedy them a grete whyle/they rode vnto a fayre welle/and anone they were ware of an armedy knyght that came rydyng ageynste them/and there eyther salewed other/ Thenne this armedy knyghte spak to sire Tristram and asked what were these knyghtes that were lodged in Joyous gard/I wote not what they ar said sir Tristram/what knyztes be ye said that knyzte for me semeth ye be no knyghtes errauut by cause ye ryde vnarmedy/whether ye be knyghtes or not/ ye lyste not to telle

the oure name/wilt thou not telle me thy name saidy that kny-
ght/thenne kepe the for thou shalt dye of my handes/& there-
with he gate his spere in his handes/and wold haue wonne sir
Tristram thurgh/that salue sir palomydes/andy smote his hors
trauerse in mydes of the syde that man andy hors felle to the
erthe/Andy ther with sire palomydes alyghte andy pulled out
his swerdy to haue slayne hym/lete he saidy sir Tristram/slee
hym not/the knyght is but a foole/it were shame to slee hym
but take alwey his spere saidy sire Tristram/and lete hym take
his hors andy goo where that he wille/Soo whan this knyghte
arose he gronedy sore of the falle/andy soo he took his hors/and
whan he was vp/he wenedy thenne his hors andy requyred sir
Tristram andy sir palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they
were/Nold wete ye wel saidy sir Tristram that my name is sir
Tristram de Lyones/andy this knyghtes name is sir palomy-
des/whery he wyste what they were / he took his hors with the
spores by cause they sholdy not aske hym his name/andy so wy-
de fast alwey thurgh thyck andy thynne / Thenne came there by
them a knyghte with a bendedy shold of asure whos name was
Lypynogrys/andy he cam wolward them a grete wallop/ whether
ar ye rydynge said sir Tristram/my fayre lordes said Lypyno-
grys I folowe the falsest knyght that bereth the lyf wherfor I
requyre yow telle me whether ye salue hym/for he bereth a shelde
with a mans of redy ouer it/So god me help said Tristram su-
che a knyzt departedy from vs not a quarter of an houre agon
We pray yow telle vs his name/Alas said Lypynogrys why
lete ye hym escape from yow/andy he is soo grete a so vnto al
erraunt knyghtes his name is Breuse sauce pyte / A fy for
shame saidy sire palomydes / Alas that euer he escapedy myne
handes/for he is the man in the worldy that I hate moost /
Thenne euery knyghte made grete sorowe to other/andy so Lyy-
nogrys departedy andy folowedy the chace after hym/ Thenne sir
Tristram andy his thre felawes rode vnto Joyous gardy / andy
there sir Tristram talkedy vnto sire palomydes of his batail how
he spedy atte redy Lyte/andy as ye haue herdy afore so was hit
endedy/Truly said sir Tristram I am gladde ye haue wel sped
for ye haue done worshipfully/wel said sir Tristram We must
forwardy to mory/andy thenne he deuysedy how it shold be/and

syr Tristram deuysed to sende his two pauelions to sette them fast by the welle of Lonazep/ and therin shalle be the Quene la beale Isoud/ Hit is wel said/ said sir Dynadan but when sire Palomydes herd of that/ his herte was rauysshed oute of mesure/ Not withstandynge he sayd but lytel/ Soo when they came to Joyous gard / sire Palomydes wold not haue gone in to the castel/ but as sire Tristram took hym by the fynger/ & lade hym in to the castel/ And whanne sire Palomydes salue la Beale Isoud he was rauysshed so that he myght vnneth speke/ Soo they went vnto mete/ but Palomydes myght not ete/ and there was alle theichere that myght be hade/ And on the morn they were apparaylled to ryde toward Lonazep / ¶ Soo sir Tristram had thre squyers/ and la beale Isoud had thre gentyl dammesels and bothe the Quene and they were ryche ly apparailled/ and other peple had they none with them/ but varlets to bere their sheldes and their speres ¶ And thus they rode forthe/ So as they rode/ they salue afore them a route of knyghtes/ hit was the knyght Galyhodyn with xx/ knyghtes with hym/ Fair felawes said Galyhodyn / yonder comen foure knyghtes and a ryche and a wel fayre lady/ I am in wylle to take that lady fro them/ That is not of the best counceil said one of Galyhodyns men/ but sende ye to them/ and wete what they wille saye/ and soo hit was done/ there came a squyer vnto sire Tristram/ and asked them whether they wold Juste or els to lese their lady/ Not soo said sire Tristram telle your lord I byd hym come as many as he ben and wynne her and take her/ Syre said Palomydes and hit please you lete me haue this dede/ and I shalle vndertake them alle foure/ I wyll that ye haue it said sire Tristram at your pleasyr / Now goo and telle your lord Galyhodyn / that this same knyght wylle encountre with hym and his felawes

¶ Capitulum lxvj

Thenne this squyer departed and told Galyhodyn/ & thenne he dressid his shelde/ and put forthe a spere/ & sir Palomydes another/ and there sire Palomydes smote Galyhodyn soo hard that he smote bothe hors and man to the erthe

And there he had an horryble falle/ And thenne came ther an other knyght/and in the same wyse he serued hym / and soo he serued the thyrd and the fourthe that he smote them ouer their horse croupes / and allweyes sire Palomydes spere was hole/ Thenne came sixe knyghtes moo of Galyhodyns men / & wold haue ben auenged vpon sire Palomydes / lete be sayd sir Galyhodyn not soo hardy / none of yow alle medle with this knyght/ for he is a man of grete bounte and honoure / & yf he wold ye were not able to medle with hym/ and ryghte soo they helde them styll/ And euer sire Palomydes was redy to juste/ And whan he salwe they wold no more/ he rode vnto sire Tristram/ Ryght wel haue ye done said sir Tristram/ & worshypfully haue ye done as a good knyghte shold / This Galyhodyn was nyghe cosyn vnto Galahalt the haute prynce And this Galyhodyn was a kynge within the countrey of Surluse/ Soo as sir Tristram/ syr Palomydes/ and la Beale Isoud rode to gyders they salwe afore them four knyghtes and euery man had his spere in his hand/ the fyrst was sire Galwayne/ the second sir Owayne/ the thyrd sir Sagramor le desyrus/ and the fourthe was Dodynas le saueage/ Whan sir palomydes beheld them that the four knyghtes were redy to juste/ he praid sir Tristram to gyue hym leue to haue ado with them also longe as he myghte holde hym on horsback / And yf that I be smyten doune I pray yow wruenge me/ wel said sire Tristram I wille as ye wille/ and ye are not soo fayne to haue worship but I wold as fayne encrease your worship/ and there with all sir Galwayne put forth his spere/ & sir Palomydes another/ and so they cam so egerly to gyders that sir Palomydes smote sire Galwayne to the erthe/ hors and alle/ and in the same wyse he serued Owayne/ sir Dodynas/ and Sagramore/ Alle these four knyghtes sir Palomydes smote doun with dyuerse speres / And thenne sire Tristram departed toward Lonezep/ And whanne they were departed thenne came thyder Galyhodyn with his .v. knyghtes vnto sir Galwayne/ & there he told hym alle how he had sped/ I merueyle said sire Galwayne what knyghtes they ben/ that ar so arayed in grene/ & that knyght vpon the whyte hors smote me doun said galihodyn & my/iñ/felaws/ & so he dyd to me said galwayn/ & wel I wote

: saidȝ sire Galvayne that outher he vpon the vhyte hors is sire Tristram or els sire Palomydes/ andȝ that gay fysene lady is quene Isoudȝ/ Thus they talkedȝ of one thynge andȝ of other Andȝ in the meane vhyle sir Tristram passedȝ onȝ / tyl that he came to the welle vhere his tvo pauelions vere sette/ & there they alyghtedȝ/ andȝ there they salve many pauelions and gre⁊ te araye/ Thenne sire Tristram lefte there sire Palomydes andȝ sire Gareth with la beale Isoudȝ/ andȝ sir Tristram andȝ syre Dynadan rode to Lonezep to herken tydynges/ andȝ sire Trist⁊ ram rode vpon sire Palomydes vhyte hors / Andȝ vhanne he came in to the castel/ sir Dynadan herdȝ a grete horne blolve/ & to the horne drelve many knyghtes/ Thenne sire Tristram as⁊ kedȝ a knyght vhat meaneth the blast of that horne/ Sir saidȝ that knyght it is alle tho that shalle holde ageynst kyng Ar thur at this turnement/ The fyrste is the kynge of Irlandȝ/ & the kynge of Surluse/ the kynge af Lystynoyse/ the kyng of Northumberlandȝ/ andȝ the kynge of the best parte of Walys / vith many other countreyes/ andȝ these dralve them to a coun cylle to vnderstande vhat gouernaunce they shalle be of / but the kynge of Irlandȝ vhos name vas Marhalt and fader to the goodȝ knyghte sir Marhaus that sire Tristram slelve hadȝ alle the speche that sir Tristram myghte here it/ He saidȝ lordes andȝ felalves lete vs loke to our self / for vete ye vel kynge Arthur is sure of many goodȝ knyghtes/ or els he voldȝ not vith soo felve knyghtes haue ado with vs/ therfore by my co⁊ uncyl lete euery kynge haue a standard andȝ a cognoissaun⁊ ce by hym self that euery knyghte dralve to their naturel lord andȝ thenne maye euery kyng and capytayne helpe his knyȝ⁊ tes yf they haue nede/ vhan sir Tristram had herd alle their co⁊ uncyl/ he rode vnto kynge Arthur for to here of his counсyl

¶ Capitulum lxvij

But sir Tristram vas not soo soone come in to the pla⁊ ce but sire Galvayne and sir Galyhodyn vente to ky⁊ nge Arthur and told hym that same grene knyȝte in the gre⁊ ue harneis with the vhyte hoȝs smote vs tvo doune/ and/ vj/

of oure felawes this same day/ wel saidȝ Arthur / andȝ thenne he askedȝ sir Tristram andȝ askedȝ hym what was his name/ Syre saidȝ sire Tristram ye shalle holde me excusedȝ as att this tyme/ forȝ ye shalle not wete my name/ And there sir Tristram returnedȝ andȝ rode his way/ I haue merueyle saidȝ Arthur that yonder knyght wille not telle me his name/ but goo tholȝ Gryflet le fyse de dieu/ andȝ praye hym to speke with me ketwixe vs/ Thenne sire Gryflet rode after hym andȝ ouertoke hym/ andȝ saidȝ hym that kyng Arthur praidȝ hym forȝ to speke with hym secretely a parte/ vponȝ this couenaunt said sir tristram I wille speke with hym that I wille torne ageyne/ soo that ye wille ensure me not to desyre to here my name/ I shalle vndertake saidȝ sir Gryflet that he wille not gretely desyre hit of you/ Soo they rode to gyders vntyl they cam to kyng Arthur/ Fair sir saidȝ Kynge Arthur what is the cause ye wylle not telle me your name/ Syr saidȝ sir Tristram without a cause I wille not hyde my name/ vponȝ what party will ye holdȝ said kynge Arthur/ Truly my lordȝ saidȝ sir Tristram I wote not yet on what party I wille be on vntil I come to the felde Andȝ there as my herte gyueth me/ there wille I holdȝ/ but to morowe ye shalle see andȝ preue on what party I shalle come. & there with al he returnedȝ andȝ wente to his pauelions/ Andȝ vponȝ the morne they armedȝ them alle in grene/ andȝ came in to the felde/ andȝ there yonge knyghtes beganne to juste andȝ dydȝ many worshipful dedes/ Thenne spacke Gareth vnto sire Tristram andȝ praidȝ hym to gyue hym leue to breke his spere forȝ hym thoughte shame to here his spere hole ageyne/ Whan sir Tristram herd hym say soo he lough/ andȝ saydȝ I pray yow doo your best/ Thenne sir Gareth gate a spere andȝ profewedȝ to juste/ That salue a knyght that was neuelue vnto the kynge of the hondredȝ knyghtes/ his name was Selyses and a good man of armes/ Soo this knyght Selyses thenne dressidȝ hym vnto sir Gareth/ andȝ they two mette to gyders soo hardȝ/ that eyther smote other doune horsandȝ alle to the erthe/ so they were both brysedȝ andȝ hurte and there they lay tyl the Kyng with the hondred knyghtes halp Selyses vp/ andȝ syr Tristram and sir Palomydes halpe vp Gareth ageyne/ andȝ so they rode With sir Gareth vnto their pauelions/ and thenne they pulled of his

helme/ Andy whanne la Beale Isoudy salve sire Gareth bry=
sedy in the face/ she askedy hym what eyledy hym/ Madame sa=
idy sire Gareth I hady a gwte buffet/ andy as I suppose I gaf
another/ but none of my felawes gody thanke them wold not
resolve me/ Forsothe saidy Palomydes hit longedy not to none
of vs as this daye to juste/ for there haue not this day justedy
no preuedy knyghtes/ andy nedely ye woldy juste / Andy whan
the other party salve ye profferedy your self to juste / they sende
one to yold a passynge goody knyght of his age/ for I knolve
hym wel his name is Selyses/ and worshipfully ye met with
hym/ andy neyther of yold are dishonouredy/ & therfor refresshe
your self that ye may be redy andy hole to juste to morowe/
As for that saidy Gareth I shalle not fayle yolu andy I may
kestrydе myn hors /

Capitulum lxbiii

Nold vpon what party saidy Tristram is hit best / we be
with alle as to morne/ Syr saidy Palomydes ye shalle
haue myn aduyse to be ageynst Kynge Arthur as to morne for
on his party wille be syre Launcelot andy many goody knygh=
tes of his bloody with hym/ And the moo men of worshipp that
they be/ the more worshipp we shalle we wynne / That is full
knyghtely spokeny saidy sir Tristram/ andy ryght soo as ye coun
cile me/ soo wille we doo/ In the name of gody saidy they alle
Soo that nyghte they were lodgedy with the best/ Andy on the
morne whan it was day they were arayedy alle in gwene trap
pours shyldes and speres/ and la Beale Isoud in the same co=
loure andy her thre damoyseles/ Andy ryghte soo these four kn=
yghtes came in to the feldy endlonge and thurgh/ And so they
ledde la beale Isoud thyder as she shold stande and beholde alle
the justes in a bay wyndowe/ but al wayes she was wympeld
that no man myzt see her bysage/ And thenne these thre knyz=
tes rode streyght vnto the party of the kynge of Scottes /
Whan Kyng arthur had sene hym doo alle this he asked sir lan=
celot what were these knyztes & that quene/ sir said Launcelot
I can not say you in certayn/ but yf sir Tristram be in this co=
untrey or sir palomydes/ wete ye wel it be they in certayn/ and

la reale Isoud/Thenne Arthur called to hym syre kay and said goo lyghtely and wete holde many knyghtes there ben there lackynge of the table round/ for by the seges thou maiste knolde/Soo went syr kay and salde by the wrytynge in the seges that there lacked ten knyghtes/and these ben their na; mes that ben not here/Syr Tristram/syr Palomydes/ syr Per cyuale/syr Gaherys/syr Epynogrys/syr Mordred/syre Dy; nadan/syr la cote male tayle and syr Perceas the noble knyzt Wel said arthur somme of these I dar Undertake ar here thys day ageynst Vs/Thenne came therin two brethren cosyns Vn; to syre Galvayne the one hyght syr Edward/that other hyzte syr Sadok the whiche were two good knyghtes/and they as ked of Kynge arthur that they myght haue the fyrst justes/ for they were of Orkeney/I am pleased said Kynge arthur/ Thenne syr Edward encountred with the Kynge of Scottes/ in whos party was syre Tristram and syr Palomydes/& syre Edward smote the Kynge of Scottes quyte from his hors/ and syr Sadok smote doune the Kynge of Northwalys/ and gaf hym a wonder grete falle that there was a grete crye on Kynge arthurs party/and that made syr Palomydes passyng wrothe/and soo syr palomydes dressid his shelde and his spe re/and with alle his myght he mette with syr Edward of or; keney that he smote hym soo hard/ that his hors myghte not stande on his feet/and soo they hurtled to the erthe/and then; ne with the same spere syr Palomydes smote doune syre Sa; dok ouer his hors croupe/O Jhesu said arthur what Knyghte is that arayed all in grene/he Justeth myghtely/ wete you wel said syr Galvayne he is a good Knyghte and yet shall ye see hym juste better or he departe/ and yet shalle ye see said syre Galvayne another bygger Knyghte in the same colour than he is/ for that same Knyghte said syre Galvayn that smote doune ryghte now my four cosyns/ he smote me doune Within these two dayes and seuen felawes moo/ This meane whyle as they stood thus talkynge there came in to the place syr tris tram vpon a black hors/and or euer/ he stynte he smote doune with one spere four good Knyghtes of Orkeney that were of the Kynne of sir Galvayn/& sir Gareth & sir Dynadan eue; ryche of them smote doun a good Knyzt/Jhesu seid arthur yōder

knyghte vpon the blacke hors doth myghtely and merueyllously wel/ Abyde you saidy sir Gawayne that knyghte with the blacke hors begynne not yet/ Thenne syr Tristram made to horse ageyne the two kynges that Edwardy and Sadok hady vnhorsedy at the begynnynge / Andy thenne sire Tristram dyde his sheldy and rode in to the thyckest of the prees ayenst themy of Orkeney/ andy there he smote doune knyghtes/ andy rasshedy of helmes andy pulledy alwey theire sheldes/ andy hurtledy doun many knyghtes/ he ferdy soo that sire Arthur andy alle knyghtes hady grete merueille whan they sawe one knyghte doo soo grete dedes of armes/ andy sire Palomydes fayledy not vpon the other syde/ but dyd so merueyllously wel that al meny had wonder/ Forthewe kynge Arthur lykenedy syre Tristram that was on the blacke hors lyke to a woody lyon/ andy lykened syr palomydes vpon the whyte hors vnto a woody lyardy/ and sir Gareth andy sir Dynadan vnto eger wolues/ But the custom was suche amonge them that none of the kynges woldy helpe other/ but alle the felauship of euery standardy to helpe other as they myght/ but euer sire Tristram dyde soo mocke dedes of armes that they of Orkeney wayted wery of hym/ and so with drewe them vnto Lonczep

Capitulum lxix

Thenne was the crye of Heraudes andy alle manere of comyn peple the grene knyghte hath done merueyllously andy beten al them of Orkeney/ & there the heraudes nombred that syr Tristram that satte vpon the blacke hors had smyten doune with spewes andy swerdes xxx knyghtes/ andy sir palomydes hady smyten doune twenty knyghtes / and the moost party of these/ l/ knyghtes were of the hous of kyng Arthur/ & proued knyghtes/ So god me helpe said Arthur vnto sir laūcelot this is a grete shame to vs to see four knyghtes bete soo many knyghtes of myn/ & therfor make yow redy for we wyll haue adoo with them/ Syr saidy launcelot wete ye wel that there ar two passynge goody knyghtes and grete worshipp were hit not to vs nowe to haue adoo with them/ for they haue this day sore

trauayllede/As for that saide Arthur I wille be auengyde/ & therfor take with yolde sire Bleoberys and sir Ector / and I wille be the fourthe sayde Arthur/Syre saide Launcelot ye shal fynde me redy/ and my broder sir Ector and my cosyn sir bleberys/And soo whanne they were redy and on horsback/ Nolde chese saide sir Arthur vnto sir Lañcelot with whome that ye wil encountre with alle/Sir saide Launcelot I wille mete with the grene knyghte vpon the black hors that was syre Tristram/& my cosyn sir Bleoberys shalle matche the grene knyghte vpon the whyte hors that was sir Palomydes / and my broder syre Ector shall matche with the grene knyzt vpon the Whyte hors that was sir Gareth/ Thenne must I saide sir Arthur haue a doo with the grene knyghte vpon the gryseldy hors / and that was sire Dynadan/ Nolde euery man take heede to his felalde saide sir launcelot/and soo they twotteden on to gyders/and ther encountred sire Launcelot ageynste syre Tristram/¶ Soo syr Launcelot smote sir Tristram soo sore vpon the shelde that he bare hors and man to the erthe/but sir launcelot wende that it had ben sire Palomydes and soo he passed forthe/And then sine sire Bleoberys encountred with sire Palomydes / and he smote hym soo hardy vpon the shelde that sire Palomydes and his whyte hors rustled to the erthe ¶Thenne sir Ector de marys smote sire Gareth soo hardy that doune he felle of his hors/And the noble kynge Arthur encountred with sir Dynadan/ and he smote hym quyte from his sadel / And thenne the noyse torned a whyle holde the grene knyghtes Were slayn doune/ Whanne the Kynge of Northgalys salde that syre Tristram had a falle/ thenne he remembryd hym how grete dedes of armes sir Tristram had done/ Thenne he made redy many knyghtes for the customme and crye was suche that what knyght were smyten doun and myghte not be horsed ageyne by his felalde outher by his owne strength that as that daye he sholde be prysoner vnto the party that had smyten hym doune/Soo came in the Kynge of Northgalys and he rode strey ghte vnto sire Tristram / And whanne he came nygh hym/he alyghte doune sodenly and bytoke sir Tristram his hors/ and sayde thus Noble knyghte I knolde the not/ of what countrey that thou arte / but for the noble dedes that thou haste done

this day take there my hors/ and lete me doo as wel I maye For as Ihesu me helpe thou arte better worthy to haue myne hors than I my self/Gramercy saidy sir Tristram/ & yf I may shalle quyte you/loke that ye goo not ferre from vs/ And as I suppose I shalle wynne you an other hors/ And ther with sire Tristram mountedy vpon his hors/and there he mette with kynge Arthur/and he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme with his swerdy that kynge Arthur had no power to kepe his sadel/ And thenne sir Tristram gaf the kynge of Northgalis kynge Arthurs hors/thenne was there grete prees about kyng Arthur for to horse hym ageyne/ But sire Palomydes wouldy not suffre kynge Arthur to be horsedy ageyne/but euer sir Palomydes smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte handy myghtely as a noble knyght/ And this meane whyle sir Tristrã rode thorou the thyckest of the prees/and smote doune knyghtes on the ryzt and on the lyfte handy and racydy of helmes and soo passedy forth vnto his pauelions/ and lefte syr Palomydes on foot/ and syr Tristram chaungedy his hors and disguysedy hym self alle in newdy hors and harneis/

Capitulum lxxij

And whan the Quene la Beale Isoudy salve that syre Tristram was vnhorsedy and she wist not where he was thenne she wept gretely/But sir Tristram whan he was redy came dasshynge lyghtely in to the feldy/ And thenne la Beale Isoudy aspyedy hym/and so he dyd grete dedes of armes with one spere that was grete/syr Tristram smote doune fyue knyztes or euer he stynte/Thenne syr Launcelot aspyedy hym redy; ly that it was syr Tristram and thenne he repentyd hym that he had smyten hym doune/ and soo syr Launcelot went oute of the prees to repose hym and lyghtely he came ageyne/and nolw whanne syr Tristram came in to the prees thorou his grete force/he put syre palomydes vpon his hors/ and syr Gaweth and syre Dynadan/and thenne they beganne to do merueyl; lously/but sir Palomydes nor none of his two felalwes knewe not who had holpen them on horsback ageyne / But euer syre Tristram was nyghe them/and socouredy them/ and they

not hym by cause he was chaungedy in to wedy armour/and al this whyle sir launcelot was alwey / Soo whanne la Beale Isoud kneive sir Tristram ageyne vpon his horsback/she was passynge glaade/ andy thenne she lough andy make good chere / Andy as hit happendy sir palomydes loked vp towardy her whe re she lay in the wyndowe / andy he aspyedy how she laughedy andy there with he took suche a wroycynge that he smote doune what with his spere andy with his swerdy alle that euer he mett for thurgh the syghte of her he was soo enamouredy in her loue that he semedy at that tyme/that andy bothe sir Tristram and sir Launcelot hady ben bothe ageynst hym they sholdy haue Wonne no worship of hym/andy in his herte as the book saith syre Palomydes wyssedy that with his worship he myghte haue a doo with sir Tristram bifore alle men by cause of la Beale Isoudy/ ¶ Thenne syre Palomydes beganne to double his strengthe/and he dydy soo merueylously that alle men hady wonder of hym/andy euer he caste vp his eye vnto la Beale Isoudy/ And whanne he salwe her make suche chere/he ferdy lyke a lyon that there myghte no many withstande hym / andy thenne syre Tristram beheldy hym how that sire Palomydes hesturedy hym/ and thenne he saidy vnto sir Dynadan/soo god me help sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyghte and a wel endurynge / But suche dedes salwe I hym neuer doo/nor neuer herd I telle that euer he dydy soo moche in one day/it is his day said Dynadan/and he Woldy saye no more vnto syr Tristram/ but to hym self he sayd/ andy yf ye kneive for whos loue he doth alle these dedes of armes/soone Wolde syre Tristram abate his courage/ Allas said syre Tristram that syre Palomydes is not crystenedy/ Soo said Kynge Arthur/and soo said all tho that behelde hym/Thenne alle peple gaf hym the pryce as for the best knyght that day that he passed syr launcelot outher syre Tristram wel said Dynadan to hym self alle this worshyp that syre Palomydes hath here this daye he maye thanke the Quene Isoud For had she ben alweye this daye/syre Palomydes had not geten the pryce this daye ¶ Ryght soo came in to the felde syr launcelot du lake andy salwe and herd the noyse andy crye andy the grete worshyp that syre Palomydes had he dressid hym ageynst syr Palomydes with a grete myghty spere/ andy

alonge/ and thought to smyte hym doune/ And whanne syre Palomydes salwe sir launcelot come vpon hym soo fast/ he ran vpon sire launcelot as fast with his swerdy as he myght/ and as sire launcelot sholdy haue stryken hym / he smote his speare on syde/ and smote it atwo with his swerdy/ And sir palomydes rasshedy vnto sire launcelot and thought to haue putt hym to a shame/ and with his swerdy he smote his hors neck that sire launcelot rode vpon / and thenne sir launcelot felle to the erthe/ Thenne was the crye huge and gret/ see how sir Palomydes the sarasyn hath smyten doune syre launcelots hors ¶ Right thenne were there many knyghtes wrothe with syre Palomydes by cause he hady done that dede/ therfor many knyghtes helpy there ageynst that it was vnknyghtely done in a turnement to kylle any hors wilfully but that hit hady ben done in playne batail lyf for lyf

¶ Capitulum lxxj

Whanne sir Ector de marys salwe sir launcelot his brother haue suche a despyte/ & so set on foot/ thenne he gat a spere egerly/ & ran ageynst sir palomydes/ & he smote hym so hard that he bare hym quyte from his hors/ that salwe sir tristrã that was in redy harneis/ & he smote donne syr Ector de marys quyte from his hors/ thenne sir launcelot dressid his shelde vpon his sholder/ & with his suerd naked in his hand/ & so cam streyzt vpon sir palomydes fyersly & said wete thou wel thow hast done me this day the grettest despyte that euer ony worshipful knyzt dyd to me in turnement or in Justes/ & therfore I will be auengid vpon the/ therfor take kepe to your self/ ¶ A mercy noble knyzt said palomydes/ & forgyue me myn vnkyndely dedes for I haue no polwer nor myzt to withstande you/ & I haue done soo moche this daye that wel I wote I dyd neuer so moche nor neuer shal in my lyf dayes/ & therfore moost noble knyzt I requyre the spare me as at this day/ & I promyse you I shal euer be your knyzt whyle I lyue / And ye putte me from my worshipp nolw/ ye putte me from the grettest worshipp that euer I hady or euer shalle haue in my lyf dayes/ wel

sayd sire launcelot/I see for to say the sothe ye haue done mer
ueyllously wel this day/and I vnderstande a parte for whos
loue ye doo hit/and wel I wote that loue is a grete maystresse
And yf my lady were here as she nys not/wete yolu wel sa-
id sire Palomydes ye sholde not here albey the worship / But
kelware your loue be not discouerd/for and syr Tristram may
knolue hit ye Wille repente hit/And sythen my quarel is not
here/ye shall haue this day the worshyp as for me consyderyng
the grete trauaylle and payne that ye haue had this day/it be
re no worship for me to putte yolu from hit/ And there wyth
all sir launcelot suffred sir Palomydes to departe/¶ Thenne sir
Launcelot by grete force and myghte gate his olune hors ma-
ulgre yr knyghtes/Soo wthanne sire Launcelot was horsed/
he dyde many merueylles/and soo dyde sir Tristram/ and syre
palomydes in lyke wyse/ Thenne sir laūcelot smote doune with
a spere sir Dynadan/and the kynge of scotland/and the ky-
nge of walys / and the kynge of Northumberland/ and the
kynge of Lystynes/ Soo thenne sire laūcelot and his felawes
smote doune wel a fourty knyghtes/ Thenne came the kyng of
Irland and the kynge of the streyte marches to reskowe syre
Tristram and sire Palomydes/There leganne a grete medle/&
many knyghtes were smyten doune on bothe partyes/and al-
weyes sir launcelot spared sir Tristram/and he spared hym /
And sir Palomydes wold not medle with sir launcelot/and
soo there was hurtelynge here and there/ And thenne Kynge
Arthur sente oute many knyghtes of the table round/and sir
palomydes was euer in the formest fronte/and syre Trystram
dyde soo strongly wel that the kynge and alle other had mer
ueylle/And thenne the kynge lete blowe to lodgynge/and by
cause sir Palomydes leganne fyrste/and neuer he went nor re
de oute of the feld to repose/but euer he was doynge merueyll-
ously wel outher on foote or on horsback/and lengest durynge
Kynge Arthur and alle the kynges gaf sir Palomydes the ho
nour and the gree as for that daye/ Thenne syr Tristram com-
maunded sir Dynadan to fetche the Quene la Beale Isoud
and bringe her to his two pauelions that stode by the welle /
And soo Dynadan dyde as he was commaunded/ But when
sir Palomydes vnderstode and wyst that sire Tristram was in

the wedy armour / andy oy the wedy hors / wete ye wel that he was glade andy soo was sir Garth andy sire Dynadan / For they alle wende that syre Trystram hady be taken prysoner Andy thenne euery knyghte drewe to his Inne / Andy thenne kynge Arthur and euery knyghte spake of tho knyghtes / but aboue alle men they gaf sire Palomydes the pryce / andy alle knyghtes that knewe sire Palomydes hady wonder of his dedes / Syre said sir Launcelot vnto Arthur as for sir Palomydes andy he be the grene knyghte I dare say as for this daye he is best worthy to haue the degree / for he expoſydy hym neuer / ne neuer chaungedy his wedys / And he beganne fyrste andy lengest held oy / and yet wel I wote saidy sir Launcelot that ther was a better knyght thany he / andy that shalle be preuedy or we departe vpon payne of my lyf / ¶ Thus they talkedy oy eyther party / and soo sire Dynadan rayledy with sir Tristram & saidy what the deuyl is vpony the this day / for sir palamydes strengthy febledy neuer this day but euer he doubled his strengthe

¶ Capitulum lxxij

And thou sire Tristram farydst alle this daye as though thou haddest ben a slepe / and therfor I calle the colward wel Dynadan said sir Tristram / I was neuer called coward or nowe of no erthely knyghte in my lyf / and wete thou wel syr I calle my selfe neuer the more colwardy though syre Launcelot gaf me a falle / for I oute excepte hym of al knyghtes / And doubte ye not syr Dynadan and syr Launcelot haue a quarel good / he is to ouer good for ony knyght that nowe is lyuynge / and yet of his sufferaunce largesse / bounte / and curtosy I calle hym knyght pyerles / and soo sire Tristram was in maner wrothe with syr Dynadan / But alle this langage syr Dynadan said by cause he wold angre syre Tristram for to cause hym to awake his spyrytes & to be wrothe / for wel knewe syr Dynadan that and syr Tristram were thorouly wrothe syre Palomydes shold not gete the pryce vpony the morn / And for this entente syr Dynadan said alle this raylynge and langage ageynst sir Tristram / Truly said syre palomydes / as for syr launcelot of his noble knyghthode / curtosye and prowesse /

and gentilnes I knolde not his pyece/for this day sayd syre Palomydes I dyd ful vncurtoisly vnto sire launcelot and ful vnknyghtely/and ful knyghtely and curtoisly he dyd to me ageyne/ for and he had ben as vngentyl to me as I was to hym this daye I had wonne no worship/ And therfor sayd Palomydes I shal be sire launcelots knyght whyles my lyfe lasteth/Thys talkynge was in the holdes of kynges / But alle kynges lordes and knyghtes sayd of clene knyghthode/ & of pure strengthe/of bounte/of curtoysye/syr Launcelot and sir Tristram bare the pryce aboue alle knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes/ And there were neuer knyghtes in Arthurs dayes dyd half soo many dedes as they dyd/as the book sayth/no ten knyghtes dyd not half the dedes that they dyd & there was neuer knyghte in their dayes that requyred sir launcelot or sire Tristram of ony queste soo hit were not to theyre shame but they performed their desyre

¶ Capitulum lxxiij

SOo on the morne syre Launcelot departed and sir tristram was redy and la Beale Isoud with sir Palomydes and sir Gareth/ And soo they rode alle in grene ful fresshely bysene vnto the forest/and sir Tristram left sir Dynadan slepynge in his bedy/and so as they rode/it happed the kynge and launcelot stode in a wyndowe / and salve syre Tristram ryde and Isoud / Syre sayd Launcelot yonder rydeth the fayrest lady of the worlde except youre quene Dame Gueneuer/who is that sayd sir Arthur/Sir sayd he/ it is quene Isoud that oute taketh my lady your quene she is makeles/Take your hors sayd Arthur/and araye yolde at alle ryghtes as I wylle doo/and I promyse yolde sayd the kynge/ I wille see her/ ¶ Thenne anone they were armed & horsed/and eyther took a spere and rode vnto the forest/Syre sayd launcelot it is not goody that ye goo to nyghe them / for wete ye wel there are two as goody knyghtes as nolde are lyuynge/and therfore sir I pray yolde be not to hasty/ For peraduenture there wille be somme knyghtes ben displeased and we

come sodenly vpon them/ As for that sayd Arthur I wyll see her/for I take no force whome I greue/Syr sayd launcelot ye putte your self in grete Jeopardy/ As for that sayd the kyng we wille take the aduenture/Ryght soo anone the kyng rode euen to her/and salewed her/and sayd god yow saue/ Syr sayd she ye are welcome/thenne the kynge behelde her/and lyked her wonderly wel / with that came sire palomydes vnto Arthur and sayd vncurtois knyght what seekest thow here/thou art vncurtois to come vpon a lady thus sodenly/therfor withdralbe the/Syr Arthur took none hede of sire palomydes wordes/but euer he loked stylle vpon Quene Isoud/Thenne was sir Palomydes wrothe/and there with he took a spere/and ran hurtelynge vpon Kynge Arthur/and smote hym doune with a spere/whan sire launcelot sawe that despyte of sir Palomydes he sayd to hym self I am loth to haue adoo with yonder knyght/and not for his owne sake but for sir Tristram/And one thynge I am sure of/ yf I smyte doune sir palomydes I must haue adoo with sire Tristram / and that were ouer mocke for me to matche them bothe/ for they are two noble knyghtes/not withstandynge Whether I lyue or I dye nedes muste I reuenge my lord/and so wille I what someuer befalle of me / And there with sir launcelot cryed to sir palomydes/kepe the from me / And thenne sir launcelot and sire Palmydes rashed to gyder with two spewes strongly/ But sire Launcelot smote sir palomydes soo hard that he went quyte oute of his sadel and had a grete falle / Whanne sire Tristram sawe syre palomydes haue that falle/he sayd to sire Launcelot/syr knyght kepe the/for I must Juste with the/ As for to Juste with me sayd sir launcelot I wille not fayle yow/ for no drede I haue of yow/but I am lothe to haue adoo with yow and I myghte chese/for I will that ye wete that I must reuenge my special lord that was vnhorsed vnwarly and vnknyghtely/ And therfor though I reuenged that falle/take ye no displeasyr therin/for he is to me suche a frende that I may not see hym shamed/anone sir Tristram vnderstode by his parson and by his knyghtely wordes that it was sir launcelot du lake / and verely sir Tristram armed that it was kynge Arthur he that sir Palomydes had smyten doune

260

And thenne sir Tristram put his spere from hym/and putte sire Palomydes ageyne on horsback/and sir launcelot put kyng Arthur on horsback and soo departed/So god me helpe sayd sire Tristram vnto Palomydes ye dyd not worshipfully whan ye smote doune that knyght soo sodenly as ye dyd/And wete ye wel ye dyd your self grete shame/for the knyghtes cam hyder of their gentilnesse to see a fayre lady/ and that is euery good knyghtes parte to beholde a fayr lady/and ye hadde not ado to playe suche maystrys afore my lady / wete thou wel hit wille tourne to angre / for he that ye smote doune was kynge Arthur/and that other was the good knyght sire launcelot/But I shalle not forgete the wordes of sire launcelot whan that he callyd hym a man of grete worshipp/ there by I wyst that it was kynge Arthur/And as for sire launcelot / and there hadde ben fyue honderd knyghtes in the medowe / he wolde not haue refused them / and yet he said he wolde refuse me/By that ageyne I wyst that it was sir launcelot/for euer he forbereth me in euery place/and sheweth me grete kyndnesse/and of alle knyghtes I oute take none saye what men wille say/he bereth the floure of al chyualry/saye hit hym who someuer wille/and he be wel angred/ and that hym lyst to do his vttеraunce without ony fauour / I knowe hym not on lyue but sir launcelot is ouer hardy for hym/be hit on horsback or on foote/I may neuer bylieue sayd Palomydes that kyng Arthur wille ryde soo pryuely as a poure eraunt knyghte/ Al said sir Tristram ye knowe not my lord Arthur/for all knyghtes maye lerne to be a knyghte of hym/And therfore ye may be sory said sire Tristram of your vnkyndely dedes to so noble a kynge/And a thynge that is done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes/Thenne sire Tristram sente quene Isoud vnto her lodgynge in the pryory there to beholde alle the turnement /

Capitulum lxxiiij

Thenne there was a crye vnto all knyghtes that whey they herd an horne blowe they shold make Justes as they dyd the fyrst day/And lyke as the brethern sirr

Edwardy andy sir Sadok beganne the justes thy fyrst daye/ sir
Owayne the kynges sone Wrey andy sir Lucanere de Butlere
beganne the justes the secondy day/ Andy at the fyrst encountre
syr Owayne smote doune the kynges sone of Scottes/and syr
Lucanere ranne ageynste thy kynge of walys/andy they brake
their speres alle to pyeces/andy they were soo fyers bothe/ that
they hurtledy to gyders that bothe felle to the erthe/ ¶ Thenne
they of Dorkeney horsedy ageyne syr Lucanere / Andy thenne
came in syr Tristramy de Lyones/ and thenne syr Tristram smo
te doune syr Owayne/andy syre Lucanere andy syre Phalomy-
des smote doune other two knyghtes/andy syre Gareth smote
doune other two knyghtes/Thenne saidy syre arthur vnto syr
Launcelot/see yonder thre knyghtes doo passyngly wel/e na-
mely the fyrst that justedy/Sir saidy launcelot that knyghte
beganne not yet / but ye shalle see hym this day doo merueyl-
lously/andy thenne came in to the place the dukes sone of Or-
keney/andy thenne they beganne to do many dedes of armes /
¶ Whan syre Tristram salve them soo begynne/he saidy to Pha-
lomydes/holde fele ye your self / maye ye doo this daye as ye dydy
yesterday/Nay saidy Phalomydes I fele my self soo wery andy
soo sore bysedy of the dedes of yesterday that I maye not endu-
re as I dyd yesterday/That me repentyth said syre Tristram /
for I shall lacke yolde this day/ Sire Phalomydes saide truste
not to me/for I maye not doo as I dyd/alle these wordes said
Phalomydes for to begyle syr Tristram/Syr saidy syr Tristram
vnto syr Gareth thenne muste I truste vpony yolde wherfor I
praye yolde be not ferre fromy me to resolve me/andy nede be sa-
idy Gareth I shalle not fayle yolde in alle that I maye doo
¶ Thenne syr Phalomydes rode by hym self/andy thenne in des
pyte of syr Tristramy he putte hym self in the thyckest prees a
monge them of Dorkeney/andy there he dydy soo merueyllous
dedes of armes that alle meny hady wonder of hym / for there
myghte none stande hym a stroke/ whanne syre Tristramy salve
syre Phalomydes doo suche dedes / he merueylledy andy saydy to
hym self/he is wery of my company/Soo syr Tristramy beheldy
hym a grete whyle and dydy but lytel els/ for the noyse andy
crye was soo huge/and grete/that syre Tristram merueylledy /
fromy Wyns came the strengthe that sire Phalomydes had there

in the felde/Syr saidȝ sire Gaweth vnto syr Tristram/remembre ye not of the wordes that syr Dynadan saydȝ to yolu yesterday whenȝ he calledȝ yolu coward/for sothe sir he said it for none yt for ye are the manȝ in the worldȝ that he mooste loueth/andȝ alle that he saydȝ was for your worship/Andȝ therfore said sir Gaweth to sir Tristram lete me knolue this daye what ye lefe wondre ye not soo vpon sire Palomydes/for he enforceth hym self to wynne alle the worship andȝ honour from yolu/I maye well byleue it saidȝ sir Tristram/And sythenȝ I vnderstande his euyl wylle andȝ his enuy/ye shalle see/yf that I enforce my selfe/ that the noyse shalle be lefte that now is vpon hym /

Thenne sire Tristram rode in to the thyckest of the prees/& thenne he dydȝ soo merueyllously wel/andȝ dydȝ soo grete dedes of armes that alle menȝ saydȝ that sire Tristram dydȝ double so moche dedes of armes as syre Palomydes hadȝ done afore handȝ/ Andȝ thenne the noyse wente playne from sire Palomydes/and alle the peple cryedȝ vpon sir Tristram/ O Jhesu saidȝ the peple see yolu sire Tristram smyteth doune with his spere soo many knyghtes/Andȝ see saide they all yolu many knyghtes he smyteth doune with his swerdȝ/andȝ of yolu many knyghtes he rasshedȝ of their helmes andȝ their shildes/andȝ soo he bete them alle of Orkeney afore hym/Holu nowe saidȝ sir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur/I woldȝ yolu that this daye there wroldȝ a knyȝt playe his pagent/yonder rydeth a knyȝt ye may see he doth knyghtely/for he hath strengthe andȝ wynde So godȝ me helpe saidȝ Arthur to Launcelot ye saye sothe / for I salue neuer a better knyghte/for he passeth fer sire Palomydes / Syre wete ye wel saydȝ launcelot hit muste be soo of ryghte/for hit is hym selfe that noble knyght syr Tristram/I maye ryght wel byleue it saidȝ Arthur/ But whanȝ sire Palomydes herdȝ the noyse andȝ the crye was tornedȝ from hym/he rode oute on a parte/andȝ beheldȝ sir Tristram/ Andȝ whanne sire Palomydes salue sir Tristram do so merueyllously wel/he wepte passyngly sore for dispyte/for he wiste wel/he sholdȝ no worship wynne that daye / for wel knelue sire Palomydes whanne sire Tristram woldȝ put forth his strengthe andȝ his manhode he sholdȝ gete but lytyl worship that daye

¶ Capitulum lxxv

Thenne came kynge Arthur and the kynge of North-galys/and sir Launcelot du lake and sire Bleoberis sire Bors de ganys/sir Ector de maris/these thre knyghtes came in to the feld with sire launcelot/And thenne sire Launcelot with the thre knyghtes of his kynne dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle the noyse beganne vpon sir launcelot/And soo they bete the kynge of walys and the kyng of scotis as ferce as lyon/and made them to auoyde the felde/but sir Tristram and sir Gareth abode stylle in the felde and endured all that euer there came/that alle men sayd wonder that ony knyght myght endure soo many strokes/But euer sir launcelot & his thre kynnesmen by the commaūdement of syr launcelot forsake sir Tristram/Thenne sayd sir Arthur is that sir Palomydes that endureth soo Wel/nay sayd sir launcelot/Wete ye wel it is the good knyght sir Tristram/for yonder ye maye see syr Palomydes beholdeth and loueth and doth lytel or nought/And sire ye shalle vnderstande that sire Tristram weneth thys day to bete vs alle oute of the felde/And as for me sayd sire launcelot I shal not bete hym/bete hym who soo wil/Sir said Launcelot vnto Arthur ye may see holy sir Palomydes loueth yonder/as though he were in a dreme/Wete ye wel he is ful hy that Tristram doth suche dedes of armes/Thenne is he but a foole sayd Arthur/for neuer Was sire Palomydes/ nor neuer shalle be of suche prowesse as sir Tristram/And yf he haue ony enuy at sir Tristram and cometh in with hym vpon his syde he is a fals knyght/ ¶ As the kynge and sir Launcelot thus spake/sir Tristram rode pryuely oute of the prees/ that none aspyed hym/but la Beale Isoud and sir Palomydes/ for they two wold not lete of their eyen vpon sir Tristram/ ¶ And whanne sir Tristram cam to his pauelions he fond sire Dynadan in his bedde a slepe/Awake sayd Tristram/ ye ought to be ashamed soo to slepe whan knyghtes haue ado in the feld Thenne syr Dynadan awoke lyghtely and sayd syr what wylle ye that I shalle doo/make yold redy sayd syr Tristram to ryde with me in to the felde/Soo whan syr Dynadan was armed he loked vpon syre Tristrams helme and on his shelde/ and

Whan he sawe soo many stowkes vpon his helme and vpon his shelde/ he said in goody tyme was I thus a slepe/ For hadde I ben with yolv/I muste nedes for shame there haue folowed yolv/more for shame than ony prolvesse/ that is in me/that I see wel nolv by tho stwokes that I sholde haue ben truly betin as I was yesterdaye/ Leue youre japes said sire Tristram/& come of that we were in the felde ageyne/what sayde sire Dynadan is your herte vp/yester daye ye ferde as though ye hadde dremed/Soo thenne sir Tristram was arayed in black harneis/O Jhesu said Dynadan what eyleth yolv this day/ me semeth ye be wylder than ye were yesterday/Thenne smyled syr Tristram and sayde to Dynadan alvayte wel vpon me/ yf ye see me ouermatched/ loke that ye be euer behynde me/ and I shalle make yolv redy way by goddes grace/ Soo sir Tristram and syre Dynadan took their horses/ Alle this aspyed sir palomydes/bothe their goynge and their comynge/ and soo dyde la Beale Isoud/for she knelve sir Tristram above alle other

Capitulum lxxxij

Thenne whanne sire Palomydes salve that sir Tristram was desguysed/ thenne he thoughte to doo hym a shame/Soo syre Palomydes rode to a knyghte that was sore wounded that satte vnder a fayre welle from the felde/ Syr knyghte said sire Palomydes I pray you to lene me yolvr armour/and your shelde/ for myn is ouer wel knolven in this felde/and that hath done me grete dommage/and ye shalle haue myn armour and my shelde that is as sure as yours/ I wille wel said the knyghte that ye haue myn armour and my shelde/yf they may doo yolv ony auayle/So sire Palomydes armed hym hastely in that knyghtes armoure & his shelde that shone as ony crystalle or syluer/ and soo he came rydynge in to the felde/ And thenne ther was neyther sire Tristram nor none of kynge Arthurs party that knelve sir Palomydes/

And ryght soo as sir Palomydes was come in to the felde syr Tristram smote doune thre knyghtes euen in the syght of sir Palomydes/ And thenne sir Palomydes wode ageynst syw

Tristram/and eyther mette other with grete speres / that they braste to their handes/And thenne they dasshed to gyder with swerdes egerly/Thenne sire Tristram had merueylle what knyghte he was that dyd batail so knyghtely with hym/Thenne was sir Tristram wrothe/for he felte hym passynge stronge so that he demed he myghte not haue ado with the remenaunt of the knyghts by cause of the strengthe of syre palomydes

¶ Soo they dasshed to gyder and gaf many sadde strokes to gyders / and many knyghtes merueylled what knyghte he myghte be that soo encountred with the black knyghte sir tristram / ful wel kneive la Beale Isoud that there was syre palomydes that fought with sir Tristram/for she aspyed al in her wyndowe where that she stode/as syr palomydes chaunged his harneis with the wounded knyghte/And thenne she began to wepe so hertely for the despyte of syr palomydes that ther she swouned/Thenne came in syr lañcelot with the knyghtes of Orkeney/And whanne the other party had aspyed sir Launcelot/they cryed /retorne retorne/here cometh syre launcelot du lake/Soo there came knyghtes and sayd syr launcelot ye must nedes fyghte With yonder knyght in the black harneis that was syr Tristram/for he hath al moost ouercome that good knyghte that fyghteth with hym With the syluer shelde that was syr palomydes/Thenne sir launcelot rode betwix sir Tristram and syr palomydes/ and syr launcelot saide to palomydes/syr knyghte lete me haue the batail / for ye haue nede to be reposed/Syr palomydes kneive syr launcelot wel/and so dyd syre Tristram/but by cause syr Launcelot was ferre hardyer knyght than hym self/therfor he was glade/and suffred syr launcelot to fyghte with syr Tristram/ For wel wyste he that syre launcelot kneive not sir Tristram/and there he hoped that syr launcelot sholde lete or shame syre Tristram / wherof syre palomydes was ful fayne/and soo syr launcelot gaf syr Tristram many sadde strokes/but syre launcelot kneive not sir Tristram/but sir Tristram kneive wel syre launcelot /

And thus they fought longe to gyders that la Beale Isoud was wel nygh oute of her mynde for sorou/thenne syr Dynadan told sir Gareth how ꝑ knyzt in the black harneis was sir tristrā & this is lañcelot ꝑ fyzteth with hym ꝑ must nedes haue

the better of hym/for sir Tristram hath had to moche trauayle this day/Thenne lete vs smyte hym doune said syre Gaweth/so it is better that we doo said sire Dynadan thenne sir Tristram be shamed/for yonder houeth the stronge knyght with the syluer shelde to falle vpon syre Tristram yf nede be/Thenne forthe with alle Gaweth rasshed vpon syre launcelot/and gaf hym a grete stroke vpon his helme soo hard that he was astonyed And thenne came syr Dynadan with a spere / and he smote syr launcelot suche a buffet that hors and alle felle to the erthe O Ihesu said syr Tristram to syre Gareth and syre Dynadan fy for shame why dyd ye smyte doune soo good a knyght as he is/and namely whan I had adoo with hym / now ye doo your self grete shame/and hym no disworshyp / For I helde hym resonable hote though ye had not holpen me / Thenne cam syre palomydes that was desguysed and smote doune syr Dynadan from his hors/Thenne syr launcelot by cause syr Dynadan had smyten hym afore hand/ thenne syr launcelot assayled syre Dynadan passynge sore/and syre Dynadan defended hym myghtely / But wel vnderstood syr Tristram that syre Dynadan myghte not endure syr launcelot/wherfor syr Tristram was sory / Thenne came syre palomydes fresshe vpon syre Tristram/And whanne syr Tristram salve hym come/he thought to delyuer hym at ones by cause that he wold helpe syre Dynadan by cause he stode in grete perylle with syr Launcelot ¶ Thenne syre Tristram hurteled vnto syre palomydes & gaf hym a grete buffet/and thenne sir Tristram gate sir palomydes and pulled hym doune vnder nethe hym/ And so felle sir Tristram with hym/and syr Tristram lepte vp lyghtely and left sir palomydes and went betwixe sir launcelot and Dynadan/and thenne they beganne to do bataille to gyders/
¶ Right soo sire Dynadan gat sir Tristrams hors and said on hyghe that sir Launcelot myght here it/my lord sir Tristram take yours hors / And whanne sire Launcelot herd hym neme sir Tristram / O Ihesu said launcelot what haue I done I am dishonoured/A my lord syre Tristram said Launcelot / why were ye desguysed/ye haue put your self in grete perille this daye/But I praye you noble knyght to pardone me / for and I had knowen yow we had not done this bataille /

Sir ſaid ſir Triſtram this is not the fyrſt kyndenes ye ſhelved me/ſoo they were lothe horſed ageyne / Thenne alle the people on the one ſyde gaf ſir laũcelot the honour and the degree/ & on the other ſyde alle the people gaf to the noble knyzt ſir triſtram the honour and the degree/but launcelot ſayd nay ther to/ for I am not worthy to haue this honour/for I wil reporte me vn to alle knyghtes that ſir Triſtram hath ben lenger in the felde than I / and he hath ſmyten doun many moo knyghtes thys day than I haue done/ And therfore I wille gyue ſire Triſtram my voyce and my name/and ſo I praye alle my lordes & felalwes ſoo to doo / Thenne there was the hole voyce of dukes and Erles / Barons and knyghtes/ that ſyr Triſtram thys day is preued the beſt knyghte

¶ Capitulum lxxvii

Thenne they bleve vnto lodgynge/and Quene Iſoud was ledde vnto her pauelions / but wete yow wel ſhe was wrothe oute of meſure with ſyr Palomydes/ for ſhe ſawe alle his treaſon from the begynnynge to the endynge/ And alle this whyle neyther ſyr Triſtram neyther ſir Gareth nor Dynadan knelve not of the treaſon of ſir Palomydes/but afterward ye ſhalle here that there befelle the grettest debate betwixe ſyre Triſtram and ſire Palomydes that myghte be/So whanne the turnement was done/ſir Triſtram Gareth and Dynadan rode with la Beale Iſoud to theſe pauelions/And euer ſire Palomydes rode with them in theyr company deſguyſed as he was But whanne ſir Triſtram had aſpyed hym that he was the ſame knyghte with the ſheld of ſyluer / that helde hym ſoo hote that day/ Sir knyghte ſaid ſire Triſtram wete yow wel here is none that hath nede of youre felauſhip / and therfore I praye yow departe from vs/ ¶ Sire Palomydes anſwerd ageyne as though he had not knowen ſir Triſtram/ wete yow wel ſir knyghte from this felauſhip wille I neuer departe/for one of the beſt knyghtes of the world commaunded me to be in this company/and tyl he diſcharge me of my ſeruyſe I wille not be diſcharged/by that ſir Triſtram knelve that it was ſir palomydes A ſir palomydes ſayd the noble knyghte ſire Triſtram ar ye ſuche a knyghte ye haue ben named wronge / For ye haue longe

ken called a gentil knyzt / And as this daye ye haue shewed me grete vngentilnes/ For ye hadde al mooste brought me vnto my dethe / But as for yow I suppose I shold haue done wel ynough/but sir launcelot with yow was ouer mocke/ for I knowe no knyght lyuynge but sire launcelot is ouer good for hym and he wylle doo his vttermest/ Allas said sir Palomydes ar ye my lord sir Tristram/ ye sir and that ye knowe wel ynough/ by my knyghthode said Palomydes vntyl now I knewe yow not I wende that ye had ben the kynge of Irlande / for wel I wote ye bare his armes/ His armes I bare said syre Tristram/ and that wille I stande by/ For I wanne them ones in a felde of a ful noble knyghte/ his name was sir Marhaus and with grete payne I wanne that knyghte/ for there was none other wouer but sir Marhaus dyed thorugh fals leches / & yet was he neuer yolden to me/ Sir said Palomydes I wende ye had ben wrothe vpon sir Launcelots party/ and that caused me to wrothe/ ye say wel said sir Tristram/ and so I take you & I forgyue yow/ Soo thenne they rode in to their pauelions/ and whan they were alyzt they vnarmed them and wesshe theyre faces and handes/ and soo yode vnto mete and were sette atte their table/ But whanne Isoud salwe sir Palomydes she chaūged thenne her colours & for wrath she myght not speke/ Anon sir Tristram aspyed her countenaunce and said Madame / for what cause make ye vs suche chere/ we haue ben sore trauailed this day/ Myn owne lord said la Beale Isoud for goddes sake be ye not displeasyd with me/ for I maye none other wyse doo/ for I salwe thys day how ye were betrayed and nygh brought to your dethe/ Truly syre I salwe euery dele how and in what wyse and therfor syr how shold I suffre in your presence suche a felon and traytour as sir Palomydes/ For I salwe hym with myn eyen/ how he beheld yow whan ye wente oute of the felde/ for euer he houed stylle vpon his hors til he salwe yow come in ageynward/ And thēne forth with al I salwe hym ryde to the hurte knyghte and chaunged harneis with hym/ And thenne streyghte I salwe hym how he rode in to the felde/

¶ And anone as he had foūde yow/ he encountred with yow/ and thus wilfully sir Palomydes dyd bataylle with yow/ & as for hym sir I was not gretely afeerd but I dred sore laūcelot

that knelve yolv not / Madame saidy Palomydes ye maye saye
what so ye wylle / I may not contrary yolv but by my knyghtho
de I knelve not sir Tristram / ¶ Sir Palomydes saidy sir Tris
tram I wille take your excuse / but wel I wote ye spared me
but lytel / but alle is pardonnedy ony my party / Thenne la beale
Isoudy held doune her hedy andy saidy no more at that tyme /

¶ Capitulum lxxviij

AAndy thew with alle two knyghtes armedy am Bnto the
paueslone / andy thew they alyghte bothe / andy came in
armedy at alle pyeces / Faire knyghtes saydy syre Tristram / ye
ar to blame to come thus armed at alle pyeces Bpony me wthy
le we ar at oure mete / yf ye woldy ony thynge wthan we were
in the felde / thew myghte ye haue easydy your hertes / Not so
saidy the one of tho knyghtes we come not for that entent /
But wete ye wel sir Tristram we be come hydder as your fren
des / Andy I am come hew saidy the one for to see yolv & thys
knyghte is come for to see la Beale Isoudy / Thenne saidy sire
Tristram I requyre yolv doo of your helmes that I maye see
yolv / that wille we doo at your desyre saydy the knyghtes / /
Andy wthanne their helmes were of / sir Tristram thought that
he sholdy knolve them / Thenne saidy sir Dynadan pryuely Bnto
syr Tristram / syr that is sire Launcelot du lake that spak Bnto
yolv fyrst / andy the other is my lordy kynge Arthur / Thenne
saidy sir Tristram Bnto la Beale Isoud Madame aryse for he
re is my lordy kynge Arthur / thenne the kynge andy the quene
kyssedy andy sire launcelot andy syr Tristram bracedy eyther o
ther in armes / andy thenne thew was Joye wythoute mesure / &
at the requeste of la Beale Isoudy kynge Arthur andy Laun
celot were Bnarmedy / andy thenne thew was mery talkynge
¶ Madame saidy sire Arthur hit is many a day sythen that I
haue desyredy to see yolv / for ye haue ben praysedy soo ferre / andy
nolw I dar say ye are the fayreste that euer I salve / & sir Tris
tram is as fayre andy as goody a knyghte as ony that I kno
lve / therfor me besemeth ye are wel beseett to gyders /
Syr gody thanke yolv saidy the noble knyzt sire Tristram andy
Isoud / of your grete goodnesse & largesse ye ar pyerles / Thus

they talked of many thynges and of alle the hole Justes/
But for what cause sayd kynge Arthur were ye sir Tristram
ageynst vs/ye are a knyght of the table round/ of ryghte ye
shold haue ben with vs/ Syre said sir Tristram here is Dyna
dan and sire Gareth your owne neuewe caused me to be ayenst
you/My lord Arthur sayd Gareth I may wel bere the bla-
me but it were sir Tristrams owne desires/That may I repente
sayd Dynadan/for this vnhappy sire Tristram brought vs to
this turnement/and many grete buffets he caused vs to haue
Thenne the kynge and launcelot lough that they myghte not
syte/what knyght was that sayd Arthur that held you soo
short/this with the shelde of syluer/ Syr said sir Tristram here
he sytteth at this bord/what said Arthur was hit sire Gala-
mydes/Were ye wel hit was he said la Beale Isoud/ So
god me help said Arthur that was vnknyghtely done of you
of soo good a knyghte/for I haue herd many peple calle you
a curtois knyghte/ Sir said Galamydes I knewe not sir Tris-
tram/for he was soo disguysed / Soo god me helpe sayd la-
uncelot it maye wel be/for I knewe not sir Tristram/ But I
merueyle Why ye torned on ourr party / That was done for
the same cause said launcelot/ As for that said sir Tristram I
haue pardonned hym/and I wold be ryght lothe to leue his
felaushyp/for I loue ryght wel his company / soo they lefte of
and talked of other thynges/ And in the euenynge kyng ar
thur and sir launcelot departed vnto their lodgynge/but wete
ye wel sir Galomydes had enuy hertely for alle that nyght he
had neuer rest in his bedde / but wayled and wepte oute of
mesure/Soo on the morn sire Tristram Gareth and Dynadan
arose erly/and thenne they wente vnto sire Galomydes cham-
ber/and there they fond hym fast on slepe/for he had al nyzt
watched/And it was seene vpon his chekes that he had wept
ful sore/Say no thynge said syr Tristram/for I am sure he hath
taken anger and sorowe for the rebuke that I gaf to hym and
la Beale Isoud

¶ Capitulum lxxix

¶ Thenne sir Tristram lete calle sir Palomydes/ and bad hym make hym redy/for it was tyme to go to the felde whan they were redy they were armed and clothed al in redy bothe Isoud and alle they/and soo they lad her passynge fressely thurgh the feld in to the pryory where was her lodgynge/and thenne they herd thre blastes blowe/ and euery kynge and knyghte dressid hym vnto the felde/ and the fyrste that was redy to juste was sir Palomydes and sir Raynus le straunge a knyghte of the table round/ And soo they two encountred to gyders/but sire Palomydes smote sir Raynus soo hard that he smote hym quyte ouer his hors croupe/ and forth with alle sir Palomydes smote doune another knyght and brake thenne his spere & pulled oute his swerd and did wonderly wel/ And thenne the noyse beganne gretely vpon sir palomydes/soo said Kynge Arthur yonder palomydes begynneth to play his pagent/So god me help said Arthur he is a passynge good knyght/ And ryght as they stood talkyng thus m came sir Tristram as thonder / and he encountred with syre Kay the Seneschall/and there he smote hym doune quyte from his hors / and With that same spere sir Tristram smote doune thre knyghtes moo/and thenne he pulled oute his swerd and dyd merueyllously/Thenne the noyse and crye chaunged from syr Palomydes and turned to sir Tristram and alle the peple cryed O Tristram O Tristram/ And thenne was sir Palomydes clene forgeten / Holde holde said Launcelot vnto Arthur / yonder rydeth a knyght that playeth his pagents/ So god me help said Arthur to launcelot ye shalle see this daye that yonder two knyghtes shalle here doo this day wonders/ Syr said Launcelot the one knyght wayteth vpon the other/ and enforceth hym self thurgh enuy to passe the noble knyght sire Tristram / and he knoweth not of the pryuy enuy/ the whiche syre Palomydes hath to hym/For all that the noble syre Tristram dothe is thorou clene knygthode/And thenne sire Gareth and Dynadan dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as two noble knyghtes soothat Kyng Arthur spak of them grete honour &

worship/ and the kynges and knyghtes of sir Tristrams syde did passyngly wel/ and held them truly to gyders/ Thenne sir Arthur and sir Launcelot took their horses and dressid them and gete in to the thyckest of the prees/ And there syr Tristram Vnknowyng smote doune kyng Arthur/ and thenne syre launcelot wold haue rescowed hym/ but there were soo many vpon sir launcelot that they pulled hym doune from his hors/ And thenne the kynge of Irland and the kynge of Scottes with their knyghtes dyd their payne to take kynge Arthur/ and sir launcelot prysoner/ Whanne syr Launcelot herd hem say soo he ferd as hit had ben an hongry lyon/ for he ferd so that no knyghte durste nyghe hym/ Thenne came sir Ector de maris and he bare a spere ageynst sire Palomydes/ and brast it vpon hym/ alle to shyuers/ And thenne syr Ector came ageyne and gaf sire Palomydes suche a dasshe with a swerd that he stouped doune vpon his sadel bowe/ And forth with alle syre Ector pulled doune sir Palomydes vnder his feete/ And thenne syr Ector de marys gate sir launcelot du lake an hors / and brought hit to hym/ and bade hym mounte vpon hym / But sir Palomydes lepte afore and gatte the hors by the brydel/ & lepte in to the sadel/ Soo god me helpe saidy launcelot ye are better worthy to haue that hors than I/ Thenne sir Ector bra-ught syr launcelot an other hors/ gramercy saydy launcelot vnto his broder/ ¶ And so when he was horsed ageyne/ with one spere he smote doune four knyghtes/ And thenne sir Launcelot brought to kynge Arthur one of the best of the iiij horses/ Thenne syr launcelot with kynge Arthur and a felve of his knyghtes of sire Launcelots kynne dyd merueyllous dedes/ for that tyme as the booke recordeth syr launcelot smote doune and pulled doun thyrtty knyghtes/ Not withstandyng the other parte held them soo fast to gyders that kyng arthur and his knyghtes were ouermatched/ And whanne sir Tristram salve that what labour kyng Arthur and his knyghtes and in especyal the noble dedes that syre launcelot dyd with his owne handes he merueylled gretely

¶ Capitulum lxxx

THenne sir Tristram calledy vnto hym syr Palomydes/ syr Gareth andy syr Dynadan/ and saydy thus to them my fayre felalves vvete ye vvel that J vvilk torne vnto kynge Arthurs party/ for J salve neuer soo selve mey doo soo vvel/ andy hit vvilke be shame vnto vs knyghtes that ben of the voundy table to see our lordy kynge Arthur and that noble knyght sire Launcelot to be dishonouredy/ Jt vvilke be vvel do saydy sire Garetty/ andy syr Dynadan/ do your best saidy palomydes/ for J vvilke not chaunge my party that J came in vvith al That is for my sake saidy sir Tristram/ gody spede yolv in your journeye/ andy soo departedy syr Palomydes fro them/ Thenne sir Tristram Gareth andy Dynadan tornedy vvith sir launcelot Andy thenne syr launcelot smote douue the kynge of Jrlandy quyte from his hors/ andy so syr launcelot smote doune the kynge of Scottes andy the kynge of vvalys/ andy thenne sir arthur ranne vnto syr Palomydes andy smote hym quyte from his hors/ andy thenne syr Tristram kare doune alle that he mett Syr Gareth andy sir Dynadan dydy there as noble knyghtes/ thenne al the partyes beganne to flee/ Alas saide Palomydes that euer J sholo see this day/ for nolv haue J lost al the vvorshyp that J vvanne/ andy thene sir palomydes vvente his vvay vvaylynge / andy soo vvithdrevve hym tyl he came to a vvelle and there he putte his hors from hym/ and dydy of his armour andy vvayledy andy vvepte lyke as he hady ben a vvoody man/ Thenne many knyghtes gaf the pryce to syre Tristram / andy there vvere many that gaf the pryce vnto syre Launcelot /

¶ Fair lordes saidy sir Tristram J thanke yolv of the honour ye vvoldy yeue me/ but J pray yolv hertely that ye vvold gyue your boys to syr launcelot/ for by my feythe saidy syre Trystram/ J vvilke gyue sir launcelot my boys / but syre launcelot vvoldy not haue hit/ and so the pryx vvas gyuen betvviy them bothe/ Thenne euery many rode to his lodgynge andy syr Blobe-ris and syr Ector rode vvith sir Tristram and la Beale Jsoud vnto her pauelions/ Thenne as syr Palomydes vvas atte vvell vvaylynge andy vvepynge/ there came by hym fleyng the kyng of vvalys andy of Scotlandy/ andy they salve syre Palomydes in that arage/ Alas saide they that soo noble a many as ye be/ sholdy be in this araye/ & thenne tho kynges gat sir palomydes

hors ageyne / and made hym to arme hym and mounte vpon his hors / and soo he rode with hem makyng grete dole / ¶ Soo whan sire Palomydes came nyghe the pauelions there as syr Tristram and La beale Isoud was in / thenne sire palomydes prayd the two kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake with sir Tristram / And whanne he came to the porte of the pauelions / syre palomydes said on hyghe where arte thou syr Tristram de lyones / Syr said Dynadan that is palomydes What sir Palomydes wilte ye not come in here amonge vs / Fy on the traytour sayd Palomydes / for bete yold wel and hit were day lyght as it is nyght I shold slee the myn owne handes / And yf euer I maye gete the said Palomydes thou shalt dye for this dayes dede / Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram ye wyte me with wronge / for had ye done as I dyd ye hadde wonne worship / But sythen ye gyue me soo large warnynge / I shalle be wel ware of yold / Fy on the traitour saide Palomydes / and there with departed / Thenne on the morne sir Tristram / Bleoberis and sir Ector de marys / sir Gareth / syr Dynadan what by water and what by lond they brought la beale Isoud vnto Joyous gard / and there reposed them a vij nyghte / and made alle the myrthes and disportes that they coude deuyse / and kyng Arthur and his knyghtes dreue vnto Camelot / and syre Palomydes rode with the two kynges / And euer he made the grettest dole that ony man coude thynke for he was not alle only soo dolorous for the departyng from la beale Isoud / but he was a parte as sorouful to departe from the felaushyp of sir Tristram / for sire Tristram was soo kynd and soo gentyl that whanne sire Palomydes remembrid hym therof he myghte neuer be mery

¶ Capitulum lxxxvj

SO at the seuen nyghtes ende / sir Bleoberys & syr Ector departed from sir Tristram and from the Quene / & these two good knyghtes had grete yeftes / and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan abode with sir Tristram / & whan sire Bleoberys and sir Ector were comen there as the Quene Gueneuer was

lodged in a castel by the see syde/ And thorou the grace of god the quene was recouerd of her maladye/ ¶ Thenne she asked the two knyghtes from whens they came / they sayd that they came from sir Tristram and from la beale Isoud/ hold doth sir Tristram said the quene and la Beale Isoud / Truly sayd tho two knyghtes he dothe as a noble knyght shold doo/ and as for the Quene Isoud she is pyerles of alle ladyes/ for to speke of her beaute bounte and myrthe/ and of her goodnesse We salve neuer her matche as ferre as we haue ryden and gone O mercy Jhesu said quene Gueneuer soo sayth alle the people/ that haue sene her and spoken with her/ God wold that I had parte of her condycyons/ and it is myssfortuned me of my sekenesse whyle that turnement endured/ And as I suppose/ I shalle neuer see in alle my lyf suche an assemble of knyghtes and ladyes as ye haue done/ Thenne the knyghtes told her how Palomydes wanne the degree at the fyrst daye with grete noblesse/ And the second day sir Trystram wanne the degree/ and the thyrde day syre Launcelot wanne the degree/ Wel said quene Gueneuer who dyd best alle these thre dayes / Soo god me help said these knyghtes sir Launcelot and syre Tristram shalle leest dishonour/ And wete ye wel sir palomydes dyd passynge wel and myghtely/ but he torned ageynst the party that he cam in with alle / and that caused hym to lese a grete parte of hys worship/ for it semed that sir Palomydes is passyng enuyous Thenne shalle he neuer wynne worship said Quene Gueneuer for and it happeth an enuyous man ones to wynne worshyp he shalle be dishonoured twyes therfore / And for this cause alle men of worship hate an enuyous man/ and wille shelve hym no fauour / And he that is curtois and kynde and gentil hath fauour in euery place/

¶ Capitulum lxxxij

Now leue we of this mater/ and speke we of sir Palomydes that rode and lodged hym with the two kynges Wherof the kynges were heuy/ Thenne the kynge of Irland sent a man of his to syr Palomydes and gaf hym a grete courser/ and the Kynge of Scotland gaf hym grete yeftes/

and fayne they wold haue had sire Palomydes to haue abyden with them/but in no wyse he wold abyde/and soo he departed/and rode as auentures wold guyde hym/tyl it was nyghe none/And thenne in a forest by a welle syr Palomydes salue where lay a fayre wounded knyght and his hors bounden by hym/and that knyght made the gretest dole that euer he herd man make/for euer he wepte and ther with he syghed as though he wold dye/Thenne syre Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldly and sayd/fayr knyghte why wayle ye soo/lete me lye doune and wayle with yow/ for doubte not I am moche more heuyer than ye aw/for I dare say sayd Palomydes that my sorowe is an hondred fold more than yours is and therfor lete vs complayne eyther to other/Fyrst saide the wounded knyghte I requyre yow telle me your name/ for & thow be none of the noble knyghtes of the round tabble/thou shalt neuer knowe my name/What someuer come of me/Faire knyghte said Palomydes suche as I am be it better or be hit wers Wete thou wel that my name is sire Palomydes sone & heyre vnto kynge Astlabor/and sir Safyr and sir Segwarydes are my two bretheren/and wete thou wel as for my self I was neuer crystened/but my two bretheren ar truly crystend O noble knyghte said that knyghte / wel is me that I haue mette with yow / and wete ye wel my name is Eppynogrys the kynges sone of Northumberland / Now sytte doune sayd Eppynogrys/and lete vs eyther complayne to other / Thenne syre Palomydes beganne his complaynte/ Now shalle I telle yow said Palomydes what wo I endure I loue the fairest Quene and lady that euer bare lyf/and wete ye wel her name is la Beale Isoud kynge Markes wyf of Cornewaile / That is grete foly said Eppynogrys for to loue Quene Isoud For one of the best knyghtes of the world loueth her / that is sir Tristram de lyones/that is trouthe said Palomydes/ for no man knoweth that mater better than I doo/for I haue ben in sir Tristrams felaushyp this moneth and with la beale Isoud two dyders/and allas said Palomydes vnhappy man that I am now haue I loste the felaushyp of syre Tristram for euer & the loue of la beale Isoud for euer/and I am neuer lyke to see her more/and sir Tristram & I ben eyther to other mortal enemyes

Wel saidȝ Sypnogrys/sythe that ye louedȝ la Beale Isoudȝ/ louedȝ she yolv euer ageyne by ony thyng that ye coude thynkȝ or wyȝe/oȝ elsȝ dydȝ ye reioyse her euer in ony pleasyr/ Nay by my knyghthode saidȝ Palomydes I neuer aspyedȝ that euer she louedȝ me moze thanȝ alle the worldȝ/noȝ neuer hadȝ I plȝ syr with her/But the laste daye she gaf me the gretȝest rebuke that euer I hadȝ/the whicke shalle neuer goo from my herte/ & yet I wel deseruedȝ that rebuke/foȝ I dydȝ not knyghtely/ & therfoȝ I haue lost the loue of her andȝ of sir Tristram foȝe; uer/& I haue many tymes enforcedȝ my self to doo many de; des for la beale Isoudȝ sake/ andȝ shȝ was the causer of my worship wynnynge/ Allas saidȝ sir Palomydes nolv haue I lost alle the worshyp that euer I wanne/foȝ neuer shalle me be; falle suche prolvesse as I hadȝ in the felaushipȝ of sir Tristram

¶ Capitulum lxbiij

NAy nay saydȝe Sypnogrys youre sorolve is but japes to my sorolve/foȝ I reioycedȝ my ladȝ andȝ wanne hȝr with my handes/ andȝ loste hȝr ageyn allas that daye/ Thus fyrst I wanne hȝr saidȝ Sypnogrys My ladȝ was anȝ Erles doughter And asȝ the Erle and two knyȝtes camȝ from the turnement of Lonezep/ foȝ hȝr sake I sette vpon this erle andȝ onȝ his two knyghtes my ladȝ there beynge present/ andȝ soo by foztune there I slelve thȝ erle and one of the knyghtes andȝ the other knyghte fledde/ andȝ soo that nyghte I hadȝ my ladȝ/ Andȝ on the moȝne asȝ she andȝ I reposedȝ vs atte thys welle syde/there came there to me anȝ errauntȝ knyghte his na; me was syr Helyor le preuse anȝ hardȝ knyght/ andȝ this sirȝ Helyor chalengydȝ me to fyghte foȝ my ladȝ/ Andȝ thenne we wente to batailke fyrst vpon hozsȝ andȝ afterȝ onȝ foote/ But atȝ thȝ laste sir Helyor wounedȝ me soo that he lefte me foȝ de; de/andȝ soo he tokȝe my ladȝ with hym/ Andȝ thus my sorolve is moȝe thanȝ yours/foȝ I haue reioycȝd and ye reioycedȝ neuer That is trouthe saidȝ Palomydes/but sythe I canȝ neuer recouer my self I shalke promyse yolv yf I canȝ mete with sir Helynoȝ I shalke gete yolv your ladȝ ageyne oȝ elsȝ he shalke kepe me/
Thenne sire Palomydes made sir Sypnogrys to take his hozs

and ſo they rode to an hermytage/and there ſir Eppynogrys re
ſted hym/ And in the meane whyle ſyre Palomydes walkd
pryuely oute to reſte hym vnder the leues/and there beſyde he
ſawe a knyghte come rydynge with a ſheld that he had ſene
ſir Ector de marys bere afore hand/ and there came after hym
a ten knyghtes/and ſoo theſe x knyghtes houed vnder the le
ues for hete/ And anone after there came a knyȝt with a gre
ne ſhelde / and there in a whyte lyon/ ledynge a lady vpon a
palfroy/ Thēne this knyȝt with the grene ſheld that ſemed to be
maiſter of the ten knyghtes he rode fyerſly after ſire Helyor /
For it was he that hurte ſir Eppynogrys/ And whanne he cam
nyghe ſir Helyor/ he badde hym defende his lady/ I will defende
her ſaid Helyor vnto my power/and ſoo they ranne to gyders
ſoo myghtely that eyther of theſe knyghtes ſmote other doune
hors and all to the erthe/and thenne they wanne vp lyghtly
and drewe their ſwerdes and their ſheldes/and laſſhed to gy
ders myghtely more than an houre/ Alle this ſire Palomydes
ſalve and behelde but euer at the laſt the knyghte with ſir Ec
tors ſhelde was hyggar/and att the laſte this knyghte ſmote
ſir Helyor doune/and thenne that knyghte vnlaced his helme
to haue ſtryken of his hede/ And thenne he cryed mercy/ and
praid hym to ſaue his lyf and badde hym take his lady /
¶ Thenne ſire Palomydes dreſſid hym vp by cauſe he wyſte
wel that that ſame lady was Eppynogrys lady / and he pro
myſed hym to helpe hym/ Thenne ſir Palomydes Wente ſtrey
ghte to that lady and toke her by the hand and aſked her whe
ther ſhe knelve a knyghte that hyghte Eppynogrys/ Alas ſhe
ſaid that euer he knelve me or I hym/ for I haue for his ſa
ke loſte my worſhip/and alſo his lyf greueth me mooſt of al
Not ſo lady ſaid Palomydes/come on with me/ for here is Ep
pynogris in this hermytage/ A wel is me ſaid the lady and
he be on lyue/ whether wylt thow with that lady ſaid the kny
ght with ſyr Ectors ſhelde / I will doo with her what me lyſt
ſaid Palomydes/ wete yolw wel ſayd that knyghte thou ſpe
keſt ouer large/ though thou ſemeſt me to haue at auauntage/
by cauſe thow ſalveſt me doo batailles but late/ Thou weneſt ſir
knyghte to haue that lady away from me ſo lyghtly/ nay thy
nke hit neuer not / and thow were as goode a knyghte as is

syr launcelot or as is sir Tristram or sir Palomydes/but thou shalt wynne her derr than euer dyd I/and soo they went vn to bataille vpon foote/and there they gaf many sadde strokes / and eyther woundyd other passyng sore//and thus they fought stille more than an houre/Thenne sire Palomydes had merueil what knyghte he myghte be that was soo stronge and soo wel brethed durynge/and thus saidy Palomydes/knyzt I requyre the telle me thy name/ Wete thou wel saidy that knyghte I dar telle the my name/soo that thou wilt telle me thy name/ I wille saidy palomydes/Truly saidy that knyghte / my name is Safyr sone of kynge Astlabor and sire palomydes and syre Segwarydes are my brethern/Nowe and wete thou wel / my name is sir Palomydes/Thenne sir Safyr kneledy doune vpon his knees and praydy hym of mercy/and thenne they vnlaced their helmes/and eyther kyssedy other wepynge / Andy in the meane whyle sire Epynogrys aroose oute of his bedde / andy herdy them by the strokes / andy soo he armedy hym to helpe sire Palomydes yf nede were

Capitulum lxxxiiij

Thenne sir Palomydes tooke the lady by the handy / & brought her to sire Epynogrys / andy there was grete ioye betwixe them/for eyther sdouned for Joye/whan they were mette/Fair knyght andy lady saidy sir Safer/it were pyte to departe yow / Jhesu sendy yow Joye eyther of other / Gramercy gentyl knyghte saidy Epynogrys/ and mocke more thanke be to my lord sir Palomydes/that thus hath thurgh his prowesse made me to gete my lady/ Thenne sir Epynogrys requyredy sire Palomydes andy sire Safere his brother to ryde With them vnto his castel for the sauf gardy of his person/Sire saidy Palomydes we will be redy to conduyte you by cause that ye are sore woundedy/andy soo was Epynogrys andy his lady horsedy/andy his lady behynde hym vpon a softe ambuler / Andy thenne they rode vnto his castel where they had grete chere andy Joye as grete as euer sir Palomydes andy sir Safere had in their lyfe dayes/Soo on the morne sir Safere andy sir palomydes departedy andy rode as fortune ledde them / andy soo they

wde alle that daye vntyl after none / And at the last they herde a grete wepynge and a grete noyse doune in a manoir / Syre saidy thenne sir Safere lete vs wete what noyse this is / I wil wel saidy sir palomydes / and soo they wde forth tyl that they came to a fayr gate of a manoir / and there satte an oldy may sayenge his prayers and bedes / Thenne sire palomydes and sir Safere alyghte and lefte their horses / and wente within the gates / and there they salwe ful many goodely men wepynge / ¶ Fair syrs saidy palomydes wherfore wepe ye / and make this sorowe / Anone one of the knyghtes of the castel beheld sir palomydes / and knelwe hym / and thēne wente to his felalwes and saidy Fair felalwes wete ye wel al / we haue in this Castel the same knyght that slelwe oure lordy at Conezep / for I knowe hym wel it is syre palomydes / Thenne they wente vn to harneis alle that myghte bere harneis / some on horsback / and some on foote to the nombre of thre score / And whan they were redy / they came fressly vpon syr palomydes and vpon syr Safere with a grete noyse and saidy thus / kepe the syre palomydes. for thow arte knowen / and by ryght thow must be dede for thow hast slayne oure lordy / and therfore wete ye wel / we wille slee the / therfore defende the / Thenne sir palomydes & syr Safer the one sette his bak to the other / and gaf many grete strokes / and wolt many grete strokes / and thus they fowzte with a twenty knyghtes and fourty gentilmen / and yomen nyghe two houres / But at the last though they were bothe sir palomydes and syr Safere were taken and yolden and putte in a stronge pryson / and within thre dayes twelue knyghtes passedy vpon them / and they fondy sir palomydes gylty / and syr Safyr not gylty of their lordes dethe / And whan sir Safyr sholdy be delyuerd there was grete dole betwixe syr palomydes and hym / and many pyteous complayntys that sir Safyr made at his departynge / there is no maker can wherte the tenthe parte / Fair broder said palomydes lete be thy dolour and thy sorow / And yf I be ordeyned to dye a shameful dethe wel come be it / but and I had wist of this dath that I am demed vnto I shold neuer haue ben yolden / Soo syr Safere departed from his broder with the gretteste dolour and sorow that euer made knyghte / ¶ And on the morne they of the castel

ordeyned tlvelue knyghtes to ryde with syr Palomydes vnto the fader of the same knyght that syr Palomydes slewe/ and soo they bounde his legges vnder an old stedes bely/ And thenne they rode with syr Palomydes vnto a Castel by the see syde that hyghte Pelolvnes/ and there syr Palomydes sholde have Justyce/thus was their ordenaunce/and so they rode with syr palomydes fast by the Castel of Joyous garde/ ¶ And as they passed by that Castel/there came rydynge oute of that castel by them one that knelde syr palomydes/ And vvhan that knyghte salde sire palomydes bounden vpon a crokede courser/ the knyght asked syre palomydes/ for vvhat cause he vvas ledde so/ A my fair felalde and knyghte sayde palomydes/I ryde to vvarde my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at a turnement of Lonezep/& yf I had not departed from my lorde syr Tristrã as I ouzte not to haue done/nolv myzt I haue ben sure to haue had my lyf saued/ ¶But I pray yolv syr knyght recommaunde me vnto my lorde sir Tristram and vnto my lady Quene Isoude/& say to them/yf euer I trespaced to them/ I aske them forzeuenes/ And also I biseche yolv recommaunde me vnto my lorde kynge Arthur and to alle the felauship of the round table vnto my polver/ Thenne that knyghte vvepte for pyte of syr palomydes/and there vvith alle he rode vnto Joyous gard as faste as his horse myghte renne/ ande lyghtly that knyght descended doune of his hors and vvente vnto sir Tristram/ and there he tolde hym alle as ye haue herde/ and euer the knyghte vvepte as he had ben made

¶Capitulum lxxxvi

When sir Tristram herde holv sir palomydes vvent to his dethe/he vvas heuy to here that/and saide holv he it that I am vvroth vvith sir palomydes/yet vvil not I suffre hym to dye so shameful a dethe for he is a ful noble knyzt/ & thenne anon sir Tristram vvas armed & toke his hors & tlvo squyers vvyth hym/& rode a grete pas tolvarde the castel of pelolvnes vvhere sir palomydes vvas Jugede to dethe/& these tlvelue knyztes that led sir palomydes passede by a vvelle vvhere as sir laũcelot vvas vvhiche vvas alyghte there & had teyede his hors to a tree & taken of his helme to drynke of that Welle/& vvhan he salv these

knyghtes/ syr launcelot putte on his helme / and suffred them
to passe by hym/ And thenne was he ware of sire Palomydes
bounden and ledde shamefully to his dethe/ O Ihesu said laun
celot What mysauenture is befalle hym that he is thus ledde to
ward his dethe/ Forsoth said launcelot it were shame to me /
to suffre this noble knyght soo to dye and I myghte helpe hym
therfor I wille helpe hym what someuer come of hit/ or elis I
shal dye for syr Palomydes sake/ ¶ And thenne sir launcelot
mounted vpon his hors and gate his spere in his hand/ and
rode after the twelue knyghtes that ledde sir Palomydes /
Fair knyghtes said sir Launcelot whyder lede ye that knyght/
it besemeth hym full ylle to ryde bounden/ Thenne these twelue
knyghtes sodenly turned their horses/ and said to sir launce
lot/ syr knyghte we counselle the not to medle with this kny
ght/ for he hath deserued deth/ and vnto dethe he is juged/ that
me repenteth said launcelot that I may not holpe hym with
fayrnesse/ for he is ouer good a knyghte to dye suche a shame
full dethe/ And therfor fayre knyghtes said syr launcelot kepe
you as wel as ye can/ for I will resolue that knyght or dye
for it/ Thenne they beganne to dresse their speres/ and sir laun
celot smote the formest doune hors and man/ and so he serued
thre moo with one spere/ and thenne that spere brast/ and there
with al sir launcelot drewe his swerd/ and thenne he smote on
the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand/ thenne withim a why
le he lefte none of tho twelue knyghtes/ but he had leyd them
to the erthe/ and the moost party of hem were sore wounded/ &
thenne syr Launcelot took the best hors that he fonde and lou
sed sire Palomydes/ and sette hym vpon that hors/ and so they
retorned ageyne vnto Joyous gard/ & thenne was sir Palo
mydes ware of sir Tristram how he came rydynge/ And whan
sir Launcelot salue hym/ he knelue hym wel/ but sir Tristram
knelue not hym by cause syre Launcelot had on his sholder a
golden shelde/ Soo syr launcelot made hym redy to juste with
syr Tristram / that sire Tristram sholde not wene that he were
syre Launcelot/ Thenne sir Palomydes cryed on lowde to syr
Tristram O my lorde I requyre yow juste not with this kny
ght/ for this goode knyght hath saued me from my dethe /
Whan syr Tristram herde hym saye so/ he came a softe trottyng

pas towardy them / Andy thenne syre Palomydes sayd / My lordy syr Tristram moche am I beholdynge vnto yolv of youre grete goodenes that wolvdy profer youre noble body to reskolve me vnderseruedy / for I haue gretely offendedy yolv / Not withstandynge saidy sire Palomydes here mette we with this noble knyghte that worshipfully andy manly reskolvedy me from yn knyghtes / andy smote them doune alle andy woundedy them sore

Capitulum lxxxvj /

Ayre knyght saidy syr Tristram vnto syre Launcelot / of whens be ye / I am a knyght erraunt saydy sir Launcelot that rydeth to seke many aduentures / what is your name saidy sir Tristram / syre at this tyme I wille not telle yolv / Thenne syre launcelot saydy vnto sir Tristram andy to palomydes / nolv eyther of yolv ar mette to gyders / I wille departe from yolv / Not soo saidy syr Tristram I pray yolv of knyghthode to ryde with me vnto my Castel / wete yolv wel saidy syr Launcelot I may not ryde with yolv / for I haue many dedes to doo in other places / that att this tyme I maye not abyde with yolv / A mercy Jhesu saidy syr Tristram I requyre yolv / as ye be a true knyghte to the ordre of knyghthode / playe you with me this nyghte / Thenne sire Tristram hady a graunte of syre launcelot / holv be it though he hady not desyredy hym / he wolvdy haue rydeny with hem / outher soone haue come after them for syr launcelot cam for none other cause in to that Countrey but for to see syr Tristram / And whanne they were come with in Joyous gardy / they alyght / and their horses were ledde in to a stable / andy thenne they vnarmedy them / Andy whanne syre Launcelot was vnhelmed / sir Tristram and syr Palomydes knelve hym / Thenne sire Tristram took syr launcelot in armes / & soo dydy la Beale Isoudy / andy Palomydes kneledy doune vpon his knees / andy thankedy syr Launcelot / whan syr launcelot salve sir Palomydes knele / he lyghtely toke hym vp andy sayd thus / wete thou wel sir Palomydes I and ony knyght in this landy of worship oughte of veray ryght socoure andy reskolve

soo noble a knyghte as ye are prouedy and renoumedy thurgh oute alle this reame endlonge and ouerthwart / And thenne was thew Joye amonge them/and the oftyner that syre Palomydes salve la Beale Isoudy/ the leuyer he wayed day by day Thenne sir launcelot withim thre or four dayes departedy/and with hym rode sir Ector de marys/ and Dynadan and sir Palomydes were there lefte with sire Tristram a two monethes & more/ But euer sire Palomydes fadedy and mornedy that alle men hady merueylle wherfore he fadedy soo alweye / So vppy a day in the daunynge sire Palomydes wente in to the forestе by hym self alone/and there he fondy a welle/and thenne he loked in to the welle/and in the water he salve his owne vysage how he was distourbledy and defadedy nothyng lyke that he was What may this meane saidy sire Palomydes/and thus he saidy to hym self/A Palomydes/Palamydes/why arte tholv dyffadedy thou that was wonte to be calledy one of the fayreste knyghtes of the worldy/I wille no more lede this lyf / for I loue that I maye neuer gete nor recouer/ And there with all he leydy hym doune by the welle/ And thenne he beganne to make a ryme of la Beale Isoudy and hym/ ¶ And in the meane whyle syr Tristram was that same day rydeny in to the forest to chace the herte of greese/but sire Tristram wolde not ryde ony huntynge neuer more vnarmedy by cause of syr Breuse saunce pyte/and soo as sir Tristram rode in to that forest vp and doune/he herdy one synge merueyllously lowde / and that was syre Palomydes that lay by the welle / And thenne syr Tristram rode softely thyder/for he demedy/ there was some knyght erraunt that was at the welle

¶ And whanne sire Tristram came nygh hym / he descendedy doune from his hors and tieydy his hors fast tyl a tree/ and thenne he came nere hym on foote / and anone he was ware where lay sire palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and meryly /and euer the complayntes were of that noble Quene Ea Beale Isoudy / the whiche was merueyllously and wonderfully wel saydy/and ful dolefully and pytously made And alle the hole songe the noble knyghte sire Tristram herdy from the begynnynge to the endynge / the whiche greuedy and troubledy hym sore ¶ But thenne at the last whanne

ſir Triſtram hadȝ herdȝ all ſir Palomydes complayntes he was
wrothe oute of meſure & thouȝt foȝ to ſlee hym there as he lay
Thenne ſyr Triſtram remembrydȝ hym ſelf that ſir Palomydes
was vnarmed andȝ of the noble name that ſir Palomydes had
andȝ the noble name that hym ſelf hadȝ/andȝ thenne he made a
reſtraynte of his anger/& ſo he went vnto ſire Palomydes a
ſofte paas andȝ ſaidȝ ſir Palomydes I haue herdȝ youre com-
playnte andȝ of thy treaſon that thow haſt olvedȝ me ſo longe
Andȝ wete thou wel therfoȝ thow ſhalt dye/ Andȝ yf it were
not foȝ ſhame of knyȝthode/thow ſholdeſt not eſcape my han-
des/ foȝ now I knowe wel thow haſt awaytedȝ me with trea-
ſonȝ. Telle me ſaidȝ ſyre Triſtram how thow wolt acquyte the/
Sir ſaidȝ Palomydes thus I wille acquyte me/as foȝ Que-
ne la beale Iſoudȝ ye ſhal wete wel that I loue her aboue all
other ladyes in this worldȝ/andȝ wel I wote it ſhalle befalle
me as foȝ her loue as befelle to the noble knyghte ſyre Lezhy-
dius that dyedȝ foȝ the loue of la Beale Iſoudȝ/and now ſir
Triſtram I wil that ye wete that I haue lonedȝ la Beale I-
ſoudȝ many a day/andȝ ſhe hath ben the cauſer of my worſhyp
And els I hadȝ ben the mooſt ſympleſt knyght in the world
Foȝ by her / andȝ by cauſe of her/I haue wonne the worſhyp
that I haue/foȝ when I remembrydȝ me of la Beale Iſoudȝ
I wanne the worſhip where ſomeuer I came foȝ the moſt par-
ty / and yet hadȝ I neuer welvardȝ noȝ kounte of her the dayes
of my lyf/andȝ yet haue I ben her knyght gloverdonles/ Andȝ
therfoȝ ſyr Triſtram as foȝ ony deth I drede not/ foȝ I hadde
as lyef dye as to lyue/And yf I were armed as thow arte /
I ſholdȝ lyghtely doo batail with the/ wel haue ye bterred yo-
ur treaſonȝ ſaidȝ Triſtram/I haue done to yow no treaſonȝ ſaidȝ
Palomydes/foȝ loue is free foȝ alle menȝ/andȝ though I ha-
ue lovedȝ youre ladyȝ/ſhe is my ladyȝ as wel as yours/ how be
it I haue wronge yf ony wronge be/foȝ ye wioyce her/and ha
ue your deſyre of her/and ſoo hadȝ I neuer noȝ neuer am ly-
ke to haue / and yet ſhall I loue her to the bttermeſt dayes of
my lyf as wel as ye

¶ Capitulum lxxxviij

Thenne ſaid ſyr Triſtram I wil fyghte with yow to the
bttermeſt/I graunte ſaide palomydes / foȝ in a better

quarel kepe I neuer to fyghte/ for & I dye of your handes/of a better knyghtes handes may I not be slayne/ And yf they I vnderstande that I shalle neuer wioyce la beale Isoud/ I haue as good wylle to dye as to lyue/ Thenne sette ye a day said sir Tristram that ye shalle doo batailke/this day/ yer/dayes said pa lomydes wille I mete with yolu here by/in the medolue vnder Joyous gard/ Fy for shame said sire Tristram/ wille ye sette soo longe day/lete vs fyghte to morn/ Not soo sayd pa lomydes/for I am megre and haue ben longe seke for the loue of la Beale Isoud/ and therfore I wille repose me tyl I ha ue my strengthe ageyne/ Soo thenne sire Tristram and syr pa lomydes promysed feythfully to mete at the welle that day yer dayes/I am remembryd said sir Tristram to Palomydes/ that ye brake me ones a promyse whan that I resolved yolu from Kreuse saunce pyte and ix knyghtes/and thēne ye promysed me to mete me at the peron and the graue bespdes Camelot/ where as at that tyme ye fayled of your promyse/Wete you wel said Palomydes vnto sir Tristram I was at that day in pry; son so that I myghte not holde my promyse/ So god me helpe said sir Tristram/and ye had holden your promyse this Werk had not ben here nolu at this tyme/ Ryghte soo departed syre Tristram and sire Palomydes/And soo sire palomydes woke his hors and his harneis/ and he rode vnto Kynge Arthurs Courte/and there syr palomydes gat hym four knyghtes and four sergeaunts of armes/ and soo he retorned ageynward vnto Joyous gard/And in the meane whyle syr Tristram cha ced and hunted at alle maner of Venery/and aboute thre dayes afore the batailke shold be/as syr Tristram chaced an herte ther was an Archer shot at the herte/ and by myssfortune he smote syr Tristram in the thyck of the thygh/and the arwe sleue sir Tristrams hors & hurte hym/whan sir Tristram was so hurte/ he was passynge heuy/ and wete ye wel he bled sore/and then; ne he took another hors/and rode vnto Joyous gard with gre; te heuynesse more for the promyse that he hadde made with sir palomydes as to doo batailke with hym within thre dayes after than for ony hurte of his thyz/wherfor ther was neyther man ne woman that coude chere hym with ony thynge that they co; de make to hym/neyther Quene la Beale Isoud/ for euer he

remedy that syr launcelot hadd smyten hym soo / that he sholde not be able to doo batailles with hym at the day sette/

¶ Capitulum lxxxviii

But in no wyse there was no knyghte aboute syr Tris= tram that wolde byleue that euer syr Palomydes wol= de hurte sir Tristram neyther by his owne handes nor by no= ne other consentynge/ thenne whan the fyfteenth day was come sir Palomydes came to the welle with four knyghtes with hym of Arthurs courte and thre sergeauntes of armes / And for this entente syr palomydes broughte the knyghtes with hym and the sergeaunt of armes/ for they sholde bere record of the batailles betwixe syre Tristram and syr Palomydes/ And the one sergeaunt brought in his helme/ the other his spere/ the th= yrde his swerde/ Soo thus Palomydes came in to the felde / & there he abode nyghe two houres/ and thenne he sente a squyer vnto syr Tristram / and desyred hym to come in to the felde/ to holde his promyse/ whan the squyer was come to Joyous gard Anone as sir Tristram herde of his comynge he lete commaun= de that the squyer sholde come to his presence there as he lay in his bedde/ My lorde sir Tristram saide Palomydes squyer wete yow wel my lorde Palomydes abydeth yow in the felde / and he wolde wete whether ye wold doo batailles or not/ A my fair broder saide sir Tristram wete thou wel that I am ryght heuy for these tydynges/ therfor telle sire Palomydes/ and I were wel atte ease I wolde not lye here nor he sholde haue noo ne de to sende for me/ and I myghte outher ryde or goo/ and for thow shalt saye that I am no lyer/ syre Tristram shewed hym his thye that the wounde was sixe Inches depe/ and now thou hast sene my hurte/ telle thy lord that this is no fayned mater and telle hym that I had leuer than all the gold of kyng Ar= thur that I were hole/ & telle palomydes as soone as I am ho= le I shal seke him endlong & ouerthwart & yf I promyse you as I am true knyght/ & if euer I may mete with hym/ he shal haue batail of me his fylle/ & with this the squyer departed/ & when palomydes wist yt tristrā was hurt he was glad & said nowe I

am sure I shalle have no shame/for I wote wel I sholde haue had hard handelynge of hym/and by lykely I muste nedes have had the werse/For he is the hardest knyghte in batayle that nolw is lyuynge except sir Launcelot / And thenne departed syr Palomydes where as fortune lade hym/& within a moneth sir Tristram was hole of his hurte / And thenne he took his hors/and rode from countray to countrey/ and all straunge aduentures he achieued where someuer he rode/ and al weyes he enquyred for sire Palomydes/but of alle that quarter of sommer syr Tristram coude neuer mete With sir palomydes / But thus as sir Tristram soughte and enquyred after sire Palomydes/sir Tristram encheued many grete batails wher thorugh alle the noyse felle to syr Tristram/and it seased of sir launcelot/& therfor syre launcelots bretheren and his kynnesmen wolde haue slayne sire Tristram by cause of his fame/ But whanne syre launcelot wyste how, his kynnesmen were sette/he saide to them openly wete yolw wel that and the enuy of yolw alle be soo hardy to wayte vpon my lorde sire Tristram With ony hurte/shame/or vylony/as I am true knyghte / I shalle slee the best of yolw With myne olwne handes/Allas fy for shame sholde ye for his noble dedes awayte vpon hym to slee hym/Jhesu defende saide launcelot that euer ony noble knyghte as syre Tristram is sholde be destroyed With treason/ Of this noyse and fame sprange in to Cornelwaile / and amonge them of Lyonas/wherof they were passynge glade/and made grete Joye/ And thenne they of Lyonas sente letters vnto sire Tristram of recommendacyon/and many grete yeftes to mayntene sir Tristrams estate/and euer bitwene sir Tristram resorted vnto Joyous gard where as la Beale Isoud was that loued hym as her lyf /

¶ Here endeth the tenthe book Whiche is of syr Tristram
¶ And here folowyth the Enleuenth book Which is of sir launcelot

¶ Capitulum primum

NOw leue we syr Tristram de lyones / & speke we of sire launcelot du lake and of sire Galahalt syr launcelots sone how he was goten / and in what maner as the book of Frensshe wherreth Afore the tyme that syre Galahalt was goten or borne / there came in an hermyte vnto kynge Arthur vpon whytsonday / as the knyghtes satte at the table round / And whan the hermyte salve the syege perillous / he asked the kyng and alle the knyghtes why that sege was voyd / Sir Arthur and alle the knyghtes answerd / ther shalle neuer none sytte in that syege / but one / but yf he be destroyed / ¶ Thenne sayd the hermyte wote ye what is he / nay saidy Arthur / and alle the knyghtes / we wote not who is he / that shalle sytte therin / thenne wote I saidy the hermyte / for he that shal sytte there is vnborne and vngoten / and this same yere he shalle be goten that shalle sytte ther in that syege perillous / and he shall wynne the Sancgreal whan this hermyte hady made this mensyon he departed from the courte of kynge Arthur / And thenne after this feeste syr launcelot rode on his aduenture tyl on a tyme by aduenture he past ouer the pounte of Corbyn / and there he salve the fayreste toure that euer he salve / and ther vnder was a fayre Tolvne ful of peple and alle the peple men and wymmen cryed at ones / Welcome sir Launcelot du lake the flowre of alle knyghthode for by the alle we shalle be holpen oute of daunger / what mene ye saidy sire Launcelot that ye crye soo vpon me / A fayr knyght saidy they alle here is within thys Toure a dolorous lady that lyth ben therin paynes many wynters and dayes / for euer she boyleth in scaldynge water / & but late saidy alle the peple sire Galvayne was here and he myght not helpe her / and soo he lefte her in payne / Soo may I saide syr Launcelot leue her in payne as wel as sire Galvayne dyd Nay saidy the peple we knowe wel that it is sir Laūcelot that shalle delyuer her / Wel saidy launcelot / thenne shelve me what I shalle doo / thenne they brought sire launcelot in to the toure And whenn he came to the chamber there as this lady was the dores of yron vnlockedy and vnboltedy / And so syr launcelot

wente in to the chambre that was as hote as ony stewe/ And
there syr launcelot toke the fayrest lady by the handy / that euer
he salue/and she was nakedy as a nedel/and by enchauntemẽt
Quene Morgan le fay and the Quene of Northgalys hadde
put her there in that paynes by cause she was calledy the faireſt
lady of that countrey/ and there she hady ben fyue yeres / and
neuer myghte she be delyuerdy oute of her grete paynes vnto
the tyme the best knyghte of the worldy hady taken her by the
handy/ Thenne the peple brought her clothes/ And whanne she
was arayedy / syre launcelot thoughte she was the fayreſt lady
of the worldy/but yf it were Quene Gueneuer/thenne this la
dy saidy to sire Launcelot/syre yf hit please yolu wille ye goo
with me here by in to a chapel that we may yeue louyng andy
thankynge vnto gody/ ¶ Madame saidy sir launcelot cometh ony
With me I wille goo with yolu / So whanne they came there
andy gaf thankynges to gody/alle the peple both kernedy andy
lewde gaf thankynges vnto gody andy hym/ andy saydy sir kn ;
yght syn ye haue delyuerd this lady/ye shall delyuer vs from
a serpent that is here in a tombe/Thenne syr launcelot woke his
shelde andy saidy brynge me thyder/andy what I may doo vnto
the pleasyr of gody andy yolu I wille doo/ ¶ Soo whanne sir
Laũcelot came thydder/he sawe wrytten vpony the tombe letters
of goldy that saidy thus/Here shalle come a lybardy of kynges
bloody/ andy he shalle slee this serpent / andy this lybardy shalle
engendre a lyony in this foreyn countrey the whiche lyony shall
passe alle other knyghtes / Soo thenne sir launcelot lyfte vp
the tombe/ andy there came out an horryble & a fyendly dragony
spyttynge fyre oute of his mouthe/Thenne sir launcelot drewe
his swordy andy fought with the dragony longe/ andy atte laste
with grete payne sir launcelot slewe that dragony/ There with
alle came kynge Pelles the goody andy noble knyght/andy sa ;
lewedy syr launcelot andy he hym ageyne/ Fair knyghte saydy
the kynge/What is your name/I requyre you of your knyght
hode telle me

¶ Capitulum ñ

Syr saidy launcelot wete yolu wel my name is syre la;
uncelot du lake/ & my name is saydy the kyng/ Pelles

kynge of the foreyn countrey/and cosyn nygh vnto Joseph of Armathye/ And thenne eyther of them made mocke of other / and soo they wente in to the Castel to take theyr repaste/and anone there came in a doue at a wyndowe/and in her mouth there semed a lytel censer of gold / And there with alle there was suche a sauour as alle the spycery of the worldy had ben there/ And forth With all there was vpon the table al maner of metes and drynkes that they coude thynke vpon/ Soo cam in a damoysel passynge fayre and yonge / and she bare a vessel of gold betwixe her handes/and therto the kynge knelede deuoutely/and saide his prayers/and soo dyde alle that were there/O Jhesu saide sir launcelot what maye this meane/ thys is saide the kynge the rychest thyng that ony man hath lyuyng And whanne this thynge goth aboute/ the woundy table shalle be broken/and wete thow wel saide the kynge this is the holy Sancgreal that ye haue here sene/ Soo the kynge and sir launcelot ladde their lyf the moost parte of that daye / And fayne wolde kynge Pelles haue fonde the meane to haue hadde syre Launcelot to haue layne by his doughter fayre Elayne/ And for this entent the kyng knewe wel that syr launcelot sholde gete a chylde vpon his doughter/the whiche sholde be named sir Galahalt the goode knyghte/by whome alle the forayn countrey sholde be brought oute of daunger/ and by hym the holy graale sholde be encheuedy/ ¶ Thenne came forth a lady that hyghte Dame Bryseny/and she saide vnto the kynge/Syr wete ye wel/syre Launcelot loueth no lady in the worldy but alle only Quene Gueneuer/and therfore wyrche ye by counceylle and I shalle make hym to lye with your doughter/ & he shall not wete but that he lyeth with Quene Gueneuer / O fayre lady dame Bryseny said the kyng/hope ye to bringe this about syr saidy she vpon payne of my lyf lete me dele/ for this Bryseny was one of the gretest enchauntresses that was at that tyme in the worldy lyuynge/

¶ Thenne anone by dame Brysens wytte she maade one to come to syr launcelot that he knelde wel/ And this many brought hym a ryngе from Quene Gueneuer lyke as hit hadde come from her/ and suche one as she was wonte for the moost parte to were/ & whyny sir laūcelot salde that wōte wete ye wel he was

neuer soo fayne/ where is my lady saidȝ syr launcelot/ in the cas tel of Case saidȝ the messager but fyue myle thens/ Thenne sir launcelot thoughte to be there the same nyghte / Andȝ thenne this Bryseñ by the commaundement of kynge Pelles lete sende Elayne to this castel with yȝo knyghtes vnto the castel of Case/ Thenne syr launcelot ageynst nyght wode vnto that cas tel/ andȝ there anone he was receyuedȝ worshipfully with suche peple to his semyng as were aboute Quene Queneuer secrete Soo whanne sir Launcelot was alyghte/ he askedȝ where the Quene was/ Soo dame Bryseñ saidȝ she was in her bedde/ & thenne the peple were auoydedȝ / andȝ sir launcelot was ledde vnto his chamber/ Andȝ thenne dame Bryseñ broughte sir launcelot a cup ful of wyne/ andȝ anone as he had dronkeñ that wyn/ he was soo assotedȝ andȝ madde that he myghte make no delay/ but withouteñ ony lette he wente to bedde/ andȝ he wende that mayden Elayne hadȝ ben Quene Gueneuer / wete yow wel that sir launcelot was gladȝ andȝ soo was that lady Elayne/ that she had geteñ sir launcelot in her armes / For well she kuelde that same nyght sholdȝ be goteñ vpoñ her Galahalt that sholdȝ preue the best knyghte of the worldȝ / andȝ soo they lay to gyders vntyl vndorne on the mornȝ/ andȝ alle the wyndo wes andȝ holes of that chamber were stoppedȝ that no man ere of day myghte be sene/ Andȝ thenne sire launcelot remembrydȝ hym/ andȝ he arose vp andȝ wente to the wyndowe /

Capitulum Terciũm

Andȝ anone as he hadȝ vnshet the wyndowe the enchaũtement was gone/ thẽne he kneelde hym self that he had done amys/ Allas he saydȝ that I haue lyuedȝ so longe nowe I am shamedȝ/ Soo thenne he gat his swerd in his hand andȝ saidȝ thowe traitresse what arte thowe that I haue layn by alle this nyghte/ thowe shalt dye ryghte here of my handes / Thenne this fayr lady Elaye skyppedȝ oute of her bedde al nakedȝ and kneledȝ doune afore sir launcelot/ and saydȝ Fair curteis knyghte comeñ of kynges bloodȝ/ I requyre yow haue mercy vpoñ me/ Andȝ as thowe arte renoumedȝ the mooste noble

knyghte of the worldy/slee me not / for I haue in my wombe
hym by the/that shal be the mooste nobleste knyzte of the worlde
A fals traitresse saidy syr launcelot why hast thow bytrayedy
me/anone telle me whatt thow arte/Syr she said I am Elayn
the doughter of Kynge pelles/wel saidy sire Launcelot I wyl
forgyue yow this dede/andy there with he took her by in his ar
mes/andy kyssedy her/ for she was as fayr a ladye and there to
lusty and yonge andy as wyse as ony was that tyme lyuyng
So gody me helpe saidy sir launcelot I may not wyte thys to
yow / but her that made this enchauntement vpony me as by
twene yow and me/andy I may fynde her that same lady Wzy
seny I shalle lese her hede for wytchecraftes / for there was ne
uer knyghte receyuedy soo as I am this nyghte/ And soo syre
Launcelot arayedy hym / andy armedy hym / and toke his leue
myldely at that lady yonge Elayne/andy soo he departedy/
Thenne she said my lord sir launcelot I biseche yow see me as
soone as ye may/for I haue obeyed me vnto the prophecy that
my fader teld me/ Andy by his commaūdement to fulfille this
prophecy I haue gyuen the grettest rychesse and the fayrest flo
we that euer I had/andy that is my maydenhode that I shalle
neuer haue ageyne/ andy therfore gentyl knyzt owe me youre
good wille/And soo syr launcelot arayedy hym and was ar
med/and toke his leue myldely at that yonge lady Elayne/ &
soo he departed / and rode tyl he came to the Castel of Corbyn/
where her fader was/and as fast as her tyme came she was de
lyuerd of a fayr chylde/and they crystened hym Galahalt/&
wete ye wel that child was wel kepte and wel nouriſshed/ &
he was named Galahalt by cause syr Launcelot was so na
med at the fontayne stone/And after that the lady of the lake
confermed hym sir Launcelot du lake/ Thenne after this lady
was delyuerd and chirched/there came a knyghte vnto her/his
name was sire Wzomel la plesche/the whiche was a grete lord
and he hadde loued that lady longe / and he euermore desyred
her to wedde her/and soo by no meane she coude putte hym of /
Tyl ony a day she said to syr Wzomel/wete thow wel sir knyzt
I wille not loue yow/for my loue is set vpony the beste knyzt
of the worlde/Who is he said syr Wromel.syr she said it is syre
Launcelot du lake that I loue and none other / and therfore

wolde me no lenger/ye saye wel sayd sir Bromel/And sythen ye haue told me soo mocke/ye shalle haue but lytel Joye of sir launcelot/for I shal slee hym where someuer I mete hym/sire sayd the lady Elayne/doo to hym noo treason/wete ye wel my lady sayd Bromel/and I promyse yow this twelue moneth I shalle kepe the pounte of Corbyn for syr launcelots sake/ that he shalle neyther come ne goo vnto yow/but I shall mete with hym/

Capitulum Quartum

Thenne as hit felle by fortune and aduenture sire Boors de ganys that was neuelde vnto sir Launcelot cam ouer that brydge/and ther syre Bromel and sire Bors Justed/& sir Bors smote syre Bromel suche a buffet that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe/ And thenne syre Bromel as an hardy knyghte pulled out his swerd/and dressid his shold to doo batailke with syr Bors/And thenne syr Bors alyzte/ and auoyded his hors/and there they dassht to gyders many sadde strokes/and long thus they foughte/ tyl att the laste syr Bromel was leyd to the erthe/ and there syre Bors began to vnlace his helme to slee hym/ Thenne syr Bromel cryed syre Bors mercy/and yelded hym/vpon this couenaunt thou shalt haue thy lyf sayd syr Bors/soo thou goo vnto syr launcelot vpon wthytsondaye that next cometh and yelde the vnto hym as knyghte recreaunt/I wille doo hit sayd syr Bromel/ and that he swar vpon the crosse of the swerd/ and soo he lete hym departe/and syr Bors rode vnto kynge Pelles/ that was within Corbyn/ And whanne the kynge and Elayne his doughter wist that syr Bors was neuelde vnto syr launcelot/they made hym grete chere/Theune sayd dame Elayne/we merueyle where sir Launcelot is/for he came neuer here but ones/ Meruelle not sayd sir Bors/ for this half yere he hath ben in pryson with quene Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs syster/Alas sayd dame Elayne that me repenteth/and euer syr Bors beheld that child in her armes/and ener hym semed it was passynge lyke sire launcelot/Truly sayd Elayne wete ye wel this child he gat vpon me/Thēne sir Bors wepte for Joye/& he praid to god it myzt

preue as good a knyght as his fader was/ And soo cam in a whyte douue/and she bare a lytel censer of gold in her mouthe/and there was alle maner of metes and dzynkes/and a mayden bare that Sancgreal/and she said openly / Wete yolw wel syr Boos that this child is Galahalt that shalle sytte in the sege perylous and encheue the Sancgreal / and he shalle be moche better than euer was sir Launcelot du lake / that is his olwne fader / & thenne they knelede doune / & made theyre deuocyons/and there was suche a sauour as alle the spycery in the worlde had ben there / And whanne the douue took her flyghte/the mayden vanyssshed with the Sancgreal as she cam Syr said sir Boos vnto kynge Pelles/this Castel may be named the castel aduenturous/for here be many straunge aduentures/that is sothe said the kynge / for wel maye this place be called the aduentures place/for there come but selde knyghtes here that gone alweye with ony worship/ be he neuer so stronge here he may be preued / and but late sire Galvayne the good knyght gate but lytyl worship here/for I lete yolw wete said kynge Pelles/here shalle no knyght wynne no worship/but if he be of worship hym self and of good lyuynge/and that loueth god and dreadth god/and els he geteth no Worshyp here be he neuer soo hardy/that is wonderful thyng said syr Boos what ye meane in this Countrey/I wote not/for ye haue many straunge aduentures/and therfor I wyl lye in this Castel this nyghte/ ye shalle not doo so said kynge Pelles by my counceyll/for hit is hardy and ye escape withoute a shame / I shalle take the aduenture that wille befalle me said syr Boos thenne I counceyle yolw said the kynge to be confessid clene/ As for that said sire Boos I wille be shryuen with a good wylle/Soo syr Boos was confessyd/and for al wymmen sir Boos was a Virgyne/sauf for one/that was the doughter of kynge Brangozys/and on her he gat a child that hyghte Estlayne/and sauf for her syre Boos was a clene mayden/ and soo sir Boos was lede vnto bed in a fayr large chamber/and many dores were shette aboute the chamber/whan sir Boos aspyed alle tho dores/he auoyded alle the peple/for he myght haue no body with hym/but in no wyse syr Boos wold vnarme hym/but soo he leid hym doune vpon the bedde/ and right soo

he salve come in a lyghte that he myght wel see a spere grete & longe that came streyghte vpon hym poyntelynge/and to syre Gors semed that the hede of the spere brente lyke a tapre/and anon or syr Gors wyst/the spere hede smote hym in to the shulder an hand brede in depnesse / and that wound greued syre Gors passynge sore/And thenne he leyd hym doune ageyne for payne/and anone there with alle there came a knyght armed with his shelde on his sholder and his suerd in his hande and he bad sir Gors aryse syr knyzte and fyghte with me/ I am sore hurte he said/but yet I shal not fayle the/ And thenne syr Gors starte vp and dressid his shelde / and thenne they lasshed to gydders myghtely a grete whyle / and at the laste syr Gors sawe hym bakward vntyl that he came vnto a chãber dore/and there that knyghte yede in to that chamber & rested hym a grete whyle/ And whan he hadde reposed hym he came out fresshely ageyne/and beganne newe bataylle with sir Gors myghtely and strongly

Capitulum Quintum

Thenne sir Gors thought he sholde no more goo in to that chamber to reste hym / and soo syr Gors dressyd hym betwixe the knyghte and that chamber dore/ and there sir Gors smote hym doune/and thenne that knyght yeldyd hym What is your name said syr Gors / Syr said he/my name is pedyuere of the straynge marches/Soo syre Gors made hym to swere at whytsonday nexte comyng to be atte court of kyng arthur/and yelde hym there as a prysoner as an ouercome knyghte by the handes of syr Gors/Soo thus departed syr pedyuere of the straynge marches / And thenne syre Gors layd hym doune to reste/and thenne he herd and felt moche noyse in that chamber/and thenne sir Gors aspyed that ther came in / he wist not whether at the dores nor Wyndowes shot of awbes and of quarels soo thyck that he merueylled / and many felle vpon hym and hurte hym in the bare places / And thenne syre Gors was waxe where came in an hydous lyon/soo fire Gors dressid hym vnto the lyon / & anone the lyon berafte hym his shelde & with his suerde syr Gors smote of the lyons hede /

Ryght soo syre Boors forth with alle salde a dragon in the mi-
dde passynge horryble/and there semed letters of gold wry-
ten in his forhede/and sir Boors thoughte that the letters made
a sygnyfyacyon of kynge Arthur/ Ryghte soo there came an
horryble lybard and an old/and there they foughte longe/ &
dyd grete batail to gydere/ And at the laste the dragon spytte
oute of his mouthe as hit had ben an hondred dragons/ and
lyghtely alle the smal dragons slelde the old dragon and ta-
re hym alle to pyeces/ Anone with alle there came an old man
in to the halle/and he sette hym doune in a fayre chayre/ and
there semed to be two edders aboute his neck/ and thenne the
old man had an harp/and there he sange an old songe how
Joseph of Armathye came in to this land/ thenne whanne he
had songen/the old man bad sir Boors go from thens/for he-
re shall ye haue no mo aduentures/ and ful worshypfully ha-
ue ye done/and better shulle ye doo here after/ And thenne sir
Boors semed that there came the whytest douue with a lytel
golden senser in her mouthe/ And anone there with alle the te-
pest ceased and passed that afore was merueyllous to here /
Soo was alle that Courte ful of goody sauours/ Thenne syre
Boors sawe four children berynge four fayre tapers / and an
old man in the mydes of the children with a senser in hys
owne hand / and a spere in his other hand / and that spere
was called the spere of Vengeaunce

Capitulum Sextum

Now said that old man to sire Boors/ goo ye to your
cosyn syr Launcelot/ and telle hym of this aduenture
the whiche had ben moste conuenyent for hym of al erthely kny-
ghtes/but synne is soo foule in hym/he may not encheue suche
holy dedes/for had not ben his synne he had past al the knyghtes
that euer were in his dayes/and telle thou sir launcelot of alle
worldly aduentures he passeth in manhode & prowesse al other
But in this spyrytuel maters he shalle haue many his betre/
And thenne sir Boors salde four gentylwymen come by hym
ryghtly besene /& he salde where that they entrid in to a chamber
where was grete lyght as it were a somer lyghte/ & the wymen

kneledy doune afore an aulter of syluer with foure pyllowes
andy as hit hady ben a bisshop kneledy doune afore that table
of syluer/ Andy as sire Bors lokedy ouer his hede / he salwe a
swerdy lyke syluer naledy houynge ouer his hede/and the cle-
wenes there of smote soo in his eyen that as att that tyme syre
Bors was blynde/andy there he herdy a voys that said go hens
thou syre Bors / for as yet thou arte not worthy for to be in
this place/andy thenne he yede backward to his bedde tyl on the
morne / Andy on the morne kynge Pelles made grete Joye of
sir Bors/andy thenne he departedy andy rode to Camelot / andy
there he fonde sire launcelot du lake/and toldy hym of the ad-
uentures that he hady sene with kynge Pelles at Corbyn/Soo
the noyse sprange in Arthurs Courte that launcelot hady geten
a childe vpon Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles/ wherfor
Quene Gueneuer was wrothe/and gafe many rebukes to sir
launcelot/andy calledy hym fals knyghte/& thenne sire laũcelot
told the quene all/& how he was made to lye by her by enchaũ-
tement in lykenes of the Quene/ Soo the quene helde sir laũ
celot excused/And as the book saith kyng Arthur hady ben in
Fraunce/andy hady made warre vpon the myghty kyng Clau
das/andy hady wonne moche of his landes / Andy whanne the
kyng was come ageyne/he lete crye a grete feest that al lordes
& ladyes of al Englond sholdy be there/but yf it were suche as
were rebellions ageynst hym

Capitulum vij

Andy when dame Elayne the doughter of kyng Pelles
herdy of this feeste/she wente to her fader and requyred
hym that he wold gyue her leue to ryde to that feest/The kyng
answerdy I will wel yt go thyder/but in ony wyse as ye loue
me / andy wile haue my blessyng that ye be wel bisene in the
ryckest wyse/andy loke that ye spare not for no cost / aske andy
ye shalle haue alle that yold nedeth / Thenne by the aduyse of
dame Bryseny her maydeny alle thynge was apparaylledy vnto
the purpose that there was neuer no lady more ryckelyer byse-
ne/ So she rode with yy knyghtes & y ladyes & gentilwymen to h

nombre of an honderd horses/ And whanne she came to Camelot/kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer sayd and all the knyghtes/that dame Elayne was the fayrest and the best bysene lady that euer was sene in that Courte

¶ And anone as kynge Arthur wyste that she was come/ he mette her/ and salewed her/ and soo dyd the moost party of all the knyghtes of the round table/ kothe syr Tristram/sir Bleoberys and syr Galwayne and many moo that I wille not reherce / But whanne syre Launcelot salwe her he was soo ashamed/ & that by cause he dwelue his sherd on the morne whan he had layne by her/that he wold not salewe her nor speke to her / & yet syre Launcelot thought she was the fayrest woman that euer he salwe in his lyf dayes/ But whanne dame Elayn salwe syre Launcelot that wold not speke vnto her/ she was so heuy that she wend her herte wold haue to brast/ For wete you wel oute of mesure she loued hym/ And thenne Elayne sayd vnto her woman dame Bryseu the vnkyndenesse of syr Launcelot sleeth me nere/ ¶ A pees madame said dame Bryseu I wille vndertake that this nyghte he shalle lye with yolu/and ye wold holde yolu stylle/ that were me leuer sayd daime Elayne than alle the gold that is aboue the erthe / Lete me dele said dame Bryseu/ ¶ Soo whanne Elayne was broughte vnto quene Gueneuer eyther made other good chere by countenaunce but nothynge with hertes/ But alle men & wymmen spake of the beaute of dame Elayne and of her grete Richesses / thenne at nyghte the quene commaunded that dame Elayne shold slepe in a chamber/nyghe her chamber and alle vnder one roofe/ & soo it was done as the quene commaunded ¶ Thenne the quene sent for syre Launcelot & badde hym come to her chamber that nyghte/or els I am sure said the Quene / that ye Wille go to your ladyes bed dame Elayn/by whome ye gat Galahalt/ A madame said syr Launcelot neuer saye ye so For that I dyd was ageynste my wille/thenne said the quene loke that ye come to me whan I send for yolu/Madame said launcelot I shall not fayle yolu but I shall be redy at your commmandemēt/this bargayn was soone done & made bitwene them/But dame Bryseu knewe it by her crafftes / & told hit to her lady dame Elayne/ ¶ Allas said she holu shall I

doo/lete me dele saidy dame Bryseny / for I shalle bringe hym by the handy euen to your bedde/ andy he shalle wene that I am Quene Gueneuers messager ¶ Nowe wel is me saidy dame Elayne / for alle the worlde I loue not soo mocke as I doo syr launcelot/

¶ Capitulum viii

SOo whanne tyme came that alle folkes were a bedde / Dame Bryseny came to syr launcelots bedes syde and saidy Syre launcelot du lake slepe yowe/ My lady quene gwenever lyeth andy albayeth vpon yowe/ O my fayre lady saydy syr launcelot I am redy to goo with yowe where ye will haue me/ Soo syr launcelot threwe vpon hym a long gowne / andy his swerd in his handy/ andy thenne dame Bryseny took hym by the fynger andy lede hym to her ladyes bedde dame Elayne / Andy thenne she departedy andy lefte them in bedde to gyders / Wete yowe wel the lady was gladde andy soo was syr launce lot/ for he wende that he hady hady another in his armes/ ¶ Nowe leue we them kyssynge andy clyppynge as Was kyndely kynge/ & nowe speke we of quene gueneuer that sente one of her wymen vnto syr launcelots bed/ ¶ And whany she came there/ she fondy the bedde colde/ andy he was away/ soo she came to the Quene andy told her alle/ Allas saidy the Quene whate is that fals knyghte become/ Thenne the quene was nyghe oute of her wytte / and thenne she wrythed and weltred as a mad woman/ and myght not slepe a four or fyue houres/ ¶ Thenne syre launcelot had a condycion that he vsed of custome he wolde clatter in his slepe / andy speke ofte of his lady Quene Gueneuer/ Soo as syr launcelot had waked as longe as hit had pleasyd hym/ thenne by course of kynde he slepte/ & dame Elayne wiste / And in his slepe he talked and clatered as a jay of the loue that had ben betwixe Quene Gweneuer and hym/ ¶ And soo as he talked soo lowde the Quene herde hym there as she laye in her chamber/ & when she herde hym soo clater she was nyghe woode and out of her mynde/ and for anger and payne Wist not what to do/ ¶ And

thenne she coughed soo lowde that syr launcelot awaked and he knewe her kemynge/ ¶ And thenne he knewe well that he lay not by the Quene/ and there with he lepte out of his bed as he had ben a wood man in his sherte/ and the quene mett hym in the floore/ and thus she said/ fals traytour knyzt that thou arte / loke thou neuer abyde in my Courte and auoyde my chamber/ and not soo hardy thou fals traytour knyzt that thou arte that euer thou come in my syghte/ Allas sayd syr launcelot/ and there with he toke suche an hertely sowowe atte her wordes that he felle doune to the floore in a swoune / And there with alle Quene Gueneuer departed/ And whanne syr Launcelot awoke of his swoune/ he lepte oute at a bay wyn dowe in to a gardyne / and there with thornes he was alle to cratched in his vysage and his body/ and soo he ranne forthe he wyst not whyder/ and was wylde wood as euer was man and soo he ranne two yere/ and neuer man myghte haue grace to knowe hym

¶ Capitulum Nonum

Nowe torne we vnto Quene Gueneuer and to the fayr lady Elayne that whanne dame Elayn herd the quene soo to rebuke syr launcelot/ and also she salue how he swowned/ and how he lepte oute at a bay Wyndowe/ Thenne she said vnto quene Gueneuer Madame ye are gretely to blame for syr launcelot/ for nowe haue ye lost hym/ for I salue e herd by his countenaunce that he is mad for euer/ Allas madame ye doo grete synne/ and to your self grete dishonour/ for ye haue a lord of your owne/ and therfor it is youre parte to loue hym/ for there is no quene in this worldy / hath suche an other kynge as ye haue/ And yf ye were not I myghte haue the loue of my lord syr Launcelot/ and cause I haue to loue hym/ for he hath my maydenhode / and by hym I haue borne a fayre sone/ and his name is Galahalt / and he shalle be in his tyme the best knyghte of the worldy /

¶ Dame Elayne said the Quene whanne hit is daye lyght I charge yow and commaunde yow to auoyde my Courte

And for the loue ye olde vnto sire launcelot discouer not his countenaunce/ for and ye doo/ it wille be his dethe/ As for that said dame Elayne I dar vndertake he is maried for euer/ and that haue ye made/ for ye nor I are lyke to reioyce hym/ for he made the moost pyteous grones whanne he lepte oute at yonder bay wyndowe that euer I herde man make/ Allas sayde fayre Elayne/ and allas saide the Quene Gueneuer/ for nowe I wote wel/ we haue loste hym for euer/ So on the morne dame Elayne took her leue to departe and she wolde no lenger abyde/ Thenne kynge Arthur brought her on her waye with mo than an hondred knyghtes thurgh a forest/ ¶ And by the way she tolde sir Bors de ganys alle how hit ketyde that same nyghte And how sir launcelot lepte out att a wyndowe arayed oute of his wyttes/ Allas saide syr Bors where is my lorde sir launcelot become/ Syr saide Elayne I wote nere/

Allas saide syre Bors ketwixe yowe bothe ye haue destroyed that goode knyghte/ As for me saide dame Elayne I sayde neuer nor dyde neuer thynge that sholde in ony wyse displease hym / but with the rebuke that Quene Gueneuer gaf hym I salue hym sowne to the erthe/ And whanne he awoke he took his swerde in his handy naked sauf his sherte/ and lepte oute at a wyndowe with the gryselyeste grone that euer I herde man make ¶ Nowe fare wel dame Elayne saide syre Bors/ and holde my lorde Arthur with a tale as long as ye can/ for I wylle torne ageyne to Quene Gueneuer / and gyue her a bete / and I requyre yowe as euer ye wylle haue my seruyse make goode Watche and aspye yf euer ye may see my lorde sire Launcelot

¶ Truly sayde fayr Elayne I shalle doo alle that I may do for as fayne wolde I knowe and wete where he is become as yowe or ony of his kynne/ or Quene Gueneuer/ and cause gyte ye ynough haue I therto as wel as ony other/ And wete ye wel saide fayre Elayne to sire Bors/ I wolde lese my lyf for hym/ rather than he sholde be hurte/ but allas I cast me neuer for to see hym/ and the chyef causer of this is dame Gueneuer ¶ Madame saide dame Brysen the Whiche hade made the enchauntement before ketwixe sir launcelot and her/ I pray you hertely lete syre Bors departe/ and hye hym with al his myzt

as fast as he may to seke syr Launcelot / For I warne yow he is clene out of his mynde/and yet he shall be wel holpen/ & but by myracle/Thenne wepte dame Elayne / and soo dyde syre Boors de ganys/and soo they departed/ and syre boors rode strayght vnto Quene Gueneuer / and whanne she sawe sir Boors/she wepte as she were wood/Fy on your wepyng sayd sir Boors de ganys/for ye wepe neuer but whan there is no bote/Allas sayd sir Boors that euer syr launcelots kynne sawe yow/for now haue ye lost the best knyght of oure blood / and he that was alle oure leder and oure socour/ and I dare saye and make it good that all kynges crysten nor hethen may not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his nobylnesse and curtoysye with his beaute and his gentylnesse/Allas sayd sire Boors What shalle we doo that ben of his blood/ Allas sayde Ector de marys/Allas sayd Lyonel

Capitulum y

And whanne the Quene herde them saye soo/she felle to the erthe in a dede swoune/and thenne syr Boors took her vp/and dalbede her/& whanne she was awaked she kneled afore the thre knyghtes/and helde vp bothe their handes and besoughte them to seke hym/and spare not for noo goodes but that he be founden/for I wote he is oute of his mynde/ & sir Boors/syr Ector/and syr Lyonel departed from the quene for they myght not abyde no lenger for sorowe / and thenne the quene sent them tresour ynough for theyr expences/ and so they took their horses and their armour and departed/and thenne they rode from countrey to countrey in forestes and in wyldernes and in wastes/and euer they laid Watche bothe att forestes and at alle maner of men as they rode to herken and spye after hym/as he that was a naked man in his sherte with a swerde in his hand/ And thus they rode nyghe a quarter of a yere endlonge and ouerthwarte in many places forestes and wildernes/and oftymes were euylle lodged for his sake / and yett for alle theire laboure and seknyge couthe they neuer here worde of hym/ And were yold welle

these thre knyghtes were passynge sory/Thenne at the laste sire Boors andy his felawes mette with a knyghte that hyght syr Melyon de Tartare/Nowe fayre knyzt saidy sir Boors/ whether be ye alwey/for they knelwe eyther other afore tyme / Sir saidy Melyon I am in the way towardy the courte of kyng Arthur Thenne we praye yowe saydy sire Boors that ye wille telle my lordy Arthur andy my lady quene Gueneuer andy alle the fe= laushyp of the wūd table that we ay not in no wyse here telle where syr launcelot is become/ ¶ Thenne sire Melyon departed from them/and sayd that he woldy telle the kynge andy the que ne andy alle the felaushyp of the roundy table as they hady de= syredy hym / Soo whanne sire Melyon came to the Courte of kynge Arthur/he toldy the kynge andy the quene andy al the felauship of the roundy table what sir Boors hady saidy of syre Launcelot/Thenne sire Gawayne sire Owayne/syr Sagramor le desyrus/syr Agloualle/ andy syre Percyuale de galys woke Vpon them by the grete desyre of kynge Arthur/andy in especi= al by the quene to seke thorou out all Englond walys & Scot landy to fynde sire launcelot/andy with hem rode eyghten kn = yghtes moo to kepe them felauship/andy wete ye wel/they lac= kedy no maner of spendyng/andy soo were they thre and elwen ty knyghtes/ ¶ Nowe torne we to syre Launcelot/ andy speke we of his care andy woo/andy what payne he there endured/for coldy/honger andy thurste he hady plente/ ¶ And thus as these noble knyghtes rode to gyders/ they by one assente departedy/& thenne they rode by elwo/by thre/and by foure/andy by fyue/& euer they assignedy where they sholdy mete/Andy soo sir Aglo = uale andy syr Percyuale rode to gyders Vnto theyr moder that was a quene in tho dayes/ Andy whanne she salwe her elwo so= nes/for Joye she wepte tendyrly/Andy thenne she saydy/ A my dere sones/whanne your fader was slayne/ he lefte me iiij so = nes/of the whiche nowe be elweyn slayne/ Andy for the dethe of my noble sone syre Lamorak shalle my herte neuer be glade/ Andy thenne she kneledy doune Vpon her knees to fore Aglo = uale andy sir Percyuale/andy besoughte them to abyde at home with her/A swete moder saidy syr Percyuale we may not/ For we be come of kynges bloody of bothe partyes/andy therfor mo= der it is our kynde to haunte armes andy noble dedes/ Allas

my ſwete ſones thenne ſhe ſayd . for your ſakes I ſhalle leſe my lyklynge and luſt/and thenne wynde and weder I may not endure/what for the dethe of your faxer kynge Hellenore that was ſhamefully ſlayne by the handes of ſyr Galvayne / and his broder ſyre Gaherys / and they ſelve hym not manly but by treaſon/A my dere ſones this is a pytous complaynte for me of your faders dethe/conſyderynge alſo the dethe of ſire Lamorak that of knyzthode had but felve felawee/ Nold my dere ſones haue this in your mynde/Thenne there was but wepynge and ſobbynge in the Courte whanne they ſholde departe/and ſhe felle in ſwounynge in mydes of the Courte/

¶Capitulum vj

AND whanne ſhe was awaked / ſhe ſente a ſquyer after them with ſpendynge ynough / And ſoo whanne the ſquyer had ouertake them/ they wold not ſuffre hym to ryde with hem/but ſente hym home ageyne to comforte theyr moder/ prayenge her mekely of her bleſſynge/And ſo this ſquyer was kenyghted / and by myſfortune he happend to come to a caſtel where dwelled a Baroune/¶And ſo whanne the ſquyer was come in to the caſtel / the lord aſked hym / from whens he came/and whome he ſerued/ my lord ſayd the ſquyer I ſerue a good knyght that is called ſire Agloualе / the ſquyer ſaid it to good entente/wenynge vnto hym to haue ben more forborne for ſyr Aglouales ſake/than he had ſaid he had ſerued the quene Aglouales moder / wel my felawe ſaid the lord of that Caſtel/for ſyre Aglouales ſake thou ſhalt haue euyl lodgynge/for ſir Agloualе ſlewe my broder / and therfor thou ſhalt dye on party of payement/¶And thenne that lord commaunded his men to haue hym alweye and ſlee hym/ and ſoo they dyd / and ſoo pulled hym oute of the caſtel / and there they ſlewe hym without mercy/¶Ryght ſo on the morne came ſire Agloualе and ſire Percyuale rydynge by a chirche yerd where men and wymmen were bery/ and beheld the dede ſquyer/and they thought to berye hym/what is there ſaid ſir Agloualе/that ye behold ſoo faſt/A good man ſtarte forthe /

and̄ saidꝫ/sayre knyghte here lyeth a squyer slayne shamefulꝫ ly this nyght/Holde was he slayne fayr felalde saidꝫ sir Agꝫ louale/my fayr syr saidꝫ the manꝫ/the lordꝫ of this castel lodged this squyer this nyght / and̄ by cause he saidꝫ he was seruaunt vnto a goodꝫ knyghte that is with kynge Arthur / his name is syr Agglouale/therfor the lordꝫ commaundedꝫ to slee hym/ & for this cause is he slayne/Gramercy saidꝫ syr Agglouale / andꝫ ye shalle see his dethe reuengedꝫ lyghtely/for I am that same knyght for whome this squyer Was slayne/Thenne sir Agglꝫ uale calledꝫ vnto hym syr Percyuale/ andꝫ badꝫ hym alyghte lyghtely/ andꝫ soo they alyghte bothe/andꝫ betoke theire horses to their menꝫ/ andꝫ soo they yede on foote in to the Castel/Andꝫ also soone as they were within the castel gate/ syre Agglouale badꝫ the porter goo tholde vnto thy lordꝫ andꝫ telle hym/that I am syr Agglouale for whome this squyer was slayne this nyzt Anone the porter toldꝫ this to his lordꝫ whos name was Godꝫ wyn/anone he armedꝫ hym/andꝫ thenne he came in to the court andꝫ saidꝫ whiche of yolde is sir Agglouale/here I am saidꝫ Agꝫ glouale / for what cause slelveste tholde this nyghte my moders squyer/I slelve hym saidꝫ syr Goodꝫwyn by cause of the / For tholde slelveste my broder syr Gawdelyn/As for thy broder sayd syr Agglouale I auolde hit/I slelve hym / for he was a fals knyghte andꝫ a bitrayer of ladyes andꝫ of goodꝫ knyghtes/ & for the dethe of my squyer tholde shalt dye/ I defye the said sir Goodꝫwyn/thenne they lasshedꝫ to gyders as egerly as hit had ben two lyons/andꝫ syr Percyuale he fought with alle the reꝫ menaunt that wolde fyghte/Andꝫ within a Whyle syr Percyꝫ uale hadꝫ slayne alle that wolde withstande hym/For syr perꝫ cyuale delt soo his strokes that were soo rude that there durste no manꝫ abyde hym / Andꝫ within a whyle sir Agglouale hadꝫ sir Goodꝫwyn at the erthe/andꝫ there he vnlacedꝫ his helme / & strake of his hede/ andꝫ thenne they departedꝫ andꝫ took theyre horses/andꝫ thenne they lete cary the dede squyer vnto a pryoꝫ ry/andꝫ there they enteredꝫ hym /

¶ Capitulum xii

Andꝫ whanne this was done/they rode in to many countreyes euer enquyryng after syr Launcelot/ but neuer

they coude here of hym/ and at the laste they came to a Castell that hyghte Cardycan/and there syre Percyuale and sire agrouale were lodged to gyders/and pryuely aboute mydnyzt sir Percyuale came to agrouals squyer/ and sayd aryse & make the redy/for ye and I wylle ryde alwey secretly/Sir saidy the squyer I wold ful fayne ryde with yow where ye wold haue me/but and my lord your broder take me / he wille slee me/as for that care I not/for I shalle be thy warraunt/ & soo syr Percyual wode tyl it was after none / and thenne he came vpon a brydge of stone/and there he fond a knyght that was bounden with a chayne faste aboute the wast vnto a pyller of stone / O fayre knyghte saidy that bounden knyghte/I requyre the lose me of my boundes/ what knyghte are ye saydy syr Percyuale/and for what cause are ye soo bounden/ Syre I shalle telle yow saidy that knyght I am a knyzte of the table round/and my name is syre Persydes/and thus by aduenture I came this waye/and here I lodged in this castel at the brydge foote/and therin dwelleth an vncurtois lady/ and by cause she profered me to be her paramour/and I refused her / she sette her men vpon me sodenly or euer I myghte come to my wepen and thus they bonde me/and here I wote wel I shal dye but yf somme man of worshipe breke my bandes / Be ye of good chere said syr Percyuale/and by cause ye are a knyghte of the round table as wel as I/I trust to gody to breke youre bandes/andy there with syr Percyuale pulledy out his swerd and strake at the chayne with suche a myght that he cutte a two the chayne/andy thoru syr Percydes hauberk andy hurte hym a lytel/O Jhesu said sir Persides that was a myghty strokke as euer I felt one/for had not the chayne be/ye hadde slayn me/& there with al sire Persydes salue a knyghte comyng oute of a Castel al that euer he myghte flynge/ Belwarre syr saide syre Percydes yonder cometh a man that wille haue ado with you Lete hym come said syre Percyuale/ and so he mette with that knyghte in mydes of the brydge/ and sire percyuale gaf hym suche a buffet that he smote hym quyte from his hors / & ouer a parte of the brydge that had not ben a lytil besse vndr the brydge/that knyghte had ben drouned/and thēne sire percyual toke the knyghtes hors and made sire percydes to mounte vp

hym/and̄ soo they rode vnto the castel/ and̄ bad the lady delyuer syre Persydes seruaunts/ or els he wold̄ slee alle that euer he fonde/and̄ soo for feue she delyuerd̄ them alle / Thenne was syr Percyuale ware of a lady that stode in that wure / A madame sayd̄ syre Percyuale what vse and̄ customme is that in a lady to destroye good̄ knyghtes/but yf they wylle be your paramour/for sothe this is a shameful customme of a lady/And̄ yf I had̄ not a gwte mater in my hand̄ / I shold̄ fordoo your euylle custommes/and̄ soo syr Percydes brouzte syr percyuale vnto his owne castel/and there he made hym gwte chere alle that nyghte/ And̄ on the morne whanne syr percyuale had̄ herd̄ masse/and̄ broken his fast/ he bade syr persydes ryde vnto kynge Arthur/and̄ telle the kynge how that ye mette with me / and̄ telle my broder syre Agwuale how I recommend̄ me vnto yow/and̄ bydde hym seke not after me / for I am in the queste to seke sir launcelot du lake/ And though he seke me he shalle not fynde me/and̄ telle hym I wille neuer see hym nor the courte tyl I haue fond̄ syre Launcelot / Also telle sir kay the Seneschal and̄ to syr Mordred̄ that I truste to Ihesu to be of as gwte worthynes as eyther of them/for telle them I shal neuer forgete theire mockes and̄ scornes that they did to me that day that I was made knyghte/ And̄ telle them I wil neuer see that Courte tyl men̄ speke more worshipe of me than euer men̄ dyd̄ of ony of them bothe/ And̄ soo syre percydes departed̄ from syr percyuale/and̄ thenne he rode vnto kyng Arthur/and̄ told̄ there of sire percyuale/ And̄ whan sire Agwuale herd̄ hym speke of his broder syr percyuale/ he sayd̄/he departed̄ from me vnkyndely/

Capitulum viij

Syr sayd̄ syre percydes on my lyf he shalle preue a noble knyghte as ony now is lyuynge/ And̄ whanne he salue sire kay and̄ syr Mordred̄/syr percydes said̄ thus / My fayre lordes bothe syr percyuale gretith yow wel bothe / and̄ he sente you word̄ by me that he trusteth to god̄ or euer he come to the courte ageyne to be of as grete noblesse as euer were ye bothe and̄ mo men̄ to speke of his noblesse than euer they did

yow/hit maye wel be sayd syr kay and syre Mordred/but at that tyme whanne he was made knyghte/ he was ful vnlyke to preue a good knyght/ As for that sayd kynge Arthur / he must nedes preue a good knyghte/for his fader and his bre thewen were noble knyghtes/ And nolw wille we wurne vnto syr Percyuale that wde longe/ and in a forest he mette a knyghte with a broken shelde and a broken helme/ and as soone as eyther salwe other wdyly they made them redy to juste/and soo hurtedly to gyders with alle the myghte of theyr horses/& they to gyders soo hardy that syre Percyuale was smyten to the erthe/and thenne syr Percyuale arose lyghtely/and caste his shelde on his sholder and drelwe his slwerdy/and badde the other knyghte alyghte and doo we batаille vnto the vttermest Wylle ye more sayd that knyghte/and there with he alyghte/ and putte his hors fro hym/ and thenne they came to gyders an esy pas / and there they lasshedy to gyder with noble stuerdes/and somtyme they stroke/and somtyme they foynedy/ and eyther gaf other many grete wounes/Thus they fought nere half a daye/and neuer restedy but ryghte lytel/ and there was none of them both that hady lasse wounes than yb/and they bledde soo mocke that it was merueyl they stode on their feete/ But this knyghte that foughte with syre Percyuale was a prouedy knyghte and a wyse fyghtynge knyghte / and syre percyuale was yonge and stronge not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was/Thenne sir percyuale spake fyrste and sayd syre knyghte holdy thy handy a whyle stille/for we haue fouzhty for a symple mater and quarel ouer longe/and therfor I requyre the telle me thy name | for I was neuer or this tyme matchedy/Soo godi me help sayd that knyghte / and neuer or this tyme was there neuer knyght that wounded me soo sore/ as thow hast done/and yet haue I foughten in many batails and nolw shalt thow wete that I am a knyghte of the table roundy / and my name is syr Ector de marys broder vnto the good knyghte syr launcelot du lake/ Allas sayd syr percyual and my name is syre percyuale de galys that hath maade my queste to seke syr launcelot/ and nolw I am seker that I shall neuer fynysshe my queste/for ye haue slayne me with your han des/It is not soo sayd sire Ector / for I am slayne by youre

handes/ and maye n lyuoke/ therfor I requyre yolb sayd sire Ector vnto syr Percyuale ryde ye here by to a pryory/ & bryn= ge me a preest that I may receyue my saueour/for I may not lyue/ And whanne ye come to the courte of Kynge Arthur / telle not my broder sire launcelot holb that ye sleibe me / For thenne he wolde be your mortal enemy/ But ye may say that I was slayne in my queste as I soughte hym/ Allas said sire Percyuale ye saye that thynge that neuer wille be / for I am soo faynte for bledynge that I maye vnnethe stande/ how shold I thenne take my hors/

Capitulum viiij

THenne they made bothe grete dole oute of mesure / this wille not auayle said sire Percyuale / And thenne he kneled doune and made his prayer deuoutely vnto al myghty Jhesu/ for he was one of the best knyghtes of the worlde that at that tyme was/ in whome the veray feythe stode moost in

RYght soo there came by/ the holy vessel of the Sancgreal with alle maner of swetnes and sauour/ but they oude not re= dyly see who that bare that vessel/ but syre Percyuale hadde a glemerynge of the vessel and of the mayden that bare hit/ for he was a parfyte clene mayden / and forth with al they bothe were as hole of hyde and lymme as euer they were in theire lyf dayes/ thenne they gaf thankynges to god with grete myl deneſſe/ O Jhesu said syr Percyuale what may this meane / that we be thus heled/ and ryghte nolb we were at the poynt of dyenge/ I wote ful wel said sire Ector what it is / It is an holy vessel that is borne by a mayden / and therin is parte of the hooly blood of oure lord Jhesu crist blessid mote he be But it may not be sone said syr Ector / but yf hit be by a par= fyte man/ Soo god me help said syr Percyuale I salve a da moysel as me thoughte alle in white with a vessel in both her handes/ and forth with al I was hole/ Soo thenne they toke their horses and their harneis and amended theire harneis as wel as they myghte that was broken/ and soo they mountid vpon theyr horses/ and rode talkynge to gyders/ And there sir Ector de marys told sire Percyuale how he hadde soughte his

brodr syr launcelot longe/ and neuer wolde here wetynge of hym/ in many straunge aduentures haue I ben in this queste And soo eyther wold other of their aduentures/

¶ Here endeth the enleuenth booke/ ¶ And here followeth the twelfth booke

¶ Capitulum primum/

AND nolw leue we of a whyle of syr Ector and of syre Percyuale/ and speke we of sir launcelot that suffred and endured many sharp shoures that euer ranne weylde wood from place to place and lyued by fruyt/ and suche as he myght gete/ and dranke water two yere/ and other clothyng had he but lytel/ but his sherte and his brech/ ¶ Thus as sir launcelot wandred here and there/ he came in a fayre medowe where he fond a pauelione/ and there by vpon a tree there henge a whyte shelde / and two swerdes henge there by and two speres lened there by a tree/ ¶ And whanne syr launcelot salwe the swerdes/ anone he lepte to the one swerd and toke hit in his hand and drewe hit oute / And thenne he lasshed at the shyld that alle the medowe range of the dyntes/ that he gaf suche a noyse as ten knyghtes had fought to gyders/ Thenne came forthe a dwerf and lepte vnto syr launcelot/ and wold haue had the swerd oute of his hand/ and thenne syre launcelot took hym by the bothe sholders and threwe hym to the grounde vpon his neck that he had al moost broken his neck/ and there with alle the dwerf cryed helpe/ Thenne came forth a lykely knyght and wel apparayled in scarlet furred with myneuer/ And anone as he salwe syr launcelot/ he demed that he sholde be oute of his wyte/ And thenne he said with fayre speche good man leye doune that swerd/ for as me semeth/ thou hadest more nede of slepe and of warme clothes/ than to welde that swerd/ As for that said syr Launcelot come not to nyghe for and thou doo wete thou wel I wille slee the/ And when

the knyght of the pauelione salve that he starte bakward with in the pauelione/ And thenne the dwerf armed hym lyghtly and soo the knyght thought by force and myght to take the swerd from syr launcelot/and soo he came steppynge oute/and wha̅ne syr launcelot salve hym come so alle armed with hys swerd in his hand/ Thenne sire launcelot flewe to hym with suche a myght and hytte hym vpon the helme suche a buffet/ that the stroke troubled his braynes/and there with the swerd brak in thre/And the knyght felle to the erthe as he hadde ben dede/the blood brastynge oute of his mouthe/the nose/ and the eres/ And thenne syr launcelot ranne in to the pauelione and rasshed euen in to the warme bedde / and there was a lady in that bedde/and she gat her smock/and ranne oute of the pauelione/ And wha̅nne she salve her lord lye at the ground lyke to be dede / thenne she cryed and wepte as she had ben madde / Thenne with her noyse the knyght awaked out of his swoun and loked vp wekely with his eyen/and thenne he asked her where was that madde man that had gyuen hym suche a buffet/for suche a buffet had I neuer of mans hand / Sir sayd the dwerf it is not worship to hurte hym for he is a man oute of his wytte / and doubte ye not he hath ben a man of grete worshyp/and for somme hertely sorowe that he hath taken he is fallen madde / and me thesemeth sayd the dwerfe he resembleth moche vnto sir Launcelot/for hym I salve at the grete turnement be syde Lonezep/ Jhesu defende sayd that knyghte that euer that noble knyght syre Launcelot sholde be in suche a plyte/but what someuer he be sayd that knyghte / harme wille I none doo hym/and this knyghtes name was Blyaunt/
Thenne he sayd vnto the dwerf/goo thowe fast on horsback vnto my broder syr Selyuaunt/that isatthe Castel blank/& telle hym of myn aduenture / and bydde hym brynge with hym an hors lytter / and thenne wille we lede this knyghte vnto my Castel/

Capitulum ij

SOo the dwerf wode fast/and he came ageyne /and brought syr Selyuaunt with hym/and syre men with

an hors lytter/and̄ soo they wok vp the fether bedde with syr launcelot/and̄ soo caryed̄ alle alwey with hem vnto the Castel Blank/and̄ he neuer awaked̄ tyl he was within the Castel/ And̄ thenne they bounde his handes & his feet/and̄ gafe hym good̄ metes and̄ good̄ drynkes / and̄ broughte hym agey ne to his strengthe and his fayrnesse/but in his wyttes they cou; de not bringe hym agayn /nor to knolwe hym self/ Thus was syr launcelot there more than a yere and̄ an half honestly ara yed̄ and̄ fayre farne with alle/ Thenne vpon a day this Lord̄ of that Castel syr Blyaunt took his armes on horsback with a spere to seke aduentures/ And̄ as he rode in a forest ther met hym two knyghtes aduenturous/the one was Bruse saunce pyte/and his broder syr Bertelot/& these two ranne both atw; nes vpon syr Blyaunt/and brake their speres vpon his body And̄ thenne they drewe oute swerdes & made grete batail/ & fought long to gyders/ But at the last syr Blyaunt was so; re wounded̄/and felte hym self faynte/and thenne he fled̄ on horsback towardes his castel/ And as they cam hurlyng vnder the Castel where as sir launcelot lay in a wyndowe/& salwe how two knyghtes laȳd vpon syr Blyaunt with their swerdes / And̄ wh̄anne sir launcelot salwe that yet as woode as he was he was sory for his lord syr Blyaunt/ And̄ thenne sir laun; celot brake the chaynes fro his legges and̄ of his armes / & in the breklyng he hurte his handes sore/& so sir launcelot ran̄ out at a posterne/and̄ there he mett with the two knyghtes that chaced sir Blyaunt/& there he pulled̄ doun sir Bertelot with his bare handes from his hors/ & there with all he wrothe hys swerd out of his hand̄/& so he lepte vnto syr Bruse/& gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the hede that he tumbled̄ bakward ouer his hors croupe/And wh̄an sir Bertelet salwe there his broder ha; ue suche a falle/he gat a spere in his hand̄/ & wold haue wonne syr launcelot thurgh/that salwe sir Blyaunt / and̄ strake of the hand̄ of syr Bertelot/And̄ thenne syr bruse and̄ sir ber; telot gat theyr hors̄es and̄ fled̄ alway/ wh̄an syre Selyauaut came and̄ salwe what syr launcelot had̄ done for his brother / thenne he thanked̄ god̄ and̄ so dyd̄ his broder that euer they dyd̄ hym ony good̄

¶ But wh̄anne sire Blyaunt salwe that syr launcelot was hurte with the brekyng

of his ȳwons/thēne was he heuy that euer he sounde hym/bynde hym no moze said syr Selyuaunt/ foz he is happy & gracyous Thenne they made grete Joye of syr launcelot/and they sounde hym no moze/& soo he abode there an half yere and more/and on the morne erly syr launcelot was ware where came a grete bore with many houndes nyghe hym/But the bore was so byg ther myghte no houndes fere hym/and the hunters came after blowyng their hornes bothe vpon horsback & some vpon foote/& thenne sir launcelot was ware where one alyght and tyed his hors to a tree.and leneth his spere ageynste the tree /

Capitulum iij

SOo came syr launcelot and fonde the hors sounden tyl a tree/& a spere lenyng ageynst a tree/ & a swerd & gyed to the sadel bowe/ & thenne sir launcelot lepte in to the sadel & gat that spere in his hande/& thenne he rode after the bore/& thenne syre laūcelot was ware where the bore set his ars to a tree fast by an hermytage/Thenne sir launcelot ranne atte bore with his spere/& ther with the bore wrned hym nemly | & rafe out the longes & the hert of the hors so that launcelot felle to the erthe/& or euer sire launcelot myzt gete from the hors / the bore rafe hym on the braune of the thyz vp to the hough bone/and thenne sir launcelot was wrothe/ & vp he gat vpon his feet/& drewe his swerd/& he smote of the bores hede at one stroke/& there with all came out the heremyte/& salue hym haue suche a wound/thenne the heremyte came to sir launcelot and bemoned hym/and wold haue had hym home vnto his hermytage/but whan syr launcelot herd hym speke/he was so wroth with his wound that he ranne vpon the heremyte to haue slayne hym/& the heremyte ranne awey/& whan sir laūcelot myght not ouer gete hym/he threwe his swerd after hym/ foz syr launcelot myght tho no ferther foz bledyng/thēne the heremyte wrned ageyn/& asked sir launcelot how he was hurte/ Fe; salue said sir launcelot this bore hath hetyn me sore/Thenne come me with me said the heremyte and I shalle hele yow / Goo thy wey saidy sir launcelot and dele not with me / Thenne the here; myte ranne his way/and there he mette with a good knyghte

with many men/Sir saidy the hermyte/here is fast by my pla-
ce the goodlyest man that euer I salve/ andy he is sore woun
dedy with a bowe/& yet he hath slayne the boze/But wel I wote
saydy the hermyte andy he be not holpen that goodly man shall
dye of that wounde / andy that were grete pyte / Thenne that
knyghte atte desyre of the hermyte gat a carte / andy in that
carte that knyghte putte the boze andy sir launcelot/ foz sir lau
celot was soo feble that they myghte ryght easyly deale with
hym/andy soo syr launcelot was brought vnto the hermytage
andy there the hermyte heledy hym of his woundy/But the her-
myte myghte not fynde syr launcelots sustenaunce/ and so he
enpayredy andy wayedy feble lothe of his body andy of his wyt
for the defaute of his sustenaunce/he wayed more wooder than
he was afore handy/ And thenne vpon a day syr launcelot ran
his waye in to the forest/andy by aduenture he came to the cy
te of Corbyn where dame Elayne was that bare Galahalt syr
Launcelots sone/andy soo whan he was entrydy in to the town
he ranne thurgh the Towne to the Castel/andy thenne alle the
yonge meny of that Cyte ranne after sir Launcelot / andy there
they thrwe turues at hym/andy gaf hym many sadde strokes/
Andy euer as syre launcelot myghte ouer wetche ony of them/
he threwe them soo that they wold neuer come in his handes no
more/foz of some he brake the legges & the armes/ & so fledde
in to the Castel/andy thenne came oute knyghtes andy squyers
andy resolvedy syr launcelot/ Andy whan they beheldy hym/ &
lokedy vpon his personi/they thought they salve neuer so goody
ly a many/And whan they salve so many Woundes vpon hym
alle they demedy that he hady ben a many of worship/ Andy then-
ne they ordeynedy hym clothes to his body / andy strawe vnder
nethe hym/and a lytel hous/And thene euery day they wold
throlve hym mete/andy sette hym drynke/but there was but fe
we woldy bryngе hym mete to his handes

Capitulum iiij

SOo it befelle that kynge Pelles hady a neueuve/his na
me was Castor/andy so he desyredy of the kyng to be ma
de knyghte/ & so atte requeste of this Castor the kynge

made hym knyghte at the feeſt of Candelmaſſe/ And whanne ſyr Caſtor was made knyghte/that ſame day he gaf many gownes/ And thenne ſir Caſtor ſente for the foole that was ſyr Launcelot/ And whenne he was come afore ſyr Caſtor/he gaf ſir Launcelot a Robe of ſcarlet and alle that longed vnto hym / And whanne ſyr launcelot was ſoo arayed lyke a knyghte he was the femelyeſt man in alle the Courte/ and none ſo well made/ So whanne he ſawe his tyme/he went in to the gardyn And there ſyre launcelot leid hym doune by a welle & ſlepte And ſoo at after none dame Elayne and her maydens came in to the gardyn to playe them/and as they romed vp & doun one of dame Elayns maydens aſpyed where laye a goodely man by the welle ſleppynge / and anone ſhewed hym to dame Elayne/Pees ſaid dame Elayne/and ſaye no word/ & thenne ſhe brought dame Elayne where he laye / And whan that ſhe beheld hym/anone ſhe felle in remembraunce of hym / and knewe hym verily for ſyr launcelot / and there with alle ſhe felle on wepyng ſoo hertely/that ſhe ſanke euen to the erthe / & whanne ſhe had thus wepte a grete whyle/thenne ſhe awoos & called her maydens and ſaid ſhe was ſeke/ And ſo ſhe yede out of the gardyn/ & ſhe wente ſtraygthe to her fader/ & there ſhe to ke hym a parte by her ſelf / and thenne ſhe ſaid O fader nowe haue I nede of your help/ and but yf that ye helpe me / fare wel my goody dayes for euer/ What is that doughter ſaid kyng Pelles/ Sir ſhe ſaid thus is it in your gardyn/ I went for to ſporte/and there by the welle I fonde ſyr Launcelot du lake ſleppyng/ I may not bileue that ſaid kyng Pelles/ſyre ſhe ſaid truly he is there/ & me ſemeth he ſhold be diſtracte oute of his witte/thenne hold yowe ſtille ſaid the kyng & lete me dele Thenne the kyng called to hym ſuche as he moſt truſted a/iiij/ perſons & dame Elayn his douzter/and whan they cam to the welle and beheld ſyr launcelot / anone dame Bryſen knewe hym/ Sire ſaide dame Bryſen we muſte be wyſe how we dele with hym/for this knyghte is oute of his mynde / & yf we awake hym rudely/what he wil doo we al knowe not/ But ye ſhal abyde/and I ſhalle throwe ſuche an enchauntement vpon hym/that he ſhal not awake within the ſpace of an howre / & ſo ſhe dyde

¶ Thenne within a lytel whyle after the

kyng commaundeth that all peple shold auoyde that none shold be in that way there as the kyng wold come/ & soo whan this was done/these four men and these ladyes layd hand on syr launcelot/and soo they bare hym in to a Toure/ and soo in to a chamber where was the holy Vessel of the Sangreal/ and by force syr launcelot was leid by that holy Vessel/ and there came an holy man and Vnhylled that Vessel/and soo by myracle and by Vertu of that holy Vessel syr launcelot was hole and recouerd/ And whanne that he was awaked/he grouned and syghed and complayned greetely / that he was passynge sore

Capitulum 6

And whanne sir launcelot salue kynge Pelles & Elayne/he wayted ashamed and said thus/O lord Ihesu how came I here / for godes sake my lord lete me wete how that I came here/Sir said dame Elayne in to thys Countrey ye am lyke a made man clene oute of your wytte And here haue ye ben kepte as a foole / and no creature here knelde what ye were Vntyl by fortune a mayden of myn broughte me Vnto yow where as ye lay slepynge by a welle/and anone as I Verely beheld yow/I knewe yow/ And thenne I told my fader/and so were ye broughte afore this holy Vessel And by the Vertu of it thus were ye helyd/O Ihesu mercy said sire launcelot yf this be sothe/how many there be that knowen of my woodenes / Soo god me help sayd Elayne no mo but my fader and I and dame Bryseu/Now for Crystes loue said sir Launcelot kepe hit in counceylle/ and lete noo man knowe hit in the world/for I am sore ashamed that I haue ben thus myscaryed/for I am banny ssshed oute of the Countrey of Logrys for euer that is for to saye the countrey of Englond/ And soo syr Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyghte or euer that he myghte stere for sorenes/ And thenne Vpon a day he sayd Vnto dame Elayne these wordes/lady Elayne for your sake I haue had moche trauaille care and anguyssshe/it nedeth not to reherse hit/ye knowe how/Not withstandyng I knowe wel I haue done foule to yow whan that I drewe my swerd to you to haue slayn you Vpon the morn whan I had layn with yow And alle was the cause that ye & dame Bryseu made me for

to lye by yow maulgre myn hede/and as ye saye that nyghte Galahalt your sone was begoten / that is trouthe sayd dame Elayne/ ¶ Nold wille ye for my loue said sire launcelot goo Vnto your fader and gete me a place of hym wherin I maye dwelle/ For in the Courte of kynge Arthur maye I neuer come/Syr said dame Elayne I wille lyue and dye with yow / and only for your sake/and yf my lyf myghte not anaile you and my dethe myghte auaile yow/ wete you wel I wold dye for your sake/ and I wille go to my fader/ and I am sure/ there is no thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shalle haue hit/And where ye be my lord syr Launcelot doubte ye not but I wille be with yow with alle the seruyse that I may do Soo forth with alle she wente to her fader/ and said syre / my lord syr launcelot desyreth to be here by yow in some Castel of yours/wel doughter said the kynge sythe hit is his desyre to abyde in these marches he shalle be in the Castel of Blyaunt/ and there shalle ye be with hym and twenty of the fayrest ladyes that ben in this countrey / and they shalle alle be of the grete blood/and ye shalle haue ten knyghtes with yow/ For doughter I wille that ye wete we alle ben honourd by the blood of sire launcelot

¶ Capitulum Bj

Thenne wente dame Elayne Vnto syr Launcelot & told hym alle how her fader had deuysed for hym and her/ Thenne cam the knyzt syr Castor that was neuewe Vnto kyng Pelles Vnto syr launcelot & asked hym what was his name Sir said syr launcelot my name is le cheualer malfet that is to say the knyzt that hath trespaced/Sir said sir Castor it may wel be so/but euer me semeth your name sholde be syr laũcelot du lake/for or now I haue sene yow/sir said launcelot ye are not as a gentyl knyzt/I put aas my name where syr laũcelot/ & that it lyste me not to discouer my name/what shold it greue you here to kepe my counceyl/& ye not hurte ther by / but wete thou wel & euer it lye in my power I shal greue yow & that I promyse you truly/Thenne sir Castor kneled doune and kesouzt sir laũcelot of mercy/ for I shal neuer lete what ye be whyle that ye be in these partyes/thenne sire launcelot pardonned hym/ ¶ And thenne after this kynge Pelles with

y knyghtes/ and dame Elayne/ and twenty ladyes wode vnto the Castel of Blyaunt that stood in an Iland enclosed in yron with a fayr water depe and large/ ¶ And whanne they were there/ syr launcelot lete calle hit the Joyous yle/ & there was he called none other wyse/ but Le cheualer malfet the knyghte that hath trespaced/ Thenne sire Launcelot lete make hym a shelde alle of Sabel/ and a quene crolvned in the myddes alle of syluer/ & a knyghte clene armed knelyng afore her and euery day ones for ony myrthes that alle the ladyes myght make hym / he wold ones euery day loke tolvard the realme of Logrys/ where kynge Arthur and Quene Gueneuer was And thenne wold he falle vpon a wepyng as his hert shold to braste/ Soo hit felle that tyme syr launcelot herd of a Justynge fast by his Castel within thre leghes thenne he called vnto hym a dwerf and he badde hym goo vnto that Justynge/ and or euer the knyghtes departe loke tholv make there a crye in herynge of alle the knyghtes/ that there is one knyghte in the Joyous yle that is the Castel of Blyaunt/ and saye his name is le cheualer malfet that wille Juste ageynste knyghtes that wille come/ And lvho that putteth that knyghte to the lverse / shalle haue a fayr mayde and a Jerfaucon/

Capitulum septimum/

SOo whanne this crye was made/ vnto Joyous yle there lvere knyghtes to the nomber of fyue honderd/ and vvete ye lvel there was neuer sene in Arthurs dayes one knyght that dyd soo moche dedes of armes as syre launcelot dyd three dayes to gyders/ For as the booke maketh truly mencyon / he had the better of all the fyue honderd knyghtes/ and ther was not one slayne of them/ And after that syr launcelot maade them alle a grete feest/ and in the meane whyle came syr Percyual de galys & syr Ector de marys vnder that Castel / that was called the Joyous yle/ And as they beheld that gay castel/ they wold haue gone to that Castel/ but they myghte not for the brode water/ and brydge coude they fynde none/ Thenne they salve on the other syde a lady with a sperhauk on her hād

and ſir Percyual called vnto her/and aſked that lady who was in that Caſtel/ Fair knyghtes ſhe ſaid / here within thys caſtel is the fayreſt lady in this land/and her name is Elayne/ Alſo we haue in this Caſtel the fayreſt knyghte and the myghtyeſt man that is I dar saye lyuynge/and he called hymſelf le cheualer mal fett/how came he in to theſe marches ſayd ſyr Percyuale/Truly ſaid the damoyſel/he came in to this countrey lyke a madde man with dogges and boyes chacyng hym thorou the Cyte of Corbyn/and by the holy Veſſel of the Sanke greal he was broughte in to his vyttle ageyne/but he will not doo batail with noo knyghte/ but by vndorne or by none/ And yf ye lyſte to come in to the caſtel ſayd the lady ye muſte ryde vnto the ferther ſyde of the caſtel/and there ſhalle ye fynde a Veſſel that wille here yow and your hors / Thenne they departed/and came vnto the Veſſel/ And thenne ſyre Percyuale alyghte/and ſayd to ſire Ector de marys / ye ſhalle abyde me here vntyl that I Wete what maner a knyghte he is/ For it were ſhame vnto vs in as moche as he is but one knyghte / & We ſholde both doo batail with hym/doo ye as ye lyſte ſaid ſire Ector/and here I ſhalle abyde yow vntyl that I here of yow Thenne paſſed ſire Percyual the Water/ And whanne he cam to the Caſtel gate/he bad the porter goo tholde to the good knyghte within the Caſtel/and telle hym/here is come an erraūt knyghte to Juſte with hym/Sir ſaid the porter ryde ye within the Caſtel/and there is a comyn place for Juſtynge that lordes and ladyes maye beholde yow/So anone ae ſyr launcelot had warnynge/he was ſoone redy/and there ſyr Percyual and ſir launcelot encountred with ſuche a myghte / and theire ſperes were ſoo rude that both the horſes and the knyghtes felle to the erthe/Thenne they auoyded their horſes/and ſlange oute no ſkle ſwerdes/ & ſkelde albey cantels of theire ſheldes/ & hurtled to gyder with their ſheldes lyke two bores/and eyther wounded other paſſynge ſore/ At the laſt ſyr Percyual ſpake fyrſt whanne they had foughten there more than two houres/ Fair knyghte ſaid ſyre Percyuale I requyre the telle me thy name for I mette neuer with ſuche a knyghte/ Sir ſaid ſyr launcelot my name is le cheueler mal fet/ Now telle me youre name ſaide ſyre Launcelot I requyre yow gentyl knyghte

Truly saidȝ sire Percyual my name is syr Percyual de galis that was broder vnto the goodȝ knyghte syr Lamorak de ga=lys/andȝ kynge Pellenore was oure fader/andȝ syr Agloual is my broder / Allas saidȝ sire launcelot what haue I done to fyghte with yow that art a knyghte of the table roundȝ / that somtyme was your felawe

¶ Capitulum viij

AAndȝ there with alle syre launcelot kneledȝ doune vponȝ his knees andȝ threlve alwey his shyldȝ andȝ his swerd fromȝ hym/ Whanne sire Percyual salve hym doo so/he merueyȝ ledȝ what he menedȝ / Andȝ thenne thus he saidȝ/ syre knyghte what someuer thow be / I requyre the vponȝ the hyghe ordir of knyghthode telle me thy true name/ Thenne he saidȝ so godȝ me helpe my name is syre launcelot du lake kynge Bans sone of Benoy/ Allas saidȝ syr Percyual what haue I done I was sente by the Quene for to seke yow / andȝ soo I haue soughte yow nygh this twyo yere / andȝ yonder is syre Ector de marys your broder abydeth me onȝ the other syde of the yonder watter/ Now for godes sake said sire Percyual forgyue me mynȝ of=fencys that I haue here done/ hit is soone forgyuen saidȝ syre launcelot/ Thenne syre Percyual sente for syr Ector de marys Andȝ whanne syr launcelot hadȝ a syghte of hym/he ranne vn to hym andȝ took hym in his armes/and thēne syr Ector kne ledȝ doune/andȝ eyther wepte vponȝ other that alle hadȝ pyte to beholde them/ Thenne came dame Elayne/ andȝ she there maade them grete chere as myghte lye in her power/and there she toldȝ syr Ector andȝ syr Percyual how and in what maner sir lau=uncelot came in to that countrey/ And how he was keledȝ/ andȝ there hit was knowen how longe syr launcelot was with syre Blyaunt and with syr Selyuaunt/ and how he fyrste mette with them/and how he departed fromȝ them by cause of a boze / and how the heremyte keledȝ syre launcelot of his grete woūdȝ and how that he came to Corbynȝ/

¶ Capitulum ix

Nolv leue we sire launcelot in the Joyous yle with the lady dame Elayne and syr Percyual and sir Ector playenge with hem / and torne we to syr Boors de ganys and sire Lyonel that had sought sire launcelot nygh by the space of two yere / and neuer coude they here of hym / & as they thus rode / by aduenture they cam to the hous of Brandegore / and there syr Boors was wel knowen / for he had geten a child vpon the kynges doughter fyften yere to forne / & his name was Helyn le blank / And whanne syre Boors salve that child hit lyked hym passynge wel / And so tho knyghtes had good chere of the kynge Brandegore / ¶ And on the morne syre Boors came afore kynge Brandegore and said Here is my sone Helyn le blanck / that as it is sayd he is my sone / And sythe hit is soo / I wille that ye wete that I wil shue hym with me vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / Sir sayd the kynge / ye maye wel take hym With you / but he is ouer tender of age / As for that sayd syre Boors I wille haue hym with me / and bringe hym to the holds of most worship of the world / Soo whanne syre Boors shold departe / there was made grete sorowe for the departynge of Helyn le blanck / and grete weppynge was there made / But sire Boors and syr Lyonel departed / And within a whyle they came to Camelot / where was kynge Arthur / And whanne kynge Arthur vnderstood that Helyn le blank was kynge Boors sone / and neuelve vnto kynge Brandegore / Thenne kynge Arthur lete hym make knyghte of the round table / and soo he preued a good knyght / and an aduenturous / ¶ Nolv wille we torne to our matter of sire launcelot / Hit befelle vpon a day syr Ector and syr Percyual cam to syr Launcelot and asked hym what he wold do / and whether he wold goo with them vnto kynge Arthur or not / Nay sayd syr Lañcelot that may not be by no meane / for I was so benetreted at the Courte that I cast me neuer to come there more / Sir said syr Ector I am youre broder and ye are the man in the world that I loue moost / And yf I vnderstode that it were your disworship / ye may vnderstande I wold neuer counceyle yolv ther to / but kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes / and in especial Quene Gueneuer maade suche dole and sorolve that hit was merueyle to here and see

And ye muste remembre the grete worship and renoume that ye be of/how that ye haue ben more spoken of than ony other knyghte that is now lyuynge/ for there is none that berth the name now but ye and syr Tristram/ therfore broder sayd syre Ector make yow redy to ryde to the Courte with vs/and I dar say/there was neuer knyghte better welcome to the court than ye/and I wote wel and can make it good sayd syr Ector it hath coste my lady the Quene twenty thowsand pound the se kynge of yow/wel broder saide sire launcelot I wil doo after your counceil and ryde with yow/Soo thenne they took their horses and made them redy and took their leue at kyng Pelles and at dame Elayne/And whanne syre launcelot sholde departe/dame Elayne made grete sorowe/My lord syr Launce lot sayd dame Elayne at this same feest of Pentecost shall your sone and myn Galahalt be made knyghte / for he is fully now yo winter old/doo as ye lyst sayd sir Launcelot/god gyue hym grace to preue a good knyghte/As for that sayd dame Elayne I doubte not he shal preue the best man of his kyn excepte one/thenne shalle he be a man good ynough sayd syre launcelot/

Capitulum y

Thenne they departed/and within fyue dayes journey they came to Camelot/that is called in Englysshe wyn chester/And whanne syre launcelot was come among them/the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete Joye of hym And there syre Percyual de galys and sire Ector de marys beganne and told the hole aduentures that syre launcelot had ben out of his mynde the tyme of his absence/and how he cal led hym self le cheueler malefet/the knyzt that hath trespaced And in thre dayes sir launcelot smote doun fyue hondred kn yghtes/And euer as sire Ector and sire Percyual told these tales of syre launcelot quene Gueneuer wepte as she sholde haue dyed/Thenne the quene made grete chere / O Jhesu sayd kynge Arthur I merueyle for what cause ye syre launcelot wente out of your mynde/I and many other dme it was for the loue of fayre Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles / by

whome ye ar noysed that ye haue gotten a child/ & his name is Galaahalt/and men saye/he shalle doo merueylles/My lorde sayde syr launcelot yf I dyde ony fely/ I haue that I souzt and there with alle the kynge spak no moze/ But alle sire launcelots kynne knelve for whome he wente oute of his mynde/ And thenne there were grete feestes made and grete Joye/ & many grete lordes and ladyes whanne they herde that sir launcelot was come to the Courte ageyne they made grete ioye

Capitulum xj

NOw wille we leue of this mater and speke we of sire Tristram/and of syr Palomydes that was the Sara ; syn Vncrystenedy/ whanne syr Tristram was come hoy me vnto Joyous gardy from his aduentures/ Alle this whyle that syr launcelot was thus myst two yere and moze / syre Tristram hare the wnomme thurgh alle the realme of Logrys and many straunge aduentures befolle hym and ful wel and manly and worshipfully he broughte hem to an ende/ So whanne he was come home la Beale Isoudy told hym of the grete feest that sholdy be at Pentecost next folowyng/ and there she told hym how sir launcelot hady ben myst two yere/and al that whyle he hady ben oute of his mynde/ and how he was holpen by the holy Vessel the Sancgreal/ Allas saidy syr Tristram that causedy some debate betwixe hym and Quene Gueneuer ? Syr saidy dame Isoud I knowe hit alle/for quene Gweneuer sente me a letter in the whiche she wrote me alle how hit was for to requyre yow to seke hym/and now blessidy be gody said la Beale Isoudy he is hole and soundy and come ageyne to the Courte/therof am I glady saidy syr Tristram and now shal ye and I make vs redy/for both ye and I wille be atte feest Sir saidy Isoud and hit plese yow I wille not be there/ for thorugh me ye be markedy of many goody knyghtes/ and that causedy yow to haue mocke moze labour for my sake than ne ; dethy yow/Thenne wille I not be there saidy syr Tristram ; but yf ye be there / gody defende saidy la beale Isoudy / for thenne shal I be spokey of shame amonge alle Quenes and ladyes

of estate / for ye that ar called one of the noblest knyghtes of the worldꝫ/ and ye a knyght of the roundꝫ table/ how maye ye be myst at that feest/ what shalle be said amonge all knyghtes See how sire Tristram hunteth andꝫ hawketh & courteth with ꝫ in a Castel with his ladyꝫ/ andꝫ forsaketh your worshyp/ Al ꝫ las shalle some say hit is pyte that euer he was made knyght or that euer he sholdꝫ haue the loue of a ladyꝫ/ Also what shal Quenes andꝫ ladyes saye of me / hit is pyte that I haue my lyf that I wille holde soo noble a knyghte as ye ar from his worshipꝫ/ Soo godꝫ me helpe saidꝫ syre Tristram Vnto la Beale Isoudꝫ; hit is passynge Wel saydꝫ of yow andꝫ nobly counceyledꝫ/ andꝫ now I well Vnderstande that ye loue me/ andꝫ lyke as ye haue counceyledꝫ me I wille doo a parte there after / But there shalle no man norꝫ childe ryde with me/ but my self Andꝫ soo Wille I ryde onꝫ tewesdaye nexte comyng andꝫ no more harneis of werre but my spere andꝫ my swerdꝫ/

Capitulum xvij

And soo whanne the daye came/ syre Tristram toke his leue at la Beale Isoudꝫ/ andꝫ she sente with hym/ iiij knyghtes/ andꝫ within half a myle he sente them ageyne / andꝫ within a myle after sir Tristram salue afore hym where sir pa lompydes hadꝫ strykenꝫ doune a knyghte/ andꝫ al moost wounded hym to the dethe/ Thenne syr Tristram repentydꝫ hym / that he was not armedꝫ/ andꝫ thenne he houedꝫ stylle/ with that sir pa lompydes knewe syr Tristram and crydꝫ onꝫ hygh/ syr Tristram now be we mette/ forꝫ or we departe/ we wille redresse our oldꝫ sores/ As for that said sir Tristram there was yet neuer cristen man myghte make his boost that euer I fledde from hym/ and wete ye wel syr Palompydes thow that arte a sarasyn shal ne uer make thy boost that syr Tristram de lyones shalle flee from the/ Andꝫ there with syr Tristram made his horse to renne/ andꝫ with all his myghte he came streyghte Vponꝫ syr Palompydes/ & brasie his spere Vponꝫ hym anꝫ hondrd pyeces/ And forth with alle sir Tristram drewe his swerdꝫ/ Andꝫ thenne he tornedꝫ his hors & stroke at palompydes/ Vi/ grete strokes Vponꝫ his helme; & thenne sir Palompydes stode stylle/ andꝫ beheldꝫ syre Tristram/ &

merueyled of his Wodnes/and of his foly/And thenne sir palomydes sayd to hym self/and sir Tristram were armed / it were hard to seace hym of this batailke/and yf I torne age / yne and slee hym I am asshamed where someuer that I goo Thenne syr Tristram spake and said / ¶ Thow cowardy knyghte what casteste thow to doo/why wolt thow not doo ba / tailke with me/for haue thow noo doubte I shalke enduw alke thy malyce/A syr Tristram said Palomydes ful wel thou wo teste I maye not fyghte with the for shame/ for thow arte here naked and I am armed/And yf I slee the/dishonour shal be myn/and wel thow woteste said syr Palomydes to sir Tris / tram I knowe thy stwngthe and thy hardyneste to enduwe a / geynst a goody knyghte / That is trouthe said syr Tristram I Vnderstande thy Valyauntneste wel/ye saye wel said syr Palo mydes/Now I requyre yow telke me a questiony that I shalke saye to yow/Telke me what hit is said syr Tristram/ and I shalke answer yow the trouthe as god me helpe/ I putte caas said sir Palomydes that ye were armed at al ryghtes as wel as I am/and I naked as ye be what wold ye doo to me now by your true knyghthode/A said syr Tristram now I Vndr / stande the wel syr Palomydes/for now must I say myn owny Jugement/and as god me blysse that I shalke say / shal not be said for no fere that I haue of the/But this is alk wete sir Palomydes/as at this tyme thou sholdeste departe from me/for I wold not haue adoo with the/no more wil I said palomy des/ & therfor ryde forth on thy way/as for that I maye chese said sir Tristram outher to ryde or to abyde/ but sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I merueille of one thyng that thow that art soo goody a knyghte that thow wolt not be crystened / & thy broder syr Safere hath ben Crystened many a daye

¶Capitulum xiij

AS for that said sire Palomydes I may not yet be cri / stened/for one auolde that I haue made many yeres a gone/now be it in my herte I bileue in Jhesu crist & his mylde moder mary/but I haue but one batail to do/& whan that is do / ne I wil be baptysed with a goody wille

¶By my hede sayd Tristram as for one batailke thou shal not

seke it no lenger/ For gody defende said sir Tristram that thurz
my defaute thou sholdest lenger lyue thus a sarasyn/for yon
der is a knyghte that ye syre Palomydes haue hurte & smyten
doune/Now helpe me that I were armedy in his armour/ andy
I shalle soone fulfylle thyne auowes/ As ye wille saidy palo
mydes soo it shalle be/ Soo they rode bothe vnto that knyghte
that satte vpon a bankk/ andy thenne sir Tristram salewedy hym
andy he wekely salewedy hym ageyne/Sir knyzt saidy sir Tris
tram I requyre yolb telle me your ryghte name/Sir he saidy
my name is syr Gallewon of Galway andy knyghte of the ta
ble roundy/ Soo gody me help saidy sir Tristram I am ryghte
heuy of your hurtes/but this is alle I must praye yolb to le
ne me alle your hole armour/for ye see I am vnarmedy/and I
must doo batail with this knyght/ syr saidy the hurte knyghte
ye shalle haue hit with a goody will/ but ye muste kelware for
I warne yolb that knyghte is wyghte/ Syr saidy Galewon I
praye yolb telle me your name / andy what is that knyghtes
name y hath hetery me/Sir as for my name it is sir Tristram
de lyones/andy as for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you
is syr Palomydes broder to the goody knyghte syre Safere / &
yet is syr Palomydes vncrystenedy/Allas saidy syr Galleroy/
that is pyte that soo goody a knyghte andy soo noble a many of
armes sholdy be vncrystenedy/Soo gody me help saidy sir Tris
tram outher he shalle flee me or I hym / but that he shalle be
crystenedy/or euer we departe in sonder/My lordy syr Tristram
saidy sir Galewon/your renoume andy worship is wel knowen
thorou many reames/andy gody saue yolb this day from sens
hyp andy shame/Thenne syr Tristram vnarmedy Galewoy/ the
whiche was a noble knyghte/andy hady done many dedes of ar
mes/andy he was a large knyghte of flesshe andy boone / Andy
whan he was vnarmedy he stoody vpon his feet/for he was bry
sedy in the bak with a spere/yet soo as syr Galleroy myghte he
armedy syr Tristram/ Andy thenne syr Tristram mountedy vp
oy his owne hors andy in his handy he gat syr Gallerons spe
re/andy there with al syr palomydes was redy/ & soo they came
hurtlynge to gyders/and eyther smote other in mydes of the
yr sheldes/& there with al sir Palomydes spere brak/andy syre
Tristram smote doune the hors/ andy sir Palomydes as soone

as he myghte auoyde his hors/ & dressith his shelde / & pulled
oute his swerde/ that salve sir Tristram/ & there with al he alyght and tyed his hors tyl a tree

Capitulum xiiii

AND thenne they came to gyders as two wylde bores / lasshynge to gyders tracyng and trauercyng as noble men/ that ofte had ben wel prouedy in batail/ but euer syr Palomydes dredde the myghte of syre Tristram/ and therfor he suffred hym to brethe hym/ thus they fought more than two houres/ but ofter syr Tristram smote suche strokes at sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele / and syre Palomydes brake and cutte alwey many pyeces of sir Tristrams shelde/ & thenne sir Palomydes wounded sir Tristram for he was a wel fyghtynge man/ Thenne sire Tristram was woode wrothe oute of mesure and rasshed vpon syr Palomydes with suche a myghte that sire Palomydes felle grouelynge to the erthe/ & there with alle he lepte vp lyghtely vpon his feet/ and thenne syre Tristram wounded Palomydes sore thurgh the sholder/ & euer syr Tristram foughte stylle in lyke hardy/ and syr Palomydes fayled not but gaf hym many sadde strokes/ And ate laste syr Tristram doubled his strokes/ & by fortune syre Tristram smote syr Palomydes swerde oute of his handy/ & yf sir Palomydes hadde stouped for his swerd he hadde ben slayne/ Thenne Palomydes stode stylle and beheld his swerdy with a sorouful herte/ Holde nowe saidy syr Tristram vnto Palomydes/ nowe haue I the at auauntage as thow hadeste me this daye/ but it shalle neuer be saidy in no Courte nor among goody knyghtes that syr Tristram shalle slee ony knyghte that is wepenles/ & therfor take thowe thy swerdy/ & lete vs make an ende of thys batail/ As for to doo this batail saydy Palomydes I dar ryght wel ende hit/ but I haue no grete luste to fyghte no more/ and for this cause saidy Palomydes/ Myn offente to yowe is not soo grete/ but that we may be frendes/ Alle that I haue offendedy is and was for the loue of la Beale Isoudy/ And as for her/ I dar say she is pyerles aboue alle other ladyes / and also I

proferdy her neuer no dishonour/ andy by her I haue geten the moost parte of my Worshipe/ andy sythen I offendedy neuer as to her owne persone/ Andy as for the offence that I haue done/ it was ageynste your owne persone/ And for that offence ye haue gyuen me this day many sady strokes/ andy some I haue yeuen yow ageyne / andy now I dar say I felte neuer man of your myghte/ nor soo Wel bretheny/ but yf hit were syr launce / lot du lake/ wherfor I requyre yow my lordy / forgyue me alle that I haue offendedy vnto yow/ Andy this same day haue me to the next chirche/ andy fyrst lete me be clene confessedy / Andy after see yow now that I be truly baptysedy / And thenne wil we alle ryde to gyders vnto the courte of Arthur that we be there at the hyhe feeste/ Now take your hors saidy sir Tristram Andy as ye say/ soo hit shal be/ andy alle thyn euyll wil gody forgyue it yow andy I doo/ Andy here within this myle is the suffreany of Carleil that shalle gyue yow the sacrament of baptym/ Thenne they took their horses andy sire Galleron rode with them/ ¶ Andy whanne they cam to the suffreany syre Tristram towdy hym their desyre/ Thenne the suffreany lete fylle a grete vessel with water/ Andy whanne he hady halowedy hit / he thenne confessidy clene syr Palomydes/ andy syr Tristram andy sir galleron were his godfaders/ Andy thenne soone after they departedy rydynge wtvard Camelot/ Where kynge Arthur & Quene Gueneuer was / Andy for the moost party alle the knyghtes of the woundy table/ And so the kynge andy alle the Court were glady that syre Palomydes was crystenedy/ Andy at the same feeste in came Galahady andy sat in the sege perillous/

¶ Andy soo there with alle departedy andy disseuredy alle the knyghtes of the woundy table/ andy sire Tristram wenyned ayene vnto Joyous gardy/ andy syr Palomydes folowedy the questynge beest

¶ Here endeth the secondy book of syr Tristram that was drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe
But here is no reherfal of the thyrd book / ¶ Andy here folowyeth the noble tale of the Sangreal that calledy is the hooly Vessel andy the sygnefyacyon of the blessidy blody of our lord Jhesu Crysten/ blessidy mote it be/ the whiche was brought in to

this lande by Joseph of Armathye/therfor on al synful sou-
es blessid lord haue thou mercy

¶ Explicit liber vij/Et incipit Decimusteraius

¶ Capitulum primum/

AT the bygyl of Pentecost whan alle the felau-
ship of the wounde table were comen vnto Ca-
melot/and there herde their seruyse And the ta-
bles were set redy to the mete/ Ryzte so entryd
in to the halle a ful fayre gentylwoman on
horsbak that hade ryden ful fast/for her hors was al besuette /
Thenne she there alyght/and came before the kynge & saleWed
hym/and he said damoysel gode the blysse / Sire said she for
godes sake saye me where syr launcelot is/ponder ye may see
hym said the kynge / Thenne she went vnto launcelot and
said syr launcelot I salewe yow on kynge Pelles behalf/and
I requyre yow come on with me here by in to a forest / thenne
syr launcelot asked her with whome she dwelled/ I dwelle sa
id she with kynge Pelles/what wille ye with me said Launce
lot/ ye shal knowe said she whanne ye come thyder / wel sayde
he I wille gladly goo with yow/Soo syr launcelot hadde his
squyer sadel his hors/and dzynge his armes/and in all haste
he dyde his commaundement/Thenne came the quene vnto lau
celot/and said wille ye leue vs at this hyhe feest/Madame sa-
id the gentylwoman wete ye wel he shal be with yow to morn
by dyner tyme ¶ Yf I wyst said the Quene that he
shold not be with vs here to morne he sholde not goo with you
by my goode wylle

¶ Ryght soo departed sir launcelot with the gentylwoman / &
rode vntyl that he came in to a forestе and in to a grete valey/
where they salwe an Abbay of nonnes/ and there was a squyer
redy and openede the gates/and soo they entryde and descended
of their horsses/and there came a fayr felaushyp aboute sir lau
celot/and welcomede hym/& were passyng glade of his comyn
nge / And thenne they ladde hym vnto the Abbesse chamber &
vnarmed hym/and ryght soo he was ware vpon a bed lyeng
two of his cosyns syr Bors & sir Lyonel/& thenne he wakede

them/And whanne they salue hym/they mad grete Joye/ Syr
said syre Hors Vnto syr launcelot what aduenture hath bro-
ught yow hyder/for we wende to morne to haue fond you at
Camelot ¶As god me help said syr launcelot a
gentylwoman brought me hyther But I knowe not the cause
In the meane whyle that they thus stode talkynge to gyder/
therin came twelue nonnes that brought With hym Galahad
the whiche was passynge fayre and wel made that Vnneth in
the worlde men myghte not fynde his matche/and alle tho la-
dyes wepte/ ¶Sire sayd they alle we bringe yow here thys
child/the whiche we haue nourisshed / and we praye yow to
make hym a knyght/for of a more worthyer mans hande may
he not receyue the ordre of knyghthode/ Sir launcelot behold the
ponge squyer/and salue hym femely and demure as a doue/
With alle maner of good fetures/that he wende of his age nes
uer to haue sene soo fayre a man of forme
¶Thenne said sir launcelot cometh this desyre of hym self/he
and alle they sayd ye / Thenne shalle he sayd sir launcelot re
ceyue the hyghe ordre of knyghthode as to morne atte reuerence
of the hyghe feeste/That nyght syr launcelot had passyng go-
od cheve/And on the morne at the houre of pryme att Gala-
hals desyre he made hym knyght & said/god make hym a good
man/for of beaute fayleth yow not as ony that lyueth /

¶Capitulum Secundum

Now fayre syr said syr launcelot wille ye come with
me Vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur/Nay sayd he/I
wille not goo With yow as at this tyme / Thenne he departed
fro them and took his two Cosyns With hym/and so they cam
Vnto Camelot by the houre of Vndorn on Whytsonday/ By that
tyme the kynge and the Quene were gone to the mynster to he
re their seruyse/Thenne the kynge and the quene were passyng
glade of sir Hors and syr Lyonel and soo was alle the fe-
lauship/So when the kyng & all the knyghtes were come from
seruyse/ the lettres aspyed in the syeges of the round table al
about Wrytten With golden letters/here ought to sytte he / and
he oughte to sytte here / And thus they went soo longe tylle

that they came to the sege perilleous/where they fond letters ne wely writen of gold which said/iiij/C/Wynters/&/xiij/ac/ complysshed after the passion of oure lord Ihesu Criste ought this sege to be fulfylled/thenne alle they said/ this is a mer/ uey/lous thynge and an aduentuwous/ Jn the name of god/ said syr launcelot/& thenne accompted the terme of the wry/ tynge from the byrthe of oure lord Vnto that day/ Jt semeth me said syr launcelot this sege ought to be fulfylled this same day/for this is the feest of Pentecoste after the four hondred and four and fyfty yere/ And yf it wold please alle partyes Jl wold none of these letters were sene this daye tyl he be come that ought to enchene this aduenture/ Thenne made they to ordeyne a clothe of sylke for to couer these letters in the sege peryllous/ Thenne the kyng badde haste Vnto dyner/ Sire sayd sir kay the stelward/yf ye goo nolv Vnto your mete/ ye shalle breke your old customme of your Courte/for ye haue not yet sed on this day to syte at your mete or that ye haue sene som aduenture/ ye say sothe said the kynge/ but Jl had soo grete joye of sir launcelot and of his Cosyns which is come to the Courte hole and sound/so that Jl bethought me not of myne old customme/ Soo as they stode spekynge/ in cam a squyer/& said Vnto the kyng/ Sire Jl bringe Vnto yolv merueillous tydynges/what be they said the kyng/ Sir there is new bynethe at the Ryuer a grete stone which Jl salve flete aboue the wa ter/ and therin Jl salve stycklyng a swerd/ the kynge sayde Jl wille see that merueille/ soo alle the knyghtes went with hym/ And whanne they came Vnto the ryuer they fonde there a sto/ ne fletynge as hit were of reed marbel/ and therin stack a fair Ryche sword/& in the pomel therof were precyous stones wro/ ought with subtyle letters of gold/ Thenne the Barons redde the letters which said in this wyse/ Neuer shalle man take me hens/ but only he by whos syde Jl ought to hange/ and he shalle be the best knyght of the world/ whanne the kynge had sene the letters/he said Vnto sir launcelot/ Jfair sire this swerd ought to be youre/ for Jl am sure ye be the best knyght of the world/ ¶ Thenne syr launcelot answerd ful soberly/ Certes sir it is not my swerde/

¶ Also sir wete ye wel Jl haue no hardynes to sette my hande

to/for hit longedy not to hange by my syde / ¶ Also who that assayeth to take the swerdy andy fayleth of hit/he shalle receyue a wounde by that swerdy that he shalle not be hole longe after / ¶ Andy I wille that ye wete that this same day shalle the aduentures of the Sancgreal that is calledy the holy Vessel be gynne/

¶ Capitulum iij

NOw fayre neuelbe saidy the kynge vnto syr galwayn/ assaye ye for my loue/ Sir he saidy sauf your goody gra ce I shalle not doo that/ Sir saidy the kynge assaye to take the swerdy andy at my commaundement / Syre saidy Ga wayne your commaundement I wille obeye/ andy ther with he took vp the swerdy by the handels / but he myghte not stere hit/ I thanke yolb saidy the kynge to syre Galwayne /

¶ My lordy syr Galwayne saidy syr Launcelot nolb wete ye wel this swerdy shalle touche yolb soo sore / that ye shalle wylle ye hady neuer sette your handy therto for the best Castel of this re alme/ Syr he saidy I myghte not withsay myn vnkels wylle andy commaundement/ but whanne the kynge herdy this he re pentydy hit mocke/ andy saidy vnto syr Percyual that he sholdy assaye for his loue/ andy he saidy gladly for to here syr Galwayn yn felaushyp/ andy there with he sette his handy on the swerdy/ andy dreive hit strongly/ but he myghte not meue hit / Thenne were there moo that durste he soo hardy to sette theire handes therto/ ¶ Nolb maye ye goo to your dyner saidy syr kay vnto the kynge/ for a merueillous aduenture haue ye sene/ Soo the kynge andy alle went vnto the Courte / andy euery knyghte knelbe his olbne place/ andy sette hym therin/ andy yonge men that were knyghtes seruedy them/ Soo whan they were serued andy alle seges fulfylledy sauf only the syege perillous / Anon there befelle a merueillous aduenture/ that alle the dores & wyn dowes of the palays shut by them self/ Not for thenne the halle was not grevely darkedy/ andy there with they abasshed both one andy other/ ¶ Thenne kynge Arthur spak fyrste andy saidy by god fayre felawes & lordes we haue sene this daye merue yls/ but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter merueyls/ In

the meane whyle came in a goody old man and an auncy-
ent clothed al in whyte/ and there was no knyzt knelbe from
whens he came/ And with hym he brought a yong knyzt bo-
the on foote in redy armes without swerdy or shyldy / sauf a
sauberdy hangynge by his syde/ And these wordes he said pres
be with yold faire lordes / Thenne the oldy man saydy vn
to Arthur/ syre I bryngе here a yonge knyghte/ the whiche is
of kynges lygnage & of the kynrede of Joseph of Abarima
thye where by the merueylles of thys Courte andy of straunge
realmes shalle be fully accomplyssheby

Capitulum Quartum

The kynge was rygh̄te gladde of his wordes/and said vnto the goody man/syr ye be rygh̄te welcome/andy the yonge knyzte with yolb/Thenne the oldy man made the yong man to vnarme hym/ / andy he was in a cote of redy sendel/ & hade a mantel vpon his sholder that was furredy with ermyn/ andy put that vpon hym/ And the old knyghte saydy vnto the yonge knyght/ syr folowbeth me/andy anone he ledde hym vnto the sege perylous/ where besyde sat syr Lañcelot/ and the good man lyfte vp the clothe/andy fonde there letters that said thus this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce/ Sir saidy tholdy knyghte/ wete ye wel that place is yours/ Andy thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege/ And thenne he saydy to the oldy man/ syr ye maye now goo your Way/ for wel haue ye done/ that ye were commaundedy to doo/ & recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kynge Pelles/ and vnto my lord Petchere/ and say hem on my behalf I shalle come and see hym as soone as euer I may/ Soo the good man departedy / andy there met hym xx noble squyers/ and so took their horses andy wente their way Thenne alle the knyghtes of the table wound merueylledy gre-
tely of sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege peril-
lous/ and was soo tendyr of age/ and wist not from whens he came but al only by godi/ and said this he by whome the Sāc-
greal shal be encheuedy/ For there sat neuer none/ but he/ but he were meschieuedy/ Thenne syr launcelot beheld his sone and had

grete Joye of hym/Thenne Bors tolde his felawes vpon payne of my lyf this yonge knyghte shalle come vnto grete worshyp/this noyse was grete in alle the Courte/soo that it cam to the quene/thenne she hadde merueylle what knyght it myght be that durste auenture hym to sytte in the syege peryllous/ many saide vnto the quene/ she resemblede mocke vnto sire Launcelot I may wel suppose saide the quene/ that syr Launcelot begatte hym on kynge Pelles doughter/by the whiche he was made to lye by/by enchauntement/and his name is Galahalt/I wolde fayne see hym saide the quene/for he must nedes be a noble man for soo is his fader that hym begat I reporte me vnto alle the table roundy/So whanne the mete was done that the kynge & alle were ryseyn/the kynge yede vnto the syege Peryllous and lyfte vp the clothe/and fonde there the name of Galahadt / & thenne he shewed hit vnto syr Gawayne/and sayde fayre neuewe wolde haue we amonge vs syr Galahadt the goode knyght that shalle worshippe vs alle / and vpon payne of my lyf he shal encheue the Sancgreal/right as sir launcelot had done vs to vnderstande / Thenne came kyng Arthur vnto Galahadt and saide syr ye be welcome/for ye shalle meue many goode knyghtes to the queste of the Sancgreal/and ye shal encheue that neuer knyghtes myght bryngе to an ende/Thenne the kynge took hym by the handy and wente doune from the pale & is to shewe Galahadt the aduentures of the stone/

Capitulum vi

The Quene herdy therof and came after with many ladyes/and shewed hem the stone where it houedy on the water/Sire saide the kyng vnto syr Galahadt here is a grete merueylle as euer I salve/and right good knyghtes haue assayedy and fayledy/

Syre saide Galahad that is no merueil/for this aduenture is not theirs/but myne / and for the seurte of this swerdy I brought none with me / For here by my syde hangeth the

ſcauberdȝ/Andȝ anone he laydȝ his handȝ on the ſwerdȝ / andȝ lyghtly drewe it oute of the ſtone/andȝ putte it in the ſhethe/ & ſaidȝ vnto the kynge / nowe hit goth better than hit dydȝ afore handȝ/Sir ſaidȝ the kynge/ A ſheldȝ godȝ ſhalle ſendȝ you nowe haue I that ſwerdȝ that ſomtyme Was the goodȝ knyghtes Balyn le ſaueage/andȝ he was a paſſynge goodȝ man of his handes/ Andȝ with this ſuerdȝ he ſlewe his broder Balan and that was gruete pyte for he was a goodȝ knyghte/andȝ eyther ſlewe other thorou a dolorous ſtroke that Balyn gaf vnto my graūte fadȝr/kynge Pelles/the whiche is not yet hole/nor not ſhal be tyl I hele hym/There with the kynge andȝ alle aſpyedȝ where came rydynge doune the ryuer a ladȝ on a whyte pal/ froy towardȝ them/Thenne ſhe ſalewedȝ the kynge andȝ the quene/andȝ aſkedȝ yf that ſyr Launcelot was there/ Andȝ thenne he anſuerdȝ hym ſelf I am here fayre ladȝ/Thenne ſhe ſaydȝ alle with wepynge how your gruete doynge is chaungedȝ ſyth this day in the morne/Damoyſel why ſay ye ſoo ſaydȝ Launcelot/I ſaye yowe ſothe ſaidȝ the damoyſel/for ye were this day the beſt knyghte of the worldȝ / but who ſholdȝ saye ſoo nowe he ſholdȝ be a lyar/for there is nowe one better than ye/ Andȝ wel hit is preuedȝ by the aduentures of the ſuerdȝ where to ye durſte not ſette to your handȝ / andȝ that is the chaunge andȝ leuynge of your name/wherfore I make vnto yowe a remembraunce/ that ye ſhalle not wene from henſforth that ye be the beſt knyght of the worldȝ/ As touchynge vnto that ſaidȝ launcelot / I knowe wel I was neuer the beſt/yes ſaydȝ the damoyſel that were ye andȝ are yet of ony ſynful manȝ of the worldȝ/ Andȝ ſir kyng Nacyen the hermyte ſendeth the word that the ſhalle befalle the gretteſt worſhip that euer befelle kynge in Bryttayne / andȝ I ſay yowe wherfore/for this daye the Sancgreal appiereth in thy halls andȝ fedde the andȝ alle thy felauſhyp of the roundȝ table Soo ſhe departedȝ andȝ Went that ſame way that ſhe came/

¶ Capitulum vj

NOwe ſaydȝ the kyng I am ſure at this queſt of the Sāc greal ſhalle alle ye of the table roundȝ departe/and ne uer ſhalle I ſee yowe ageyne hole to gyders/ therfor I

wille see yolv alle hole to gyders in the medolve of Camelot to juste and to torneye/that after your dethe men maye speke of hit that suche goode knyghtes were holy to gyders suche a day As vnto that counceyll and at the kynges requeste they accordyd alle/and toke on their harneis that longed vnto justynge but alle this meuynge of the kyng was for this entent for to see Galahalt preuedy/for the kynge demedy he sholdy not lyghtly come ageyne vnto the Courte after his departynge/So were they assembledy in the medolve bothe more and lasse/Thenne syr Galahalt by the prayer of the kynge and the Quene dydy vpon hym a noble Jesseraunte / and also he dydy on hys helme/but shelde wold he take none for no prayer of the kyng And thenne sir Galvayne and other knyghtes praidy hym to take a spere/Ryghte soo he dydy/and the Quene was in a toure with alle her ladyes for to beholdy that turnement / Thenne sir Galahalt dressid hym in mydes of the medolve/and began to breke speres merueyllously that all men had wonder of hym for he there surmountedy alle other knyztes/for within a whyle he hady defouledy many good knyghtes of the table roundy / sauf tweyne that was syr launcelot and sire Percyuale/

Capitulum vii

Thenne the kyng at the quenes requeste made hym to a lyghte/and to vnlace his helme that the Quene myzt see hym in the vysage/whanne she beheldy hym she sayd sothely I dar wel say that sir launcelot begat hym/for neuer two men resembledy more in lykenes/therfor it nys no merueyle though he be of grete prowesse/So a lady that stode by the Quene sayid/Madame for goddes sake oughte he of ryghte to be so good a knyghte/ye forsothe saidy the qnene/ for he is of alle partyes come of the best knyghtes of the worldy and of the hyhest lygnage/for sir launcelot is come but of the/vii/degre from oure lord Jhesu Cryst / and syre Galahalt is of the nynthe degree from oure lordy Jhesu Cryst/therfor I dar saye they be the gretest gentilmen of the world/and thenne the kynge and al esbates wente home vnto Camelot/ and soo Wente to euensonge

to the grete mynster/ And soo after vpon that to souper / and euery knyzt sette in his owne place as they were to fore hand Thenne anone they herd crakynge and cryenge of thonder that hem thought the place sholy alle to dryue/ In the myddes of this blast entred a sonne beaume more clerer by seuen tymes than euer they salve daye/ And al they were alyghted of the grace of the holy ghoost/ thenne beganne euery knyghte to beholy other/ & eyther salve other by theire semynge fayrer than euer they salve afore /Not for thenne there was no knyght myghte speke one wordy a grete whyle/ and soo they lokedy euery man on other as they shuldy ben dome/ Thenne there entredy in to the halle the holy graile couerdy with whyte samyte /| but ther was none myghte see hit/ nor who bare hit/ And there was al the halle fulfylledy with goody odoures / and euery knyzt had suche metes and drynkes as he best loued in this worldy/ And whan the holy grayle shuldy be borne thurgh the halle/ thenne the holy Vessel departedy sodenly that they wyste not where hit became/ thenne hady they alle brethe to speke/ And thenne the kynge yeldedy thankynges to gody of his goody grace that he shad sente them / Certes said the kynge we ought to thanke oure lordy ihesu gretely for that he hath shewedy vs this daye atte reuerence of this hyhe feest of Pentecost/ Now said sir Galvayn we haue ben seruedy this daye of what metes and drynkes we thoughte on/ but one thynge begyled vs we myght not see the holy Grayle/ it was soo precyously couerdy/ wherfor I wil make here auowe/ that to morne without lenger abydyng I shall laboure in the queste of the Sancgreal / that I shalle holdy me oute a twelue moneth and a day or more yf nede be / & neuer shalle I retorne ageyne Vnto the Courte / tyl I haue sene hit more openly than it hath ben sene here/ & yf I may not spede / I shall retorne ageyne as he that maye not be ageynst the wil of our lordy Ihesu Cryste/ whan they of the table roundy herde syr Galvayne saye so/ they arose vp the moste party and maade suche auowes as sire Galvayne hady made /

¶ Anone as kynge Arthur herdy this / he was gretely dyspleasydy/ for he wyste wel they myghte not ageyne saye theyre auowes ¶ Alas said kynge Arthur Vnto sir Galvayn ye haue nyghe slayne me with the auowe andy promesse that

ye haue made/ For thurgh yow ye haue bereafte me the fayreſt felauſhip and the trueſt of knyghthode that euer were ſene to gyders in ony realme of the worlde / For wharnne they departe from hens I am ſure/ they alle ſhalle neuer mete more in thys worlde/for they ſhalle dye many in the queſt/ And ſoo it for; thynketh me a lytel/for I haue louede them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit ſhall greue me ryghte ſore the departycyon of this felauſhip/ For I haue hade ay olde cuſtomme to haue hem in my felauſhip /

Capitulum Octauum/

And ther with the teres fylle in his eyen / And thenne he sayde Galhayne Galhayne ye haue sette me in grete sorowe/ For I haue grete doubte that my true felauſhip ſhalle neuer mete here more ageyne/ A sayde syr Launcelot com forte your ſelf/for hit ſhalle be vnto vs a grete honour & mo; che more than yf we dyede in ony other places/ for of dethe we be ſyker/ A lañcelot ſaid ꝑ kyng ꝑ grete loue ꝑ I haue had vn; to you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say ſuche doleſull wordes/for neuer Cryſten kynge hade neuer ſoo many worthy men at this table as I haue hade this daye at the wound table and that is my grete ſorowe/ ¶ Wharnne the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyſt theſe tydynges / they hade ſuche ſorowe & heuyneſſe that ther myght no tonge telle hit/ for tho knyghtes hade holde them in honour and chyerte/ But amonge all oth; er Quene Gueneuer made grete ſorowe/ I merueylle ſaid ſhe my lorde wolde ſuffre hem to departe from hym/ thus was al the Courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knygh tes/ And many of tho ladyes that louede knyghtes wolde ha ue gone with her louers / and ſoo hade they done hade not an olde knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothyng/ and thenne he ſpake alle on hyghe/ and ſaide fayre Lordes which ha ue ſworn in the queſt of the Sancgreal/ Thus ſendeth you na cyen the hermyte worde that none in this queſte lede lady nor gentylwoman with hym/ for hit is not to doo in ſo hyghe a ſer uyſe as they labour in/ for I warne yow playne he that is not clene of his ſynnes/ he ſhalle not ſee the myſteryes of our lord

Jhesu Cryste | and for this cause they lefte these ladyes and gentylwymmen/ ¶ After this the queue came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was / and of what countrey/ he told her of whens he was/and sone vnto Launcelot ||She saide he was/as to that he saide neyther ye nor nay//So godd me helpe saide the quene of your fader ye nede not to shame yolv / for he is the goodlyeste knyghte and of the best men of the world and men and of the strene of alle partyes of kynges|| Wherfore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge goode man/ & certaynly she saide ye resemble hym moche/ Thenne syr Galahad was a lytel ashamed and saide Madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore doo ye aske hit me/ for he that is my fader/ shalle be knowen openly and al by tymes / And thenne they wente to reste them/ And in the honour of the hyhenes of Galahad he was ledde in to kynge Arthurs chamber/ and there rested in his owne bedde / And assoone as hit was daye the kynge arose for he hadde no rest of alle that nyght for sorowe / Thenne he wente vnto Galvayne and to syr launcelot that we ye aryse for to here masse/ And thenne the kyng ageyn saide A Galvayne Galvayne ye haue betrayed me / For neuer shal my Courte be amended by yolv/but ye wille neuer be sory for me as I am for yolv/ And there with the teres began to renne doune by his vysage/ And there with the kyng said A knyghte syr launcelot/I requyre the holv counceyle me / for I wold that this queste were vndone and it myghte be/syr sayde syr launcelot / ye salve yester day soo many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne/that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse/That wote I wel saide the kyng / but it shal so heuye me at their departynge that I wote wel there shal no manere of joye remedye me / And thenne the kynge and the Quene wente vnto the mynster/ Soo anone launcelot and Galvayne commaunded her men to bryngе her armes/ And whanne they alle were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes / thenne they came to theyre felaushyp/whiche alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their seruyse

¶ Thenne after the seruyse was done / the kynge wolde wete holv many hadde vndertake the queste of the holy grayle/ and to accompte them he praid them alle

Thenne fond they by the tale an hondredy and fyfty/ andy alle were knyghtes of the table roundy/ And thenne they putte ony theiz helmes andy departedy/ andy recommaundedy them all holy vnto the Quene/ andy there was wepynge andy grete sowowe / Thenne the Quene departedy in to her chamber / andy helde hor/ that no many sholdy perceyne her grete sorowes / whanne syre Launcelot myst the quene/ he wente tyl her chamber/ And when she sawe hym/ she cryedy aloude/ O launcelot/ launcelot ye haue betrayedy me/ and putte me to the deth for to leue thus my lord A madame I praye yow be not displeasedy/ for I shall come ageyne as soone as I may with my worshipy/ Allas sayd she that euer I salve yow/ but he that suffredy vpon the crosse for alle mankynde he be vnto yow goody conduyte andy saufte/ and alle the hole felaufshipy/ Ryght soo departedy Launcelot/ & fondy his felaufshipy that abode his comyngy/ andy so they mounted on their horses / andy rode thorou the strete of Camelot / andy there was wepynge of ryche andy poure/ andy the kynge tourned a/ wey andy myghte not speke for wepynge/ So within a whyle they came to a Cyte andy a Castel that hyzt Wagon/ there they entrid in to the castel / andy the lordy therof was an oldy many/ that hyght Wagon/ andy he was a goody man of his lyuynge/ andy sette open the gates/ & made hem alle the chere that he myzt And soo on the morne they were alle accordedy that they sholde departe euerych from other/ Andy on the morne they departedy with wepynge chere/ andy euery knyzt took the way that hym lykedy best

Capitulum ix

NOw rydeth Galahalt yet without eny shelde/ andy so rode four dayes without ony aduenture/ And at the fourth day after euensonge/ he came to a whyte Abbay / andy there was he receyuedy with grete reuerence / andy ledde vnto a chambre/ andy there was he vnarmedy/ Andy thenne was he ware of knyghtes of the table round/ one was sir Bagdemagus andy syr Wayne/ And whanne they salve hym / they wente vnto Galahady/ andy made of hym grete solace / andy soo they wente vnto souper / Sire saidy sire Galahalt what aduenture

brought yow hyder/ Sir they sayd all it is told̄ you that with
in this place is a shelde that no man may bere about his neck
but he be mescheued outher dede within thre dayes or maymed
for euer/ A syr said kyng Bagdemagus I shalle bere hit to
morne for to assay this aduenture/ In the name of God sayd
Galahad / Sire said Bagdemagus and I may not encheue
the aduenture of this shelde ye shalle take hit vpon yow/ for I
am sure ye shalle not fayle/ Sir said Galahad/ I rygh̄te wel
agree me therto/ for I haue no shelde/ Soo on the morne they
aroos and herd masse/ Thenne Bagdemagus asked where the
aduenturous shelde was / A none a monke ledde hym behynde
an aulter where the shelde henge as whyte as ony snowe/ but
in the mydes was a reed crosse/ Sirs said the monke this she
eld̄ ought̄e not to be hanged about no knyghtes neck/ but he
be the worthyest knyght of the world̄/ therfore I counceylle
yow knyghtes to be wel aduysed̄/ Wel said Bagdemagus I
wote wel I am not the lest knyghte of the world̄/ but I shal
assay to bere hit/ and soo bare hit oute of the mynstre/ And the
ne he said vnto Galahad̄ and hit please you to abyde here stil
tyl that ye wete how that I spede/ I shalle abyde yow sayd ga
lahad̄ / Thenne kynge Bagdemagus took with hym a good̄
squyer to beynge tydynges vnto syr Galahad̄ how he spedde /
Thenne whanne they had̄ ryden two myle and̄ came to a fayr
Baley afore an hermytage/ And thenne they salbe a knyghte
come from that party in whyte armour hors and̄ all/ And̄ he
came as faste as his hors myghte renne/ and his spere in his
reste / And syr Bagdemagus dressid his spere ageynst hym /
and brake hit vpon the whyte knyght/ but the other stroke hym
soo hard that he braste the mayles / and sheef hym thorou the
ryght sholder/ for the shelde couerd hym not as at that tyme/ &
soo he bare hym from his hors/ And there with he alyghte and
took the whyte shelde from hym/ sayenge knyght thou hast dō
ne thy self grete foly/ for this shelde ought̄e nat to be borne but
by hym that shalle haue no piere that lyueth / And thenne he
came to Bagdemagus squyer/ & saide bere this shelde vnto the
good knyghte sir Galahad̄ that thou left̄e in the Abbay and
grete hym wel by me/ Sir said the squyer what is your name
Telle thou me none ferde of my name said the knyght/ for it is not

for the to knowe nor for none erthely man/ Nowe fayr syr said the squyer at the reuerence of Jhesu Cryste / telle me for what cause this shelde may not be borne/ but yf the berer therof be me schyeuedr/ Nowe sythe thow hast coniuredr me soo saydr the knyghte this shelde behoueth vnto no man but vnto Galahadr / & ỳ squyer vēt vnto Bagdemagus/ & asked whether he were sore woundedr or not/ ye forsothe saidr he / I shalle escape hard from the dethe/ Thenne he fette his horse andr brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay/ thenne was he takenr doun softely andr vnarmedr andr leidr in a bedde / andr there was lokedr to his woundes/ Andr as the booke telleth he laye there longe/ & escapedr hardr with the lyf/

¶ Capitulum x

SYr Galahalt saydr the squyer that knyghte that wounn dedr Bagdemagus sendeth yowe gretynge/ and bad that ye sholdr bere this shelde where thurgh grete aduentures sholdr befalle / Nowe blessidr be goodr & fortune saidr Galahadr / Andr thenne he askedr his armes/ andr mountedr vpon his hors/ andr henge the white shelde aboute his neck/ & commaundedr hem vnto godr/ andr syr Gwayne saidr he wouldr bere hym felaushyp yf it pleasyd hym/ ¶ Sir saydr Galahadr that maye ye not/ for I muste goo alone sauf this squyer shalle bere me felaushyp/ and so departedr Gwayne/ Thenne within a whyle came Galahadr there as the whyte knyght abode hym by the heremytage/ andr euerych salewedr other curteisly/ ¶ Sir said Galahadr by this shelde ben many merueils fallen/ Sir saydr the knyght hit befelle after the passion of our lord Jhesu Criste xxxiij yere that Joseph of Armathye the gentyl knyghte / the whiche took doune oure lordr of the holy Crosse att that tyme he departedr from Jherusalem with a grete party of his kynredr with hym/ andr so he labouredr tyl that they came to a cyte that hyght Sarras/ andr att that same houre that Joseph came to Sarras there was a kynge that hyghte Euelake that had gre to werre agayne the Sarasyns/ andr in especyal agaynste one Sarasyn/ the whiche was kyng Euelaks cosyn/ a ryche kyng

and a myghty wyche marcheth nyghe this land/and his name was calleth Tolleme la feyntes/Soo on a day this two mette to doo batail/Thenne Joseph the sone of Joseph of Armathye wente to kynge Euelake/and tolde hym he sholde be discomfyt and slayne but yf he lefte his bileue of the olde lalbe and bileue vpon the nelwe lalbe / And thenne there he shewed hym the ryght bileue of the holy Trynyte/ to the whiche he agreed Vnto with alle his herte / and there this shelde was maade for kynge Euelake in the name of hym that dyed vpon the crosse And thenne thurgh his good bileue he hadde the better of kynge Tolleme/For whanne Euelake was in the batail/ there was a clothe sette afore the shelde/And whanne he was in the grettest perylle he lete putte alwaye the clothe/and thenne his enemyes salwe a fygure of a man on the Crosse where thurgh they alle were discomfyte/ And soo it befelle that a man of Kynge Euelakes was smyten his hand of/ and kawe that hand in his other hand/and Joseph talked that man Vnto hym / and badde hym goo with good deuocyon touche the Crosse/And as soone as that man had touched the Crosse with his hand/it was as hole as euer hit was to fore / Thenne soone after there felle a grete meeueyll that the Crosse of the shelde at one tyme Vanysshed alwey that no man wyst where it became/ And thenne kynge Euelake Was baptysed / and for the moost party alle the peple of that Cyte/So soone after Joseph wold departe / and kynge Euelake wold goo with hym whether he wold or nold/ And soo by fortune they came in to this land that at that tyme was called grete Bretayne / and there they fond a grete felon paynym/that put Joseph in to pryson/And soo by fortune tydynges cam Vnto a worthy man that hyghte Mondrames / & he assembled alle his peple for the grete renomme he had herde of Joseph/and soo he came in to the land of grete Bretayne & disherited this felon paynym and consumed hym/and ther with delyuerd Joseph oute of pryson / and after that alle the peple were torned to the Crysten feithe

¶ Capitulum Vndecimum

Not longe after that Joseph was layd in his ordely bed And whanne kynge Euelake salve that/ he made moche sorowe/ and sayd/ for thy loue I haue lefte my countrey/ And sythe ye shalle departe oute of this worldy / leue me somme token of yours that I may thynke on you/ Joseph saidy that wille I doo full gladly/ Nowe bringe me your shelde that I woke yowe whanne ye went in to bataille ageynst kyng Tolleme/ Thenne Josephi bledy sore at the nose/ so that he myght not by no meane be stauncheth/ And therupon that shelde he made a crosse of his owne blood/ Nowe may ye see a remembraunce that I loue yowe/ for ye shalle neuer see this shelde but ye shal thynke on me/ and it shalle be alweyes as freshe as it is nowe And neuer shalle man bere this shelde aboute his neck but he shalle repente hit Vnto the tyme that Galahady the good knyghte bere hit/ and the laste of my lygnage shal haue hit aboute his neck that shalle doo many merueylleous dedes/ Nowe sayd kynge Euelake where shalle I put this shelde that this worthy knyght may haue hit/ ye shal leue hit there as nacyen the heremyte shal be put after his dethe/ For thyder shal that goody knyghte come the fyfteenth day after that he shal receyue the ordre of knyghthode/ and soo that daye that they sette/ is this tyme that he haue his shelde/ And in the same abbay lyeth Nacyen the heremyte/ And thenne the whyte knyghte Vanyssshed alway Anone as the squyer hady herde these wordes/ he alyghte of his hakney and kneledy doune at Galahads feet and praydy hym that he myghte goo with hym tyll he hady made hym knyghte/ Yf I woldy not refuse yowe/ thenne Will ye make me a knyghte sayd the squyer/ and that ordre by the grace of god shal be well sette in me/ Soo syr Galahady graunteth hym and tourned ageyne Vnto the Abbay there they came fro/ and there men made grete Joye of syr Galahady/ And anone as he was alyghte / there was a monke broughte hym Vnto a Tombe in a Chirche yerdy where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold Verily nyghe be madde or lese his strengthe/ and syre they sayd we dyme hit is a fende

Capitulum xii

Nolv lede me thyder sayd Galahad/ and soo they dyd/ Alle armed sauf his helme/ Nolv sayd the good man/ goo to the Tombe and lyfte hit vp/ Soo he dyd and herd a grete noyse/ and pytously he sayd that alle men myzte here hit/ Syr Galahad the seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste come thou not nygh me/ For tholv shalt make me goo ageyne ther vvhere I haue ben soo longe/ But Galahad vvas no thynge affrayed but lyfte vp the stone/ and there came out so foul a smoke/ and after he salve the folvlest fygur lepe there oute that euer he salve in the lykenes of a man/ & thenne he blessid hym/ and vvyste vvel hit vvas a fende/ ¶ Thenne herd he a voyse say/ Galahad I see there enuyronne aboute the so many angels that my polver may not dere the/ ¶ Nygh soo syr Galahad salve a body al armed lye in that tombe and hesyde hym a sverd/ Nolv fayr broder sayd Galahad lete vs remeue this body for hit is not vvorthy to lye in this chircheyerd/ for he vvas a fals Crysten man/ And there vvith they alle departed and vvente to the Abbay/ And anone as he vvas vnarmed a good man cam and sette hym doune by hym/ and sayd syre I shalle telle yolv vvhat betokeneth alle that ye salve in the Tombe/ for that ouerd body betokeneth the durrsse of the vvorld and the grete synne that oure lord fond in the vvorld/ For there vvas suche vvretchydnesse that the fader loued not the sone/ nor the sone loned not the fader/ and that vvas one of the causes that oure lord vvolk flesshe and blood of a clene mayden/ for oure synnes vvere so grete at that tyme that vvel nygh all vvas vvickednes/ Truly sayd Galahad I bileue yolv rygh te vvel/ So syre Galahad vvested hym there that nygh te/ And vpon the morne he made the squyer knygh te/ and asked hym his name/ and of vvhat kynred he vvas come/

¶ Syre sayd he men calleth me Melyas de lyle/ And I am the sone of the kynge of Denmarke/ ¶ Nolv fayre sire sayd Galahad sythe that ye be come of kynges and Quenes/ nolv loketh that knygh thode be vvel sette in yolv/ for ye oughte to be a myrrour vnto all chyualry

¶ Sire sayd syre Melyas ye saye sothe/ But syre sythen ye haue made me a knyzt ye must of ryzt graũte me my fyrst de/ syre y is vesonable/ ye say soth said galahad/ melyas said thẽne

that ye wil suffre me to ryde with yow in this queste of the sanc greal tyl that somme aduenture departe vs/I graunte yow sir Thenne men brought syre Melyas his armoure and his spere and his hors/and soo syr Galahad and he wode forth al that weke or they fonde ony aduenture/ And thenne vpon a mon; day in the morenyng as they were departed fro an Abbay they cam to a Crosse which departed two wayes/and in that cros; se were letters wrytten that sayd thus Now ye knyghtes arra; unt the whiche goth to seke knyghtes aduenturous/see here/ yf; wayes yf one they defendeth the that thow ne go yͤ way/ for he shalle not go oute of the way ageyne/but yf he be a good man and a worthy knyghte/ And yf thow goo on the lyfte hand/ thow shalt not lyghtely there wynne prowesse/for thow shalt in this way be soone assayed/Sir said Melyas to Galahad/ yf hit lyke yow to suffer me to take the way on the lyft hand telle me/for there I shalle wel preue my strengthe / hit were better said Galahad ye rode not that way/for I deme I shold better escape in that way than ye / nay my lord I praye yow lete me haue that aduenture/ Take it in goddes name said Ga; lahad

Capitulum xiij

And thēne rode melyas in to an old foreste/ and therin he rode two dayes and more / And thenne he came in to a fayr medowe/and there was a fayr lodge of bowes/ And thenne he aspyed in that lodge a chayer wherin was a crowne of gold subtyly wrought/ Also there were clothes couerd vp on the erthe/and many delycious metes sette theron/Sir Me; lyadas beheld this auenture and thought hit merueillous/ but he had no honger/ but of the croune of gold he took moch kepe/and there with he stouped doune and took hit vp / and rode his way with it/ And anone he salve a knyght came ry; dynge after hym that sayd/ knyghte sette doune that crowne/ whiche is not youre/& therfor defendeth yow/Thenne syre Me; lyas blessid hym and said Fair lord of heuen helpe and sa; ue thy nebe made knyght/& thenne they lete theire horses ren; ne as fast as they myght/so that the other knyght smote sir melias

thorou haukerk and thorowh the lyfte syde that he felle to the erthe nyghe dede/ And thenne he took the cowlone and went his way and syr Melyas lay stylle and hadȝ no polver to sterr / In the meane whyle by fortune ther came syre Galahadȝ and fondȝ hym there in perille of dethe/ Andȝ thenne he saidȝ A melyas Who hath woundedȝ yolv/ therfor hit hadȝ ben better to haue rydȝn the other way / Andȝ whanne sir Melyas herdȝ hym speke/ syre he saydȝ for goddes loue lete me not dye in this forest/ but kepe me vnto the Abbay here beside that I may be confessydȝ and haue my ryghtes/ It shal be done saidȝ Galahadȝ/ but where is he that hath woundedȝ yolv/ with that syr Galahadȝ herdȝ in the leues crye on hyghe/ knyght kepe the from me A syr saidȝ Melyas/ Beware/ For that is he that hath slayne me/ Sir Galahadȝ answerd syr knyghte come on your perylle/ Thenne eyther dressid to other and came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne/ and Galahad smote hym soo that hys spere went thorou his sholder / and smote hym doune of his hors/ andȝ in the fallyng Galahadis spere brak/ with that cam oute another knyghte oute of the leues/ and brake a spere vpon Galahad or euer he myghte torne hym / Thenne Galahad dvelve oute his slverd and smote of the lyfte arme of hym soo that it felle to the erthe/ And thenne he fledde/ and sire Galahad had selved fast after hym/ And thenne he tornedȝ ageyne vnto syr Melyas / and there he alyghte and dressid hym softely on his hors to fore hym for the truncheon of his spere was in his body/ andȝ syr Galahad sterte vp behynde hym/ andȝ helde hym in his armes/ and soo broughte hym to the Abbay / and there vnarmed hym and broughte hym to his chamber/ And thenne he asked his saueour/ And whanne he had rexpuedȝ hym he saide vnto syr galahad/ syr lete deth come whan it pleasydȝ hym And there with he dvelve oute the truncheon of the spere oute of his body/ Andȝ thenne he swouneȝ / Thenne came there an olde monke whiche somtyme had ben a knyghte & behelde syre Melyas/ And anone he ransakyd hym / & thenne he saide vnto syr galahadȝ I shal hele hym of this woũde by the grace of god Within the terme of seuen weekes/ Thenne was sir galahad glad ȝ andȝ vnarmed hym/ & saidȝ he wold abyde there thre dayes Andȝ thenne he askedȝ syr Melyas how it stoodȝ with hym/

Thenne he sayd he was hurted vnto helpyng gode he thanked

Capitulum xiiij

NOw wylle I departe sayd Galahad/ for I haue moche on hand / for many goode knyghtes be ful besy about hit/ And this knyghte and I were in the same queste of the Sangreal/ Sire said a goode man/ for his synne he was thus wounded/ and I merueylle said the good man how ye durste take vpon yow soo ryche a thynge as the hyghe ordre of knyghthode without clene confession/ & that was the cause ye were bytterly wounded/ For the way on the ryzt hand betokeneth the hegh way of our lord Ihesu Cryste / and the way of a goode true goode lyuer/ And the other wey betoke=neth the way of synners and of mysbyleuers/ And whanne the deuylle sawe your pryde and presumpcyon for to take yow in the queste of the Sanegreal/ that made you to be ouerthrowen for hit may not be enchieued but by vertuous lyuynge/ Also the vrytynge on the crosse was a sygnyfyacyon of seuenly dedes and of knyghtly dedes in godes werkes and no knyzh=tly dedes in worldely werkes/ and pryde is hed of alle dedely synnes that causedy this knyghte to departe from Galahad/ & where thow wolleste the croune of golde/ thow synneste in couety=se and in thefte/ Alle this were no knyghtely dedes/ And this Galahad the holy knyghte / the whiche foughte with the two knyghtes/ the two knyghtes sygnefyen the two dedely synnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas / and they myghte not withstande yow/ for ye are without dedely synne/ Now de partedy Galahad from thens and betaught hem alle vnto god Sir Melyas sayd my lord Galahad as soone as I may ry=de I shalle seke yow/ gode sendy yow helthe said Galahad/ & soo toke his hors and departedy/ and rode many Journeyes for ward and backward as aduenture wolde lede hym /

And at the laste hit happendy hym to departe from a place or a Castel the whiche was namedy Abblasoure/ and he hadde herdy no masse/ the whiche he was wonte euer to here or euer he departedy oute of ony Castel or place/ and kepte that for a cus=tomme/ Thenne syr Galahad came vnto a montayne

where he fonde an olde chappell/ and fonde there no body for alle alle was desolate/ and there he kneled to fore the auter/ and besought god of holsome counceil/ Soo as he prayde/ he herde a voys that sayde/ Goo tholu nolu thou aduentuwus knyghte to the Castel of maydens/ and there doo thow alwey thy wycked custommes

Capitulum xb

Whanne syr Galahad herd this/ he thanked god/ & took his hors/ and he had not ryden but half a myle/ he salwe in a valeye afore hym a stronge Castel With depe dyches/ and there ranne beside hit a fayr ryuer that hyghte Syuarne/ and there he mette with a man of grete age / and eyther salewed other/ and Galahad asked hym the Castels name/ Fair syr saide he hit is the Castel of maydens / That is a cursyd Castel said Galahalt/ and alle they that ben conuersaunt therin/ for alle pyte is oute thewf and alle hardyneſſe and meschyef is therin/ therfor I counceyle yow sir knyght to torne ageyne/ Sir said Galahad wete yow wel I shalle not tourne ageyne / Thenne loked syre Galahad on his armes that noo thynge fayled hym/ and thenne he put his shelde afore hym/ & anone there mette hym seuen fayr maydens/ the whiche sayd vnto hym/ syr knyghte ye ryde here in a grete foly/ for ye shuue the water to passe ouer/ why shold I not passe the water said galahad/ So rode he alwey from them/ and mette with a Squyer that said knyghte/ tho knyghtes in the Castel defyen yow/ & defenden yow/ ye go no ferther tyl that they wete what ye wolde/ Faire sir saide Galahad I come for to destroye the wycked custome of this Castel/ Sir and ye wille abyde by that ye shal haue ynough to doo/ go yow nolu said Galahad and hast my neres/ Thenne the squyer entryd in to the castel/ And anone after there came oute of the Castel seuen knyghtes and all were brethern/ And whan they salwe Galahad/ they cryed knyghte kepe the for we assure the no thynge but dethe / Why sayd galahad will ye alle haue adoo with me at ones / ye sayde they therto maist tholu trust/ Thenne Galahad putte forth his spere and smote the formest to the erthe that nere he brake his neck

And there with alle the other smote hym on his shelde grete strokes so that their speres brake

¶ Thenne syr Galahad dreive ouer his sweerd/ and set vpon hem soo hardy that it was merueylle to see hit/ and soo thurgh grete force he made hem to forsake the felde/ and Galahad chas sed hem tyl they entryd in to the Castel/ and so passed thurz the Castel at another gate / And there mette syr Galahad an old man clothed in Relygyous clothynge and sayd/ sire haz ue here the kayes of this Castel/ Thenne syr Galahad openedz the gates/ and salue soo mochel peple in the stretes that he myz ght not nombre them / and alle sayd syr ye be welcome/ forz longe haue we abyden here our delyueraunce/ Thenne came to hym a gentylman and sayde these knyghtes be fledde / but they wille come ageyne this nyght/ and here to begynne ageyn their euylle custommie

¶ What wille ye that I shalle doo sayd Galahad/ Sir saiz the gentilwoman that ye sendz after alle the knyghtes hyder that hold their landes of this Castel / and make hem to swere forz to vse the custommes that were vsed here to forz of olde tyz me/ I wille wel saiz Galahad / and there she broughte hym an horne of Juory bounden with gold rychely/ & saide sir knelve this horne whych wille be herde two myle aboute this Castel/

¶ Whanne syr Galahad had blowen the horne/ he set hym dos wne vpon a bedde/ Thenne came a preest to Galahad/ and saidz syr hit is past a seuen yere agone that these seuen brethern cam in to this Castel andz herbewedz with the lordz of this castell that hight the Duke Eyanolure/ andz he was lordz of all thys countrey/ And whanne they aspyedz the dukes doughter/ that was a ful faire woman/ Thenne by their fals couyn they ma de debate betwixe them self/ andz the duke of his goodenes wolz dz hane departedz hem/ andz there they slewe hym and his eldest sone/ And thenne they took the mayden andz the tresour of the castel/ Andz thenne by grete force they helde alle the knyghtes of this Castel ageynste theire wylle vnder theyre obeyssaunce and in grete seruage andz truage/ robbynge andz pyllynge the poure comyn peple of alle that they hadz

¶ Soo hit happendz on a daye the dukes doughter sayd ye haz ue done vnto me grete wronge to slee myn owne fader / andz

my broder/ and thus to holde our landes/ not for thenne she sayd/ ye shalle not holde this Castel for many yeres/ for by one knyghte ye shal be ouercomen/ Thus she prophecyed seuen yeres agone/ Wel said the seuen knyghtes/ sythen ye say so/ ther shal neuer lady nor knyghte passe this Castel/ but they shall abyde maulgre their hedes/ or dye therfor/ tyl that knyghte be come/ by whome we shalle lese this Castel/ And therfore is it called the maydens Castel/ for they haue deuoured many maydens / Now said Galahad is she here for whome this Castel was lost Nay sir said the preest she was dede within these thre nyghtes after that she was thus enforced/ and sythen haue they kepte their yonger syster which endureth grete paynes With mo other ladyes/ By this were the knyghtes of the countray comen/ & thenne he made hem doo homage and feaute to the kynges douzter/ and setde hem in grete ease of herte/ And in the morne there came one to Galahad and told hym how that Galwayn/ gawth and Wwayne had slayne the seuen brethern / I suppose wel said syr Galahad and took his armour and his hors/ & commaunded hem vnto god /

¶ Capitulum xbj

NOw saith the tale after syr Galwayne departed/ he rode many Journeyes bothe tolward and froward / And att the laste he cam to the Abbaye where syre Galahad hadde the whyte shelde/ and there syr Galwayne lerned the way to selue after syr Galahad/ and soo he rode to the Abbay where Melyas lay seke/ and there syr Melyas told syr Galwayn of the merueylous aduentures that syr Galahad dyd/ Certes said sire Galwayne I am not happy/ that I took not the way that he wente/ for and I maye mete with hym / I wille not departe from hym lyghtely/ for alle merueylous aduentures sir Galahad encheueth/ Sir said one of the monkes he wille not of your felaushipe/ why said syr Galwayne/ Sir said he/ for ye be wycked and synful/ and he is ful blessid /

¶ Ryght as they thus stode talkynge/ there came in rydynge syr Gareth/ And thenne they made Joye eyth r of other/ And on the morne they herd masse/ and soo departed/ And by the

way they met with syr Owayne les auoultres/ and there syr Owayne told syr Galwayne how he had mette with none adventure sythe he departed from the Courte/ Nor we/ saide sir gawayne/ and eyther promysed other of tho thre knyghtes not to departe whyle they were in that queste but yf fortune caused it/ Soo they departed and rode by fortune tyl that they came by the Castel of maydens/ and there the seuen brethern aspyed the thre knyghtes/ and saide sythen we be flemyd by one knyghte from this Castel/ we shalle destroye alle the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we maye ouercome for the loue of syr Galahad And there with the seuen knyghtes sette vpon the thre knyghtes/ and by fortune syr Galwayne slewe one of the brethern/ and echone of his felawes slewe another and soo slewe the remenaunt/ And thenne they took the wey vnder the Castel/ & there they loste the way that sir Galahad rode/ and there eueryche of hem departed from other/ and sir Galwayne rode tylle he came to an hermytage/ and there he fond the good man saynge his euensonge of our lady/ and drew syr Galwayne asyde herbewolde for charyte/ and the good man graunted hit hym gladly/ Thenne the good man asked hym what he was/ Syre he said I am a knyzt of kynge Arthurs that am in the queste of the Sangreal/ and my name is syr Galwayne/ Sire sayd the good man I wold wete how it standeth betwixt god and yow/ Sir said sir Galwayne I wille with a good will shewe yow my lyf yf hit please yow/ and there he tolde the hermyte/ how a monke of an Abbay called me wycked knyght/ he myght wel saye hit said the hermyte/ for whanne ye were fyrste made knyghte ye sholde haue taken yow to knyghtely dedes & vertuous lyuynge/ and ye haue done the contrary/ for ye haue lyued mescheuously many wynters/ & sir Galahad is a mayd and synned neuer/ and that is the cause he shalle encheue whereto he goth/ that ye nor none suche shalle not atteyne nor none in your felauship/ for ye haue vsed the mooste vntrueste lyf that euer I herd knyght lyue/ For certes had ye not ben so wycked as ye ar/ neuer had the seuen brethern be slayne by yow and your two felawes/ For syre Galahad hym self alone kepte hem alle seuen the day to forne/ but his lyuyng is suche he shal slee no man lyghtely/ Also I may say yow the Castel of maidens

ketokenen the goody soules that were in prysony afore the Incarnacyon of Jhesu Crysto / And the seuen knyghtes kewkenen the seuen dedely synnes that regnedy that tyme in the worldy / & I may lyken the goody Galahady vnto the sone of the hyghe faxr / that lyghte within a mayde andy bought alle the soules oute of thralle / Soo dyd syre Galahady delyuer all the maydens oute of the Wofull Castel / Nowe sire Galvayne saidy the goody man / thou must doo penaunce foz thy synne / syre what penaunce shalle I do / suche as I wille gyue saydy the goody man / Nay saidy syre Galvayne I may doo no penaunce / Foz we knyghtes aduenturous ofte suffreny grete woo andy payne Wel saydy the goody man / andy thenne he heldy his pees / And on the morne syre Galvayne departedy from the hermyte / andy betaughte hym vnto gody / And by aduentur he mette with syre Agloualo andy syr Gryflet two knyghtes of the table roundy / And they two rode four dayes without fyndynge of ony aduenture / andy at the fyfthe day they departedy / And euerycke ket de as felle them by aduenture

¶ Here leueth the tale of syr Galvayne and his felawes / and speke we of syr Galahady /

¶ Capitulum xviii

SOo whanne syr Galahady was departedy from the castel of maydens / he rode tyl he came to a waste forest / & there he mette with syre launcelot andy syr Percyuale but they knewe hym not / foz he was newe desguysedy / Nyghte so syr launcelot his fader dressid his spere andy brake it vpony syr Galahady / and Galahady smote hym so ageyne that he smote doune hozs andy man / And thenne he drewe his swerdy / and dressidy hym vnto syr Percyuale / andy smote hym soo ony the helme that it rose to the coyfe of stele / andy hady not the swerdy swaruedy / syr Percyuale hady ben slayne / andy with the stroke he felle oute of his sadel / This Justes was done to foze the hermytage where a recluse dwelledy / And whenny she sawe syr Galahady ryde / she saidy god be with the beste knyghte of the world A certes saidy she alle aboute that launcelot andy Percyuale myzt here it / And yonder two knyghtes hady knowen the as wel as I doo they woldy not haue encountredy with the / thenne

syr Galahad herd her say so he was ready to be knowen ther with he smote his hors with his spores/ and rode a grete pas towardes them/ Thenne perceyued they bothe that he was Galahad/ and vp they gat on their horses/ and rode faste after hym but in a whyle he was out of their syghte/ And thēne they wer nedy ageyne with heuy chere/ lete vs spew some tydynges sayd Percyuale at yonder recluse/ Do as ye lyst said syr Launcelot Whanne syr Percyuale came to the recluse she knewe hym wel ynough and syr Launcelot bothe/ but syr Launcelot rode ouerthwart and endlonge in a wylde forest and helde no pathe/ but as wylde aduenture ledy hym/ And at the last he came to a stony Crosse which departed two wayes in waste landy/ and by the Crosse was a stone that was of marbel but it was so derke that syr Launcelot myghte not wete what it was/ Thenne syre Launcelot loked by hym/ and saw an old chappel/ & ther he wende to haue fonde peple / and sir Launcelot teyed his hors tyl a tree/ and there he dyd of his schely/ and henge hit vpon a tree/ And thenne he wente to the chappel doze and fonde hit waste and broken/ And within he fonde a fayr aulter ful ryche ly arayed with clothe of clene sylke/ and there stode a fayre clene candelstyk/ which bare syxe grete candels/ and the candelstyk was of syluer / And whanne syre Launcelot sawe thys lyght/ he had grete wylle for to entre in to the chappel / but he coude fynde no place Where he myghte entre/ thenne was he passynge heuy and desmayed/ Thenne he retorned and cam to his hors and dyd of his sadel and brydel/ and lete hym pasture/ & vnlaced his helme / and vngyrd his swerd and laide hym doune to slepe vpon his schelde to fore the Crosse /

Capitulum xviii

And soo he felle on slepe and half waknynge and slepyng he sawe come by hym two palfreyes alle fayr & white/ the which bare a lytter / therin lyenge a seke knyghte/ And whanne he was nyghe the crosse/ he there abode stylle/ Alle this syr Launcelot sawe / and beheld for he slepte not verely/ and he herd hym saye/ O swete lordy whanne shal

this sowlde leue me/ Andy wanne shalle the holy vessel come by me/ where thurgh I shalle be blessid/ For I haue endurde thus longe/ for lytyl trespace/ a ful grete whyle complaynede the knyght thus/ and alweyes syr launcelot herde it/ With that syr launcelot salue the Candelstyk with the syxe tapers come be fore the Crosse/ andy he salue no body that brought it. ¶ Also there came a table of syluer and the holy vessel of the Sancgre al whiche launcelot hady sene afore tyme in kynge Pescheours hows/ Andy there with the seke knyghte sette hym vp / & helde vp to the his handes/ andy said Faire swete lordy whiche is he re within this holy vessel/ take hede vnto me that I may be hole of this maladye/ Andy ther with on his handes andy on his knees he wente soo nyghe that he touchedy the holy vessel/ andy kyste hit/ andy anone he was hole/ andy thenne he saydy lord god I thanke the/ for I am helydy of this sekenesse / So whanne the holy vessel had ben there a grete whyle hit wente vnto the Chappel with the chaundeler andy the lyght/ soo that launcelot wyst not where it was become for he was ouertaken with syn= ne that he hady no power to ryse ageyne the holy vessel/ wher= for after that many men saidy of hym shame/ but he wolde vpon launce after that / Thenne the seke knyght dressidy hym vp/ & kyssedy the crosse/ anone his squyer brought hym his armes/ andy assedy his lord how he dyde/ Certes saydy he I thanke god ryghte wel thurgh the holy vessel I am helydy / But I haue merueil of this slepynge knyghte that hady no power to awa= ke whanne this holy vessel was brought hyder / I dare ryght wel saye/ saydy the squyer that he dwelleth in some dedly syn= ne wherof he was neuer confessidy/ By my feythe saidy the kn= yght what someuer he be / he is vnhappy / for as I deme he is of the felaushyp of the roundy table/ the whiche is entrydy in to the queste of the Sancgreal / Sire saidy the squyer here I haue brought yow alle your armes sauf your helme andy your sw= erdy/ andy therfor by myn assente nolde maye ye take this knyg= hes helme andy his swerdy andy so he dydy/ And whan he was clene armedy/ he toke syr launcelots hors/ for he was better than his andy soo departedy they fromm the Crosse/

¶ Capitulum xix

THenne anone syr launcelot wakedy and sette hym vp and dy bethought hym what he hady sene there / & whether it were dremes oznot / Ryght so herdy he a voys that sa idy syr launcelot more harder than is the stone/and more hyl ter than is the wood / and more naked and barr than is the leef of the fygge tre/therfore goo thow fro hens/and wyth draive the from this holy place/ And Whanne syre launcelot herd this/he was passynge heuy and wyst not what to do/& so departed sore wepynge/ and cursed the tyme that he was borne For thenne he demed neuer to haue hadde worshyp more For tho wordes went to his herte tyl that he knelde wherfor he was called soo/ Thenne syre Launcelot wente to the Crosse & fonde his helme/his swerd and his hors taken away / And thenne he calkedy hym self a veray wrecche and moost vnhappy of al knyghtes/and there he saydy my synne and my wyckednes ha ue brought me vnto grete dishonour / For whanne I soughte worldly aduentures for worldly desyres I euer encheued them and dy had the better in euery place/and neuer was I discomfyt in no quarel were it ryght or wronge/ And now I take vp on me the aduentures of holy thynges/ & now I see and vn derstande that myn olde synne hyndreth me and shameth me / so that I had no polver to stere nor speke whan the holy blood appiered afore me/So thus he sowed til hit was day/& herd the fowles synge / thenne somwhat he was comforted / But whan syr Launcelot myst his hors and his harneis thenne he wyste wel god was displeasyd with hym / Thenne he departi dy from the crosse on foote in to a foreste / and soo by pry me he came to an hygghe hylle & fonde an hermytage and an Hermyte therin whiche was goynge vnto masse/ And thens ne launcelot kneledy doune/& cryedy on oure lorde mercy for his wyckedy werkes/Soo whanne masse was done launcelot cal ledy hym andy prayed hym for charite for to here his lyfe/with a goody wil saydy the goody man/ Sir saydy he be ye of kynge Arthurs Courte andy of the felauship of the roundy table / ye forsothe andy my name is sir Launcelot du lake that hath ben ryght wel saidy of/andy nowe my goody fortune is chaungedy / For I am the moost wrecche of the world/The Hermyte be held hym & hadde merueille how he was soo abasshedy / Syre

ſaidy the hermyte ye oughte to thanke gody more thany ony kny-
ghte lyuynge / for he hathy cauſedy yolu to haue more worldly
worſhip thany ony knyghte that nowe lyueth/ Andy for your re
ſumpcyon to take vpony you in dedely ſynne for to ſe my his pre
ſence whewe his fleſſhe andy his bloody was/ that cauſedy you ye
myghte not ſee hit with worldly eyen/ for he wille not appiewe
where ſuche ſynnerys beny/ but yf hit be vnto theire grete hurte &
vnto her grete ſhame/ & there is no knyghte lyuynge nowe/ that
ought to kenne gody ſoo grete thanke as ye / for he hathy yuen
yolu beaute/ ſemelynes/ and grete ſtrengthe aboue alle other kny-
ghtes/ andy therfor ye are the more beholdyng vnto gody thany
ony other many to loue hym andy drede hym/ for your ſtrengthy
andy manhode wille lytel auayle yolu / andy gody be ageynſte
yolu /

Capitulum xx /

Thenne ſir launcelot wepte with hevy chere/ andy ſaidy
Nowe I knowe wel ye ſaye me ſothe / Sire ſaidy the
goody many/ hyde none oldy ſynne fromy me/ Truly ſaid
ſyr Launcelot that were me ful lothe to diſcouere/ For this yi-
iiij yere I neuer diſcouerdy one thynge that I haue vſed/ and
that maye I nolu wyte my ſhame andy my diſauentur / Andy
thenne he toldy there that goody many alle his lyf/ Andy hou he
hady louedy a quene vnmeſurably andy oute of meſure longe/ &
alle my grete deedes of armes that I haue done I dydy for the
mooſt party for the quenes ſake / Andy for her ſake woldy I
doo batail Were hit ryght or wronge/ andy neuer dydy I batai-
ille alle only for goddes ſake/ but for to wynne worſhyp and
to cauſe me to be the better bilouedy / andy lytel or nought I
thankedy gody of hit/ Thenne ſyr launcelot ſaidy I praye yolu/
counceylle me/ I wille counceyle yolu ſaidy the hermyte/ yf ye
wille enſure me that ye will neuer come in that quenes felau
ſhip as mocke as ye may forbere / Andy thenne ſyre launcelot
promyſedy hym he noldy by the feithe of his bodyy/ loke that yo-
ur herte andy your mouthe accorde ſaidy the goody many / andy I
ſhalle enſure yolu ye ſhalle haue more Worſhip thany euer ye
hady/ Holy fader ſaidy ſyre launcelot I merueylle of the boys

that sayd to me merueillous wordes as ye haue herd to fore
hand/haue ye no merueylle sayd the good man therof/for hit
semeth wel god loueth yow/for men maye vnderstande a stone
is hard of kynde/and namely one more than another/and that
is to vnderstande by the syr launcelot/ for thou wylt not leue
thy synne for no goodnes that god hath sente the/therfor thou
arte more than ony stone / and neuer wouldest thow be made
meyssie nor by water nor by fyre / And that is the herte of the
holy ghoost maye not entre in the / Now take hede in alle the
worldy men shal not fynde one knyghte to whome oure Lord
hath yeuen soo moche of grace as he hath yeuen yow/for he hath
yeuen yow fayrenes with semelynes/he hath yeuen the wyt dis-
crecyon to knowe good from euyll/he hath yeuen the prowesse
and hardyneesse and gyuen the to werke soo largely/that thou
hast had at al dayes the better where someuer thow came/and
now our lord wille suffre the no lenger / but that thow shalte
knowe hym whether thow wilt or nylt / And why the boyx
called the bytter than wood/for where ouer moche synne duel
leth/there may be but lytel swetnesse/wherfor thow arte lyke-
ned to an old rotten tree/Now haue I shewed the why thou
arte harder than the stone & bytterer than the tree / Now shalle
I shewe the why thow arte more naked and bare than the
fygge tree/It befelle that our lord on palmsondaye prechyd in
Jherusalem/and there he fonde in the people that alle hardnes
was herbewed in them/ and there he fond in alle the towne
not one that wold herberowe hym/ And thenne he went with-
oute the Towne/and fond in mydes of the way a fygge tree
the whiche was ryghte fayr and wel garnysshed of leues/but
fruyte had it none/Thenne our lord cursyd the tree that bare no
fruyte that betokeneth the fygge tree Into Jherusalem that hadde
leues and no fruyte/Soo thow syr launcelot whan the holy
Grayle was broughte afore the/he fonde in the noo fruyte/ nor
good thoughte nor good wille and defouled with lechery/ Cer
tes said sir launcelot alle that ye haue said is true/And from
hens forward I caste me by the grace of god neuer to be so vyc
key as I haue ben/but as to folowe knyghthode and to do fe
tys of armes/Thenne the good man Joyned syr launcelot su-
che penaunce as he myghte doo and to selue knyghthode / and

so assoylled hym/and praid syr launcelot to abyde with hym alle that daye/I Wylle wel said syr launcelot/for I haue neyther helme ne hors ne swerd/ As for that sayd the good man I shalle helpe yow or to morne at euen of an hors and al that longed vnto yow/And thenne syr launcelot repented hym gretely/

¶ Here leueth of the history of syr launcelot/ ¶ And here foloweth of syr Percyual de galys Whiche the viij book

¶ Capitulum primum

Old sayth the tale that whan syr launcelot was ryden after syre Galahad/ the whiche had alle these aduentures aboue sayd/ Sir Percyual for ned ageyne vnto the recluse/ where he demed to haue tydynges of that knyzt that Launcelot so solued/ And soo he kneled at her wyndow/ and the recluse opened hit/ and asked syre Percyuale what he wold/ Madame he sayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs Courte/ and my name is syr Percyual de Galys/ whanne the recluse herd his name she had grete Joye of hym / for myself she had loued hym to forne ony other knyzt/ for she ouzt to do so/ for she was his aunt/ And thenne she commanded the gates to be opened and there he had alle the chere that she myght make hym and alle that was in her power was at his commaundement/ Soon the morne syr Percyual wente to the recluse / and asked her yf she knewe that knyghte with the whyte shelde/ Sir said she why wold ye wete/ Truly madame said syr Percyual I shalle neuer be wel at ease tyl that I knowe of that knyghtes felaushyp/ and that I may fyghte with hym/ for I maye not leue hym soo lyghtely/ for I haue the shame yet/ A Percyual sayd she Wold ye fyghte with hym/ I see wel ye haue grete Wylle to be slayne as your fader was thorugh oultrageousnes/ Madame sayd syr Percyual hit semeth by your wordes that ye knowe me/ ye sayd she/ I wel ought to knowe you for I am your aunt/ al though I be in a pryory place / For

somme called me somtyme the quene of the waste landes/ and I was called the quene of moost ryches in the worldy/ and it pleasyd me neuer my ryches soo moche as doth my pouert Thenne syr Percyual wept for veray pyte whan that he knewe it was his aunt ¶ A fair neuelw said she whanne herd ye tydynges of your moder/ Truly sayd he I herd none of her/but I dreme of her moche in my slepe/ And therfore I wote not whether she be ded or on lyue/Certes fayr neuelw sayd she/your moder is ded/for after your departynge from her/ she took suche a sorowe that anone after she was confessid she dyed/Nowe god haue mercy on her soule sayd syr Percyual hit sore forthynketh me/but alle we must chaunge the lyf/ ¶ Nowe fayre Aunt telle me what is the knyghte/I deme hit be he that bare the redy armes on whytsonday / wete yow well said she/that this is he / for other wyse oughte he not to doo/ but to goo in redy armes/and that same knyghte hath no pier/ re/for he worcheth alle by myracle/and he shalle neuer be ouercome of none erthely mans handy

¶ Capitulum ij

HEso Merlyn made the roundy table in tokenyng of ro/ undenes of the worldy / for by the roundy table is the world signefyed by ryghte/ For al the world crysten and heithen repayren vnto the round table / And whan they are chosen to be of the felauship of the roūd table/ they thynke hem more blessid & more in worshipp than yf they hady goten halfe the worldy/and ye haue sene that they haue lost her faders & her moders and alle her kynne andy her Wyues and her chil/ dren for to be of your felauship/It is wel sene by yow / For syns ye departed fro your moder/ ye wold neuer see her ye fond suche felauship at the roūd table/ whan Merlyn had ordeyned the round table he said by them which shold be felawes of the round table/ the trouth of the Sancgreal shold be Wel knowen and men asked hym how men myghte knowe them that sholde best do and to encheue the Sancgreal/thenne he said ther shold be thre whyte bulles that shold encheue hit/and the two sholde be maydens/and the thyrd shold be chast / And that one of the thre shold passe his fader as moche as the lyon passeth the ly/ hard bothe of strengthe and hardynes

They that herd Merlyn saye soo / sayd thus vnto Merlyn / Sythen ther shalle be suche a knyghte tholde sholdest ordeyne by thy crafte a sege that no man sholde sytte in hit / but he alonly that shalle passe alle other knyghtes / Thenne Merlyn answerd that he wolde doo soo / And thenne he made the sege perilous in the whiche Galahad satte in at his mete on Whytsonday last past / Nowe madame sayd syr Percyual so mocke haue I herde of yowe that by my good wylle I wille neuer haue adoo with syr Galahad but by waye of kyndenes / and for goddes loue fayr aunte / can ye teche me some way where I maye fynde hym / for mocke wolde I loue the felauship of hym / Fair neuewe sayd she ye must ryde vnto a Castel / the whiche is called Goothe / where he hath a cosyn germayn / and ther may ye be lodged this nyghte / And as he techeth you / selweth after as faste as ye can / and yf he can telle yowe noo tydynges of hym / ryde streyght vnto the Castel of Carbonek where the mayned kynge is there lyenge / for there shalle ye here true tydynges of hym

Capitulum Terciam

Thenne departed syr Percyuale from his aunte eyther makynge grete sorowe / And soo he rode tyl euensonge tyme / And thenne he herd a clok smyte / and thēne he was ware of an howse closed wel with walles and depe dyches / and there he knocked at the gate / and was lete in / and he alyght and was ledde vnto a chamber and soone he was vnarmed / And there he had ryght good chere alle that nyghte / and on the morne he herd his masse / and in the monastery he fonde a preest redy at the aulter / And on the ryght syde he salwe a pewe closed with yron / and behynde the aulter he salwe a ryche hedde and a fayre as of clothe of sylke and golde / Thenne syr Percyual aspyed that therin was a man or a Woman / for the vysage was couerd / thenne he left of his lokyng and herd his seruyse / And whan hit came to the sacrynge / he that lay within that Percloos dressid hym vp and vncouerd his heede / and thenne hym semed a passynge old man / and he had a crowne of gold vpon his hede / & his sholders were naked & vnhylled

vnto his nauel/ And thenne sir Percyual aspyed his body/ was ful of grete woundes bothe on the sholders armes and vysage / And euer he held vp his handes ageynst oure lordes body/and cryed/Fair swete fader Jhesu Cryst forgete not me and soo he laye doune/ but alwayes he was in his prayers & orysons/and hym semed to be of the age of thre honderd wynter/And whanne the masse was done the preest took oure lordes body/and bare hit to the seke kynge/ And whanne he had vsed hit/he dyed of his crowne/ and commaunded the crowne to be sette on the aulter / Thenne syr Percyual asked one of the bretheren/what he was/Sire sayd the goody man ye haue herd moche of Joseph of Armathye how he was sente by Jhesu Cryst in to this land for to teche and preche the holy cristen fey the/and therfor he suffred many persecucyons the whiche the enemyes of Cryst dyd vnto hym / and in the Cyte of Sarras he conuerted a kynge whos name was Euelake/And so this kynge came with Joseph in to this land/and euer he was besy to be there as the Sangreal was/and on a tyme he nygh ed it soo nyghe that oure lord was displeasyd with hym/but e uer he folowed hit more and more/tyl god stroke hym al most blynde/Thenne this kynge cryed mercy/ and sayd/faire lord lete me neuer dye tyl the goody knyghte of my blood of the ly ygne be come that I may see hym openly that he shal enchene the Sangreal that I may kysse hym

Capitulum Quartum

WHanne the kynge thus had made his prayers he herd a voys that sayd herd ben thy prayers/for thow shalt not dye tyl he haue kyst the/And whanne that knyzte shalle come the clernes of your eyen shalle come ageyne/ and thow shalt see openly/and thy woundes shalle be heled/ & erst shalle they neuer close / and this befelle of kynge Euelake/ & this same kynge hath lyued this thre honderd wynters thys holy lyf/and men saye the knyghte is in the Courte that shalle hele hym/ Sir sayd the goody man I praye yow telle me what knyghte that ye be / and yf ye be of kyng Arthurs courte & of the table rounde/ ye forsoth said he/ & my name is sir percyual

de Galys/ And whanne the goody man vnderstoody his name he made grete joye of hym/ And thenne syr percyual departed and wode tyl the houre of none/ and he mette in a valey about a twenty men of armes whiche kare in a bere a knyghte dedely slayne/ And whanne they salue syr percyuale they asked hym of whens he was/and he answerd of the Courte of kyng Arthur/thenne they cryed all at ones slee hym/ Thenne syr percyual smote the fyrst to the erthe and his hors vpon hym/ And thenne seuen of the knyghtes smote vpon his shelde al atwnes and the remenaunt slewe his hors soo that he felle to the erthe Soo had they slayne hym or taken hym had not the good knyzte sir Galahad with fyue armes come there by aduenture in to tho partyes/ And whanne he sawe alle tho knyghtes vpon one knyghte/he cryed saue me that knyghtes lyf/ And thenne he dressid hym towardes the twenty men of armes as faste as his hors myght dryue With his spere in the ryste/ & smote the formest hors and man to the erthe/ And whanne his spere was brokeñ/ he sette his handes to his swerd and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand/ that it was merueylle to see/and at euery stroke he smote one doune or put hym to a rebuke/soo that they wolde fyghte no more but fledd to a thycke forest/and syr Galahad folowed them/ And whanne sir percyuale salue hym chase hem soo/he made grete sorowe that hys hors was alwey/ And thenne he wyst wel it was syre Galahad/ And thēne he cryed abyde A fayre knyghte abyde and suffre me to doo thankynges vnto the/ for moche haue ye done for me/But euer syr Galahad rode soo fast that atte laste he past oute of his syghte/ And as fast as sir percyual myght he wente after hym on foote cryenge/ And thenne he mette with a yoman rydynge vpon an hakney the whiche led in his hand a grete stede blacker than ony bere/ A fayr frendy sayd sir percyuale as euer as I maye doo for yowe / and to be your true knyghte in the fyrst place ye wille requyre me that ye wille lene me that black stede that I myghte ouertake a knyghte the whiche rydeth afore me

¶ Syre knyghte sayd the yoman I praye yowe holde me excused of that / for that I maye not doo / For wete ye wel the hors is suche a mans hors that and I lente it yowe or ony man

that he wold slee me/ Allas sayd sir Percyual/I had neuer soo grete sorowe as I haue had for lossynge of yonder knyghte Syr sayd the yoman I am ryghte heuy for yow/ for a good hors wold byseme yow wel/ but I dar not delyuer you this hors but yf ye wold take hym from me/that wille I not doo sayd syre Percyual/and soo they departed / and syre Percyual sette hym doune vnder a tree/and made sorowe oute of mesure/ & as he was there ther cam came a knyght ryding on the hors that the yoman lad/and he was clene armed /

Capitulum Quintum/

AND anone the yoman came pryckynge after as fast as euer he myghte / and asked syre Percyuale yf he sawe ony knyghte rydynge on his blak stede/ ye sir for sothe sayd he/ why syr aske ye me that/ A syre that stede he hath benome me with strength/ wherfor my lord wylle slee me/ in what place he fyndeth me/ Wel saide syre Percyual what woldest thow that I dyd thou seest wel that I am on foote/but and I had a good hors/I sholde bringe hym soone ageyne/ Sir said the yoman take myn hakney and doo the best ye can/and I shall selde yow on foote to wete how that ye shalle spede/Thenne sir Percyual alyghte vpon that hakney/ and rode as faste as he myghte/ And at the laste he salde that knyghte / And thenne he cryed knyghte torne ageyne/and he tornedy/and set his spere ageynst syr Percyuale/and he smote the hakney in the myddes of the brest that he felle doune dede to the erthe/ and there he had a grete falle/and the other rode his waye / And thenne syr Percyual was wood wrothe/ and cryed abyde wycked knyghte cowardy and fals hertedy knyghte torne ageyne / and fyghte with me on foote/but he answerd not/ but paste on hys waye/whanne syr Percyual salde he wold not torne he caste abeye his helme and swerd / and sayd / now am I a verey wretche/ cursyd/ and moost vnhappy aboue alle other knyghtes So in this sorowe he abode all that day tyl hit was nyghte/ & thenne he was fayncte & leyd hym doun and slepte tyl it was mydnyghte/ & thenne he awaked & sawe afore hym a woman whiche sayd vnto hym ryght fyersly / Syre Percyuale what

do ſt thold here/he anſuerdy I do neyther goody nor gree ylle/ yf thold wylt enſure me ſaidy ſhe that thold wylt fulfylle my wylle/whanne I ſomone the I ſhall lene the myn olone hors whiche ſhalle bere the whyder thou wylt/Syr Percyual was glady of her profer and enſured her to fulfylle alle her deſyre/ thenne abydeth me here/and I ſhalle goo fetche yold an hors / And ſoo ſhe cam ſoone ageyne and broughte an hors With her that Was inly blak / whan Percyual beheld that hors/he mer neylledy that it was ſoo gret and ſoo wel apparaylled / andy not for thenne he was ſoo hardy/& he lepte vpon hym/ & took none hede of hym ſelf/And ſoo anone as he was vpon hym / he threst to hym with his ſpores/and ſoo rode by a foreſt / andy the mone ſhone clere / And within an houre andy laſſe he bare hym four dayes Journey thens vntyl he came to a wough wa / ter the whiche worydy / andy his hors wold haue borne hym in to hit

Capitulum vj

And whanne ſyr Percyuale came nyghe the brymme / & ſawe the water ſo boyſtous/he doubted to ouerpaſſe it And thenne he made a ſygne of the croſſe in his forheed/whan the fende felte hym ſoo chazged/he ſhoke of ſyr Percyual/andy he wente in to the water cryenge and rozyngy makyng gret ſo wolue/and it ſemed vnto hym that the water brente/Thenne ſir Percyual perceyued it was a fend the which wold haue bro / ught hym vnto his perdycyon / Thenne he commaunded hym ſelf vnto god/and prayd oure lord to kepe hym from alle ſuche temptacyons/and ſo he praid alle that nyghte tyl on the mozn that it was day/thenne he ſawe that he was in a wylde mon / tayne/the whiche was cloſed with the ſee nygh al aboute that he myzt ſee no land about hym whiche myzte releue hym but wylde beeſtes/And thenne he went in to a valey/ and there he ſawe a yonge ſerpent brynge a yonge lyon by the neck / andy ſoo he came by ſir Percyual/with that came a greke lyon cry / enge and rozynge after the ſerpent

And as faſt as ſyr Percyual ſawe thys/he merueylled/ & hyed hym thyder/ but anon the lyon had ouertake the ſerpent

and̄ beganne batailke with hym/ ¶ And whenne ſyr Percyuak thoughte to helpe the lyon̄ for he was the more naturel beeſte / of the two / and̄ there with he drewe his ſwerd̄/ and̄ ſette hys ſhelde afore hym/ and̄ ther he gaf the ſerpent ſuche a buffet that he had̄ a dedely wound̄/ whanne the lyon̄ ſalve that / he made no reſemblaunt to fyghte with hym/ but made hym̄ all the chere that a beeſt myghte make a man̄ / Thenne Percyuale perceyued̄ that and̄ caſte doune his ſhelde/ whiche was broken̄ / and̄ thenne he dyd of his helme for to gadre wynde/ for he was gretely enchafed̄ with the ſerpente / and̄ the lyon̄ went allwaye aboute hym falwynge as a ſpanyel / And̄ thenne he ſtroked̄ hym on̄ the neck and̄ on̄ the ſholdere / And̄ thenne he thanked̄ gode of the felauſhip of that beeſte / And̄ aboute none the lyon̄ took his lytel whelp and̄ truſſed̄ hym and̄ bare hym there he came fro/ Thenne was ſyr Percyual alone / And̄ as the tale telleth he was one of the men̄ of the worlde at that tyme/ whiche moſt byleued̄ in oure lorde Ieſu Cryſte/ for in̄ tho dayes there were but felve folkes that byleued̄ in gode parfytely/ For in̄ tho dayes the ſone ſpared̄ not the fader no more than a ſtraunger/ And̄ ſoo ſyre Percyual comforted̄ hym ſelf in̄ our lorde Ieſu/ and̄ beſoughte gode no temptacyon̄ ſholde brynge hym oute of godes ſeruyſe/ but to endure as his true champyon̄/ Thus whanne ſyr Percyual had̄ prayed̄ he ſalve the lyon̄ came towarde hym/ and̄ thenne he couched̄ doune at his feete / And̄ ſoo alle that nyghte the lyon̄ and̄ he ſlepte to gyders / & whanne ſyr Percyual ſlepte/ he dremed̄ a merueylous dreme that there two ladyes mette with hym/ and̄ that one ſat vpon̄ a lyon̄/ and̄ that other ſat vpon̄ a ſerpent/ and that one of hem was ponge and̄ the other was old̄/ and the yongeſt hym thought ſaid̄ ſir Percyual my lorde ſalveth the / and̄ ſendeth the worde that thou araye the/ and̄ make the redy / for to morne thou muſt fyghte with the ſtrongeſt champyon̄ of the worlde/ And̄ yf thou be ouercome/ thou ſhalt not be quyte for loſyng of ony of thy membrys/ but thou ſhalt be ſhamed̄ for euer to the worldes ende / And̄ thenne he aſked̄ her what was her lord And̄ ſhe ſaid the gretteſt lorde of alle the worlde / and̄ ſoo ſhe departed̄ ſodenly that he wyſte not where

Thenne came forth the other lady that rode vpon the ser
pent/and she sayd syr Percyual I complayne me of
yow that ye haue done vnto me and haue not offended vnto
yow/Certes madame he sayd/vnto yow nor no lady I neuer
offended/yes sayd she/I shalle telle yow why/I haue nou
ryssshed in this place a grete whyle a serpent whiche serued me
a grete whyle/and yesterday ye slewe hym as he gat his pray
Saye me for what cause ye slewe hym / for the lyon was not
yours/ Madame saide syre Percyuale I knowe wel the lyon
was not myn/ but I dyde hit/for the lyon is of more gentiller
nature than the serpent/and therfor I slewe hym/me semeth/
I dyde not amys ageynst yow/Madame sayd he what wolde
ye that I dyde/I wolde sayd she for the amendys of my tres
pace that ye become my man/and thenne he answerde that wylle
I not graunte yow/No sayd she truly ye were neuer but my
seruaunt/syn ye reuyued the homage of our lorde Ihesu crist
Therfor I ensure yow in what place I may fynde yow with
oute kepynge I shalle take yow as he that somtyme was my
man/ And soo she departed from syr Percyual and lefte hym
slepynge the whiche was sore trauayllede of his aduysyon / &
on the morne he awoos and blessid hym and he was passynge
feble/Thenne was sire Percyual ware in the see/ and sawe a
ship come saylynge towarde hym/and syr Percyual went vn
to the shyp and fonde hit couerde with in and without whyte
whyte Samyte / And at the lorde stoode an olde man clothede
in a surples in lykenes of a preeste/Syr said syr Percyuale ye
be welcome/gode kepe yow sayd the goode man/Sir sayd the
olde man of whens be ye/Syr said sir Percyual I am of kyn
nge Arthurs Courte/and a knyghte of the table Roundy/the
whiche am in the queste of the Sancgreal/and here I am in gre
te duresse and neuer lyke to escape oute of this wylderneesse
Doubte not sayd the goode man and ye be soo true a knyghte/
as the ordre of chyualry requyreth / and of herte as ye oughte
to be/ye shold not doubte that none enemy shold slay yow /
What ar ye said syr Percyuale/ syr sayde the old man I am of
a straunge countrey/and hyther I come to comforte yow/Syr

sayd syr Percyuale what sygnefyeth my dreme that I dremed this nyght/ & there he told hym alle to gyder/ She which wo/ de vpon the lyon betokeneth the newe lawe of holy chirche that is to vnderstande/ fayth/ good hope/ byleue/ and baptym/ for she semed yonger than the other / hit is grete reason / for she was borne in the resurrection and the passion of our lord Ihesu cryste And for grete loue she came to the/ to warne the of thy grete battaille that shalle befalle the/ with whome sayd syre Percyuale shalle I fyghte / with the mooste champyon of the worlde sayd the old man/ for as the lady sayd, but yf thou quyte the wel thou shalt not be quyte by losynge of one membre / but thou shalt be shamed to the worldes ende / And she that rode on the serpent sygnefyeth the olde lawe/ and that serpent betokeneth a fende/ And why she blamed the that thou slewest her seruaunt it betokeneth no thyng/ the serpent that thou slewest betokeneth the croupe that thou rodest vp on to the roche/ And whan thou madest a sygne of the Crosse/ there thou slewest hym / & putte alwey his power/ And whanne she asked the amendys and to become her man/ And thou saydest thou wouldest not/ that was to make the to bileue on her and leue thy baptym/ Soo he commaunded syr Percyuale to departe / and soo he lepte ouer the bord and the ship/ and alle wente alwey he wyste not whyder/ Thenne he wente vp vnto the roche and fonde the lyon whyche alwey kepte hym felaushyp and he stryked hym vpon the back and had grete Joye of hym

Capitulum viii

By that syr Percyuale had abyden there tyl mydday / he salwe a shyp came rollyng in the see as all the wyndy of the world had dryuen hit/ And soo it droof vnder that roche/ And whanne syr Percyual salwe this/ he hyked hym thyder/ and fonde the ship couerd with sylke more blacker than ony leaue/ and therin was a gentil Woman of grete beaute/ and she was clothed rychely that none myghte be better / And whanne she salwe syr Percyuale/ she saide Who broughte yolu in this wyldernes where ye be neuer lyke to passe hens / for ye shal dye here for hongre and meschyef / Damoysel saide

ſyr Percyuale I ſerue the beſt man of the worldy/ andy in his ſeruyſe he wille not ſuffre me to dye/for who that knocketh ſhal entre/andy who that aſketh ſhalle haue/andy who ſeketh hym/ he hydeth hym not/But thenne ſhe saidy ſyr Percyual wote ye what I am/ye saydy he/Nowe who taughte yowe my name ſa; idy ſhe/Nowe saydy ſyre Percyuale I knowe you ketter than ye wene/Andy I came oute of the waſte foreſt where I fond the wedy knyghte with the whyte ſheldy saydy the damoyſel/A da; moyſel saidy he with that knyghte woldy I mete paſſyng fayn Sir knyghte ſaid ſhe/and ye wille enſure me by the feyth that ye owe vnto knyghthode that ye ſhalle doo my wylle what ty; me I ſomone yowe/andy I ſhalle bryngе yowe vnto that knyzt ye saidy he/I ſhalle promyſe yowe to fulfylle your deſyre/ well saidy ſhe nowe ſhal I telle yow/I ſalue hym in the foreſte cha; cynge two knyghtes vnto a water the whiche is calledy mor; tayſe andy they droſe hym in to that watre for drede of dethe / andy the two knyghtes paſſedy ouer / andy the wedy knyghte paſſedy after/andy there his hors was drenchedy/andy he thorow grete ſtrengthe eſcapedy vnto the landy/thus ſhe toldy hym/ and ſyr Percyuale was paſſynge glad therof / Thenne ſhe aſkedy hym yf he hady ete ony mete late / Nay madame truly I ete no mete nyghe this thre dayes/but late here I ſpak with a go; ody man that fedde me with his goody wordes andy hooly/andy refreſſhydy me gretely/ A ſyr knyghte ſaid ſhe that ſame man is an enchaunter and a multyplyer of wordes / For andy ye byleue hym ye ſhalle playnly be ſhamed & dye in this roche for pure honger andy be eten with wylde beeſtes andy ye be a yong man and a goodly knyghte/audy I ſhalle helpe yowe & ye wil What are ye ſaid ſyr Percyual that profered me thus grete ky; ndenes/I am saidy ſhe a gentylwoman that am diſherytedy / whiche was ſomtyme the rycheſt woman of the worldy / Da; moyſel ſaid ſyr Percyual who hath diſherytedy yow/for I hat; ue grete pyte of yow/Sir ſaid ſhe I dwelled with the gretteſt man of the worldy and he made me ſo fayre and clere that ther was none lyke me/and of that grete beaute I had a lytil pry de more than I ought to haue hady/Alſo I sayd a word that pleaſyd hym not/And thenne he wold not ſuffre me to be ony lenger in his company/and ſoo droſe me from myn herytage /

and̄ soo dis̄herytedy̆ me / and̄ he hady̆ neuer pyte of me nor of none of my counceylle/nor of my Courte/ And̄ sythen sir knyght hit hath befallen me soo/ and̄ thurgh me and̄ myn I haue benome hym many of his men/and made hem to become my men For they aske neuer no thyng of me but I gyue hit hem that and̄ moche more/Thus I and̄ al my seruauntes were ayenst hym nyghte and̄ daye/ Therfore I knolde nolde no good knyzt nor noo goody̆ man but I gete hem on my syde and̄ I maye And̄ for that I knolde that tholde arte a goody̆ knyzt/I by̆ seche yolde to helpe me/ And̄ for ye be a felalde of the roundy̆ table wherfore ye oughte not to fayle noo gentylwoman whiche is dis̄herytedy̆/and̄ she besought yolde of helpe

Capitulum ix

Thenne syr Percyual promysedy̆ her alle the helpe that he myghte/ And̄ thenne she thanked hym/ And at that tyme the wheder was hote/thenne she calledy̆ vnto her a gentylwoman and̄ badde her bryngе forth a pauelione/ And̄ soo she dyde/and̄ pyght hit vpon the grauel / Sire sayde she/ Nolde maye ye reste yolde in this hete of the day/ Thenne he thankedy̆ her/and̄ she put of his helme and̄ his sheldy̆/ and there he slepte a grete whyle/ And̄ thenne he awoke / and̄ askedy̆ her/ yf she hady̆ ony mete/and she sayde ye/also ye shalle haue ynough / and̄ soo there was sette ynough vpon the table / and̄ theron soo mocke yf he hady̆ merueil/for there was alle maner of metes yf he coude thynke on/ Also he dranke ther the strengeste wyn that euer he dranke / hym thoughte / and̄ there with he was a lytel chasedy̆ more than he oughte to be/with that he beheldy̆ the gentilwoman/and̄ hym thought/ she was the fayreste creature that euer he salde/ And̄ thenne syre Percyual proferd her loue and̄ praydy̆ her that she wolde be his/ Thenne she refusedy̆ hym in a maner whan he requyred her for the cause he sholde be the more ardant on her/and̄ euer he ceasedy̆ not to pray her of loue/ And̄ whanne she salde hym wel enchauffedy̆ / thenne she sayde syr Percynale wete yolde wel I shalle not fulfylle youre wylle/but yf ye were from henceforth ye shalle be my true seruaunt / and̄ to doo no thynge but that I shalle commaunde

yolb/ lbyl ye enſure me this as ye be a true knyghte/ ye sayd he fayr lady by the feythe of my body/ lbel sayd ſhe nolb ſhal ye doo lbith me lbhat soo hit pleaſe yolb/ and nolb lbete ye lbell/ ye are the knyghte in the lborld that I haue mooſt deſyre to/ And thenne tlbo ſquyers lbere commaunded to make a bed in mydes of the pauelione/ And anone ſhe lbas vnclothed & leyd therin/ And thenne ſyre Percyual leyd hym doune by her naked/ and by aduenture and grace he ſalbe his ſuerd lyke on the ground naked/ in lbhos pomel lbas a rede croſſe and the ſygne of the crucyfyxe therin/ and bethoughte hym on his knyghthode and his promyſe made to fore hand vnto the goody man/ thenne he made a ſygne of the croſſe in his forhede/ & there lbith the pauelione torned vp ſo doune/ and thenne it chaunged vnto a ſmoke/ and a blak clolbde/ and thenne he lbas adradde and cryed alolbde/

Capitulum y

Fayr ſlbete fader Jheſu Cryſte ne lete me not be ſha-
medy/ the lbhiche lbas nyghe loſt had not thy good gra-
ce ben/ And thenne he lokedy in to a ſhyp/ and ſalbe her entre therin/ lbhiche ſayd ſir Percyual ye haue bitrayed me/ and ſoo ſhe lbente lbith the lbynde roryngе and yelkyngе that it semedy alle the lbater brent after her/ Thenne ſyr percyual made grete ſorolbe/ and dzelbe his ſuerd vnto hym/ sayēg ſythen my fleſſh lbill be my maiſter I ſhalle punyſſhe it/ and there lbith he roſe hym ſelf thurgh the thygh that the blood ſtarte aboute hym/ & ſaid O good lord take this in recompenſacion of that I haue do-
ne ageynſt the my lord/ Soo thenne he clothed hym and armed hym/ and called hym helf a lbretche/ ſayenge/ holb nyghe lbas I loſt/ and to haue loſte that I ſholde neuer haue geten ageyne/ that lbas my byrgynyte/ for that maye neuer be recouerd af-
ter hit is ones loſt/ and thenne he ſtopped his bledyng lbounde lbith a pyece of his ſherte/ Thus as he made his mone he ſalb the ſame ſhyp come fro Ozyent that the good may lbas in the day afore/ and the noble knyzt lbas aſhamed lbith hym ſelfe/ & there lbith he folle in a ſlboune/ And lbhan he alboke he lbent vnto hym lbekely and there he ſalelbed this good may/ And

thenne he asked syr Percyual how hast thou done sythe I departed/ Sir said he/here was a gentylwoman and ledde me in to a deedly synne / And there he wold hym all to gyders/ Kenewe ye not the mayde sayd the goody man/ Syr said he nay but wel I wote the fende sente her hyther to shame me/ O good knyght sayd he thou arte a foole/ for that gentilwoman was the maister fende of helle/ the whiche hath polwer aboue alle deuyls/ and that was the old lady that thou sawest in thyn ad uyson rydynge on the serpent/ Thenne he wold syr Percyuale how our lord Jhesu Cryst bete hym oute of heuen for his synne the whiche was the mooste brygh̄teste angel of heuen/ & therfore he loste his herytage / and that was the champyon that thou foughteste with alle/ the whiche had ouercome the/ had not the grace of god ben/ Now kepe ware syre Percyuale and take thys for an Ensample/ and thenne the goody man vanysshed awey/ Thenne sire Percyual took his armes / and entryd in to the shyp/ and soo departed from thens

¶ Here endeth the fourtenthe booke/ whiche is of syr percyual

¶ And here foloweth of syre launcelot whiche is the fyftenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

¶ Wanne the Heremyte had kepte syr Launcelot thre dayes / the heremyte gaue hym an hors/ an helme/ and a swerde / ¶ And thenne he departed about the houre of none And then ne he salue a lytel holus/ And whanne he came nere/ he salue a Chappel/ and there beside he salue an old man that was cloth ed al in whyte ful rychely/ and thenne sire Launcelot saide god saue yolu/ god kepe yolu sayde the goode man/ and make yolu a goode knyghte/ Thenne syr Launcelot alyghte and entred in to the Chappel/ and there he salue an olde man dede in a whyte shert of passyng fyne clothe/ ¶ Sir saide the goode man this man that is dede oughte not to be in suche clothynge as ye see hym in / for in that he brake the othe of hys ordre// For he hath ben more than an C wynter a man of a religyon/ And thenne the good man and sire Launcelot wente in to the Chappel/ and the goode man toke a stole aboute hys neck and a book/ and thenne he conjured on that book/ & with that they salue in an hydous fygure & horryble/ that there was no man so hard herted not so hardy but he sholde haue ben afferdy/ Thenne saide the fende tholu hast trauayled me gretely/ Nolu telle me what thou wilt with me/ I wille saide the good man that tholu telle me holu my felalue became dede/ & whether he be sauedy or dampnedy/ Thenne he saidy with an horryble voys/ he is not lost but sauedy/ holu may that be sayd the goody man/ It semed to me that he lyued not wel / for he brake his ordre for to were a shirte/ where he oughte to were none /
And who that trespaceth ageynst our ordre dothe not wel/
Not so sayd the fende this man that lyeth here dede was come of a grete lygnage/ and there was a lordy that hyghte the erle de Dale that helde grete were ageynste this mans neuelbe the whiche hyghte Aguarus
And soo this Aguarus salue the Erle was byggar than he /
Thenne he went for to take counceylle of his Enkel the which lyeth here dede as ye maye see /
¶ And thenne he asked leue & went out of his heremytage

for to mayntene his neueue ageynst the mygthty Erle/ and so hit happed that this may that lyeth here dede dyd so moche by his wysedome and hardynes that the Erle was take and thre of his lordes by force of this dede may/

¶ Capitulum ñ

THenne was there pees betwoyne the Erle and this Aguarus/ & grete seurte that the erle sholde neuer werre ageynst hym/ Thenne this dede may that here lyeth came to this hermytage ageyne/ And thenne the erle made two of his neuelves for to be auenged vpon this may/ Soo they came on a day/ and fonde this dede may at the sacryng of his masse/ and they abode hym tyl he had sayd masse/ And thenne they set vp on hym and dzelue oute swerdes to haue slayne hym/ But there wolde no swerde byte on hym more than vpon a gadde of stele for the hyghe lorde whiche he serued/ he hym preserued/

¶ Thenne made they a grete fyre and dyde of alle his clothes and the hayre of his backe/ And thenne this dede may hermyte sayd vnto them/ wene ye to brenne me/ it shalle not lye in your polver nor to perysshe me as moche as a threde & there were ony on my body/ Noo sayde one of them/ hit shalle be assayed/ & thenne they dispoylled hym/ and putte vpon hym this sherte/ and cast hym in a fyre/ and there he laye alle that nyzt tyl hit was daye in that fyre and was not dede/ and soo in the morn I came and fonde hym dede / but I fonde neyther threde nor skynne tamyde/ & soo wooke hym oute of the fyre with grete fewe and leyde hym here as ye may see/ And nowe may ye suffer me to goo my Way/ for I haue sayd yowe the sothe/ And thenne he departed With a grete tempest/ Thenne was the good may and syr launcelot more gladder than they were to fore/ And thenne syr launcelot dwelled with that goode may that nyght Sire saide the goode may be ye not sir launcelot du lake/ ye sire saide he/ what seke ye in this countrey/ syr sayd syr launcelot I goo to seke the aduentures of the Sancgreal/ wel sayde he seke it ye may wel/ But though it were here ye shalle haue noo power to see hit no more than a blynde may sholde see a bryzte swerde/ and that is longe on your synne/ and els ye were more

abeler than ony man lyuynge/ And thenne sir launcelot began
to wepe/ Thenne sayd the good man were ye confessid syth ye
toetryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal/ ye sir sayd syr launce
lot/ Thenne vpon the morne Whanne the good man had songe
his masse/ thenne they buryed the dede man/ Thenne syr laun-
celot sayd/ fader what shalle I doo/ Nowe sayd the good man/
I requyre yow take this hayre that was this holy mans and
putte it neyre thy skynne/ and it shalle preuayle the gretely/
syr and I wille doo hit sayd sir launcelot/ Also I charge you
that ye ete no flesshe as longe as ye be in the quest of the sanc-
greal/ nor ye shalle drynke noo wyne/ and that ye here masse
dayly and ye may doo hit/ Soo he took the hayre and putte it
vpon hym and soo departed at euensonge tyme/ And soo rode
he in to a foreste / and there he mette with a gentylwoman ry-
dynge vpon a whyte palfrey / and thenne she asked hym syre
knyght whyder ryde ye/ Certes damoysel sayd launcelot I wo
te not whyder I ryde but as fortune ledeth me/ A syre launce-
lot said she/ I wote what aduenture ye seke / for ye were afore
tyme neuer than ye be nowe/ and yet shalle ye see hit more open
ly than euer ye dyd/ and that shalle ye vnderstande in shorte
tyme/ Thenne syr launcelot asked her where he myghte be herbe-
wed that nyghte/ ye shalle not fynde this day nor nyghte but
to morne ye shal fynde herbewed goode and ease of that ye be
in doubte of/ And thenne he commaunded her vnto god /
Thenne he rode tyl that he cam to a crosse and took that for his
hoost as for that nyghte

Capitulum Terciu̇m

And soo he putte his hors to pasture / and dyd of hys
helme and his shelde and made his prayers vnto the
Crosse that he neuer falle in dedly synne ageyne / And soo he
leyd hym doune to slepe/ And anone as he was on slepe/ hit
befelle hym there an aduysyon / that there came a man afore
hym alle by compas of sterres / and that man had a crowne
of golde on his hede/ and that man ledde in his felaushyp se-
uen kynges and two knyghtes / And alle these worshipped
the Crosse kneelyng vpon their knees/ holdyng vp their handes

wards the heuen/ And anon alle they sayd fair swete fader of he-
uen come and visyte vs and yelde vnto vs euerych as we
haue deserued/ Thenne lokedy launcelot vp to the heuen / and
hym semed the cloudes dyd open/and an old man came doun
with a company of angels/ and alyghte amonge them/ & gaf
vnto euerych his blessynge and called them his seruauntes/
and good and true knyghtes / And whanne this old man
had sayd thus he came to one of tho knyghtes and sayd I ha-
ue lost alle that I haue sette in the / For thou hast rulyd the
ageynste me as a warryour and vsed wronge werres with va-
yne glory more for the pleasyr of the world than to please me /
therfor thow shalt be confounded without thow yelde me my
tresour/ Alle this aduysyon salde sir Launcelot at the Cwsse /
And on the morne he took his hors and rode tyl myddaye/and
there by aduenture he mette with the same knyght that took his
hors/helme and his swerd whan he slepte whan the Sancgreal
appiered afore the cwsse/whanne sire launcelot salde hym/he sa
lelded hym not fayre but cryed on hyghe/knyghte kepe the /
for thow hast done to me grete vnkyndenes / And thenne they
put afore them their speres / and sir launcelot came soo fyersly
vpon hym/that he smote hym and his hors doune to the erthe /
that he had nyghe broken his neck/ Thenne sir Launcelot toke
the knyghtes hors that was his owne afore hand/and descen-
ded from the hors he sat vpon and mounted vpon his owyn hors
and keped the knyghtes owne hors to a tree that he myght fyn-
de that hors whanne that he was arysen

¶ Thenne sir launcelot rode tyl nyghte/and by aduentur he met
an hermyte/and eche of hem salelded other/ and there he rested
with that good man alle nyght/and gaf his hors suche as he
myghte gete/ Thenne sayde the good man vnto Launcelot / of
whens be ye/syr sayd he I am of Arthurs courte/and my na-
me is sir launcelot du lake/that am in the Quest of the Sanc-
greal/ And therfor I pray yow to counsylle me of a vysyon
the whiche I hadde at the Cwsse/ And soo he wolde hym alle /

¶ Capitulum quartum

¶ Capitulum Quartum

¶ Lo sir launcelot saidy the goody man/thewe thou myzt / teste Vnderstande the hyghe lygnage that thou art comen of/ Andy thyne aduysyon betokeneth after the passion of Ihesu Criste fourty yewe Joseph of Armathye preched the Vyctory of kynge Euelake/that he hady m the batails the better of his enemyes andy of the seuen kynges andy the two knyghtes/the fyrste of hem is calledy Nappus an holy man / andy the seconde hyghte Nacyen in remembraunce of his graunte fyre / andy in hym dwelledy oure lordy Jhesu Cryst/ Andy the thyrdy was called Hellyas le gwose/andy the fourth hyght Eysays / andy the fyfthe hyghte Jonas / he departedy out of his countrey andy went in to walys/andy toke there the doughter of Manuel / where by he hady the kendy of Gaule/andy he came to dwelle in this countrey/ Andy of hym came kynge launcelot thy graūte fyre/the whiche there wedded the kynges doughter of Irland andy he was as worthy a man as thow art/ andy of hym cam kynge Ban thy fader the which was the last of the seuen kynges/ And by the sir launcelot hit sygnefyeth that the Angels saydy thou were none of the seuen felauships / Andy the laste was the ix knyght/he was sygnefyedy to a lyon / for he sholdy passe all maner of erthely knyghtes / that is syre Galahady / the whiche thow gate on kynge Pelles doughter/and thou ought to thanke god more than ony other man lyuynge / for of a synner erthely thow hast no pieve as in knyghode nor neuer shalle be/ But lytyl thanke hast thou gyuen to godv for al the grete vertues that godv hath lent the/

¶ Syr said Launcelot ye saye that that good knyzt is my sone That ouzteste thow to knowe and no many better saidy the good many / For thow knelveste the doughter of kyngy Pelles flesshely/andy on her thow begatteste Galahady/ And that was he that at the feeste of Pentecoste satte in the sege perylous/ Andy therfore make thow hit knowen openly that he is one of thy begetynge on kynge Pelles doughter / for that wyl be youre worshyp andy honour and to alle thy kynredy/

And I cōceyle yow in no place prece not vpon hym to haue

adoo with hym/ wel sayd launcelot/ me semeth that goody kny-
ghte shold praye for me vnto the hyghe fader / that I falle
not to synne ageyne/ Truste thow wel sayd the goody man thou
farest mykel the better for his prayer/ but the sone shalle not be
re the wyckednes of the fader/ Nor the fader shalle not bere the
wyckednes of the sone/ but euerych shalle bere his owne bur-
then/ And therfor beseke thow only god / and he wylle helpe
the in alle thy neders/ And thenne syr launcelot and he wente
to souper/ and soo leyd hym to rest/ and the hayre prycked so
syr launcelots skynne which greued hym ful sore/ but he toke
it mekely/ and suffred the payne/ And soo on the morne/ he
herd his masse and took his armes/ and soo toke his leue/

Capitulum Quintum

And thenne mounted vpon his hors/ and rode in to a
forest/ and held no hyghe waye/ And as he loked afore
hym/ he sawe a fayre playne/ and besyde that a fayre Castel/ &
afore the Castel were many pauelions of sylke & of dyuerse
hewe/ And hym semed that he sawe there fyue honderd knyg-
tes rydynge on horsback/ and there were two parteyes/ they that
were of the Castel were all in blak horses and their trappours
blak/ and they that were without were al on whyte horses &
trappours/ and euerych hurtled to other that it merueylled
syr launcelot/ And at the laste hym thought they of the cas-
tel were putte to the werse/ Thenne thought sir launcelot for
to helpe there the weyker party in encrecynge of his chyualry
And soo syr launcelot threst in among the party of the Castel
and smote doune a knyghte hors and man to the erthe/ And
thenne he rasshed here and there and dyd merueyllous dedes
of armes / And thenne he dreve oute his swerd / and strake
many knyghtes to the erthe/ so that alle tho that sawe hym mer
ueylled that euer one knyghte myghte doo soo grete dedes of
armes / But alweyes the whyte knyghtes held them nyghe
aboute syr launcelot for to kyepe hym and wynde hym/
But att the laste as a man may not euer endure syre Laun-
celot waxed so faynt of fyghtyng & trauaillyng & was so wery

of his grete dedes/but he myghte not lyfte vp his armes for to
gyue one stroke so that he wende neuer to haue borne armes/ &
thenne they alle tooke and ledde hym alwey in to a foreste/ and
there made hym to alyghte & to reste hym/ And thenne all the
felaushyp of the castel were ouercome for the defaute of hym /
Thenne they sayde alle vnto syr launcelot blessid be god/ that
ye be now of oure felaushyp / for we shalle holde yow in oure
pryson/and soo they lefte hym with felwe wordes/ And thenne
syr launcelot made grete sorowe/ for neuer or now was I ne-
uer at turnement nor Justes but I had the best/ and now I
am shamed / and thenne he sayde now I am sure that I am
more synfuller than euer I was/thus he rode sorowynge/and
half a day he was oute of despayre/tyl that he came in to a de-
pe Valey/ And whanne syr launcelot salwe he myghte not ryde
vp in to the montayne / he there alyghte vnder an Appel tree
and there he lefte his helme and his shelde/and put his hors
vnto pasture / And thenne he leide hym doune to slepe / And
thenne hym thoughte there came an olde man afore hym / the
whiche sayde A launcelot of euylle feythe and poure byleue /
Wherfor is thy wille wourned soo lyghtely toward thy dedely
synne/ And whanne he had sayde thus/he vanyssshed alway/ &
launcelot wyst not where he was become / Thenne he tooke his
hors and armed hym/ And as he rode by the way he salwe a
chappel where was a recluse whiche hadde a wyndowe that she
myghte see vp to the Aulter / And alle aloude she called la-
uncelot/for that he semed a knyghte erraunt / And thenne he
came and she asked hym what he was/ and of what place / &
where aboute he wente to seke

Capitulum Sextum

And thenne he told her alle to gyder wordy by wordy
and the trouthe how it befelle hym at the turne ment/
And after told her his aduysyon that he had had that ny-
ghte in his slepe/and prayde her to telle hym what hit myght
mene/for he was not wel contente with hit/

¶ A Launcelot sayd she as longe as ye were knyghte of er
thely knyghthode / ye were the moost merueillous man of the
worldy and moost aduenturous/ ¶ Now said the lady sythen
ye be sette amonge the knyghtes of heuenly aduentures/yf ad
uenture fele the contrary at that turnement/ haue thou no mer
ueille/for that turnement yesterdaye was but a tokenynge of
oure lordy/ And not for thenne there was none enchauntement
for they at the turnement were erthely knyghtes/ The turnemẽt
was a token to see who shold haue most knyghtes outher Cly
azar the sone of kynge Uelles or Argustus the sone of kynge
Harlon/ But Clyazar was alle clothedy in whyte/ And Ar
gustus was couerd in blak the whiche were comen/ Alle whate
this betokeneth I shalle telle yow/ ¶ The daye of Pentecost
whan kynge Arthur helde his court/it befelle that erthely ky
nges and knyghtes toke a turnement to gydrs/that is to say
the queste of the Sancgreal / The erthely knyghtes were they/
the whiche were clothedy al in black/and the couerynge betoke
neth the synnes wherof they be not confessidy / And they with
the couerynge of whyte betokeneth Byrgynyte / and they that
chosen chastyte/ And thus was the queste begonne in them /
Thenne thou behelde the synners and the good men/and When
thou salweste the synners ouercomẽ/thou enclyneste to that par
ty for bobaunce and pryde of the worldy/and alle that muste be
lefte in that queste/ ¶ For in this queste thou shalte
haue many felawes and thy betters / For thou arte soo feble
of cuylle truste and good byleue / this made hit whan thou
were there Where they took the/and ledde the in to the forest /
And anone there appiereth the Sancgreal Unto the whyte kn
yghtes/but thou was soo feble of good byleue and feyth that
thou myghteste not abyde hit for alle the exchynge of the goody
man/but anone thou torneste to the synners/ and that causedy
thy mysauenture that thou sholdeste knowe good from cuylle /
and Vayne glory of the worldy/the whiche is not worth a pere
And for grete pryde thou madeste grete sorow that thou hadi
deste not ouercome alle the whyte knyghtes with the keueryng
of whyte by whome was betokeneth Byrgynyte & chastyte / &
therfor gody was wroth With yow/for gody loueth no suche de
des in this queste/& this aduision signefyeth þ thou were of euil

feythe and of youre byleue/the whiche wille make the to falle in to the depe pytte of helle yf thou kepe the not

¶ Nowe haue I warned the of thy vayne glory / and of thy pryde / that thou hast many tymes erryd ageynst thy maker kewarde of euerlastynge payne/for of alle erthely knyghtes I haue moost pyte of the / for I knowe wel thou hast not thy pyere of ony erthely synful man / And soo she commaunded syr launcelot to dyner/And after dyner he toke his hors and commaunded her to god/ and soo rode in to a depe valeye/ and there he salwe a ryuer and an hyghe mntayn/ And thorou the water he must nedes passe/the whiche was hydous/ and then ; ne in the name of god he took hit with good herte/ And when he came ouer/he salwe an armed knyghte hors and may black as ony beare without ony wordy he smote syr launcelots hors to the erthe/and soo he passed on he wyst not where he was be; come/ And thenne he took his helme and his shelde/ & thanked god of his aduenture

¶ Here leueth of the story of syr launcelot

¶ And speke we of sir Galvayne the whiche is the vij book

¶ Capitulum primum

WHanne sire Galvayne was departed from his his felaushyp, he rode long without ony aduen ture / For he fond not the tenth parte of aduen; ture as he was wonte to doo/ For syre Galva ; yn rode from whytsontyde Vntyl Mychelmasse And fonde none aduenture that pleasyd hym / Soo on a daye it befelle Galvayne mette with sir Ector de marys/ and eyther made grete joye of other/ that it were merueylle to telle/ And soo they told euerych other and complayned them gre; tely that they coude fynde none aduenture /

¶ Truly sayd syre Galvayne Vnto syre Ector I am nyghe wery of this quest/ and loth I am to folowe further in straūge

Countreye s/one thynge merueilled me sayd syr Ector I ha ue mette with tlventy knyghtes felalves of myn/and al they complayne as I doo /I haue merueille said syr Ga lvayne lvhere that syr launcelot your broder is/Truly said sire Ector I can not here of hym nor of syr Galahad/ Percyuale nor syr Bors/lete hem be sayd syre Galvayne/ for they foure haue no pyeres/And yf one thyng vere not in syr launcelot / he had no felalve of none erthely man/but he is as ve be/ but yf he wolde more payne vpon hym/ But and these four be mette to gyders/they ville be lothe that ony man mete vith hem/ for and they fayle of the Sancgreal/hit is in vaste of alle the re menaunt to recouer hit / Thus as Ector and Galvayne rode more than eyghte dayes/And on a saterday they fond an old chapel the vhiche Was Wasted that there semed no man thy der repayred/and there they alyghte/and sette their speres att the doze/and in they entryd in to the chapel/and there ma de their ozysons a grete vhyle / And thenne sette hem doune in the seges of the chapel/And as they spak of one thyng and other/for hevynes they felle on slepe/ and there befelle hem both merueyllous aduentures/Sir Galvayn hym semed he cam in to a medo We ful of herbes and flowres/ And there he salve a rake of bulles an hondred and fyfty that vere prolvd & blak sauf thre of hem vere al vhyte and one hed a blak spot/ and the other tlvo vere soo fayre and soo vhyte that they myght be no vhyter / And these thre bulles vhiche vere soo fayre vere teyed vith tlvo stronge cordes/And the remenaunt of the bul les sayd among hem goo ve hens to seke better pasture/and so some vente/and some came ageyne/but they vere so lene that they myghte not stande vp ryghte/and of the bulles that vere soo vhyte that one came ageyne and no mo/But vhan this vhyte bulle vas come ageyne amonge these other / there rose vp a grete crye for lack of vynde yt fayled them/And so they departed one here and another there/this aduysyon befelle Ga lvayne that nyght

Capitulum secundum

But to Ector de marys befelle another Byfyon the con-
trary/ For hit femedy hym that his broder fyr launce-
lot and he alyghte oute of a chayer and lepte Bpon ij
horfes/ and the one fayde to the other go we feke that we fhal
not fynde/ and hym thoughte that a man bete fyr Launcelot/ and
defpoyledy hym/ and clothedy hym in another aray the whiche
was al ful of knottes/ and fette hym Bpon an affe/ and fo he
rode tyll he cam to the fayreft welle that euer he falve/ and fyr
Launcelot alyghte and wold haue dronke of that welle/ And
whan he ftoupedy to drynke of the water the water fanke from
hym/ ¶ And whanne fyr launcelot falve that he wzned and
wente thyder as the hede came fro/ And in the meane whyle he
trowedy that hym felf and fyr Ectzr rode tyl that they cam to
a ryche mans holde where there was a weddynge/ And there
he falve a kynge/ the whiche fayde fyr knyghte here is no place
for yow / and thenne he wzneda ageyne Bnto the chaper that he
came fro/ Thus within a whyle bothe Galvayne and Ectzr a-
wakedy/ and eyther told other of their aduyfyon / the whiche
merueylledy them gretely/ Truly fayde Ectzr I fhalle neuer be
mery tyl I here tydynges of my broder launcelot /
¶ Now as they fat thus talkyng they falve an handy fhenyng
Bnto the elbowe/ and was couerdy With redy Samyte/ And
Bpon that henge a brydel not ryght ryche/ and held within the
fyft a grete candel whiche brennedy ryght clere/ and foo paffedy
afore them/ and entrydy in to the chappel/ and thene Banyfhed
awey and they Wyft not where/ And anone came donne a Bo-
yfe whiche fayde knyghtes ful of euylle feyth and of poure by
leue these two thynges haue faykedy yow/ and therfor ye may
not come to the aduentures of the fancgreal/ Thenne fyrft fpak
Galvayne and fayde Ectzr haue ye herdy these wordes/ ye tru
ly faidy fir Ectzr I herdy alle / Now goo we fayde fyre Ectzr
Bnto fome heremyte that wille telle Bs of our aduyfyon/ for
hit femeth me we labour alle in Bayne/ and foo they departedy
and rode in to a Baleye and there mette with a fquyer whiche
rode on an hakney/ and they falewedy hym fayre/ Sire fayde
Galvayne can thou teche Bs to ony heremyte/ Here is one in a
lytel montayne/ but hit is foo rough there may no hors go thy
der/ and therfore ye muffe goo Bpon foote/ there fhalle ye fynde

a poure holde / and there is nacyen the hermyte whiche is the holyest man in this countrey/and so they departed eyther from other/And thenne in a Valey they mette with a knyghte al armed whiche profered hem to juste as fer as he salue them/In the name of god sayd syr Galvayne/sythe I departed from camelot/there was none proferd me to juste but ones/ and nowe Sir said Ector lete me juste with hym/Nay sayd Galvayne ye shalle not/but yf I be dede/ hit shalle not forthynke me thenne yf ye goo after me/And thenne eyther enbraced other to juste and came to gyders as fast as their horses myghte renne/and brast their sheldes and the mayles/ and the one more than the other/and Galvayne was wounded in the lyfte syde/ but the other knyghte was smyten thorou the breste/ and the spere cam oute on the other syde/and soo they felle bothe oute of their sadels/and in the fallynge they brak bothe their speres / Anone Galvayne arose and sette his hand to his swerd/ and take his shelde afore hym/But alle for nought was it/ for the knyght had no power to arise ageyne hym/ Thenne said Galvayne ye muste yelde you as an ouercome mā/or els I may slee you/ A sir knyghte sayd he I am but dede/for goddes sake and of your gentilnes lede me here Vnto an Abbay that I may receyue my creatour/ Syre sayd Galvayne I knowe no howe of relygyon here by/Syr sayd the knyghte sette me on an hors to fore yowe/and I shalle teche yowe/Galvayne sette hym Vp in the sadel/and he kepte Vp behynde hym for to sustene hym/ and soo came to an Abbay where they were wel receyued/and anone he was Vnarmed/and receyued his creatour/ Thenne he prayd Galvayne to drawe out the truncheon of the spere oute of his body/Thenne Galvayne asked hym what he was that knewe hym not/I am sayd he of kynge Arthurs courte / & was a felawe of the wundy table/ and we were bretheren sworne to gyders/and nowe syr Galvayne thowe hast slayne me / and my name is Owayne les auoultres that somtyme was sone Vnto kynge Vryens/and was in the queste of the Sancgreal / & nowe forgyue it the god/ for hit shal euer be sayd that the one sworn broder hath slayn thotherr /

¶ Capitulum Tercium

ALas sayd Galvayne that euer this mysauenture is be fallen me/ No force sayd Owayne sythe I shalle dye this deth/ of a moche more worshypfuller mans handy myghte I not dye/ but whanne ye come to the Court/ recommaunde me vnto my lordy kynge Arthur and alle tho that ben lefte on lyue/ and for oldy brotherhode thynke on me/ Thenne beganne Galvayne to wepe and Ector also/ And thennne Owayne hym self and syre Galvayne dreve oute the trunchon of the spere/ and anone departedy the soule from the body/ Thene sir Galvayne and sir Ector beryedy hym as men oughte to berye a kynges sone / and made Wrytyn vpon his name/ & by whome he was slayne/ Thenne departedy Galvayne and Ector as hevy as they myghte for their mysauentur/ and so rode til that they came to the wuz montayne/ and there they teyed their horses and wente on foote to the hermytage/ And whanne they were come vp/ they salve a poure holwe/ & beside the chappel a lytyl courtelage/ where Nacyen the heremyte gadred wortes as he whiche lady tastedy none other mete of a grete whyle And whanne he salve the ernaunt knyghtes / he came towardy them and; salewedy them/ and they hym ageyne/ Faire lordes sayd he what aduentur brought yow hyther/ Syr said Galvayn we to speke with yow for to be confessidy/ Sir said the heremyte I am redy/ thenne they told hym soo moche that he wyst well what they were/ And thenne he thoughte to counsylle hem yf he myght/ Thenne began galvayne fyrst & told hym of his auysyon that he had lady in the Chappel / and Ector told hym alle as it is afore rehercedy/ Sir said the heremyte vnto sir Gawayne the fayr medolve and the rak therin ought to be vnderstande the round table/ and by the medolve oughte to be vnderstande humylyte and pacyence/ tho ben the thynges whiche ben allweyes grene and quyck / for men maye no tyme ouercome humylyte and pacyence/ therfor was the round table fou̅den and the Chyualry hath ben at alle tymes/ soo by the fraternyte whiche was there that she myght not be ouercomen / For men sayd she was founded in pacyence and in humylyte at the

Rake ete an honderd and fyfty bulles/but they ete not in the medowe/for their hertes ſholde be ſette in humylyte and pacy-ence/and the bulles were prolde and blak ſauf only thre By the bulles is to Vnderſtande the felauſhyp of the roundy table which for their ſynne and their wyckednes ben black/ Blaknes is to ſaye without goody or vertuous werkes/and the thre bulles which were whyte ſauf only one that was ſpotted/The two whyte bitokenen ſyr Galaſhad and ſir percyual for they be maydens clene and without ſpotte/And the thyrd that had a ſpot ſygnefyeth ſyr Boors de ganys/ which tre ſpaced but ones in his Vyrgynyte/but ſythen he kept hym ſelf ſo wel in chaſtyte that alle is forgyuen hym and his myſdedes And why tho thre were teyed by the neckes/they be thre knyghtes in Vyrgynyte and chaſtyte/and there is no pryde ſmyten in them/And the blak bulles whiche ſayd goo we hens / they were tho whiche at Pentecoſt atte the hyhe feeſt took vpon hem to goo in the queſt of the Sancgreal / without confeſſion they myghte not entre in the medowe of humylyte and pacy-ence/And therfor they retorned in to waſte countreyes / that ſygnefyeth dethe/for there ſhalle dye many of them/euerych of them ſhalle ſlee other for ſynne / and they that ſhalle eſcape / ſhalle be ſoo lene that hit ſhalle be merueylle to ſee them/And of the thre bulles without ſpotte/the one ſhalle come ageyne/ and the other two neuer

¶ Capitulum Quartum

THenne ſpak Nacyen vnto Ector ſothe hit is that launcelot and ye came doune of one chayer/the chayer betokeneth maiſterſhip and lordſhyp whiche ye came doune fro / But ye two knyghtes ſayd the hermyte ye goo to ſeke that ye ſhalle neuer fynde that is the Sancgreal For hit is the ſecrete thynge of oure lord Ihesu Cryſte/what is to meane that ſyre Launcelot felle doune of his hors/he hath left pryde/and taken hym to humylyte/for he hath cryed mercy lowde for his ſynne and ſore repented hym/and our lorde hath clothed hym in his clothyng whiche is ful of knottes that is the hayre that he we-reth dayly / ¶ And the aſſe that he rode vpon is a beeſt of

humylyte/ For god wold not ryde vpon no stede nor vpon no palfrey/ So in ensample that an asse betokeneth mekenes that thou salvest syr Launcelot ryde on in thy slepe/ and the welle vpwarde as the watre sanke from hym whanne he sholde have taken therof/ And whanne he salve he myghte not have it/ he wente thyder from whens he came/ for the welle betokeneth the hyghe grace of god/ the more men desyre hit to take hit/ the more shalle be their desyre/ Soo whanne he came nyghe the Sancgreal/ he mekede hym that he held hym not a man worthy to be soo nyghe the holy vessel / for he hadde ben soo defouled in dedly synne by the space of many yeres/ yet whanne he kneled to drynke of the welle/ there he salve grete preuydence of the Sancgreal/ And for he hadde serued soo longe the deuyle/ he shal have vengeaunce four and twenty dayes longe / for that he hath ben the deuyls seruaunt four and twenty yeres/ And thenne soone after he shalle retorne vnto Camelot oute of this cõtrey and he shalle saye a parte of suche thynges as he hath fonde

¶ Nowe wille I telle yowe what betokeneth the hande with the candel and the brydel/ that is to vnderstande the holy ghost whe re charyte is euer/ and the brydel sygnefyeth abstynence / For whanne she is brydaled in Crysten mans herte/ she holdeth hym soo shorte that he falleth not in dedly synne / And the candell whiche sheweth clerenesse and syghte sygnefyeth the ryght way of Jhesu Cryst / And whanne he wente and sayde knyghtes of poure feythe and of wycked byleue/ these thre thynges fayled charyte/ abstynence/ and trouth/ therfor ye maye not attayne that hyghe aduenture of the Sancgreal

¶ Capitulum Quintum

OEyres sayde Gawayne/ sothely have ye sayde that I see it openly/ ¶ Nowe I pray yowe goode man and holy fader telle me why we mette not with soo many aduentures as we were wonte to doo/ and comynly have the better/ ¶ I shalle telle yowe gladly sayde the goode man/ The aduenture of the Sancgreal whiche ye and many other have vndertake þ queste of it ꝭ fynde it not/ the cause is/ for it appiereth

not to ſynners/ Wherfore merueylle not though yt fayle therof
ony many other/ For ye be an vntrue knyght / ony a grete
murtherer / ony to goody men ſygnefyeth other thynges than
murther/ For I dar saye as ſynful as ſyre launcelot hath ben
ſythe that he went in to the queſt of the Sangreal / he ſlewe
neuer man / nor nought ſhalle tyll that he come vnto Camelot
ageyne/ for he hath taken vpon hym for to forſake ſynne/ Ony
nere wrre that he nyg not ſtable/ but by his thoughte he is ly-
kely to wrne ageyne/ he ſholdy be neyte to encheue it ſauf Ga-
lahady his ſone / but gody knowyeth his thoughte ony his vn-
ſtablyneſſe/ ony yet ſhalle he dye ryght an holy man/ ony no
doubte he hath no felawe of no erthely ſynful man/ Sir saydy
Galhayne hit ſemeth me by your wordes that for ourre ſynnes
it wylle not auaylle vs to trauaylle in this queſt/ Truly sa-
ydy the goody man / there ben an hondrdy ſuche as ye be / that
neuer ſhalle preuayle/ but to haue ſhame / Ony whanne they
hady herdy theſe woyces they commaundedy hym vnto gody/
¶ Thenne the goody man calledy Galhayne ony saydy it is lo-
nge tyme passedy ſyth that ye were made knyght / ony neuer
sythen thow ſeruedeſt thy maker/ ony now thow arte ſoo oldy
a tree that in the is neyther lyf ne fruyte/ wherfore bethynk the
that thou yelde to ourre lordy the bare rynde/ ſythe the fende hath
the leues ony the fruyte/ Syr said Galhayne & I hady leyſer
I woldy ſpeke with yow/ but my felawe here ſyr Ector is go-
ne ony abydeth me yonder bynethe the hylle/ wel sayd the go-
ody man thow were better to be counceylledy / Thenne departedy
Galhayne ande came to Ector/ ony ſoo took their horſes & rode
tyl they came to a fosters howſe which herberowedy them ryght
wel/ Ony on the morne they departedy from theyr hooſte/ ony
rode longe or they coude fynde ony aduenture

¶ Capitulum Sextum

WHanne Bors was departedy from Camelot / he mette
with a Relygyous man rydynge on an aſſe/ and ſyre
Bors salewedy hym/ Anon the good man knelwe hym
that he was one of the knyghtes exraunt that was in the queſt
of the Sangreal/ what are ye sayd the goody man / Sire saydy

he/I am a knyzte that fayn wold be counceylled in the queſt of the Sancgreal/ For he ſhall haue mochel/erthely worſhip that may bryngē it to an ende/ Certes ſayd the good man that is ſothe/for he ſhalle be the beſt knyghte of the world and the fairest of alle the felauſhip/ But wete yold wel there ſhall none atteyne it but by clennes that is pure confeſſion/ So rode they to gyder tyl that they came to an heremytage/ And there he prayd Boꝛs to dilelle alle that nyghte with hym/and ſoo he aryghte and put alwey his armour / and prayd hym that he myghte be confeſſid/and ſoo they wente in to the chappel/and there he was clene confeſſid/ & they ete brede and dranke watter to gyder/Nold ſayd the good man I praye the that thou ete none other/tyl that thou ſytte at the table where the Sancgreal ſhalle be/Sir ſayd he I agree me therto/ but hold wete ye that I ſhall ſytte there/yes ſayd the good man that knowe I/but there ſhalle be but felde of your felawes with yow/ All is welcome ſayd ſir Boꝛs that god ſendeth me/ Alſo ſaid the good man/in ſtede of a ſherte and in ſygne of chaſtyſement ye ſhal were a garment/therfoꝛ I pray yold doo of al your clothes and your ſherte/ and ſoo he dyd/ And thenne he tooke hym a ſcarlet cote ſo that ſhold be in ſtede of his ſherte/ tyll he had fulfylled the queſt of the Sancgreal/and the good man fond hym in ſoo merueillous a lyfe/and ſoo ſtable / that he merueilled and felte that he was neuer corrupte in fleſſhely luſtes /but in one tyme that he begat Elyan le blank/Thenne he armyd hym and took his leue and ſo departed / And ſoo a lytel from thens he loked vp in to a tree/and there he ſalve a paſſynge grete byrde vpon an olde tree/ and hit was paſſyng dryē without leues/and the byrd ſat aboue and had byrdes the whiche were dede foꝛ honger / Soo ſmote he hym ſelf with his bek the whiche was grete and ſharpe / And ſoo the grete byrd bledde tyl that he dyed amonge his byrdes/ And the yonge byrdes token the lyf by the blood of the grete byrd/ whan Boꝛs ſalve this he wyſt wel it was a grete tokenynge / Foꝛ whanne he ſalve the grete byrd aroſe not / thenne he tooke hys hoꝛs and yede his way/So by euenſonge by aduentur he came to a ſtrong toure and an hyhe/& there was he lodged gladly /

¶ Capitulum Septimum

AND whanne he was vnarmed / they ledd hym in to an hyghe toure where was a lady yonge/ lusty and fayre/ And she receyued hym with grete Joye/ and made hym to sytte doune by her/and soo was he sette to soupe with flesshe / and many deyntees/ And Whanne syre Bors salve that / he bethought hym on his penaunce and badde a squyer to bryngе hym water/ / And soo he broughte hym / and he made soppes therin/and ete them/ A sayd the lady / I trowe ye lyke not my mete/ yes truly sayd syr Bors/ godd thanke yow madame but I may ete none other mete this daye/ thenne she spak no more as at that tyme/for she was lothe to displease hym /

¶ Thenne after souper they spak of one thynge and other/ With that came a squyer and sayd/ Madame ye must purueye yow to morne for a champyon/ for els your syster wille haue this castel and also your landes excepte ye can fynde a knyzt that wille fyghte to morne in your quarel ageynst Orydam le noyre/ Thenne she made sorowe and sayd/ A lordd godd wherfor graunted ye to holde my londd whereof I sholde now be dispoyled without reason and ryghte/ And whanne sire Bors had herd her say thus/he sayd I shalle comforte yow/ Syr sayd she I shal telle yow there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyause whiche held alle this landd in his kepynge/ Soo hit myshapped he loued a gentilwoman a grete dele elder than I Soo woke he her alle this landd to her kepyng/ and all his men to gouerne/ and she brought vp many euylle custommes where by she putte to dethe a grete party of his kynnesmen / And whanne he salve that/ he lete chaze her oute of this landd/and bywoke hit me / and alle this landd in my demenys/but anone as that Worthy kynge was dede / this other lady beganne to werre vpon me/and hath destroyed many of my men/ & wourynedd hem agaynste me/that I haue wel nyghe no man lefte me And I haue nought els but this hyghe toure that she lefte me And yet she hath promysed me to haue this Toure without I can fynde a knyghte to fyghte with her Champyon / Now telle me sayd syr Bors/what is that Orydam le noyre / syre sayd she/ he is the moost doubted man of thys landd/ ¶ Now

may ye sende her worde that ye haue sonde a knyghte that shall
fyghte with that Orgulus le noyre in goddes quarel & yours /
Thenne that lady was not a lytel glad / and sente worde that
she was purueyed / and that nyghte Bors had good chere /
but in no kede he wolde come / but leyde hym on the floore / nor
neuer wolde doo otherwyse tyl that he had met with the queste
of the Sangreal /

Capitulum Octauum

And anone as he was a slepe / hym thoughte a Bysyon /
that there came to hym two byrdes / the one as whyte
as a swan / and the other was merueyllous blak / but it was
not soo grete as the other / but in the lykenes of a Rauen / the /
ne the whyte byrd came to hym / and sayd / and thou wolderst
gyue me mete and serue me / I shold gyue the alle the ryches
of the worlde / And I shalle make the as fayre and as whyte
as I am / Soo the whyte byrd departed / and there cam the
blak byrd to hym & sayd / & thou wolte serue me to morowe &
haue me in no despyte / though I be blak / for wete thow wel /
that moze auayleth my blaknes than the others whytnes / and
thenne he departed / and he had another Bysyon / hym thoughte /
that he came to a grete place whiche semed a chappel / & there he
fonde a chayer sette on the lyfte syde whiche was worme eten /
and feble / And on the ryghte hande were two floures lyke a
lylye / and the one wolde haue benome the others whytnes
But a goody man departed hem that touched not the other / &
thenne oute of euerych floure came oute many floures and fru-
ytes grete plente / Thenne hym thoughte the goody man sayd /
shold not he doo grete foly that wolde lete these two floures pe
rysshe for to socoure the rotten tree that hit felle not to the erthe
Syr sayd he / it semeth me that this woode myghte not auayle
Nowe kepe the sayd the goody man that thou neuer see suche ad
uenture befalle the / Thenne he awaked and made a sygne of
the crosse in mydes of the forhede / and soo rose / & clothed hym
and there came the lady of the place / and she salewed hym / &
she her ageyne / and so wente to a chappel and herd their seruyse
And ther came a companye of knyghtes that the lady had sent

for to lede sir Bors vnto batailke/ Thenne asked he his armes And vhanne he was armed/ she prayd hym to take a lytyl morsel to dyne/ Nay madame sayd he/ that shalle I not do tylle I haue done my batailke by the grace of god/ And soo he lept vpon his hors/ and departed alle the knyghtes and men vith hym/ And as soone as these tivo ladyes metten to gyder / She vhiche Bors sholde fyghte for complaynedy her and sayd madame ye haue done me vronge to bireue me of my landes that kynge Anyaus gaf me/ and ful lothe I am there sholde be ony batailke/ ye shalle not chese sayd the other lady or els youre knyghte withdravve hym/ Thenne ther vas the crye made vhich party had the better of tho tivo knyghtes that his lady sholde vioyse alle the lande/ Nolv departed the one knyghte here/ and the other there / Thenne they came to gyders vith suche a raundon that they perced their shyldes and their hauberkes/ & the spevves flelve in pyeces/ and they vounded eyther other sore/ Thenne hurtled they to gyders so that they felle both to the erthe/ and their horses betvvix their legges/ and anone they arose and sette handes to their svverdes/ and smote echone other vpon the hedes that they made grete vounded and depe that the blody vente oute of her bodyes/ For ther fonde sir Bors grete ter defence in that knyght more than he vende/ For that Prydam vas a passynge good knyghte/ and he vounded sir bors ful euyl and he hym ageyne/ but euer this Prydam helde the stoure in lyke hardy / That perceyued sire Bors and suffred hym tyl he vas nygh attayncte/ ¶ And thenne he ranne vpon hym more and more/ and the other vente bak for dredy of deth Soo in his vithdravvynge he felle vp ryght/ and syre Bors dvelve his helme soo strongly that he vente hit fro his hede/ and gafe hym grete strokes vith the flatte of his svverdy vpon the vysage/ and bad hym yelde hym or he sholde slee hym / Thenne he cryed hym mercy and sayd Faire knyght for godes loue slee me not/ and I shalle ensuve the neuer to verre a geynst thy lady/ but he allvey tovvardy her/ Thenne Bors lete hym be/ thenne the old lady fledde vith alle her knyghtes

¶ Capitulum ix

¶ Capitulum nonum

SOo thenne came Boꝛs to alle tho that held landes of his lady/and sayd he sholde destroye hem/ but yf they dyde suche seruyse vnto her as longed to their landes/Soo they dyd their homage and they that wolde not were chaced oute of their landes / Thenne befelle that yonge lady to come to her estate ageyne by the myghty prowesse of syr Boꝛs de ganys Soo whan alle the countrey was wel set in pees/ thenne syr Boꝛs toke his leue and departed/and she thanked hym gretly/and wolde haue gyuen hym grete rychesse but he refused hit/Thenne he rode alle that day tyl nyght / and came to an herbewolde to a lady whiche knelwe hym wel ynough/& maade of hym grete Joye/Upon the morne as soone as the day appiered/Boꝛs departed from thens / and soo rode in to a foreste/ Vnto the houre of mydday/and there bifelle hym a merueylleus aduenture/So he mette at the departyng of the two wayes two knyghtes that ledde lyonel his broder al naked bounden vpon a stronge hakney/& his handes bounden to fore his breste And euerych of hem helde in his handes thornes where with they wente betynge hym so sore that the blood trayled doune more than in an honderd places of his body / soo that he was al bloody to fore and behynde/but he saide neuer a word as he whiche was grete of herte/he suffred alle that euer they dyde to hym as though he had felte none anguyssshe / Anone syre Boꝛs dressid hym to rescowe hym that was his broder / and soo he loked vpon the other syde of hym/ and salwe a knyghte whiche brought a fair gentylwoman/and wolde haue set her in the thyckest place of the foreste for to haue ben the more suer oute of the way from hem that sought hym / And she whiche was no thynge assured cryed with an hyghe voys Sayncte mary socoure your mayde

¶ And anone she aspyed where syre Boꝛs came rydynge / And whanne she came nygh hym / she demed hym a knyghte of the round table/wherof she hoped to haue some comforte/ & thenne she coniured hym by the feythe that he ought vnto hym in whos seruyse thou arte entryd in/and for the feythe ye owe vnto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/& for the noble kyng

Arthurs sake that I suppose that made the knyght that thou
help me/and suffre me not to be shamed of this knyghte /
¶ Whanne Bors herd her saye thus/ he had soo moche sorowe
there he nyst not what to doo/ For yf I lete my broder be in ad
uenture he must be slayne / and that wold I not for alle the
erthe/ And yf I helpe not the mayde/ she is shamed for euer /
and also she shall lese her Virgynyte/ the whiche she shal neuer
gete ageyne/ Thenne lyfte he vp his eyen and sayd wepynge/
Fair swete lord Ihesu Cryste whoos lyege man I am kepe
Eyonel my broder that these knyghtes slee hym not / and for
pyte of yow/ and for Mary sake I shalle socoure this mayde/

¶ Capitulum y

Thenne dressid he hym vnto the knyghte / the whiche
had the gentylwoman/ and thenne he cryed sir kny-
ghte lete your hand of that mayden or ye be but dede/ & thenne
he sette doune the mayden/ and was armed at alle pyeces sauf
he lacked his spere / Thenne he dressid his shelde/ and dreve
oute his swerde/ and Bors smote hym soo hard that it went
thurgh his shelde and haberion on the lyfte sholder/ and tho
wolde grete strengthe he bete hym doune to the erthe/ and at the
pullynge oute of Bors spere there he swouned/
¶ Thenne came Bors to the mayde/ and sayd how semeth it
yow of this knyghte/ ye be delyuerd at this tyme/ ¶ Now sir
said she I praye yow lede me there as this knyghte hadde me
soo shall I do gladly/ & took the hors of the Wounded knyzght
and sette the gentylwoman vpon hym / and soo broughte her
as she desyred/ Sir knyghte sayd she /ye haue better sped than
ye wend/ for and I had lost my maydenhede/ fyue honderd men
sholde haue dyed for hit/ What knyghte was he that hid yow
in the foreste/ by my feithe sayd she/ he is my cosyn / So wote I
neuer with what engyn the fende enchauffed hym/ for yesterday
he took me from my fader pryuely/ for I nor none of my faders
men mystrusted hym not/ And yf he hadde hadde my maden-
hede/ he sholde haue dyed for the synne & his body shamed &
dishonoured for euer/ Thus as she stood talkynge with hym
there came twelue knyghtes sekyng after her/ and anone she

tolde hem alle how Bors hade delyuerde her/thenne they maade grete Joye and besoughte hym to come to her fader a grete lord and he sholde be ryght welcome/Truly sayde Bors that may not be at this tyme/for I haue a grete aduentur to doo in this countrey/Soo he commaunded hem vnto gode and departede/ Thenne syr Bors rode after Lyonel his broder by the trace of their horses/thus he rode seking a grete whyle/Thenne he ouer toke a man clothed in a Relygyous clothynge/and rode on a stronge blacke hors blacker than a bery/and sayde syre knyzte what seke yolu / Syre sayde he I seke my broder that I sawe within a whyle beten with two knyghtes / A Bors discom= forte yolu not/ ne falle in to no wanhope/for I shalle telle you tydynges suche as they ben/for truly he is dede/Thenne shewed he hym a nelue slayne body lyenge in a busshe/ and it semede hym wel that it was the body of Lyonel/ and thenne he made suche a sorowe that he felle to the erthe all in a swoune / and lay a grete whyle there/And whanne he came to hym selfe / he said Faire brother syth the company of yolu and me is depar= ted shall I neuer haue Joye in my herte/and nolu he whiche I haue take vnto my maister/he be my help/ And whanne he had sayde thus/he toke his body lyghtely in his armes / and putte hit vpon the arson of his sadel/ And thenne he sayde to the man canst tholu telle me vnto somme chappel where that I may burye this body/Come on said he/here is one fast by/and soo longe they rode tyl they salue a fayre Toure/and afore it there semed an olde feble chappel/And thenne they alyght bo= the and put hym in to a Tombe of marbel

Capitulum vj

Olu leue we hym here sayde the good man / and goo we to oure herberowe tyl to morowe we wille come he= re ageyne to doo hym seruyse/ Sir sayde Bors be ye a preest/ye forsothe sayd he/thenne I pray yolu telle me a dreme that befelle to me ỹ last nyzt/Say on sayde he/thenne he began soo moche to telle hym of the grete byrde in the forest/And af= ter tolde hym of his byrdes one white/ another black / and of

of the wollen tree and of the white flowres / sire I shalle telle
yow a parte now and the other dele to morowe/ The white fo-
ule betokeneth a gentyl Womany fayre and ryche whiche louedy
the peramours/ and hath louedy the longe
¶ And yf thou warne her loue she shalle goo dye anone yf
thou haue no pyte on her/ that sygnefyeth the gwete byrdy / the
whiche shalle make the to warne her/ ¶ Now for noo fere that
thou hast ne for no drede that thow hastie of gody/ thow shalte
not warne her but thou woldest not do hit for to be holdyn chast
for to conquere the loos of the veyne glory of the worldy / for
that shalle befalle the now and thou warne her that Launce-
lot the goody knyghte thy cosyn shalle dye / And therfore men
shalle now saye ꝑ thow art a man fleer/ both of thy broder sire
Lyonel and of thy cosyn sire Launcelot du lake / the whiche
thow myghtest haue sauedy and resolvedy easyly/ But thow
wenest to resolve a mayde whiche pertayneth no thynge to the
¶ Now loke thow whether hit hady ben gretter harme of thy
broders deth or els to haue suffredy her to haue lost her mayden-
hode/ ¶ Thenne asketh he hym haste
thow herdy the tokens of thy dreme the whiche I haue told to
yow / Ye forsothe sayd sire Gors/ alle youre exposycyon and
declarynge of my dreme I haue wel vnderstande and herdy /
Thenne sayd the man in this black clothynge/ thenne is hit in
thy defaute yf sire Launcelot thy cosyn dye/ ¶ Syre said Gors
that were me lothe / for wete ye wel there is no thynge in the
worldy but I hady leuer doo hit than to see my lordy sire laun
celot du lake to dye in my defaute
Chese ye now the one or the other sayd the goody man / And
thenne he ledy sire Gors in to an hyghe Toure / and there he
fonde knyghtes and ladyes tho ladyes sayde he was wel
come/ and soo they vnarmedy hym/ ¶ And whanne he was in
his dobblet/ men broughte hym a mantel furredy with ermyn
and putte hit aboute hym/ and thenne they made hym suche che
re that he hadde forgeten alle his sorowe and anguyssche /
and only sette his herte in these delytes and deyntees/ & tooke
noo thoughte more for his broder sire Lyonel neyther of sire
Launcelot du lake his cosyn/ And anone came oute of a ch-
amber to hym the fayrest lady that euer he salve & more rycher

Bysene than euer he salue Quene Gueneuer or ony other estat
Lo sayd they syre Bors here is the lady vnto whome We owe
alle oure seruyse/ and I trowe she be the ryches lady and the
fayrest of alle the worlde/and the Whiche loueth yow best abo-
ue alle other knyghtes/for she wille haue no knyght but yow
And whanne he vnderstoode that langage he was abasshed /
Not for thenne she salewed hym/and he her/ and thenne they
satte doune to gyders and spak of many thynges/in soo moche
that she besoughte hym to be her loue/for she hade louede hym a-
boue alle erthely men/and she sholde make hym rycher than e-
uer was man of his age/ ¶ Whanne Bors vnderstoode her
wordes/he was ryght euyll at ease/whiche in no maner wolde
not breke chastyte/soo wyst not he how to answer her/

¶ Capitulum vij

ALas sayde she Bors shalle ye not doo my wylle/Ma
dame said Bors/there is no lady in this world whos
wylle I wylle fulfylle as of this thynge/for my broder lyeth
dede whiche was slayne ryght late/A Bors sayde she I haue
louede yow longe for the grete beaute I haue sene in yow/and
the grete hardynes that I haue herde of yow that nedes ye must
lye by me this nyghte/& therfor I praye yow graunte it me /
¶ Truly sayde he I shalle not doo hit in no maner wyse/then-
ne she made hym suche sorowe as though she wolde haue dyed/
wel Bors sayde she vnto this haue ye broughte me nyghe to
myn ende/And there with she took hym by the hande / & lade
hym beholde her/and ye shal see how I shalle dye for your lo-
ue/A sayde thenne he that shalle I neuer see/Thenne she depar
ted and wente vp in to an hyghe batilment / and led with her
twelue gentylwymmen/ and whan they were aboue one of the
gentylwymmen cryede and sayde ¶ A syr Bors gentil kny-
ghte haue mercy on vs all/and suffre my lady to haue her wil
And yf ye doo not we muste suffre deth with oure lady for to
falle doune of thys hyghe towre / And yf ye suffre vs thus to
dye for soo lytel a thynge / alle ladyes and gentilwymmen
wylle saye of you dishonour / ¶ Thenne loked he vpward

they semeth alle ladyes of grete estate and ryches and well
besene/thenne had he of hem grete pyte/ not for that he was Vn
counciled in hym self that leuer he had they alle had loste
their soules than he his/ and with that they felle adoune alle
at ones vnto the erthe/ And when he salue that/ he was al a-
hasshed/ and had therof grete merueylle/ with that he blessyd
his body and his visage/ And anone he herd a grete noyse &
a grete cry as though alle the fendes of helle had ben about
hym/ and there with he salue neyther toure ne lady ne gentyl
woman nor no chappel where he broughte his broder to /
Thenne helde he vp bothe his handes to the heuen and sayd/ fa-
yre fader god I am greuously escaped/ and thenne he toke
his armes and his hors and rode on his way/ Thenne he herde
a clok smyte on his ryght hand / and thyder he came to an
Abbay on his ryght hand closyd with hyghe walles/ and there
was lete in/ thenne they supposed that he was one of the queste
of the Sancgreal/ So they lede hym in to a chamber and vn
armed hym/ Syrs sayd syr Bors yf there be ony holy man in
this holus/ I pray you lete me speke with hym / Thenne one
of hem lede hym vnto the Abbot whiche was in a Chappel /
And thenne syr Bors salewed hym/ and he hym ageyne/ sir
said Bors I am a knyght erraunt/ and told hym alle the ad
uenture whiche he had sene / Sir knyght sayd the Abbot I
wote not what ye be/ for I wende neuer that a knyght of yo-
ur age myghte haue ben soo strong in the grace of our lord Ihe
su Cryst/ Not for thenne ye shalle go vnto your rest/ for I wylle
not counteyle you this day/ hit is to late / and to morowe I
shalle counteylle you as I can

Capitulum viij

And that nyghte was syr Bors serued rychely/ and
on the morne erly he herd masse/ and the Abbot came
to hym/ and bad hym good morow/ and Bors to hym
ageyne/ And thēne he told hym he was a felalve of the queste
of the Sancegreal/ and how he had charge of the holy man to
ete brede and water/ Thenne oure lord Ihesus Cryste
shewed hym vnto you in the lykenes of a sowle that suffred

grete anguyſſhe for Vs ſyn he was putte Vpon the croſſe/ and bledde his herte bloody for mankynde/ there was the token and the lykenes of the Sancgreal that appiered afore yolu/ for the blood that the grete foule bled reuyued the chyckens from deth to lyf/ And by the bare tree is betokened the worldy whych is naked and without fruyte but yf hit come of oure lord/ Alſo the lady for whome ye fought for and kyng Anyaus whiche was lord there to fore betokeneth Jheſu Cryſte / whiche is kynge of the world/ and that he foughte with the champyon for the lady/ this hit betokeneth/ for whanne he took the batayille for the lady/ by her ſhalle ye Vnderſtande the nelve lawe of Jheſu Cryſt and holy chirche/ and by the other lady ye ſhalle Vnderſtande the old lawe and the fende whiche al day werrith ageynſt holy chirche/ therfor ye dyde your batailles with ryghte For ye be Jheſu Cryſtes knyghtes/ therfor ye oughte to be defenders of holy chirche/ And by the black byrd myghte ye Vnderſtande holy chirche Whiche sayth I am blak/ but he is faire And by the whyte byrd myghte men Vnderſtande the fende/ & I ſhalle telle yolu how the ſwan is whyte without forth and blak within/ hit is ypocryſy whiche is without reſolve or pale/ and semeth without forth the seruauntes of Jheſu Cryſte but they ben within ſoo horryble of fylthe and ſynne and begyle the world cuylle / Alſo whanne the fende appiered to the in lykenes of a man of relygyon and blamyd the that tholu lefte thy broder/ For a lady ſoo ledde the where tholu semyd thy broder was ſlayne/ but he is yet on lyue/ and alle was for to putte the in errour and bryngе the Vnto wanhope and lechery/ for he knelve thou Were tendyr herted/ & all was/ for thou ſholdeſt not fynde the bleſſid aduenture of the Sancgreal/ and the thyrde foule betokeneth the ſtronge batailles ageynſt the fair ladyes whiche were alle deuyls/ Alſo the drye tree and the whyte lylye the drye tree betokeneth thy broder Lyonel whiche is drye without Vertue / and therfore many men oughte to calle hym the rotten tree and the worme eten tree / for he is a murtherer and doth contrary to the ordre of knyghthode/ And the two whyte floures ſygnyfyen two maydens / the one is a knyght whiche was wounded the other day/ and the other is the gentylwoman Whiche ye reſcowed and why the other flo-

me drelde nygh the other/that was the knyght which wold haue defolded her and hym self bothe/and syr Goos ye had ben a grete foole and in grete perylle for to haue sene tho two flowres perysshe for to socoure the wery tree/for and they had synned to gyder they had ben dampned/ and for that ye re-
scolued hem bothe/men myghte calle yold a veray knyght and seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste /

¶ Capitulum xliij

Thenne wente sir Goos from thens and commaunded the Abbot vnto god/And thenne he rode alle that day and herbewolded with an old lady/And on the morne he rode to a Castel in a Valey/and there he mette with a yoman go-
ynge a grete paas tolward a foreste/Saye me sayd syre Goos canst thow telle me of ony aduenture/Syre sayd he/ here shalle be vnder this Castel a grete and a merueyllous turnement / of what folkes shal hit be sayd syr Goos/The erle of playns shal be in the one party/& the ladyes neuew of Heruyn on the other party/thenne Goos thought to be there yf he myght mete with his broder syr Eyonel or ony other of his felaushyp / whyche were in the queste of the Sanegreal / And thenne he turned to an hermytage that was in the entre of the foreste/ And when he was come thyder/he fonde there syr Eyonel his broder whi che sat al armed at the entre of the Chappel doze for to abyde there herbewolde tyl on the morn that the turnement shalle be / And whanne sir Goos salue hym / he had grete Joye of hym/ that it were merueil to telle of hys Joye / And thenne he a-
lyghte of his hors /and sayd fair swete broder whanne cam ye hyder/ Anone as Eyonel sawe hym he saidy ¶ A Goos ye maye not make none auaunt/but as for you I myght haue ben slayn whan ye sawe two knyghtes lodyng me alwey betyng me ye lefte me for to socoure a gentilwoman/and suffred me in pe rylle of deth/for neuer erst ne dyd no broder to another so gre te an vntrouthe/And for that myssede now I ensure you but deth/for wel haue ye deserued it/therfore kepe the from hens forz-
ward/and that shal ye fynde as soone as I am armed/whan sir Goos vnderstood his broders wrath/ he knelyd doune to

the erthe/and cryed hym mercy/holdyng vp both his handes and prayd hym to forgyue hym his euyll wylle / Nay sayd Lyonel that shalle neuer be and I maye haue the hyher hand that I make myn auolue to god/tholu shalt haue dethe for it for it were pyte ye lyued ony lenger/ Rygh te soo he went in and took his harneis and mounted vpon his hors/and cam to fore hym and sayd/Hors kepe the from me/ for I shall do to the as I wold to a felon or a traytour/for ye be the vntrueste knyght that euer came oute of soo worthy an hows / as was kynge Hors de ganys /whiche was oure fader/therfore starte vpon thy hors/ and soo shalle ye be moost at your auauntage And but yf ye wylle / I wille renne vpon yolu there as ye stande vpon foote / and soo the shame shalle be myn/ and the harme yours/ but of that shame ne reke I nought/ whan syr Hors salue that he must fyghte with his brodet or els to dye/ he nyst what to doo/thenne his herte counceyled hym not therto in as moche as Lyonel was borne or he/wherfore he ought to be we hym reuerence/yet kneled he doune afore Lyonels hors feet/ and sayd fair swete broder haue mercy vpon me/and sle me not/ and haue in remembraunce the grete loue whiche ought to be bitwene vs tweyne/what syr Hors sayd to Lyonel he wo ught not/for the fende had brought hym in suche a wyl that he shold slee hym/Thenne whanne Lyonel sawe he wold none other/and that he wold not haue ryser to gyue hym batailke/ he rasshed ouer hym so that he smote Hors with his hors feete vpward to the erthe/and hurte hym so sore that he swouned of distresse/the whiche he felte in hym self to haue dyed with oute confession/Soo whanne Lyonel salue this/ he alyghte of his hors to haue smyten of his hede/ And soo he toke hym by the helme/and wold haue rente hit from his heed/ ¶ Thenne came the hermyte rennyng vnto hym whiche was a good man and of grete age/and wel knew herd alle the wordes that were bitwene them/and soo felle doune vpon syre Hors

¶ Capitulum xv

Thenne he sayd to Lyonel A gentyl knyghte haue mercy vpon me and on thy broder / for yf thou slee hym/

thow shalte be dede of synne/ and that were sorowful/ for he is one of the worthyest knyghtes of the worlde / and of the best condycyons/ Soo godys me helpe sayde Eyonel syr preest / but yf ye flee from hym I shall slee yow/ and he shalle neuer the soner be quyte/ Certes sayde the goode man I haue leuer ye slee me than hym/ for my dethe shalle not be grete harme not halfe soo moche as of his/ wel sayde Eyonel I am gred / and sette his hande to his swerde and smote hym soo harde that his hede yede bakward/ Not for that he restrayned hym of his euyll wylle/ but took his broder by the helme and vnlaced hit to haue stryken of his hede/ and had slayn hym without fayle but soo it happed Colgreuaunce a felawe of the wounde table cam at that tyme thyder as oure lordes wylle was / And whanne he salwe the goode man slayne he merueylled moche what it myght be/ And thenne he behelde Eyonel wold haue slayne his broder/ and kneled syre Gorys whiche he loued ryght wel Thenne starte he doune and toke Eyonel by the sholders and drewe hym strongly abak from Gorys/ and sayd Eyonel wylle ye slee your broder the worthyest knyghte of the world one/ & that shold noo goode man suffer/ why sayde Eyonel / wylle ye lette me/ therfor yf ye entermete yow in this I shall slee you and hym after/ why sayde Colgreuaunce is this sothe that ye wille slee hym/ slee hym wylle I sayde he/ who so saye the contrary/ For he hath done so moche ageynst me/ that he hath wel deserued it/ and soo ranne vpon hym/ and wold haue smyten hym thurgh the hede/ and sir Colgreuaunce ranne betwyx them and sayd & ye be so hardy to do soo moze we tho shal medle to gyders/ when Eyonel vnderstood his wordes/ he took his shelde afore hym/ and asked hym what that he was/ and he told hym Colgreuaunce one of his felawes/ Thenne Eyonel defyed hym/ and gaf hym a grete stroke thurgh the helme/ Thenne he drewe his swerd/ for he was a passyng good knyzte/ and defended hym ryzt manfully/ soo longe dured the batail that Gorys rose vp all anguyssholy & behelde Colgreuaunce the good knyght fought with his broder for his quarel/ thenne was he full sory and heuy/ and thoughte yf Colgreuaunce slee hym / that was his broder/ he shold neuer haue Joye / And yf his broder slew Colgreuaũce the shame shold euer be myn/ Thenne wolde

he haue ryſen to haue departed them/ but he had not ſoo mocke myght to ſtande on foote/ſoo he abode hym ſoo longe tyl Col greuaunce had the Werſe/for Lyonel was of grete chyualrye and ryght hardy/for he had pered the hauberk and the helme that he abode but dethe/ For he had loſt mocke of his blood that it was merueylle that he myght ſtande vp ryght/ Thenne beheld he ſyr Bors whicke ſat dreſſynge hym vplvardy and ſaid Al Bors why come ye not to caſte me outr of perylle of dethe wherin I haue put me to ſocoure yolv whicke were ryght nolv nygke the dethe/ Certes ſaid Lyonel that ſhall not auayle you for none of you ſhalle kepe others warraunt/ but that ye ſhalle dye bothe of my hande/ Whan Bors herde that/ he dyde ſoo mocke he roſe and putte on his helme/ Thenne pervayued he fyrſte the hermyte preeſt Whicke was ſlayne/ thenne made he a merueilleus ſorolve vpon hym/

Capitulum xxj

Thenne ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon ſyre Bors/ Why wylle ye lete me dye here for your ſake/ yf it pleſe yolv that I dye for yolv the dethe/ it wille pleaſe me the better for to ſaue a worthy man/ with that worde ſyre Lyonel ſmote of the helme from his hede/ Thenne Colgreuaunce ſalve that he myght not eſcape/ thenne he ſayde Fair ſwete Jheſu that I haue myſdoo haue mercy vpon my ſolvle/ For ſuche ſorolve that my herte ſuffreth for goodenes and for almes dede that I wolde haue done here/ be to me a lygement of penaunce vnto my ſoules helthe/ At theſe wordes Lyonel ſmote hym ſoo ſore that he lave hym to the erthe / ſoo whanne he had ſlayne Colgreuaunce/ he ranne vpon his broder as a fendly man / & gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke that he made hym ſtoupe / and he that was ful of humylyte prayd hym for Goddes loue to leue this bataille/ For and hit befelle fayre broder that I ſlelve yolv or ye me/ lve ſholde be dede of that ſynne/ Neuer gode me help But yf I haue on yolv mercy and I maye haue the better hand/ Thenne dreelve Bors his ſuerd al wepynge and ſayde/ Faire brother gode knolveth myn entente / A fayre broder ye haue done ful euyle this daye to ſlee ſuche an holy preeſt the

whiche neuer treſpaſt/ Alſo ye haue ſlayne a gentyl knyghte
and one of oure felawes/ And wel wote ye that I am not a
ferd of yow gretely/ but I drede the wrathe of god/ and this
is an vnkyndely werre/ therefore god ſhelde myracle vpon vs
bothe/ Now god haue mercy vpon me / though I defende my
lyf ageynſt my broder/ with that Bors lyfte vp his hand/ &
wold haue ſmyten his broder/

¶ Capitulum xviij

And thēne he herd a voyce that ſayd flee bors & touche
hym not/ or els thow ſhalt ſlee hym / Ryght ſo alyzt
a clowde betwixe them in lykenes of a fyre and a merueylle
us flamme/ that bothe her two ſheldes brente/ ¶ Thenne were
they ſore affrayed that they felle bothe to the erthe / and laye
there a grete whyle in a ſwoune / And whanne they came to
them ſelf Bors ſawe that his broder had no harme/ thenne he
held vp bothe his handes/ for he dradde god had taken wenge
aunce vpon hym/ with that he herd a voyce ſaye Bors go hens
and bere thy broder noo lenger felauſhyp/ but take thy way a
none ryghte to the ſee/ For ſire Percyual abydeth the there/
Thenne he ſayd to his broder fayr ſwete broder forgyue me for
godes loue alle that I haue treſpaced vnto yow / Thenne he
anſwerd God forgyue it the and I doo gladly/ So ſir Bors
departed from hym and rode the neyte way to the ſee/ And at
the laſt by fortune he came to an Abbay whiche was nygh the
ſee/ That nyght Bors reſted hym there/ and in his ſlepe there
came a voice to hym & bade hym go to the ſee/ thenne he ſtarte
vp and made a ſygne of the Croſſe in the mydes of his for-
hede and took his harneis and made redy his hors/ and mou-
ted vpon hym/ And at a broken walle he rode oute/ & rode ſoo
long tyl that he came to the ſee / And on the ſtrond he fond a
ſhyp couerd all with White ſamyte/ And he alyghte & bitoke
hym to Ihesu Cryſt/ And as ſoone as he entryd in to the ſhip
the ſhyp departed in to the ſee and went ſo faſt that hym ſe-
med the ſhyp went fleynge/ but hit was ſoone derke ſoo that
he myght knowe no man/ and ſoo he ſlepte tyl hit was daye

Thenne he awaked and sawe in myddes of the shyp a knyzt lye alle armed sauf his helme/Thenne kneive he that hit was syr Percyual of walys/and thenne he made of hym ryzt gre= te Joye/But sir Percyual was abasshed of hym/ and he asked hym what he was/A fayr syr sayd Boos knowe ye me not / Certes sayd he I merueylle how ye came hyther/ but yf oure lord broughte yow hyder hym self/thenne syre Boos smyled and dyd of his helme/Thenne Percyual kneive hym/& eyth= er made grete Joye of other that it was merueylle to here/

¶ Thenne Boos told hym how he came in to the shyp / and by whoos ammonysshement / and eyther told other of theyr temptacyons/as ye shue herd to fore hand/

¶ Soo wente they douneward in the see one while bakward another while forward/and euerych comforted other / and ofte were in their prayers/thenne sayd syre Percyual we lak no thynge but Galahad the good knyght

¶ And thus endeth the syxtenth book which is of syre Ga= wayne/Ector de marys/and syre Boos de ganys and sir per= cyual

¶ And here followeth the seuententh book which is of the no= ble knyght syre Galahad /

¶ Capitulum primum

NOw saith this story whanne Galahad hadde ressolved Percyual from the twenty knyghtes / he yede tho in to a waste foreste / wherin he rode many Journeyes/ and dide many aduentures/the whiche he brought to an ende/wherof the story maketh here no mencyon/ Thenne he toke his waye to the see on a daye/ & hit befelle as he passed by a Castel where was a wonder turnement / but they without hadde done soo mocke/ that they within were putte to the werse/ yet were they wythin goode knyghtes ynouz/whanne Galahad salve that tho with in were at soo grete a meschyef that men slewe hem att the entre of the Castel/thenne he thoughte to helpe hem/and putte a spere forth/and smote the fyrste that he flay to the erthe / and the spere brak to pyeces/thenne he drewe his swerde/and smote there as they were thyckest/ and so he dyde wonderful deedes of armes/that alle they merueylled/ thenne hit happed that Gawayne and sir Ector de marys were with the knyghtes without/But whanne they aspyed the white shelde with the redde Crosse/the one sayde to the other yonder is the good knyght sir Galahad the haute prynce/Now he shalde be a grete foole / whiche shalde mete with hym to fyghte / Soo by aduenture he came by sire Gawayne and he smote hym soo hardy that he claf his helme and the coyfe of yron Vnto his hede/ so that Gawayn felle to the erthe/but the stroke Was soo grete that it slented doune to the erthe and carfe the hors shulder in two/Whan Ector salve Galhayne doune he dreIde hym aside / and thoughte it no wysedome for to abyde hym/and also for naturel loue that he was his Vnkel/Thus thurgh his grete hardyneSSe he bete aback alle the knyghtes without/And thenne they within came oute and chaced hem alle aboute/But whanne Galahad salve ther wold none torne ageyne/he stale alwey pryuely so that none wyst where he was become/Now by my hede sayde Gawayn to Ector now are the wonders true that were sayde of Launcelot du lake/that the swerde which stak in the stone shold gyue me suche a buffet ꝑ I wolde not haue it for the best Castell in this Worlde/and sothely now hit is preuedy twelue for neuer

er had I ſuche a ſtroke of mans hand/Sir ſayd Ector me ſe meth your queſt is done/and yours is not done ſayd Galva ; yn but myn is done I ſhalle ſeke noo ferther/Thenne Galva ; yne was borne in to a Caſtel and vnarmed hym / and leyd hym in a ryche bedde/and a leche ſonde that he myght kyue / & to be hole within a moneth / Thus Galvayne and Ector abode to gyder / For ſyre Ector Wold not alvey til Galvayne Were hole/& the good knyzt Galahad wde ſo long tyll he came that nyghte to the Caſtel of Carboneck/& hit befelle hym thus/ that he was kenyghted in an hermytage / Soo the good man was fayne whan he ſalve he was a knyght erraunt/tho whan they were at reſt/ther cam a gentilwoman knockyng at the dore/& called Galahad/and ſoo the good man cam to the dore to wete what ſhe wold/Thenne ſhe called the heremyte ſyre Olfyn I am a gentylwoman that wold ſpeke with the knyght whi; che is with yolv/Thenne the good man awaked Galahad / & badde hym aryſe and ſpeke with a gentylwoman that ſemeth hath grete nede of yolv/ Thenne Galahad went to her & aſked her what ſhe wold/Galahad ſayd ſhe I will that ye arme you and moũte vpon your hors and folowe me/for I ſhall ſhewe yolv within theſe thre dayes the hyeſt aduenture that euer ony knyght ſalve/ Anone Galahad armed hym and took his hors and commaunded hym to god/and badde the gentilwoman go and he wold folowe there as ſhe lyked /

Capitulum ij

SOo ſhe rode as faſt as her palfrey myght bere her tylle that ſhe came to the ſee/the whiche was called Collyte And at the nyghte they came vnto a Caſtel in a valeye cloſed; with a wennynge water and with ſtronge walles and hyke / & ſoo ſhe entred in to the Caſtel with Galahad and there had he grete chere for the lady of that Caſtel was the damoyſels la; dy/ſoo whan he was vnarmed/thenne ſaid the damoyſel mada; me ſhalle we abyde here all this day/ Nay ſayd ſhe but tylle he hath dyned and tyl he hath ſlepte a lytyl/ ſo he ete and ſlepte a whyle tyl that the mayde called hym / and armed hym by

wreche lyght/ And whan the mayde was horsed and he bothe the lady took Galahad a fayr child and ryche / and so they departed from the Castel tyl they came to the see syde/ & there they fond the shyp where Bors and Percyual were in / the whiche cryed on the shyps bord sir Galahad ye be welcome / we haue abyden yow longe/ And whan he herd them/he asked them what they were/ Sir said she leue your hors here/ and I shall leue myn and take her sadels and her brydels with them and made a crosse on them/and soo entryd in to the shyp/and the two knyghtes receyued hem bothe with grete Joye / and euerych kneled other/and soo the wynde awoos/and drofe hem thurgh the see in a merueyllous place / And within a whyle it dalyd/Thenne dyd Galahad of his helme & his swerd / & asked of his felawes from whens cam that fayre shyp/Truly sayd they ye wote as wel as we but of godes grace/and thenne they told euerych to other of alle theire hard aduentures/and of her grete temptacyons/ truly sayd Galahad ye are moche bounden to god for ye haue escaped grete aduentures and had not the gentilwoman ben/ I had not comen here / for as for yow I wend neuer to haue fond yow in these straunge countreys/ A Galahad saide Bors yf launcelot your fader were here/thenne were we wel at ease/ for thenne me semed we fayled no thynge/That may not be sayde Galahad/ but yf it pleasyd oure lorde / By thenne the shyp went fro the londe of Logrys/and by aduenture it arryued by betwix two roches passyng grete and merueyllous/ but there they myght not londe/for there was a swalowe of the see / sauf there was another ship/and vpon it they myght goo without daunger/ Goo we thyder sayd the gentylwoman/and there shalle we see aduentures/for soo is oure lordes wylle/ ¶ And whanne they came thyder/they fond the ship ryche ynouz / but they fond neyther man ne woman therin/But they fonde in the ende of the ship two fayre letters wrytten whiche sayd a dredful word and a merueyllous/Tho we man whiche shalle entre in to this shyp kelware thou be in stedfast bileue for I am feith & therfor kelware how thou entrest/for & thou faile I shal not helpe the / thenne saide the gentilwoman Percyual wote ye what I am/Certes sayd nay to my wetynge/ ¶ Wete you wel sayd she that I

am thy syster/whiche am doughter of kynge Helkenore/ And therfore wete ye wel ye are the man in the worldy that I moost loue/ And yf ye be not in parfyte byleue of Ihesu Cryst entre not in no maner of wyse/ for thenne shouldy ye perysshe the shyp for he is soo parfyte/ he wylle suffre no synner in hym/ whanne Percyual vnderstode that she was his verayy syster/ he was inwardly glad andy sayd/ faire syster I shalle entre therin/ For yf I be a mys creature or an vntrue knyghte there shalle I perysshe

Capitulum Tercium

THa the meane whyle Galahady blessedy hym/ & entridy therin/ and thenne next the gentylwoman/ & thenne sir Bors & sir Percyual/ And whan they were in/ it was so merueyllous fayre andy ryche that they merueylledy / & in mydes of the shyp was a fayr bedde/ & Galahad wente therto/ & fond there a crolvne of sylke/ Andy at the feet was a swerdy ryche & fayre/ andy hit was dralven oute of the shethe half a foot and more/ andy the swerdy was of dyuerse facyons/ andy the pomel was of stone / andy there was in hym alle manere of colours that ony man myght fynde / andy euerycke of the colours hadde dyuerse vertues/ and the skalys of the hafte were of two rybbes of dyuerse breestes/ the one breest was a serpent whiche was conuersaunt in Calydone/ and is called the serpent of the fend And the bone of hym is of suche a vertu that there is no hyndy that handeleth hym shalle neuer be wery nor hurte/ andy the other breest is a fysshe which is not ryght grete/ andy haunteth the floody of Eufrate/ andy that fysshe is calledy Ertanay/ andy his bones be of suche a maner of kynde that who that handeleth hem/ shalle haue soo mocke wille that he shalle neuer be wery andy he shalle not thynke on Joye nor sorow that he hath hady But only that thynge that he beholdeth before hym / And as for this swerdy there shalle neuer man begrype hym at the handels but one/ but he shalle passe alle other/ In the name of god said Percyual I shall assaye to handle hit / Soo he sette his handy to the swerdy/ but he myghte not begrype hit/ by my feyth said he nolde haue I fayled/ Bors set his handy therto & fayledy Thenne Galahady beheldy the swerd and salve letters lyke blood that sayd / lete see who shall assaye to dralve me oute of my

ſhethe/but yf he be more hardyer than ony other/& who that dra
weth me / wete ye wel that he ſhalle neuer fayle of ſhame of
his body or to be wounded to the dethe/By my feyth ſaid ga-
lahad I wold drawe this ſuerd oute of the ſhethe / but the
offendynge is ſoo grete that I ſhalle not sette my hand therto
Nold ſirs ſaid the gentilwoman wete ye wel that the draby-
nge of this ſuerd is warned to alle men ſauf al only to yold
Alſo this ſhyp aryued in the realme of Logrys/and that ty-
me was dedely werre bytwene kynge labor whiche was fadr
Into the maymed kynge and kynge Hurlame whiche was a
Sarasyn/But thenne was he nelwely crystend / ſoo that men
helde hym afterward one of the wyttyeſt men of the world/&
ſoo vpon a day hit befelle that kynge Labor and kynge Hur-
lame had aſſembled their folke vpon the ſee where this ſhyp
was aryued/and there kyng Hurlame was diſcomfyte/and
his men ſlayne/and he was aferd to be dede/and fled to his
ſhyp and there fond this ſuerd and drelbe hit / and cam oute
and fond kyng Labor the man in the world of al crystendom
in whome Was thenne the gretteſt feythe/¶ And when kynge
Hurlame ſalde kynge Labor he dreſſid this ſuerd / and ſmote
hym vpon the helme ſoo hard that he clafe hym / and his hors
to the erthe with the fyrſt ſtroke of his ſuerd/and hit was in
the realme of Logrys/and ſoo bifelle grete peſtylence & grete
harme to both Realmes / for ſythen encreced neyther corne ne
graſſe nor wel nyghe no fruyte/ne in the water was no fyſſhe
Wherfor men callen hit the landes of the two marches the waſte
land/for that dolorous ſtroke/And when kynge Hurlame ſa-
we this ſuerd ſoo kerueng/he turned ageyne to fetche the ſcau-
bard/And ſoo came in to this ſhyp and entred/ and putt vp
the ſuerd in the ſhethe/ And as ſoone as he had done it / he felle
doune dede afore the bedde / Thus was the ſwerd preued that
none ne drelbe it but he were dede or maymed/So laye he ther
tyl a mayden cam in to the ſhyp/and caſt hym oute/ for there
was no man ſo hardy of the world to entre in to ſhypthat for
the defence|

¶Capitulum quartum /

And thenne beheld they the ſcaubard / hit ſemed to be of a ſerpents ſkynne/ And theron were letters of gold and ſyluer/ and the gyrdel was but pourely to ome to and not able to ſuſteyne ſuche a ryche ſuerd/ and the letters ſayd / he whiche ſhal welde me oughte to be more harder than ony other yf he bere me as truly as me oughte to be born For the body of hym whiche I oughte to hange by he ſhal not be ſhamed in no place whyle he is gyrd with this gyrdel / nor neuer none be ſoo hardy to doo alvey this gyrdel/ for it oughte not be done alvay but by the handes of a mayde/ and that ſhe be a kynges doughter and quenes/ and ſhe muſt be a mayde alle the dayes of her lyf / bothe in vvylle and in dede / And yf ſhe breke her Vyrgynyte ſhe ſhalle dye the mooſt Vylaynous dethe that euer dyd ony vvoman/ Sir ſaid Percyual borne this ſuerd that we may ſee vvhat is on the other ſyde/ & hit vvas redy as Bloody vvith blak letters as ony cole/ vvhiche ſayd/ he that ſhal prayſe me mooſt/ mooſt ſhalle he fynde me to blame at a grete nede and to vvhome I ſholde be mooſt debonair ſhall I be moſt felon/ and that ſhalle be at one tyme/ Faire broder ſayd ſhe to Percyual it befelle after a fourty yere after the paſſion of Ihe ſu Cryſt that Nacyen thy broder in lavve of kyng Mordrayns vvas borne in to a Tovvne more than viiij dayes Journeye from his countrey by the commaundement of our lorde in to an yle / in to the parfyes of the vveſt that men clepyde the yle of Turnaunce/ Soo befelle hit that he fonde this ſhyp at the entre of a rocke/ and he fonde the bedde and this ſuerde as we haue herde nolv/ Not for thenne he had not ſoo mocke hardyneſſe to drawe hit/ and there he dvvelled an eyght dayes / and at the nynthe day there felle a grete vvynde vvhiche departed hym out of the yle and brought hym to another yle by a rocke / and there he fonde the gretteſt gyaunt that euer man myghte ſee/ ther with cam that horryble gyaunt to ſlee hym/ and thenne he loked about hym and myghte not flee/ and he had no thynge to defende hym vvith/ Soo he ranne to his ſuerde/ and vvhen he ſalve hit naked/ he prayſed it mocke/ and thenne he ſhoke it/ and ther vvith he brak it in the mydes A ſaid Nacyen the thyng that I mooſt prayſed ought I nolv mooſt to blame/ and ther vvith he threvve the pyeces of his ſuerde ouer his bedde / And after he

lepte ouer the borde to fyghte with the gyaunt/and ſtelde hym And anone he entryd in to the ſhyp ageyne/ and the wynde a wſe/and drofe hym thurgh the ſee / that by aduenture he came to another ſhyp where kynge Mordrayns was / whiche hadde ben tempted ful euyll with a fende in the porte of perylous we che/ And whanne that one ſalde the other/they made grete Joye of other/and eyther told other of their aduenture / & how the ſwerd fayled hym at his mooſt nede / Whanne Mordrayns ſalde the ſuerd he prayſed hit mocke/but the brekyng was not to doo/but by wyckednes of thy ſelf ward / for thou arte in ſomme ſynne/and there he took the ſuerd/and ſette the peces to gyders / and they ſoudred as fayr as euer they were to fore/and there putte he the ſwerd in the ſhethe/and leyd it doune on the bedde/Thenne herd they a voyce that ſayd go out of this ſhip a lytel whyle / and entre in to the other for drede ye falle in dedely ſynne/for and ye be fonde in dedely ſynne ye maye not eſcape but perylſhe / and ſoo they wente in to the other ſhyp/ And as Nacyen wente ouer the borde he was ſmyten with a ſwerd on the ryghte foote that he felle doune noſelynge to the ſhyps bord / and there with he sayd O god holde am I hurte/and thenne there came a voyce and ſayd / take thou that for thy forfette that thou dydeſt in drawynge of this ſuerd/therfor thou requeſt a wounde/for thou were neuer worthy to handel it/the wrytynge maketh mencyon / In the name of god ſaid galahad ye ar ryzt wyſe of theſe werkes

Capitulum vi

Syr sayd ſhe there was a kynge that hyghte Pelles the maymed kynge/ And whyle he myghte ryde / he ſupported moche cryſtendome and holy chirche/ Soo vpon a daye he hunted in a woode of his whiche lasted vnto the see / and at the laſt he loſte his houndes/and his knyghtes / ſauf only one/and there he and his knyghte wente tyl that they cam toward Irlande/ and there he fonde the ſhyp/ And whanne he ſawe the letters and vnderſtood them/ yet he entryd/for he was ryghte parfyte of his lyf/but his knyghte had none hardyneſs to entre & ther fonde he this ſuerd & dreſſe it oute as moche as ye maye ſee/Soo there with entryd a ſpere where with he was

ſmyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes / and neuer ſythe myghte he be helyd ne nought ſhall to fore ue come to hym/Thus ſaid ſhe was not kynge Perles your graunte ſir maymedy for his ſtardyneſſe/In the name of gody damoyſel ſayd Galahady/ſo they wente toward the bedde to behold al aboute hit/and aboue the bede ther henge two ſwerdes/Alſo there were two ſpyndels Whiche were as whyte as ony ſnolde/and other that were as redy as blody/and other aboue grene as ony emeraude/of the/ ſe thre colours were the ſpyndels and of naturel colour within and without ony payntynge/Theſe ſpyndels ſayd the damoy/ ſel were whan ſynful Eue came to gadre fruyte/for whiche Adam and ſhe Were putte oute of paradyſe / ſhe tooke with her the bough on whiche the Appel henge on/Thenne perceyued ſhe that the braunche was fayre and grene/and ſhe remembryd her the roſſe whiche came fro the tree/Thenne ſhe thoughte to kepe the braunche as longe as ſhe myghte/And for ſhe had no cofer to kepe hit in/ſhe put it in the erthe/Soo by the wylle of our lord the braunche grewe to a grete tree within a lytil whyle/& was as whyte as ony ſnolde/braūches/bowes/and leues that was a token a mayden plantedy hit / But after body came to Adam and bad hym knowe his wyf fleſſhly as nature requy red/Soo lay Adam with his wyf vnder the same tree/and a none the tree whiche was whyte and ful grene as ony graſſe and alle that came oute of hit/and in the ſame tyme that they medled to gyders there was Abel begoten/ thus was the tree longe of grene colour/And ſo it befelle many dayes after/Vn/ der the ſame tree Caym ſlewe Abel/whereof befelle grete merueil For anone as Abel had receyued the dethe vnder the grene tree he loſt the grene colour and becam redy and that Was in token nyng of the blood/& anone alle the plantes dyed therof / but the tree grewe and wayed merueyllouſly fayre/& hit was the fayreſt tree & the mooſt delectable that ony man myght beholde and ſee and ſo dyd the plantes that grewe out of it tofore that Abel was ſlayne vnder it/Soo longe dured the tree tyl that Salamon kynge Dauyds ſone regned/and helde the londe af ter his fader / This Salamon was wyſe and knewe alle the vertues of ſtones and trees / and ſoo he knewe the courſe of the ſterres and many other dyuerſe thynges

This Salamon had an euylle wyfe / wherethurgh he wende that there had ben no good woman / and soo he dispysed hem in his bookes/ Soo answerd a boyce hym ones/ Salamon / yf heuynes come to a man by a woman/ ne take thold neuer/ For yet shalle there come a woman wher of there shalle come gretter ioye to man an hondred tymes more than this heuynesse ge= ueth sorowe/ and that woman shalle be borne of thy lygnage/ Tho whan Salamon herd these wordes/ he held hym self but a foole/ & the trouthe he perceyued by old bookes/ Also the ho= ly ghoost shewed hym the comynge of the glorious Virgyne marye/ Thenne asked he of the boyce/ yf hit shold be in the ye= re of his lygnage/ Nay sayd the boyce but there shalle come a man which shalle be a mayde/ and the last of your blood / & he shalle be as good a knyght as duke Josue / thy broder in lalbe

Capitulum vj

NOw haue I certefyed the of that thou stodest in do= ubte/ thenne was Salamon glad that there shold co= me ony suche of his lygnage/ but euer he merueylled & studyed who that shold be / And what his name myghte be/ his wyf perceyued that he studyed / and thoughte she wolde knowe it at some season/ and so she wayted her tyme/ & asked of hym the cause of his studyenge/ and there he told her alle to gyder how the boyce tolde hym/ Wel sayd she/ I shalle lete ma= ke a shyp of the best wood and moost durable that men maye fynde/ Soo Salamon sente for alle the Carpenters of the lond and the best/ And whan they had made the shyp/ the lady sa= yd to Salamon/ syr sayd she/ syn hit is soo that this knyght ouzte to passe all knyghtes of chyualry which shue ben to so= we hym/ & shall come after hym/ More ouer I shall telle yow sayd she ye shalle goo in to oure lordes temple where is kynge Dauyds swerd your fader/ the which is the merueylloust and the sharpest that euer was taken in ony knyghtes hand / there fore take that/ and take of the pomel / and therto make ye a pomel of precyous stones that it be soo subtylly made that noo man perceyue it/ but that they be al one/ & after make there an hylte soo merueyllously and wonderly that noo man maye

knolbe hit/ And after make a merueyllous sheth/ And whan ye haue made alle this/ I shalle lete make a gyrdel ther to such as shalle please me/ Alle this kynge Salamon dyd lete make as she deuysed/ bothe the shyp and alle the remenaunt/ And whan the ship was redy in the see to sayle/ the lady lete make a grete bedde and merueyllous ryche/ and sette her vpon the bedde she her couerd with sylke/ and leyd the suerd at the feete/ & the gyrdels were of hempe/ and there with the kynge was angry/ Syr wete ye wel sayd she that I haue none soo hyghe a thynge whiche were worthy to susteyne soo hyghe a suerd/ and a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes ther to / but I woote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme/ and there she lete make a couerynge to the shyp of clothe of sylke that sholde neuer wete for no maner of weder/ yet went that lady and maade a Carpenter to come to the tree whiche Abel was slayne vnder/ Now sayd she serue me oute of this tree as mocke woody as wylle make me a spyndyl/ A madame sayd he / this is the tree / the whiche our fyrst moder plantede/ Do hit sayd she or els I shall destroye the/ Anone as he beganne to werke/ ther cam out droppes of blood/ and thenne wolde he haue lefte/ but she wold not suffre hym//and soo he woke alweye as mocke woody as myghte make a spyndyl / and soo she made hym to take as mocke of the grene tree and of the whyte tree/ And whan these thre spyndels were shapen/ she made hem to be fastened vpon the selar of the bedde/ whanne Salamone salue this/ he sayd to his wyf ye haue done merueyllously / for though alle the worlde were here rygh̄t nolw/ he coude not deuyse Wherfor alle this was made/ but oure lorde hym self/ and tholw that hast done hit/ woteste not what it shal betoken/ Nolw lacke hit he sayd she/ for ye shal here tydynges sooner than ye wene /

¶ Nolw shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf/

¶ Capitulum xij

That nyght lay Salamon bifore the shyp with lytel felaushyp/ And whan he was on slepe/ hym thoughte /

there come from heuen a grete compaⁿy of angels and alyghte in to the ship and wosh water whiche was brought by an angel in a vessel of syluer/and sprente alle the shyp/And after he came to the swerd and dreive letters on the hylte/ And after went to the shyps borde/and wrote there other letters / whiche sayd thou man that wylt entre within me/belware that thou be ful within the feythe/ for I ne am but feythe & bylene / whanne Salamon aspyed these letters he was abasshed/ soo that he durste not entre/ and soo dreive hym aback/ and the shyp was anone shoven in the see/ and he went soo faste that he lost syghte of hym within a lytyl whyle/ And thenne a lytyl voyce said/ Salamon/ the last knyghte of thy lygnage shalle reste in this bedde / Thenne went Salamon and awaked his wyf/ and told her of the aduentures of the shyp /

Now sayth thystory that a grete whyle the thre felawes beheld the bedde/ and the thre spyndels / than they were certayne that they were of naturel colours without payntynge / Thenne they lefte vp a clothe whiche was aboue the grounde & there fonde a ryche purse by semynge/ and Percyual took hit/ And fonde therin a wrytte/ & so he redde hit/ and deuysed the maner of the spyndels and of the shyp whens hit came / and by whome it was made/ Now sayd Galahad where shalle we fynde the gentylwoman/ that shalle make newe gyrdels to the swerd / Fair syre sayd Percyuals syster/ dismaye yow not / For by the leue of god I shalle sone make a gyrdel to the swerd suche one as shalle longe therto/ And thenne she opend a boye and toke oute gyrdels which were semely wrought with golden thredys / and vpon that were sette ful precyous stones & a ryche buckel of gold/ so lordes said she/ here is a gyrdel that oughte to be sette aboute the swerd/ And wete ye wel the grettest parte of this gyrdle was made of my here whiche I bouedy wel whyle that I was a woman of the worldy/ But as soone as I wyst that this aduenture was ordeyned me I clypped of my here/ and made this gyrdel in the name of god / ye be wel y fonde said sir Boors/ for certes ye haue put vs out of grete payne wherin we shold haue entryd ne had your tydynges be/ Thenne went the gentilwoman and sette hit on the gyrdel of the swerd/ Now sayd the felawship what is the name

of the ſuerd/and what ſhalle we calle hit/Truly ſayd ſhe the name of the ſuerd is the ſuerd with the ſtraunge gyrdels and the ſhethe meuer of blood/for noo man that hath blood in hym ne ſhalle neuer ſee the one party of the ſhethe which was ma de of the twe of lyf/Thenne they ſayd to Galahad Jn the na me of Jheſu Cryſte / and pray yow that ye gyrd you with this ſuerd which hath ben deſyred ſo moche in the Realme of Logres / Now lete me begynne ſayd Galahad to grype thys ſwerd for to gyue yow courage/But wete ye wel hit longeth no moze to me than it doth to yow/And thenne he gryped abo; ute hit with his fyngers a grete dele / And thenne ſhe gyrde hym aboute the myddel with the ſwerd / Now wel Jf not tho; ugh Jdye/for now Jholde me one of the bleſſid maydens of the world which hath made the worthyeſt knyght of the wo; ld/Damoyſel ſayd Galahad ye haue done ſoo moche that J ſhalle be your knyght alle the dayes of my lyf / Thenne they went from that ſhyp/and Wente to the other / And anone the wynde droofe hem in to the ſee a grete paas but they had no By taille/but hit befelle that they came on the morne to a Caſtell that men calle Cartaloyſe/that was in the marches of Scotlād And whan they had paſſed the porte/the gentilwoman ſayde lordes here be men aryuen that and they wyſte that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte/ ye ſhold be aſſayled anone/Damoyſelle ſayd Galahad he that caſt vs oute of the Rocke ſhalle delyuer vs from hem

¶ Capitulum Octauum

SOo hit befelle as they ſpoken thus/there cam a ſquyer by them/and aſked what they were/and they ſaid they were of kynge Arthurs holde/is that ſothe ſayd he/ Now by my hed ſayd he ye be ylle arayed/and thenne torned he ageyn Into the cleyff foztreſſe/And within a whyle they herd an ho; ne blowe/Thenne a gentylwoman came to hem and aſked hem of whens they were/and they told her/ Faire lordes ſayd ſhe for godes loue torne ageyne yf ye may/for ye be come Into youre dethe/Nay they ſayd we wille not torne ageyne / for he ſhalle helpe vs in whos ſeruyſe we ben entred in/ ¶ Thenne as they

stode talkynge/there came knyghtes wel armed and bad hem
yelde them or els to dye/that yelding sayd they shal be noyo ;
us to yolde/and there with they lete theyr horses renne/and sir
Percyual smote the formest to the erthe/and tok his hors/ &
mounted therupon/and the same dyd Galahad/Also Boors
serued another soo for they had no horses in that countrey/for
they lefte their horses whan they toke their shyp in other coun;
trayes/ ¶And soo whan they were horsed/thenne beganne
they to sette vpon them / and they of the Castel fled in to the
stronge fortresse / and the thre knyghtes after them in to the
Castel/and soo alyghte on foote/and with their swerdes sle;
we them doune and gate in to the halle/Thenne whan they be;
held the grete multytude of peple/ that they had slayne / they
held them self grete synners/Certes sayd Boors/I wene &
god had loued hem that we sholde not haue had power to ha;
ue slayne hem thus/But they haue done soo moche ageyn our
lord that he wold not suffre hem to regne no lenger/ Say ye not
soo sayd Galahad/for yf they mysdyd ageynst god/the ven ;
geaunce is not ours/but to hym whiche hath power therof/ So
came there oute of a chamber a good man whiche was a preest
and bare goddes body in a coupe / And Whanne he salue hem
whiche lay dede in the halle/he Was alle abasshed / and Gala;
had dyd of his helme and kneled doune / and soo dyd his
two felalwes/syre sayd they haue ye no drede of vs / For we
ben of kynge Arthurs courte / ¶Thenne asked the go;
od man how they were slayn so sodenly/ and they told it hym
Truly sayd the goode man and ye myghte lyue as longe as
the world myght endure/ne myghte ye haue done soo grete an
almesse dede as this/Sire sayd Galahad I repente me moch
in as moche as they were crystened/Nay repente you not sa;
yd he for they were not crystened/and I shalle telle you hou
that I woke of this Castel / here was lord Erle Hernox not
but one yere/and he had thre sones goode knyghtes of armes
and a doughter the fayreste gentylwoman that men knowe/soo
tho thre knyghtes loued theyr syster so sore that they brende in
loue/and so they lay by her maulgre her hede/And for she cry;
ed to her fader/they slewe her and tok their fader/and putte
hym in pryson/and wounded hym nygh to the deth/but a sosyn

of hers reſcolwed hym / And thenne dyd they gyue Sir Trouthe /
they ſelue clerkes and preeſtes / and made hym doune ſhyp /
pelo that oure lordes ſeruyſe myght not be ſerued ne ſayd / and
this ſame daye her fader sente to me for to be confeſſid & hou /
ſeld / but ſuche ſhame had neuer man as I had this day with
the thre bretheren / but the erle bador me ſuffer / for he sayde they
ſhold not longe endure / for thre seruauntes of oure lord ſhold
deſtroye them / and now hit is brought to an ende / And by this
maye ye wete that our lord is not diſpleaſyd with your dedes
Certes sayd Galahad and hit had not pleaſyd our lord / neuer
ſhold we haue ſlayne soo many men in soo lytyl a whyle / &
thenne they brought the erle Hernox oute of pryſon in to the
myddes of the halle that knelyd Galahad anone / and yet he
ſalue hym neuer afore but by reuelacyon of our lord

Capitulum ix

Thenne began he to wepe ryght tendyrly ſaid kyng
haue I abyden your comynge / but for goddes loue hol
deth me in your armes that my ſoule may departe oute of my
body in ſoo good a mans armes as ye be / Gladly sayd Gala
had / And thenne one sayd on hyghe that alle herde / Galahad /
Wel haſt thou auenged me on goddes enemyes / Now behoueth
the to goo to the maymed kyng as ſoone as thou maiſt / for he
ſhalle receyue by the helthe whiche he hath abyden ſoo long / and
ther with the ſoule departed from the body / and Galahad made
hym to be buryed as hym ought to be / Ryght ſoo departed the
thre knyghtes and Percyuals ſyſter with them / And ſoo they
came in to a Waſte foreſte / and there they ſalue afore them a
whyte herte whiche four lyons lade / Thenne they took hem to
aſſent for to folowe after / for to knowe whyder they repayred
and ſoo they wode after a grete pace til that they cam to a ba /
leye / & ther by was an hermytage where a good man dwelled
and the herte and the lyons entryd alſo / ſoo whanne they ſa /
we alle this / they torned to the chapel / and ſalue the good man
in a relygyous wede & in the armour of our lord / for he wold
ſynge maſſe of the holy ghoſt / and ſoo they entryd in & herde

masse/ And at the secretys of the masse/ they thre salde the hert become a man/ the whiche meruepled hem and sette hym vpon the aulter/ in a ryche sege/ and salde the four lyons were chaunged/ the one to the forme of a man/ the other to the forme of a lyon/ and the thyrd to an Egle/ and the fourth was chaunged vnto an oxe/ thenne toke they her sege/ where the herte sat/ and went oute thurgh a glas wyndowe/ and there was no thynge perysshed nor broken/ and they herd a voyce say in suche a maner entred the sone of god in the wombe of a mayd mary/ whos vyrgynyte ne was perysshed ne hurte/ & whanne they herd these wordes they felle doune to the erthe/ and were astonyed/ and ther with was a grete clerenes/ And whanne they were come to their self ageyn they went to the good man and prayd hym that he wold say hem trouthe/ What thynge have ye sene sayd he/ & they told hym all that they had sene/ A lordes sayd he ye be welcome/ now wote I wel ye be the good knyghtes/ the whiche shal bryngе the Sangreal to an ende/ For ye ben they vnto whome oure lord shalle shelve grete secretes/ and wel oughte oure lord be sygnefyed to an herte/ For the herte whanne he is old/ he wayeth yonge ageyne in hys whyte skynne/ Right soo cometh ageyne oure lord from dethe to lyf/ for he lost erthely flesshe that was the dedly flesshe/ whyche he had taken in the wombe of the blessed vyrgyn mary/ & for that cause appiered oure lord as a whyte herte without spot/ and the foure that were with hym is to vnderstande the foure euuangelystes whiche sette in Wrytynge a parte of Jhu su Crystes dedes that he dyd somtyme whan he was amonge yolk an erthely man/ for wete ye wel neuer erst ne myghte no knyghte knowe the trouthe/ for oftymes or this oure lord shelved hym vnto good men and vnto good knyghtes in lykenes of an herte/ But I suppose from hens forth ye shalle see no more/ and thenne they joyed mocke/ and dwelled ther alle that day/ ¶ And vpon the morowe whan they had herde masse/ they departed and commaunded the good man to god and soo they came to a Castel and passed by/ So there came a knyghte armed after them and sayd lordes herke what I shal saye to yolk

THis gentylwoman that ye lede with yow is a mayde / Syr said she/ a mayde I am/ Thenne he took her by the brydel/ and sayd by the holy crosse ye shalle not escape me to fore ye haue yolden the customme of this Castel/ lete her go sayd Percyual ye be not wyse / for a mayde in what place she cometh is free/ Soo in the meane whyle there came oute a ten or twelue knyghtes armed out of the Castel/ and with hem came gentylwymmen whiche held a dysshe of syluer/ and then ne they sayd this gentylwoman must yelde vs the customme of this Castel/ sir sayd a knyghte/ what mayde passeth here by shalle yeue this dysshe ful of blood of her ryghte arme/ blame haue he sayd Galahad that brought vp suche custommes/ and soo god me saue I ensure yow of this gentylwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyue/ Soo god me help sayd Percyual I had leuer be slayne/ and I also sayd sir Bors By my trouthe the sayd the knyght / thenne shalle ye dye / for ye maye not endure ageynste vs / though ye were the best knyghtes of the world/ thenne lete they renne eche to other / and the thre felawes lete the ten knyghtes / and thenne sette theire handes to their swerdes and lete them doune and slewe them / Thenne there came oute of the Castel a thre score knyghtes armed/ Faire lordes sayd the thre felawes haue mercy on youre selfe and haue not adoo with vs/ Nay fayre lordes sayd the knyghtes of the Castel wyl counceyl yow to withdrawe yow / for ye ben the best knyghtes of the world/ and therfore doo no more for ye haue done ynough/ We wille lete yow go with this harme but we must nedes haue the customme / Certes sayd Galahad for nought speke ye/ wel sayd they/ wille ye dye/ we be not yet come therto sayd Galahad / thēne beganne they to medle to gyders / and Galahad with the straunge gyrdels dreu his swerd/ and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand & slewe what that euer abode hym/ & dyd suche merueils that there was none that sawe hym/ they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre/ and his two felawes halp hym passyng wel / and soo they held the Journey euerych in lyke hard tyl it was nyght/ thenne must they nedes departe/ So cam

in a goody knyghte/andy saydy to the thre felawes/ yf ye wyll come in to nyght/andy take suche herbewe as here is/ ye shal be ryght welcome/andy we shall ensure yow by the feyth of our bodyes/andy as we be true knyghtes to leue yow in suche estat to morowe as we fynde yow without ony falshede / Andy as soone as ye knowe of the custome we dare say ye wyll accorde therfor for godes loue saidy the gentylwoman goo thyder and spare not for me/So we saydy Galahady/andy soo they entrydy in to the chappel/ Andy when they were alyghte/they made gre te joye of hem / Soo within a whyle the thre knyghtes askedy the customme of the Castel andy wherefor it was/ what hit is saydy they we wille saye yow sothe /

Capitulum vj /

There is in this Castel a gentylwoman whiche we and this castel is hers andy many other/Soo it befelle ma/ ny yeres agone there fylle vpon her a maladye/ Andy whanne she hady layne a grete whyle she felle vnto a mesel/ and of no leche she coude haue no remedy/But at the last an old man sa ydy andy she myght haue a dysshe ful of bloody of a mayde and a clene virgyn in wylle andy in werke/ Andy a kynges do/ ughter / that bloody shold be her hele / andy for to anoynte her with alle/& for this thynge was this customme made
Now said Percyuals sister fayr knyztes I see wel yt this gen tyl woman is but dede / Certes sayd Galahady andy ye blede soo mocke ye maye dye/Truly sayd she/andy I dye for to he/ le her/I shal gete me grete worshipp andy sowles helthe / andy worshyp to my lygnage/andy better is one harme than thweyn And therfor ther shall be no more batail but to morne I shall yelde yow your customme of this castel/ andy thenne there was grete joye more than there was to fore/For els hady there ben mortal werre vpon the morne/not withstandyng she wold no/ ne other whether they wold or nold/that nyght were the thre felawes easyd with the best/& on the morne they herd masse / and sir Percyuals sister bad brynge forth the seke lady/so she was/the whiche was euylle at ease/thenne sayd she who shall

lete me blood/ Soo one came forth and lete her blood/ and she bledy soo moche/that the dysshe was ful / thenne she lyfte vp her handy and blessidy her / And thenne she saidy to the lady / Madame I am come to the dethe for to make yold hole/for god dos loue prayeth for me/with that she felle in a swoune/ Then ; ne Galahady and his two felalwes starte vp to her and lyfte her vp and staunchedy her, but she hady bledy soo moche that she myght not lyue/ Thenne she saydy whan she was awakedy fa; yre broder Percyual I dye for the helynge of this lady / Soo I requyre yold that ye kerye me not in this countrey / but as soone as I am dede /put me in a bote at the next hauen / and lete me goo as aduenture will lede me/ And as soone as ye thre come to the Cyte of Sarras ther to enclxue the holy graile ye shalle fynde me vnder a Tolure arryuedy /and there kery me in the spyrytual place/ for I saye yold soo moche there Gala; hady shalle be buryedy and ye also in the same place / Thenne Percyual vnderstoody these wordes and grauntedy it her we ; pynge/ And thenne saydy a voyce lordes and felalwes to mo ; wolue at the houre of pryme ye thre shalle departe euerych from other/ tyl the aduenture krynge yold to the maymedy kynge / Thenne askedy she her saueour/ and as soone as she hady recey; uedy hit/ the soule departedy from the body / Soo the same daye was the lady helpdy Whan she was enoyntedy with alle / Thenne syr Percyuale made a letter of all that she had holpen hem as in straunge aduentures/ and put hit in her ryght hand and so leydy her in a barge/ and couerdy it with blak sylke / and so the vynde awoos/ and droue the barge from the londy e alle knyghtes beheldy hit/ tyl it was oute of their syghte / Thenne they dreue alle to the Castel/ and soo forthe with ther felle a sodeyne tempest and a thonder layte and rayne as alle the erthe wold haue broken/ Soo half the castel tornedy vp soo doune/ Soo it passedy euensonge or the tempest was seasedy / Thenne they sawe afore hem a knyght armedy and wounded hardy in the body and in the hede that saydy O gody socoure me for nolw it is nede/ Aftir this knyght came another knyghte/ e a dwerf which cryedy to hem after/ standy ye may not escape / Thenne the woundedy knyght heldy vp his handes to gody that he sholdy not dye in suche trybulacyon/ Truly saydy Galahady

I ſhalle ſocoure hym for his ſake that he calleth vpon/Sir ſaid Bors I ſhalle doo hit/for it is not for yolv/for he is but o ne knyghte/Sir sayd he I graunte/So ſir Bors toke his hors and commaunded hym to god / and rode after to reſcolve the wounded knyghte

Nolv torne we to the tvv felawes /

Capitulum xij

Nolv saith the story that al nyght Galahad and Per cyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to saue ſir Bors/ Soo on the morolve they dreſſid hem in theire har neis tolvard the Caſtel to vvete vvhatvvas fallen of them there in/ And vvhen they cam there/they fond neyther man ne vvo man that he ne vvas dede by the vengeaunce of oure lord/ vvith that they herd a voyce that sayd/this vengeaunce is for blood ſhedynge of maydens/ Alſo they fonde atte ende of the chappel a Chirche yerd/and therin myght they ſee a thre ſore fair tom bes/ and that place vvas ſoo fayre and ſoo delectable that it ſe med hem there had ben none tempeſt / For there lay the body es of alle the good maydens vvhiche vvere martred for the ſe ke ladyes ſake/ Alſo they fond the names of euerych/and of vvhat blood they vvere come/and alle vvere of kynges blood & tvvelue of them vvere kynges doughters / Thenne they depar ted and vvente in to a foreſte/ Nolv ſaid Percyual vnto Ga lahad vve muſt departe/ ſoo pray vve oure lord that vve maye mete to gyders in ſhort tyme/thenne they dyd of their helmes and kyſſed to gyder/and vvepte at their departynge

Capitulum xiij

Nolv sayth the hiſtory that vvhan launcelot vvas come to the vvater of Morvyſe as hit is vvherof before / he vvas in grete peryll/and ſoo he leyd hym doune and ſlepte/ and toke the aduenture that god vvold ſende hym /

Soo vvhan he vvas a ſlepe/there came a vyſyon vnto hym and ſaid Launcelot aryſe vp & take thyn armour/and entre in to the firſt ſhip that thou ſhalt fynde/ And vvhen he herd theſe vvordes he ſtarte vp and ſawe grete clevvnes about

hym/ And thenne he lyfte vp his hande and bleſſid hym and
ſo tokē his armes and made hym redy/ and ſoo by aduenture
he came by a ſtrondē/ & fonde a ſhyp the whiche was without
ſayle or ore/ And as ſoone as he was within the ſhyp there he
felte the mooſt ſwetnes that euer he felt/ and he was fulfylled
with alle thynge that he thought on or deſyred/ Thenne he ſayd
Fair ſwete faxer Ihesu Cryſt I wote not in what Joye I am
For this Joye paſſeth alle erthely Joyes that euer I was in
And ſoo in this ioye he leyd hym doune to the ſhyps borde / &
ſlepte tyl day/ And when he awoke/ he fonde there a fayre bed
& therin lyenge a gentyllwoman dede/ the Whiche Was ſyr per-
cyuals ſyſter/ And as launcelot beheld her/ he aſpyed in hir
ryght hand a lbrytte/ the whiche he redde/ the whiche told hym
all the aduentures that ye haue herd to fore/ and of what lyg
nage ſhe was come/ Soo with this gentyllwoman ſir launcelot
was a moneth and more/ yf ye wold aſke how he lyued / he
that fedde the peple of Iſrael with manna in deſerte/ ſoo was
he fedde/ For euery day when he had ſayd his prayers/ he was
ſuſteyned with the grace of the holy ghooſt/ So on a nyghte
he wente to playe hym by the water ſyde/ for he was somwhat
wery of the ſhyp/ And thenne he lyſtned and herd an hors co
me/ And one rydynge vpon hym/ And whanne he cam nygh
he ſemed a knyghte/ And ſoo he lete hym paſſe / and wente
there as the ſhyp was/ and there he alyghte/ and toke the ſa-
del and the brydel and putte the hors from hym/ and went in
to the ſhip/ And thenne Launcelot dreſſid vnto hym and ſaid
ye be welcome/ and he anſwerd and ſalewed hym ageyne/ &
aſked hym what is your name/ for moche my hert agyueth vn
to yow/ Truly ſayd he my name is launcelot du lake/ ſir ſaide
he/ thēne be ye welcome/ for ye were the begynner of me in this
worldē/ A ſayd he ar ye Galahad/ ye forſothe ſayd he/ and ſo
he kneled doune and aſked hym his bleſſynge/ and after to-
ke of his helme and kyſſed hym/ And there was grete Joye
bitwene them/ for there is no tonge can telle the Joye that they
made eyther of other/ and many a frendely word ſpoken bitwe
ne/ as kynde wold / the whiche is no nede here to be rehercedē/
And there euerych told other of theire aduentures and mer-
ueils that were befallen to them in many Journeyes ſythe

that they departed from the courte / Anone as Galahad sawe the gentilwoman dede in the bed/he knelwe her wel ynough / & wold grete worship of her that she was the best mayde lyuyng and hit was grete pyte of her dethe / But whanne Launcelot herd holw the merueylous swerd was goten/ and who made hit/and alle the merueyls wherto afore/ Thenne he prayd galahad his sone that he wold shelwe hym the swerd/ and so he dyd/and anone he kyssed the pomel and the hyltes and the saubard/Truly sayd launcelot neuer erst knelwe I of so hyghe aduentures done and so merueylous & straunge / So dwelled Launcelot and Galahad within that shyp half a yere / and serued god dayly and nyghtly with alle their polwer/and often they aryued in yles ferre from folke/wher there repayred none but wylde beestes/and ther they fond many straunge aduentures and perylous whiche they brought to an ende/but for tho aduentures were with wylde beestes / and not in the queste of the Sangreal/therfor the tale maketh here no mencyon therof/for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho aduentures that befelle them

Capitulum xiiij

SOo after on a mondaye hit befelle that they aryued in the edge of a foreste to fore a crosse/ and thenne sawe they a knyghte armed al in whyte and was rychely horsed/ and lede in his ryght hand a whyte hors/and soo he cam to the shyp and salewed the two knyghtes on the hyghe lordes behalf/and sayd Galahad syr ye haue ben longe ynough with your fader/come oute of the ship/and starte vpon this hors/& goo where the aduentures shall lede the in the queste of the sanc greal/thenne he went to his fader and kyst hym swetely and sayd/ Fair swete fader I wote not whan I shal see you more tyl I see the body of Jhesu Cryst/ I praye yow sayd launcelot praye ye to the hyghe fader that he holde me in his seruyse & soo he took his hors/& ther they herd a voyce that sayd thynke for to doo wel/for the one shal neuer see the other before the dredeful day of dome/Nowe sone galahad said laũcelot syn we shal departe/& neuer see other/I pray to ỹ hyz fader to conserue

me and yolu lothe/ Sire saidy Galahady noo prayer auayleth soo moche as yours / Andy there with Galahady entryd in to the foreste / Andy the wynde awoos andy drofe Launcelot more than a moneth thurgh oute the see where he slepte but lytyl but prayed to gody that he myght see some tydynges of the Sanc greal/ Soo hit befelle on a nyghte at mydnyghte he aryued a fore a Castel on the lak syde whiche was ryche and fayre / & there was a posterne opened towardy the see / andy was open without ony kepynge/ sauf two lyons kept the entre/ and the moone shone clere/ Anone sir launcelot herdy a voyce that saydy Launcelot goo oute of this shyp / andy entre in to the Castel / where thou shalt see a grete parte of thy desyre / Thenne he tayd to his armes andy soo armedy hym/ andy soo wente to the gate andy salue the lyons/ Thenne sette he handy to his swerdy & drewe hit/ Thenne there arme a dwerf sodenly andy smote hym on the harme so sore that the swerdy felle oute of his handy/ Thenne herdy he a voyce say O man of euylle feyth andy pouure byleue wherfore trowest thou more on thy harneis than in thy maker/ for he myghte more auayle the than thyn armour in whos seruyse that thou arte sette/ Thenne saidy launcelot/ fayr fader ihesu Cryste I thanke the of thy grete mercy that thou wylt reuenge me of my myscrede / Nowe see I wel that ye holdy me for youre seruaunt/ thenne toke he ageyne his swerdy andy putte it vp in his shethe andy made a crosse in his forhede/ andy came to the lyons/ and they made semblaunt to doo hym harme/ Notwithstandynge he passed by hem without hurte andy entryd in to the castel to the chyef fortresse/ and there were they al at reste/ thenne Launcelot entryd in so armedy / for he fondy noo gate nor doore but it was open / Andy at the last he fondy a chamber whereof the doore was shytte/ andy he sette his handy therto to haue openedy hit/ but he myghte not

Capitulum xlv

Thenne he enforced hym mykel to vndoo the doore/ thenne he lystenedy andy herdy a voyce whiche sange so swetely that it semedy none erthely thynge / andy hym thoughte the voyce saidy Joye and honour be to the fader of heuen / Thenne

Launcelot kneled doun to fore the chamber/for wel wyst he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber/ Thenne sayd he Fair swete fader Ihesu Cryst yf euer I dyd thyng that ple-
asyd the lord / for thy pyte ne haue me not in despyte for my synnes done afore tyme/ and that thou shewe me some thynge of that I seke/ And with that he salve the chamber dore open and there came oute a grete clerenes / that the hous was as bryghte as all the torches of the world had ben there/ So cam he to the chamber dore/ and wold haue entryd/ And anone a voyce said to hym/ Flee launcelot/ and entre not/ for thou ought-
ghtest not to doo hit/ And yf thou entre/ thou shalt forthynke hit/ Thenne he withdrewe hym aback ryght heuy / Thenne lokyd he vp in the mydes of the chamber/ and salve a table of syluer and the holy Vessel couerd with reed sampte/ and many an-
gels aboute hit/ wherof one held a candel of waxe brennyng and the other held a crosse and the ornementys of an aulter And bifore the holy Vessel he salve a good man clothed as a preest/ And it semed that he was at the sacrynge of the masse And it semed to Launcelot that aboue the preestes handes were thre men wherof the two putte the yongest by lykenes bitwe-
ne the preestes handes/ and soo he lyfte hit vp ryghte hyghe/ & it semed to shewe so to the peple/ And thenne launcelot mer-
ueyled not a lytyl / For hym thought the preest was so gretly charged of the figure that hym semed that he shold falle to the erthe/ And when he salve none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym/ Thenne came he to the dore a grete paas and sayd/ Faire fader Ihesu Cryst ne take hit for no synne though I helpe the good man which hath grete nede of help/ Ryghte soo entryd he in to the chamber and cam towardy the table of syluer/ and whanne he came nyghe he felte a brethe that hym thoughte hit was entremedled with fyre which smote hym so sore in the vy-
sage that hym thoughte it brente his vysage/ and there with he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse / as he that was soo aragedy that hady loste the power of his body and his he-
rynge and his seynge

¶ Thenne felte he many handes aboute hym which toke hym vp/ and bare hym oute of the chamber dore / without ony a-
mendynge of his swoune/ and lefte hym there semyng dede to

of the chamber doze and lefte hym there semynge dede to al pe ple/Soo vpon the mozowe vhan it vas fayre day they vith in vere aryſen/and fonde Launcelot lyenge afore the chamber dore/Alle they merueylled how that he cam in/and ſo they lo ked vpon hym and felte his pouſe to wyte whether there were ony lyf in hym/and ſoo they fondy lyf in hym/ but he myght not ſtande nor ſtere no membre that he had/and ſoo they woke hym by euery parte of the body/and bare hym in to a chambre and leyd hym in a ryche bedde ferre from alle folke/ and ſoo he lay four dayes/Thenne the one ſayd he vas on lyue/and the other ſayd Nay/In the name of god ſayd an old man/ for I doo yow verily to wete/he is not dede / but he is ſoo fulle of lyf as the myghtyeſt of yow alle/and therfor I counceylle yow that he be wel kepte tyl god ſend hym lyf ageyne /

Capitulum xvij

In ſuche maner they kepte launcelot four and twenty dayes and alſo many nyghtes that euer he laye ſtylle as a dede man/and at the xxv daye byfelle hym after mydaye that he opened his eyen/ And vhan he ſalve folke he made gre te ſorowe and ſayd vhy haue ye awaked me/for I vas mo re at eaſe than I am now/ O Jheſu Cryſt who myghte be ſoo bleſſid that myght ſee openly thy grete merueyls of ſecretenes there vhere no ſynnar may be/what haue ye ſene ſayd they a boute hym/I haue ſene ſaid he ſo grete merueyls that no tong may telle/and more than ony herte can thynke/ & had not my ſone ben here afore me I had ſene mocke more / Thenne they told hym how he had layne there four and twenty dayes and nyghtes / thenne hym thoughte it vas punyſſhement for the four and twenty yeres that he had ben a ſynner vherfore our lord put hym in penaunce four and twenty dayes and nyghtes Thenne loked ſyr launcelot afore hym/& ſalve the hayre vhi che he had borne nyghe a yere/for that he forthoughte hym ryghte mocke that he had broken his promyſe vnto the heremyte vhi che he had auowed to doo/ Thenne they aſked how hit ſtood vith hym/for ſothe ſayd he I am hole of body thanked be our

lord/therfore syrs for godes loue telle me where that I am/
thenne sayd they alle that he was in the Castel of Carbonek/
there with came a gentylwoman/and brought hym a sherte of
smal lynen clothe/but he chaunged not there/but toke the ha'-
yre to hym ageyne/Sir sayd they the queste of the Sancgreal
is encheued now ryght in yow/ that neuer shalle ye see of the
Sancgreal nomore than ye haue sene/Now I thanke god sa-
id Launcelot of his grete mercy of that I haue sene/for it suf
fyseth me/for as I suppose no man in this world hath lyued
better than I haue done to encheze that I haue done/And ther
with he took the hayre and clothed hym in hit/and aboue that
he put a lynen sherte / & after a Robe of Scarlet fresshe & ne-
we/And whanne he was soo arayed/they merueylled alle /
for they knewe hym that he was launcelot the good knyghte
And thenne they sayd alle O my lord sir launcelot be that ye
and he sayd Truly I am he/Thenne came word to kyng pel
les that the knyght that had layne soo longe dede was sir la-
uncelot/thenne was the kynge ryght glad / and went to see
hym/And whanne launcelot salwe hym come/he dressid hym
ageynste hym/and there made the kyng grete Ioye of hym/and
there the kynge told hym tydynges / that his fayre doughter
was dede/Thenne launcelot was ryght hevy of hit/and sayd/
syre me forthynketh of the dethe of your doughter/for she was
a ful fayre lady / fresshe/and yonge/and wel I wote she be-
e the best knyghte that is now on erthe or that euer was sith
god was borne/So the kynge held hym there four dayes/and
on the morowe he took his leue at kynge Pelles and at al the
felauship and thanked them of the grete labour/ Rygh te soo
as they sat at her dyner in the chyef sale/thenne was so befalle
that the Sancgreal had fulfylled the tables with al maner
of metes that only herte myghte thynke /

¶ Soo as they sate/they salwe alle the dores and the wyndo-
wes of the place where shitte without mannys hand / wherof
they were al abasshed/and none wyste what to doo

¶ And thenne it happed sodenly a knyghte cam to the chyefe
dore and knocked/and cryed/Undo the doze / but they wold
not/and euer he cryed Undoo/but they wold not / And atte
laste it noyed hem soo moche that the kynge hym self arose and

came to a wyndowe there where the knyght satte / Thenne he
saide syr knyght ye shall not entre at this tyme whyle the sanc
greal is here/and therfor goo in to another / For certes ye be
none of the knyghtes of the queste/but one of them whiche hath
serued the fende/and haste lefte the seruyse of oure lorde/and he
was passynge wrothe at the kynges wordes/Sir knyght sai-
de the kynge syn ye wolde so fayn entre/ saye me of what cou
trey ye be/Sir sayde he I am of the Realme of Logrys / and
my name is Ector de maris/and broder vnto my lorde sir lan
alot/In the name of gode sayde the kynge/me forthynketh of
that I haue sayde for youre broder is here Within/ & whan Ec-
tor de maris vnderstood that his broder was there/ for he was
the man in the worlde that he moost dredde and louede / Un-
thenne he sayde A gode now doubleth my sorowe and shame /
ful truly sayde the goode man of the hylle vnto Galwayne and
to me of oure dremes / Thenne wente he oute of the courte as
faste as his hors myghte/and soo thurgh oute the Castel

¶ Capitulum xviij

Thenne kynge Pelles came to sire Launcelot and tolde
hym tydynges of his broder wherof he was sory that
he wyste not what to doo/Soo sir launcelot departed and tolke
his armes and sayde he wolde goo see the realme of Logrys /
whiche I haue not sene in a twelue moneth / and there with
commaunded the kynge to gode/and soo rode thurgh many re
almes/And at the laste he came to a whyte Abbay /And there
they made hym that nyghte grete chere / And on the morne he
arose and herde masse / and afore an aulter he fonde a ryche
Tombe Whiche was newely made/ And thenne he toke hede/&
salwe the syres wryten with golde/whiche sayde ¶ Here lyeth
kynge Bagdemagus of Gore whiche kynge Arthurs neuew
slewe and namede hym syr Galwayn / Thenne was not he a
lytel sory/for launcelot louede hym moche more than ony other
and had it ben ony other than Galwayn he sholde not haue es
caped from dethe to lyf/and sayde to hym self A lorde god this
is a grete hurte vnto kynge Arthurs courte the losse of suche

a man/ And thenne he departed/and came to the Abbay where
he Galahad dyde the aduenture of the combat/and wanne the
white sheld with the rede crosse/and there hadde he grete chere
alle that nyghte/and on the morne he wente vnto Camelot /
where he fonde kynge Arthur and the quene/But many of the
knyghtes of the rounde table were slayne and destroyed more
than halfe/and soo they were come home/Ector Galbayn and
Lyonel and many other that neden not to be wherede/and alle
the Courte was passyng glade of syr launcelot/and the ky=
nge asked hym many tydynges of his sone Galahad/and ther
Launcelot told the kynge of his aduentures that hadde befallen
hym syn he departed / and also he told hym of the aduentures
of Galahad Percyuale and Bors whiche that he knewe by
the letter of the dede damoysel/And as Galahad had told hym
Now god wold sayd the kynge that they were alle thre here/
that shalle neuer be said launcelot/for two of hem shalle ye ne=
uer see but one of hem shalle come ageyne /

Now leue we this story and speke of Galahad
Capitulum xviij

NOw saith the story Galahad rode many Journeyes in=
vayne/ And at the last he cam to the Abbay where ky=
ng Mordrayns was/ And whan he herd that he thought
he wold abyde to see hym/ And vpon the morne whanne he had
herd masse Galahad came vnto kyng Mordrayns/ And anon
the kynge salue hym the whiche had leyne blynd of long tyme
And thenne he dressid hym ageynst hym/ and said Galahad
the seruaunt of Ihesu cryste whos comynge I haue abyden so
longe/Now enbrace me and lete me reste on thy breste/So that
I may reste bitwene thyn armes / for thow arte a clene vyr=
gyn aboue alle knyghtes as the floure of the lyly / in whome
vyrgynyte is sygnefyed / and thou arte the rose the whiche is
the floure of al good vertu/& in colour of fyre/ For the fyre
of the holy ghoost is take so in the/that my flesshe which was
al rede of olonesse/is become ponge ageyne/ Thenne Galahad
herd his wordes thenne he enbraced hym & alle his body /

Thenne sayd he/ Faire lord Ihesu Cryst nowe I haue my will
Nowe I requyre the in this poynt that I am in thow wolde come and
Bysyte me/ And anone oure lord herd his prayer / there with
the soule departed from the body/ And thenne Galahad putte
hym in the erthe as a kynge oughte to be/ and soo departede/ &
soo came in to a perilous foreste where he fond the welle/ the
Whiche boyled with grete walwes as the tale telleth to fore/
And as soone as Galahad sette his hand therto it seased/ so
that it brente no more/ and the hete departed/ for that it brente
hit was a sygne of lechery the whiche was that tyme mocke B
sed/ but that hete myght not abyde his pure Bryghtnyte/ & this
was taken in the countrey for a myracle/ And soo euer after
was it called Galahadys welle/ Thenne by aduenture he cam
in to the countrey of Gore and in to the Abbay where launce-
lot had ben to fore hand and fonde the tombe of kynge Bag-
demagus / but he was founder therof Joseph of Armathyes
sone and the Tombe of Symyan where launcelot had sayled
Thenne he loked in to a Crofte vnder the mynster/ and there he
salve a Tombe whiche brent ful merueyllously/ Thenne asked
he the brethern what it was/ Sir sayd they a merueyllous ad
uentur/ that may not be brought vnto none ende/ But by hym
that passeth of bounte and of knyghthode al them of the round
table/ I wold sayd Galahad that ye wolde lede me ther to /
Gladly sayd they/ and soo ledde hym tyl a caue/ and he went
doune vpon gresys/ and cam nyghe the tombe / and thenne the
flammynge fayled and the fyre stauncheth the whiche many
a day had ben grete/ Thenne came there a voyce that sayd mo-
che are ye beholde to thanke oure lord / the whiche hath gyuen
yow a good houre that ye may dralve oute the foules of er-
thely payne/ and to putte them in to the Joyes of paradys / I
am of your kynred the whiche haue dwelled in this hete thyes
thre honderd wynter and four and fyfty to be purged of the
synne that I dyd ageynst Joseph of Armathye/ thenne Ga-
lahad tolke the body in his armes and bare it in to the mynster
And that nyghte lay Galahad in the Abbay/ and on the mo-
rne he gaf hym seruyse and putte hym in the erthe afore the
hyghe Aulter

Capitulum xix

SOo departed he from thens/and commaunded the bre-
thren to god / and soo he rode fyue dayes tyl that he
came to the maymed kynge/ And euer folowed percyual the
fyue dayes as kynge where he had ben/ and soo one told hym/
hold the aduentures of Logrys were encheued/ So on a daye
it befelle that they cam oute of a grete foreste / and there they
mette at trauers with sir Boors the whiche rode alone / hit is
none nede to telle yf they were glad/ & hem he salewed/ & they
yelded hym honour and good aduenture/ and euerych told
other/ Thenne said Boors hit is more than a yere and an half
that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled/ but in wyldes fo
restes and in montayns/ but god was euer my comforte /
Thenne rode they a grete whyle tyl that they came to the castel
of Carbonek/ And whan they were entryd within the Castel
kynge Pelles knelwe hem / thenne there was grete Joye/ For
they wyst wel by theire comynge that they had fulfylled the
queste of the Sancgreal / Thenne Elyazar kynge Pelles sone
brought te to fore hem the broken suerd where with Joseph was
stryken thurgh the thygh/ Thenne Boors sette his hand therto/
yf that he myght haue souded hit ageyne but it wold not be /
Thenne he took it to percyual but he had no more power ther
to than he/ Nold haue ye hit ageyne sayd percyuall to Gala-
had/ for and it be euer encheued by ony bodely man/ ye muste
doo hit/ and thenne he took the pyeces and sette hem to gyders
and they semed that they had neuer ben broken/ and as well
as hit had ben fyrst forged/ And whanne they within aspyed
that the aduenture of the suerd was enchened/ thenne they gaf
the suerd to Boors/ for hit myght not be better/set/ for he was a
good knyghte and a worthy man/ and a lytel afore euen the
suerd arose grete and merueyllous/ and was ful of grete he
te that many men felle for drede / And anone alyght a boys
amonge them and sayd they that ought not to sytte at the ta
ble of Jhesu Cryst/ aryse/ for now shalle betay knyghtes ben
fedde/ Soo they wente thens all sauf kynge Pelles and Es-
lyazar his sone/ the whiche were holy men and a mayde which
was his nece/ and soo these thre felawes and they thre were

there no mo/ Anone they salwe knyghtes al armedy came in at the halle dore and dydy of their helmes and their armes and sayd vnto Galahady/ Sire we haue hyedy ryght mocke for to be with yolu at this table Where the holy mete shalle be departedy Thenne sayd he ye be welcome/but of whens be ye/So thre of them sayd they were of gaule/and other thre sayd they were of Irlandy/and the other thre sayd they were of Denmarke/ So as they satte thus/there came oute a bed of twe of a chamber / the whiche four gentyllwymmen broughte/and in the bed lay a good man seke/and a crolwne of goldy vpon his hede/ & there in the mydes of the place they sette hym doune and wente ayeyne their waye/ Thenne he lyfte vp his hede and sayd Galahad knyght ye be welcome/for moche haue I desyred your comynge/for in suche payne and in suche anguysshe I haue ben longe / But nolw I truste to godi the terme is come that my payn shalle be alayedy that I shalle passe out of this worlde so as it was promysedy me longe ago/there with a voyce sayd there be two amonge you that be not in the queste of the Sancgreal and therfor departe ye

Capitulum xx

Thenne kynge Pelles and his sone departed/ and there with alle besemed them that there cam a man and four angels from heuen clothedy in lykenes of a Bisshop/ and had a crosse in his hand / and these foure angels bare hym vp in a chayer / and sette hym doune before the table of syluer where vpon the Sancgreal was/and it semed that he had in mydes of his forhede letters the whiche sayd/ See ye here Joseph the fyrst Bisshop of Crystendome the same whiche our lordy socoured in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrytuel place/Thenne the knyghtes merueylled / for that Bisshop was dede more than thre hondred yere to fore/O knyghtes sayde he/ merueyle not / For I was somtyme an erthely man/with that they herde the chamber dore open/and there they salwe Angels and two bar candels of waye/and the thyrd a tolwel / and the fourthe a spere whiche bled merueillously that thre droppes felle within

a loye which he held with his other hand/ And they sette the
candels vpon the table/ and the thyrde the towel vpon the ves-
sel/ and the fourth the holy spere euen vp ryghte vpon the ves
sel/ And thenne the Bisshop made semblaunt as thouz he wold
haue gone to the sacrynge of the masse/ And thenne he toke
an vbbeye which was made in lykenes of breed/ And at the
lyftynge vp/ there came a sygur in lykenes of a chylde / and
the vysage was as reed and as bryghte as ony fyre & smote
hym self in to the breed/ so that they all salve hit that the breed
was formed of a flesshely man/ and thenne he putte hit in to
the holy vessel ageyne / and thenne he dyde that longed to a
preest to doo to a masse/ And thenne he kente to Galahad and
kyssed hym/ and badde hym goo and kysse his felawes/ and
soo he dyde anone/ Nowe sayd he seruauntes of Ihesu Crysten ye
shall be fedde afore this table with swete metes that neuer kn-
yghtes tasted/ And whanne he had sayd/ he vanysshed away
And they sette hem at the table in grete drede and made their
prayers/ thenne lokede they and salve a man come oute of the
holy vessel that had alle the sygnes of the passion of Ihesu
Crysten bledynge alle openly/ and sayd my knyghtes and my
seruauntes & my true children which ben come oute of dedely
lyf in to spyrytual lyf I wyl nowe no lenger hyde me from
yowe/ but ye shal see nowe a parte of my secretes & of my hydde
thynges/ Nowe holdeth and receyueth the hyghe mete which ye
haue soo mocke desyred/ Thenne took he hym self the holy ves-
sel and came to Galahad/ and he kneled doune/ and there he
receyued his saueour/ and after hym soo receyued alle his fe
lawes/ and they thoughte it soo swete that hit was merueil-
lous to telle / Thenne sayd he to Galahad / sone woteste thowe
what I hold betwixe my handes/ Nay sayd he/ but yf ye wille
telle me/ This is sayd he the holy dysshe wherin I ete the la-
mbe on sherthursdaye/ And nowe hast thou sene that thou most
desyred to see / but yet haste thou not sene hit soo openly as
thowe shalt see it in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrituel place
Therfore thowe must go hens and bere with the this holy vessel
For this nyght it shalle departe from the Realme of Logrys /
that it shalle neuer be sene moze here/ and woteste thou Wherfor
for he is not serued nor worshypped to his ryghte by them of

this landy/for they be bornedy to euylle lyuynge/therfor I shalle
disheryte them of the honour whiche I haue done hem/ Andy
therfore goo ye thre to morowe vnto the see where ye shal fyn-
de your shyp redy/& with you take the swerdy With the straun-
ge gyrdels andy no mo with yow but sire Percyual andy syre
Boors/ Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this
spere for to enoynte the maymedy kynge bothe his legges andy
alle his body and he shalle haue his hele/Sire saydy Galahady
why shalle not these other felawes goo with vs/ for this cause
For ryght as I departed my postels one here and another the-
re soo I wille that ye departe/ andy two of yow shalle dye in
my seruyse/but one of yow shal come ageyne and telle tydyn-
ges/Thenne gaf he hem his blessynge and vanysshedy alwaye/

Capitulum xvj

And Galahady wente anone to the spere whiche lay vp
on the table / and touched the blood with his fyngers
and came after to the maymedy kynge and anoynted his leg-
ges/and there with he clothed hym anone/ and starte vpon his
feet oute of his bedde as an hole man / and thanked oure lorde
that he had helyd hym/and that was not to the worldy ward /
For anone he yeldedy hym to a place of Relygyon of whyte
monkes and was a ful holy man / That same nyghte aboute
mydnyght came a voyce amonge hem whiche sayde my sones &
not my chyef sones my frendes and not my werryours/goo ye
hens where ye hope best to doo and as I bad yow/ A thankedy
be thou lord that thou wilt vouchesaufe to calle vs thy synners
Now maye we wel preue that We haue not lost our paynes/
And anone in alle haste they took their harneis and departedy
But the thre knyghtes of Gaule one of them hyghte Clau-
dyne kynge Claudas sone/ and the other two were grete gen
tylmen/thenne praid galahad to euerychе of them that yf they
come to kynge Arthurs court that they sholde salewe my lorde
sir launcelot my fader and of hem of the round table/and pra-
yed hem yf that they cam on that party that they shold not for-
gete it/Ryght soo departed Galahad / Percyual/ and Boors

with hym/and soo they wode thre dayes / and thenne they came to a Ryuage and fonde the shyp wherof the tale speketh of to fore/ And whanne they cam to the borde/ they fonde in the myd des the table of syluer / whiche they had lefte with the may; medy kynge and the Sancgreal whiche was couerd with rede samyte / Thenne were they glade to haue suche thynges in the; yr felaushyp/and soo they entryd/ and maade grete reuerence ther to / and Galahad felle in his prayer longe tyme to oure lord that at what tyme he asked that he sholde passe out of this world/soo; moche he prayd tyl a voyce sayd to hym Galahad thou shalt haue thy requeste/ And whan thow askest the dethe of thy body thou shalt haue it/ & thenne shalt thow fynde the lyf of the soule/ Percyual herd this/and prayd hym of felau ship that was bitwene them to telle hym wherfore he asked su; che thynges/That shalle I telle yow said Galahad / thother day whanne we salve a parte of the aduentures of the Sanc; greal I was in suche a Joye of herte that I trowe neuer man was/that was erthely/ And therfore I wote wel whan my body is dede/my sowle shalle be in grete Joye to see the blessid Trynyte euery day/and the mageste of oure lord Jhesu Cryst Soo longe were they in the shyp / that they sayd to Galahad syr in this bedde ought ye to lye/ for soo saith the scripture / & soo he leyd hym doune and slepte a grete while/ And whan he awaked he lokede afore hym and salve the Cyte of Sarras And as they Wold haue landed/they salve the shyp wherein Percyual fond putte his syster in / Truly sayd Percyual in the name of god/wel hath my syster holden vs couenaunt/ Thenne toke they out of the ship the table of syluer/ and he toke it to Percyual and to Bors to goo to fore/ and Gala had came behynde/and right soo they went to the Cyte/ and at the gate of the Cyte they salve an old man croked/Thenne Galahad callede hym and bad hym helpe to bere this heuy thy; nge/ Truly said the old man/it is ten yere ago that I myght not goo but with crouchys/Care thou not sayd Galahad and arise vp and shelve thy goode wille/and soo he assayed/ and fonde hym self as hole as euer he was/Thenne ranne he to the table/and took one parte ageynst Galahad/ and anone arose there grete noyse in the Cyte that a cryppyl was maade hole by

knyghtes meruayls that entryd in to the Cyte/ Thenne anon after the thre knyghtes went to the water/ and brought hym in to the paleys Percyuals syster/ and buryed her as ryche ly as a kynges doughter ought to be / And whan the kynge of the Cyte whiche was cleped Estorause salue the felaushyp/ he asked hem of whens they were/and what thyng it was that they had brought vpon the table of syluer / & they told hym the trouthe of the Sancgreal and the power whiche that god had sette there/Thenne the kynge was a Tyraunt / and Was come of the lyne of paynyms/and toke hem/and putte hem in pryson in a depe hole

Capitulum xxxvi

But as soone as they were there oure lord sente hem the Sancgreal / therof wherof they were al waye fulfylled whyle that they were in pryson / Soo at the yeres ende hit befelle that this kynge Estouraus lay seke and felte that he shold dye/Thenne he sente for the thre knyghtes & they came afore hym / and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them/and they forgaf hit hym goodely and he dyed anone/Whanne the kynge was dede/alle the Cyte was dismayed and wyst not who myghte be her kynge/¶ Ryght soo as they were in counceille there came a voyce amonge them / and bade hem chese the yongest knyght of them thre to be her kynge for he shalle wel mayntene pow and all yours/Soo they made Galahad kynge by alle the assente of the hole Cyte / & elles they wold haue slayne hym/And whanne he was come to be holde the land / he lete make aboue the table of syluer a cheste of gold and of precyous stones that hylled the holy Vessel/ And euery day erly the thre felalwes wold come afore hit/& make their prayers/ Now at the yeres ende and the self daye after Galahad had borne the croune of gold/he arose vp erly and his felalwes/and came to the palais / and salue to fore hem the holy Vessel/and a man knelynge on his knees in ly kenes of a Bisshop that had aboute hym a grete felaushyp of Angels as it had ben Ihesu Cryst hym self/& thenne he arose

and̄ beganne a masse of oure lady/ And when he cam to the sacrament of the masse/and had̄ done/anone he called̄ Gala= had̄ and̄ sayd̄ to hym come forthe the seruaunt of Ihesu cryst and thou shalt see that thou hast mocke desyred̄ to see/ & thenne he beganne to tremble ryght hard̄/when the dedely flesshe be= ganne to behold̄ the spyrytuel thynges/Thenne he held̄ vp his handes tward heuen/and sayd̄ lord̄ I thanke the/for now I see that that hath ben my desyre many a daye/ ¶ Now blessyd lord̄ wold I not lenger lyue yf it myghte please the lord̄ / & there with the good̄ man̄ toke oure lordes body betwixe hys handes/and̄ profered it to Galahad/and he receyued hit ryghte gladly and̄ mekely/ ¶ Now wotest thow what I am sayd̄ the good man̄/Nay said̄ Galahad̄ / I am Joseph of Arma= thye the whiche oure lord̄ hath sente here to the to kepe the felau shyp/and wotest thou wherfor that he hath sente me more than ony other/For thou hast resemblyd̄ in to thynges in that thou hast sene the merueyls of the Sancgreal in that thou hast ben a clene mayden as I haue ben and am/ And whanne he had̄ said these wordes Galahad went to Percyual and kyssed hym & commaunded̄ hym to god̄/and soo he went to sire Bors/ & kyssed hym/and commaunded̄ hym to god̄ / and sayd Fayre lord̄ salewe me to my lord̄ syr launcelot̄ my fader / And̄ as soone as ye see hym/byd hym remembre of this vnstable world And there with he kneled doune tofore the table/and made his prayers/and thenne sodenlȳ his soule departed̄ to Ihesu Crist and a grete multitude of Angels bare his soule vp to heuen / that the two felawes myghte wel behold hit/ Also the two fe= lawes sawe come from heuen an hand̄ / but they sawe not the body/And thenne hit cam ryght to the vessel/and̄ took it and the spere/and̄ soo bare hit vp to heuen / Sythen was there ne= uer man̄ soo hardy to saye that he had̄ sene the Sancgreal /

Capitulum xxiii

WHanne Percyual & Bors sawe Galahad dede / they made as mocke sorowe as euer dyd two men̄/ And yf they had not ben good men̄/they myght lyghtly haue fallen in despair/& the pple of the countrey & of the cyte were ryght heuy

And thenne he was buryed/ And as soone as he Was kury ed sire Percyual yelded hym to an hermytage oute of the cy te/ and took a relygyous clothynge/ and Boys was alwaye with hym/ but neuer chaunged he his seculer clothyng for that he purposed hym to goo ageyne in to the Realme of Logrys/ Thus a yere and two monethes lyued sir Percyual in the her mytage a ful holy lyf/ and thenne passed oute of this world and Boys lete bery hym by his syster and by Galahad in the spyrytuelltees/ whanne Boys salve that he was in so fer coun treyes as in the partyes of Babyloyne he departed from Sar ras/ and armed hym and cam to the see / and entryd in to a shyp/ and soo it befelle hym in good aduenture/ he cam in to the Realme of Logrys/ and he rode so fast tyl he came to Camelot where the kynge was/ and thenne was there grete Joye ma de of hym in the Courte/ for they wend alle/ he had ben dede / for as mocke as he had ben soo longe oute of the countrey/ and whan they had eten/ the kynge made grete clerkes to come afo re hym/ that they shold cronycle of the hyghe aduentures of the good knyghtes/ Whanne Boys had told hym of the aduentu res of the Sancgreal suche as had befalle hym / and his thre felawes that was launcelot/ Percyual/ Galahad/ & hym self There Launcelot told the aduentures of the Sancgreal / that he had sene/ Alle this was made in grete bookes / and put vp in almeryes at Salysbury/ And anone sir Boys sayd to syre Launcelot/ Galahad youre owne sone salewed yow by me / & after yow kynge Arthur/ and alle the Courte / and soo dyd sir Percyual / for I buryed hem with myn owne handes in the Cyte of Sarras/

¶ Also sire Launcelot Galahad prayed yow to remembre of this vnsyker world as ye behyght hym whan ye were to gyders more than half a yere/ This is true sayd launcelot/ Now I truste to god his prayer shalle auayle me / thenne Launcelot took syr Boys in his armes / and sayd gentyl cosyn ye are ryght welcome to me/ and alle that euer I maye doo for yow and for yours ye shalle fynde my poure body redy atte all ty mes/ whyles the spyryte is in hit / and that I promyse yow feythfully/ and neuer to fayle ¶ And wete ye wel gen tyl cosyn syre Boys that ye and I wylle neuer departe in

sonder whyleſt oure lyues may laſte/ Sir sayd he I wylle as ye wylle

¶ Thus endeth thiſtory of the Sangreal that was breuely drawen oute of Frenſſhe in to Englyſſhe/the Whiche is a ſtory cronycled for one of the trueſt and the holyeſt that is in thys worldy/the whiche is the xvij book/

¶ And here folowyth the eyghtenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

SOo a fter the queſt of the Sangreal was fulfylled / and alle knyghtes that were left on lyue were comen ageyne vnto the table roundy as the booke of the Sangreal maketh mencyon ¶ Thenne was there grete Joye in the courte/ and in eſpecyal kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer made grete Joye of the remenaunt that were comen home/and paſſynge glad Was the kynge and the quene of ſire launcelot and of ſire Bors/ For they hady ben paſſynge long alway in the queſt of the Sangreal/ Thenne as the book ſaith ſyr launcelot beganne to reſorte vnto quene Gueneuer ageyne/ and forgat the promyſe and the perfectyon that he made in the queſt/for as the book sayth had not ſire Launcelot ben in hie preuy thouztes and in his myndes ſo ſette inwardly to the quene as he was in ſemyng outeward to gody/there hady no knyghte paſſedy hym in the queſte of the Sangreal/but euer his thoughtes were pryuely on the Quene/and ſo they louedy to gyder more hotter than they did to fore handy/and had ſuche preuy dzaughtes to gyder that many in the Courte ſpak of hit/ and in eſpecial ſir Agrauayne/ ſyr Galbayns broder/for he was euer open mouthedy/ So bifel that ſyre Launcelot hady many reſortes of ladyes and damoyſels that daryly reſorted vnto hym/that beſoughte hym to be their champyon/ and in alle ſuche maters of ryghte ſir launcelot applyedy hym daryly to do for the pleaſyr of oure lordy Jheſu criſt And euer as moche as he myghte he withdrelve hym from the companye and felauſhyp of Quene Gueneuer

for to eschewe the sklaunder and noyse/ wherfor the quene wayed wroth with sir Launcelot/ and vpon a day she talked sir launcelot vnto her chamber and saide thus/ Sir launcelot I see and fele dayly that thy loue begynneth to slake/ for thou hast no joye to be in my presence / but euer thou arte oute of thys Courte / and quarels and maters thou hast nowe a dayes for ladyes and gentilwymmen more than euer thou were wonte to haue afore hand/ A madame said launcelot/ in this ye muste holde me excused for dyuerse causes/ one is / I was but late in the queste of the Sancgreal/ and I thanke god of his grete mercy and neuer of my deserte that I salve in that my queste as mocke as euer salve ony synful man / and so was it told me / ¶ And yf I had not had my pryuy thoughtes to wertorne to your loue ageyne as I doo I had sene as grete mysteryes as euer salve my sone Galahad outher Percyual or sir Boors/ & therfor madame I was but late in that queste/ wete ye wel madame hit maye not be yet lyghtely forgeten the hyr seruyse in whome I dyd my dylygent labour/ Also madame wete ye wel that there be many men spoken of our loue in this courte/ and haue yowe and me gretely in a wayte/ as sire Agrauayne and syr Mordred/ and madame wete ye wel I dere de them more for youre sake / than for ony fere I haue of them my self/ for I maye happen to escape and ryde my self in a grete nede where ye muste abyde alle that wille be said vnto yowe/ And thenne yf that ye falle in ony distresse thurgh wylfulle folye/ thenne is there none other remedy or helpe but by me and my blood/ And wete ye wel madame the boldenes of you and me wille bringe vs to grete shame and sklaunder / and that were me lothe to see you dishonoured/ and that is the cause/ I take vpon me more for to do for damoysels and maydens than euer I dyd to forne that men shold vnderstande my joye and my delyte is my pleasyr to haue adoo for damoisels and maydens

¶ Capitulum ij

Alle this whyle the quene stood stylle and lete sir launcelot saye what he wold/ And when he hadde alle saide she braste oute on wepynge / and soo she sobbed and wepte

a grete whyle/ And whan she myght speke she sayd/ launce-
lot nowe I wel vnderstande that thou arte a fals recreaũt kny-
ghte and a comyn lechoure/and louest and holdest other la-
dyes/and by me thou hast desdayne and scorne/ ¶ For wete
thou wel she sayd nowe I vnderstande thy falshede/ and ther-
for shalle I neuer loue the no more/and neuer be thou so har-
dy to come in myn syghte/ and ryghte here I dischargе the this
Courte that thow neuer come within hit / and I forfende the
my felaushyp/and vpon payne of thy hede that thou see me no
more/ Ryght soo sire Launcelot departed with grete heuynes /
that vnnethe he myght susteyne hym self for grete dole makyng
Thenne he called sir Bors sir Ector de marys and syr Eyonel
and wold hem how the quene had forfendyd hym the Courte
and soo he was in wille to departe in to his owne Countrey /
Fair sir said sire Bors de ganys / ye shalle not departe oute
of this land by myn aduyse/ye must remembre in what hono-
ur ye are renoumed and called the noblest knyght of the wor-
ld/and many grete maters ye haue in hand / and wymmen
in their hastynes wille doo oftymes that sore repenteth hem / &
therfor by myn aduyse ye shalle take youre hors / and ryde to
the goody hermytage here beside wyndsoure that somtyme was
a goody knyght/ his name is sir Brasias/ and there shalle ye
abyde tyl I sende yow worde of better tydynges/ Broder sa-
id sir launcelot wete ye wel I am ful lothe to departe oute of
this realme/but the quene hath defended me soo hykely / that
me semeth she wille neuer be my goody lady as she hath ben/
Saye ye neuer soo sayd sir Bors/ for many tymes or this ty-
me she hath ben wroth with yow/ and after it she was the first
that repented it/ Ye saye wel sayd launcelot/ for nowe wille I
doo by youre counceylle and take myn hors and my harneis
and ryde to the hermyte sir Brasias/ and there will I repose
me vntyl I here somme maner of tydynges fro yow/ but fair
broder I praye yow gete me the loue of my lady Quene Gue-
neuer and ye maye/
¶ Sire said sire Bors ye nede not to meue me of suche maters
For wel ye wote I wille doo what I may to please yow / &
thenne the noble knyghte sire Launcelot departed with ryghte
hey chere sodenly/that none erthely creature wyste of hym/ nor

where he was become/but sir Bors / Soo when sir launcelot was departed / the quene outwardy made no maner of sorowe in shewynge to none of his bloody nor to none other/ But wete ye wel inwardly as the book sayth she took grete thought but she bare it out with a proud countenaunce / as though she felte nothynge nor daunger

Capitulum Tercium

AND thenne the quene lete make a preuy dyner in London vnto the knyghtes of the roundy table/ andy al was for to shewe outwardy that she hady as grete Joye in al other knyghtes of the table roundy as she had in sir launcelot/ al only at that dyner she hady sir Gawayne andy his brethern/ that is for to saye sir Agrauayn/ sir Gaherys/ sire Gaweth and syre Mordredy/ Also there was sir Bore de ganys/ sire Blamor de ganys/ syr Bleoberys de ganys/ sire Galyhud/ sir Galyhodyn syre Ector de marys/ sir Lyonel/ sire Palomydes/ sir Safyr his Brodir/ sir la cote male tayle/ sir Persaunt/ syr Ironsyde/ syre Brandyles/ syr kay le Seneschal/ sir Mador de la porte/ Syre Patryse a knyght of Irlandy/ Alydute/ sir Astamore/ and sir Pynel le saueage / the which was cosyn to sire Lamorak de galys the goody knyghte that syr Gawayne andy his brethern slewe by treasony/ andy so these four and twenty knyghtes shold dyne with the quene in a preuy place by them self/ andy there was made a grete feest of al maner of dyntes/ but syre Gawayne hady a customme that he vsed dayly at dyner and at souper that he louedy wel al maner of fruyte / andy in especial appels andy perys/ Andy therfore who someuer dyned or feested syre Gawayne wholdy comynly purueye for goody fruyte for hym/ andy soo dyd the quene for to please sir Gawayne/ she lete purueye for hym al maner of fruyte/ for sir Gawayn was a passyng hote knyght of nature / and this Pynel hated syre Gawayne by cause of his kynnesman syr Lamorak de galys & therfor for pure enuy & hate sir Pynel enpoysond certayn appels for to enpoysonne sir Gawayn / & soo this was wel vn to the ende of the mete/ and soo it befelle by myssortune a good knyght named Patryse cosyn vnto sire Mador de la porte to

take a peyse ndy Appel/ And whanne he hadȝ eten hit/ he ſwalle ſoo tyl he braſt/ & thene ſire Patryce felle doun ſodenly dede a-monge hem / Thenne euery knyghte lepte from the bordȝ aſha-medȝ andȝ arageȝ for wrathe nyghe oute of her wyttes / For they wyſte not what to saye conſyderynge Quene Gueneuer made the feeſt andȝ dyner/ thȝy alle hadȝ ſuſpecyon vnto her/ My lady the quene ſaid Gawayne/ Wete ye wel madame that this dyner was made for me/ for alle folkes that knowen my condycyon vnderſtande that I loue/ wel fruyte / andȝ now I ſee wel/ I hadȝ nede be ſlayne/ therfor madame I drede me leſt ye will be ſhamedȝ/ Thenne the quene ſtoodȝ ſtylle and was ſo-re abaſſhedȝ/ that ſhe nyſt not what to saye/ This ſhalle not ſo be endedȝ ſaidȝ ſyr Madȝ de la porte/ for here haue I loſte a ful noble knyght of my bloodȝ/ Andȝ therfore vpon this ſhame & deſpyte I wille be wreuengedȝ to the vttraunce/ andȝ there open-ly ſir Madȝ appeled the quene of the dethe of his coſyn ſir pa-tryſe/ thenne ſtode they all ſtylle that none wold ſpeke a wordȝ ageynſt hym/ for they all hadȝ grete ſuſpecyon vnto the quene by cauſe ſhe lete make that dyner/ andȝ the quene was ſo abaſ-ſhedȝ that ſhe coude none other wayes doo but wepte ſoo herte-ly that ſhe felle in a ſwoune/ with this noyſe andȝ crye came to them kynge Arthur/ And whanne he wyſt of that trouble / he was a paſſynge heuy manȝ

Capitulum iiij

And euer ſir Madȝ stoodȝ ſtylle afore the kynge/ andȝ euer he appeledȝ the quene of treaſon/ for the cuſtomme was ſuche that tyme that alle manere of ſhameful dethe was calledȝ treaſon/ Fair lordes saydȝ kynge Arthur me repenteth of this trouble / but the caas is ſo I maye not haue adoo in this mater/ for I muſt be a ryghtful Juge / andȝ that repen-teth me that I maye not doo batail for my wyf/ for as I deme this dede came neuer by her/ And therfore I ſuppoſe ſhe ſhalle not be alle diſtayned/ but that ſomme goodȝ knyght ſhal putt his body in Jeopardy for my quene rather than ſhe ſhal be bre-nt in a wrong quarel/ And therfor ſir Mador be not ſo haſty / for hit maye happen ſhe ſhalle not be all frendeles/ and therfore

deſyre tholu thy daye of batailke/ andy ſhe ſhulke purueye her of ſomme goody knyghte/ that ſhulke anſuer yolu or els it ſhuld be me grete ſhame/ andy to alke my courte/ My gracyous lord ſayd ſir Mador ye muſte holde me excuſedy/ for though ye be oure kynge in that degree/ ye are but a knyght as ſhe are / andy ye are ſhorne vnto knyghthode as ſhel as ſhe/ andy therfor I beſeche yolu that ye be not diſpleaſedy / For there is none of the four andy tlventy knyghtes that were bodeyn to this dyner/ but alke they haue grete ſuſpecyon vnto the quene/ What ſay ye alle my lordes ſaidy ſir Mador/ thenne they anſuerdy by andy by that they coude not excuſe the quene/ for ſhy ſhe made the dyner/ & outher hit muſt come by her or by her ſeruauntes/ Alkas ſaydy the quene I made this dyner for a goody entente / andy neuer for none euyl ſoo almyghty godyn me helpe in my ryght as I ſhas neuer purpoſedy to doo ſuche euylke dedes! andy that I re= porte me vnto godyn/ My lordy the kynge ſaydy ſir Mador I re= quyre yolu as ye be a ryghtuous kyng gyue me a day that I may haue Juſtyce/ ſhel ſaydy the kynge I gyue the daye thys day yU dayes that tholu be redy armedy on horſhak in the me= dolue beſyde ſhestmynſter/ Andy yf it ſoo falke that there be ony knyght to encountre ſhith yolu/ there mayſt tholu doo the beſt / andy godyn ſpede the ryght/ Andy yf hit ſo falke that there be no knyght at that day/ thenne muſt my quene be brente/ and ther ſhe ſhalke be redy to haue her Jugement/ I am anſuerdy ſayd ſir Mador/ andy euery knyghte ſhente ſhere it lykedy hem/ ¶ So ſhan the kynge andy the quene ſhere to gyders/ the kynge aſ= ked the quene holu this caas bifelke/ the quene anſuerdy/ ſo god me helpe I ſhote not holu nor in ſhat maner/ ſhere is ſir la= uncelot ſaidy kyng Arthur/ andy he ſhere here he ſholdy not grut eke to doo batailke for yolu / Sire ſaydy the quene I ſhote not ſhere he is/ but his brother andy his kynneſmen deme that he be not ſhithin this Realme/ that me repenteth ſaydy kyng Ar= thur/ For andy he ſhere here/ he ſholdy ſoone ſeynte this ſtryf/ Thenne I ſhilke counſeyle yolu ſaydy the kynge andy vnto ſire Bors that ye ſhil doo batailke for her for ſir launcelots ſake / Andy vpon my lyf he ſhilke not refuſe yolu/ For ſhel I ſee ſa idy the kynge that none of theſe foure andy tlventy knyghtes that ſhere ſhith you at your dyner ſhere ſir Patryſe ſhas ſlayn

that wille doo batail for yolb nor none of hym wille saye well of yolb / andy that shalle be a grete sklaundr for yolb my thys Courte / Allas saidy the quene andy I maye not doo with all but nolb I mys sir launcalot / for andy he were hew / he wolby putte me soone to my hertes ease / What eyleth yolb saidy the kynge ye can not kepe sir launcelot vpon your syde / for wete ye wel saydy the kynge who that hath sire Launcelot vpon his partye / hath the mooste man of worship in the worldy vpon his syde / Nolb goo your way saidy the kynge vnto the quene / andy requyre sir Bors to doo batailke for yolb for sire launcelots sake

Capitulum quintum /

Soo the quene departedy from the kynge / andy sente for sir Bors in to her chamber / Andy whan he was come she besought hym of socour / Madame saidy he / what wolby ye that I dydy / for I maye not with my worshyp haue adoo in this mater by cause I was at the same dyner for drede that ony of tho knyghtes wolby haue me in suspecyon / Also madame said sir Bors nolb mys ye sir launcelot / for he wold not haue fayledy yolb neyther in rygbt nor in wronge / as ye haue wel preuedy whan ye haue ben in daunger / andy nolb ye haue dryuen hym oute of this countrey / by whome ye andy alle we were dayly worshyppedy by / therfor madame I merueylle nolb ye dar for shame requyre me to doo ony thynge for yolb in soo moche ye haue chacedy hym oute of your countrey / by Whome we Were borne vp and honouredy / Allas fayr knyghte sayd the quene I put me holy in your grace / andy alle that is done a mys / I will amende as ye wille counceyle me / And therwith she kneledy doune vpon bothe her knees / and besought sir Bors to haue mercy vpon her / outher I shall haue a shameful dethe andy therto I neuer offendedy / Rygbt soo cam kyng Arthur / & fonde the quene knelyng afore sir Bors / thenne sir Bors puledy her vp / and saidy Madame ye doo me grete dishonoure / A gentil knyght said the kyng haue mercy vpon my Quene and his knyght / for I am nolb in certayne she is vntruly defamed

And ther for curtois knyght sayd the kynge / promyse her to doo batailke for her/ I requyre yolb for the loue of syr launce lot/ My lord sayd syr Bors ye requyre me the grettest thynge that ony man may requyre me / And wete ye wel yf I gra= unte to doo batailke for the quene I shall wrathe many of my felaushyp of the table round / but as for that sayd Bors I wille graunte my lord/ that for my lord sir launcelots sake & for your sake I wille at that daye be the quenes champyon / onles that there come by aduenture a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for her/ Wille ye promyse me this sayd the ky= nge by your feythe/ ye sir said sir Bors/ of that I will not fa= yle yolb/ nor her bothe/ but yf there came a better knyghte than I am/ and then shalke he haue the batailke/ Thenne was the kynge and the quene passyng glade/ and soo departed/ and thanked hym hertely/ Soo thenne sir Bors departed secretly vpon a day/ and rode vnto sire launcelot there as he was with the heremyte sir Brastias/ & told hym of alle theire aduenture A Ihesu said sir Launcelot this is come happely as I wold haue hit / and therfor I praye yolb make you redy to doo ba= tailke / but loke that ye tary tyl ye see me come as longe as ye may/ For I am sure Mador is an hote knyghte when he is en chaufed/ for the more ye suffre hym the hastyer wille he be to ta= kail/ syr said Bors lete me dele with hym / Doubte ye not ye shalke haue alle your wille / thenne departed syre Bors from hym/ and came to the Courte ageyne, Thenne was hit noysed in alle the Courte that sir Bors shold doo bataill for the que= ne/ wherfore many knyghtes were displeasyd with hym/ that he wold take vpon hym to doo batail in the quenes quarel for there were but selve knyghtes in alle the courte but they demed the quene was in the wronge/ and that she had done that trea= son/ Soo sire Bors answerd thus to his felawes of the table round/ Wete ye wel my fayre lordes it were shame to vs alle and we suffred to see the mooste noble quene of the world to be shamed openly consyderynge her lord/ and our lord is the man of mooste worship in the world & mooste crystend/ and he hath euer worshipped vs alle in al places/ Many answerd hym a= geyne/ As for oure mooste noble kynge Arthur we loue hym and honoure hym as wel as ye do/ but as for quene Gueneuer

we loue her not by cause she is a destroyer of goody knyghtes
Faire lordes sayd sir Bors me semeth ye saye not as ye sholde
say/for neuer yet in my dayes knelve I neuer nor herd saye/
that euer she was a destroyer of ony goody knyghte/ But att
alle tymes as ferre as euer I coude knolve/she was a mayn
tener of goody knyghtes/and euer she hath ben large and free
of her goodes to alle goody knyghtes/and the moost bounteuo;
us lady of her wittes and her goody grace that euer I salve or
herd speke of/ And thew for it were shame saidy sire Bors to
vs all to our moste noble kynges wyf/ & we suffred her to be sha
mefully slayne/ And wete ye wel sayd sire Bors I wylle
not suffer it/for I dare say soo moche the quene is not gylty
of sir Patryse dethe/for she olbedy hym neuer none ylle wylle/
nor none of the four and tlventy knyghtes that were at that
dyner/for I dar saye/for goody loue she had vs to dyner/ and
not for no male engyne/and that I doubte not shalle be pre;
uedy here after/for holv someuer the game goth/Thew was tre;
ason amonge vs/Thenne some sayd to sire Bors we may wel
bileue your wordes/and soo some of them were wel pleasyd/
and somme were not so

Capitulum vj

The daye came on faste vntyl the euen that the batailke
shold be/Thenne the quene sente for sir Bors and as;
kedy hym how he was disposedy / Truly madame saydy
he I am disposedy in lyke wyse as I promysedy yow / that is
for to saye I shal not fayle yow / onles by aduenture there
come a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for yow/then;
ne madame am I dischargedy of my promyse / Wylle ye sa;
yd the quene that I telle my lord Arthur this/doth as it shal
please yow madame / Thenne the quene wente vnto the kynge
and tolde hym the answer of sir Bors/ haue ye no doubte said
the kynge of sir Bors / for I calle hym nolv one of the beste
knyghtes of the World and the most profytablyest man/ And
thus it past on vntyl the morne/and the kynge and the quene
and all maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme dre;
we them vnto the medolve bysyde wynchester where the batayle

ſholde be/ And ſoo whan the kynge was come with the Quene/ and many knyghtes of the wounde table / than the quene was putte there in the Conestables Warde and a grete fyre made aboute an ynon ſtake /that and ſyr Mador de la porte hadde the letter/ ſhe ſholde be brente/ ſuche cuſtomme was vſed in thoo dayes/ that neyther for fauour neyther for loue nor affynyte / there ſhold be none other but ryghtuous Jugement as wel vpon a kynge as vpon a knyghte/ and as wel vpon a Quene as vpon another poure lady/ Soo in this meane whyle came in ſir Mador de la porte/ and toke his othe afore the kynge/ that the quene dyde this treaſon vntyl his coſyn ſir Patryſe/ & vnto his othe/ he wolde preue it with his body hande for hande who that wolde ſaye the contrary/ Ryght ſo cam in ſire Bors de ganys and ſayde that as for quene Gueneuer ſhe is in the ryght and that wille I make goode with my handes/ that ſhe is not culpable of this treaſon that is putte vpon her/ Then ſayne make the redy ſaid ſir Mador/ and we ſhalle preue whether thow be in the ryght or I/ Sir Mador ſaid ſir Bors wete thou wel I knowe yow for a goode knyghte/ Not for thenne I ſhal not fere yow ſoo gretely/ but I truſte to gode I ſhalle be able to withſtande your malyce/ But thus moche haue I promyſed my lord Arthur and my lady the quene that I ſhalle do batailke for her in this caas to the vttermeſt/ onles that there come a better knyghte than I am/ and diſcharge me/ Is that alle ſaid ſire Mador/ outher come thou of/ and doo batail with me/ or els ſay nay/ Take your hors ſaid ſire Bors / and as I ſuppoſe ye ſhalle not tary longe/ but ye ſhalle be anſwerd / thenne eyther departed to their tentys and maade hem redy to horſback as they thoughte beſt/ And anone ſir Mador cam in to the felde with his ſhelde on his holder & his ſpeze in his hande And ſoo rode aboute the place cryenge vnto Arthur byd your champyon come forthe and he dare/ Thenne was ſir Bors aſhamed and took his hors/ and came to the lyſtes ende/ ¶ And thenne was he ware where cam from a wode there faſte by a knyght all armed vpon a whyte hors with a ſtraunge ſhelde of ſtraunge armes/ and he came rydynge alle that he myghte renne/ and ſoo he came to ſir Bors and ſayde thus Fair knyght I pray yow be not diſpleaſed/ for here muſt a better knyght

than ye are haue thys batayille/therfor I praye yow withdra=
we yow/For wete ye wel I haue had this day a ryght grete
journeye/and this batayille ought to be myn / and soo I pro=
myseth yow When I spak with yow last / and with alle my
herte I thanke yow of your goody wille/ Thenne sire Boys wo
de vnto kynge Arthur and tolde hym how there was a knyzt
come that wolde haue the batayille for to fyghte for the Quene
What knyght is he saide the kynge / I wote not sayde syre
Boys/but suche couenaunt he made with me to be here this day
Now my lorde sayde syr Boys here am I discharged/

Capitulum Vij

Thenne the kynge called to that knyghte/ and askede
hym/yf he wolde fyghte for the quene / Thenne he an=
swerde to the kynge therfor cam I hyder/and therfor sir kyng
he sayde tary me noo lenger for I may not tary / For anone
as I haue fynysshed this batayille I must departe hens/ for I
haue a doo many maters els where/ For wete yow wel sayde
that knyght this is dishonour to yow alle knyghtes of the ro=
unde table to see and knowe soo noble a lady and so curtoys
a quene as quene Gueneuer is thus to be rebuked and sha=
med amongest yow/thenne they alle merueylled What knyzt
that myghte be that soo wroke the batayille vpon hym/ For there
was not one that knewe hym but yf it were syre Boys/ Then
ne sayde sir Mador de la porte vnto the kynge/ now lete me ha
te with whome I shalle haue adoo with alle/ And thenne they
rode to the lystes ende/and there they couched their speres / &
ranne to gyder with alle their myghtes / and sire Madors spere
brake alle to pyeces / but the others spere held / and bare syre
Madors hors and alle bakward to the erthe a grete falle/
But myghtely and sodenly he auoyded his hors / and putte
his shelde afore hym/and thenne drewe his swerde / and badde
the other knyghte alyghte/ and doo batail with hym on foote
Thenne that knyght descended from his hors lyghtly lyke a
valyaunt man / and putte his shelde afore hym and drewe
his swerde/and soo they came egerly vnto batayille/ and eyther

gaf other many grete strokes tracynge and trauercynge / ras
cynge and foynynge/ and hurtlyng to gyder with her swerdes
as it were wyldy bores / thus were they fyghtynge nygh an
houre/ For this sir Mador was a stronge knyght/ and mygh
tely prouedy in many stronge batails / But at the laste thys
knyght smote sir Madore grouelynge vpon the erthe/ and the
knyght steppedy nere hym to haue pulledy sir Mador flatlynge
vpon the grounde/ and there with sodenly sir Mador arose / &
in his rysynge he smote that knyghte thurgh the thyck of the
thyzes that the blody ranne oute fyersly/ ¶ And whan he
felte hym self soo woundedy/ and salve his blody / he lete hym
aryse vpon his feet / And thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet vp
on the helme/ that he felle to the erthe flatlynge/ and therwith
he strode to hym to haue pulledy of his helme of his hede/ And
thenne sir Mador praydy that knyghte to saue his lyf/ and so
he yeldedy hym as ouercome and relecyd the quene of his qua
rel / I wille not graunte the thy lyf saidy that knyghte only
that thou freely relece the quene for euer/ and that no mencyon
be made vpon sir Patryces tombe that euer Quene Gueneuer
consentedy to that treasony/ Alle this shalle be done saidy sir ma
dor I clerely discharge my quarel for euer / Thenne the knyz
tes parters of the lystes toke vp sire Mador/ and ledde hym to
his tente / and the other knyghte wente streyghte to the steyer
foote where sat kyng Arthur/ and by that tyme was the que
ne come to the kynge/ and eyther kyssedy other hertely / And
whan the kynge salve that knyghte/ he stoupedy doune to hym/
and thankedy hym / and in lyke wyse dydy the quene/ and the
kynge praydy hym to putte of his helmet/ and to repose hym/ &
to taste a sop of wyn / and thenne he putte of his helme to dry
nke/ and thenne euery knyght knelde hym that it was syre
Launcelot du lake/ Anone as the quene wyst that/ he took the
quene in his handy/ and yode vnto syr launcelot and saidy sir
graunt mercy of your grete trauaille that ye haue hadde thys
day for me and for my quene/ My lord saidy sir launcelot Wete
ye wel I oughte of ryghte euer to be in your quarel/ and in
my lady the quenes quarel to do batail/ for ye ar the man that
gaf me the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/ and that daye my la
dy your quene dydy me grete worshipe/ & elis I had ben shamed

for that same day ye made me knyghte/thurgh my hastyneſſe I lost my swerd/and my lady your quene fond hit/and lapped hit in her trayne/and gafe me my swerd whan I hadde nede therto/and els had I ben shamed emonge alle knyghtes / & therfor my lord Arthur I promysed her at that day euer to be her knyghte in ryghte outher in wronge / Graunt mercy sayd the kyng for this iourneye/& wete ye wel said the kyng I shal acquyte youre goodnes/and euer the quene beheld sir launcelot/and wepte so tendyrly that she sanke alle most to the grou̅d for sorowe that he had done to her soo grete goodnes whereshe shewed hym grete vnkyndenes/ ¶ Thenne the knyghtes of his blood drewe vnto hym/and there eyther of them made grete ioye of other/ And so came alle the knyghtes of the table round that were there at that tyme/and welcomed hym/ And thenne sir Mador was redy to leche crafte/ and sire launcelot was helyd of his wou̅d/ And thenne there was made grete ioye & myrthes in that courte

¶ Capitulum octauum/

AND soo it befelle that the damoysel of the lake/her name was Nymue/ the whiche wedded the good knyzt sir Pelleas/and soo she cam to the Courte/for euer she dyd grete goodnes vnto kynge Arthur/and to alle his knyghtes thurgh her sorcery and enchauntementes / And soo whan she herd how the quene was an angred for the dethe of syre Patryse/Thenne she told it openly that she was neuer gylty and there she disclosed by whome it was done and named hym syr Pynel/and for what cause he dyd it/there it was openly disclosed/and soo the quene was excused/and the knyzt Pynel fled in to his countre/Thenne was it openly knowen that syr Pynel enpoysond the appels att the feest to that entente to haue destroyed sire Gawayne/by cause syr Gawayne and his brethern destroyed syr Lamorak de galys / to the whiche syre Pynel was cosyn vnto / Thenne was sire Patryce buryed in the chirche of westmestre in a tombe/and there vpon was writyen/Here lyeth syre Patryce of Irlond slayne by syre Pynel

le saueage/that enpoysoned appels to haue slayne syr Galha
yne/and by mysfortune sire Patryce ete one of tho appels / &
thenne sodenly he brast/ Also there was wryten vpon the tom;
be that Quene Gueneuer was appelyd of treason of the deth
of sire Patryce by sir Mador de la porte / and there was made
mencyon how sire launcelot foughte with hym for quene Gue;
neuer/and ouercame hym in playne bataylle / Alle this was
wryten vpon the tombe of syr Patryce in excusyng of the que
ne/ And thenne sir Mador selved dayly and long/to haue the
Quenes goody grace/and soo by the meanes of syre launce;
lot he caused hym to stande in the quenes goody grace/and alle
was forgyuen/ Thus it passed on tyl oure lady daye assup;
cyon/within a yd dayes of that feest the kynge lete crye a gre
te Justes and a turnement that shold be at that daye att Ca;
melot that is wynchester/and the kynge lete crye that he and
the kynge of Scottes wold Juste ageynst alle that wold co;
me ageynst hem/ And when this crye was made / thyder cam
many knyghtes/ Soo there came thyder the kyng of Northga;
lys and kyng Angwysshe of Irlande/and the kyng with the
hondred knyghtes/and Galahaut the haute prynce/ and the
Kynge of Northumberlande/ and many other noble dukes &
Erles of dyuerse countreyes/ Soo kynge Arthur made hym re
dy to departe to thise Justys/ and wold haue had the Quene
with hym/but at that tyme she wold not/she said/ for she was
seke and myghte not ryde at that tyme/ That me repenteth sa;
yd the kynge/for this seuen yere yr salve not suche a noble fe
lawshyp to gyders excepte at wytsontyde When Galahad de;
parted from the Courte/Truly sayd the quene to the kynge /
ye muste holde me excused/ I maye not be there / and that me
repenteth / and many demed the quene wold not be there by
cause of sir launcelot du lake/for sire launcelot wold not ry;
de with the kynge/for he said/that he was not hole of the wo;
und the whiche sire Mador had gyuen hym/ wherfor the kynge
was wery and passynge wrothe/and soo he departed toward
wynchestre with his felawshyp/and soo by the way the kynge
lodged in a Towne called Astolot/that is nowe in Englysshe
called Gylford/and there the kynge lay in the Castel/ Soo
when the kynge was departed/the quene called sir launcelot

to her/and̄ saidȳ thus/ Sire launcelot ye are gretely to blame thus to holde yolu behynde my lordȳ/what trowe ye what ville youre enemyes and myne saye and̄ deme / nought̄e els but see holu sire launcelot holdeth hym euer behynde the kyng/ and̄ soo doth the quene/ for that they woldȳ haue their pleasyr to gy ders/ And̄ thus wylke they saye saydȳ the Quene to syr launcelot haue ye noo doubte therof

Capitulum ix

Madame said syr Launcelot I alowe your wytte/it is of late come syn ye were wyse/ And̄ therfor madame at this tyme I wille be rulyd̄ by your counceylle / and̄ thys nyght̄e I wylle take my west/and̄ to morowe by tyme I wyll take my waye towardȳ wynchestre/

But Wete yolu Wel saydȳ sir Launcelot to the quene / that at that Justes I wille be ageynst the kynge and̄ ageynste al his felaushyp/ye maye there doo as ye lyst saydȳ the Quene / but by my counceylle ye shalle not be ageynst youre kyng and̄ youre felaushyp/ For therin ben ful many hardȳ knyghtes of youre blood̄ as ye woote wel ynough / hit nedeth not to reherce them/ Madame saidȳ syre Launcelot I praye yolu that ye be not displeasyd with me / for I wille take the aduenture that god̄ wylle sende me/ And̄ soo vpon the morne erly syre launcelot herd̄ masse and̄ brake his fast/and̄ soo toke his leue of the quene and̄ departed̄/ And̄ thenne he rode soo moche vntyl he came to Astolat that is Gylford̄/and there hit happed hym in the euentyde he cam to an old̄ Bawns place that hyght̄ sir Bernard̄ of Astolat / And̄ as syre launcelot entryd̄ in to his lodgynge/kynge Arthur aspyed̄ hym as he dyd̄ walke in a gardyn besyde the Castel holu he took his lodgynge / & knewe hym ful wel/ It is wel saydȳ kynge Arthur vnto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn besyde the castel / I haue nolu aspyed̄ one knyght̄e that wylle playe his playe at the Justes/ to the whiche we be gone towardȳ / I vndertake he wil do merueils/ Who is that we pray you telle vs

sayde many knyghtes that were there at that tyme/ ye shal not wete for me said the kynge as at this tyme/ And soo the kyng smyled/ and went to his lodgynge/ Soo whan sire launcelot was in his lodgynge / and vnarmed hym in his chamber the olde lawn and hermyte came to hym makynge his reuerence and welcomed hym in the best maner/ but the oldy knyght knewe not sire Launcelot/ Fair sir said sir launcelot to his hoste I wold praye yow to lene me a shelde that were not openly knowen/ for myn is wel knowen/ Sir saidy his hoost ye shalle haue your desyre/ for me semeth ye be one of the lykelyest knyghtes of the worldy/ andy therfor I shall shewe you frendship Sire wete yow wel I haue two sones that were but late made knyghtes/ andy the eldest hyghte sir Tirre/ andy he was hurt that same day he was made knyghte that he may not ryde/ and his shelde ye shalle haue/ For that is not knowen I dare saye but here/ andy in no place els/ andy my yongest sone hyght Lauayne/ andy yf hit please yow / he shalle ryde with yow vnto that Justes/ andy he is of his age stronge andy Wyght/ for moche my herte gyueth vnto yow that ye sholdy be a noble knyghte therfor I praye yow telle me your name/ saidy sir Bernardy As for that sayd sire launcelot ye must holde me excusedy as at this tyme/ Andy yf gody gyue me grace to spede wel att the Justes/ I shalle come ageyne andy telle yow/ but I praye yow said sir launcelot in ony wyse lete me haue youre sone sire Lauayne with me/ and that I maye haue your broders shelde/ Alle this shalle be done saidy sir Bernardy/ ¶ This old lawn had a doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the faire mayden of Astolat/ And euer she beheldy sir launcelot wonderfully/ Andy as the book sayth she caste suche a loue vnto sir launcelot that she coude neuer withdrawe her loue/ wherfore she dyedy/ andy her name was Elayne le blank / Soo thus as she cam to andy fro/ she was soo hote in her loue that she besoughte syr launcelot to were vpon hym at the Justes a token of hers ¶ Faire damoysel said sir launcelot / and yf I graunte yow that ye may saye I doo more for youre loue than euer I dyd for lady or damoysel / ¶ Thenne he remembryd hym that he wolde goo to the Justes desguysedy/ And by cause he had neuer fore that tyme borne noo maniere of token of noo damoysel

note that tyme borne noo maniere of token of noo damoysel

¶ Thenne he bethoughte hym that he wold kepe one of her that none of his blood there by myghte knowe hym / and thenne he said Faire mayden I wylle graunte yow to were a token of yours vpon myn helmet/and therfor what it is/shewe it me Sir she said it is a redy sleue of myn of scarlet wel enbrou; dred with grete perlys/and soo she brought it hym/Soo syre Launcelot receyued it/and sayd neuer dyd I erst soo mocke/ for no damoysel/And thenne sir launcelot bitoke the fair may den his shelde in kepyng/and praid her to kepe that vntyl that he came ageyne / and soo that nyghte he had mery rest & grete chere / For euer the damoysel Elayne was about sire Laun; celot alle the whyle she myghte he suffred

Capitulum x

SOo vpon a daye on the morne kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes departed / for theire kynge had tarved thre dayes to abyde his noble knyghtes/And soo whanne the kynge was ryden/sir launcelot and sire Eauayne made hem redy to ryde/and eyther of hem had whyte shildes/and the red sleue sir Launcelot lete cary with hym/and soo they toke the; ir leue at syr Bernard the old baron / and att his doughter the faire mayden of Astolat/And thenne they rode soo long til that they came to Camelot that tyme called wynchestre / and there was grete prees of kynges/ dukes/Erles/ and barons/ and many noble knyghtes/But there sir launcelot was lod ged pryuely by the meanes of sir Eauayne With a ryche bur; geis that no man in that toune was ware what they were/& soo they reposed them there til oure lady day assumpcyon at the grete feest sholde be / Soo thenne trumpets blewe vnto the felde/and kynge Arthur was sette on hyghe vpon a skaffold to beholde who dyd best / But as the Frenshe book saith/ the kynge wold not suffer syre Galvayn to goo from hym/for ne; uer had sir Galvayn the better and sire launcelot were in the felde/& many tymes was sir Galvayn rebuked whan launcelot cam in to ony Justes desguysed/Thenne som of the kynges as kynge Angwysshe of Irlande and the kynge of Scottes were that tyme wroth vpon the syde of kynge Arthur / ¶ And

thenne on the other party was the kynge of Northgalys/ and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes /and the kynge of Northumberland/and syr Galahad the haut prynce / But these thre kynges and this duke were passyng weyke to holde agey̆nst kynge Arthurs party/for with hym were the nobleste knyghtes of the worldy̆ / Soo thenne they withdrewe hem eyther party from other / and euery man made hym redy̆ in his beste maner to doo what he myghte/ ¶ Thenne syre Launcelot made hym redy̆/and putte the redy̆ sleue vpon his hede/and fastnedy̆ it fast/and soo syre launcelot and syre Lauayne departed out of wynchestre pryuely/and rode vntyl a lytel leuedy̆ woody̆ / behynde the party that held ageynst kyng Arthurs party/and there they helde them stylle tyl the partyes smote to gyders / & thenne cam in the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland on Arthurs party/and ageynst them came the kynge of Northumberland/and the kynge with the honderdy̆ knyghtes smote doun the kynge of Northumberland/ and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Anguysshe of Irlandy̆ / Thenne syre Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encountredy̆ with syre Galahady̆/and eyther of hem smote doune other / and eyther party halpe their lordes on horsback ageyne/Soo there began a stronge assaile vpon bothe partyes/ And thenne came in syr Brandyles/ syre Sagramor le desyrus/sire Dodynas le saueage/sir kay le seneschal/ sir Gryflet le fyse de dieu/sir Mordredy̆/sir Melyot de logrys/syr Ozanna le cure hardy̆/sir Safyr/sir Eppynogrys/ syr Galleron of Galway/Alle these yͤ knyghtes were knyghtes of the table roundy̆/Soo these with moo other came in to gyders / and lete on bak the kynge of Northumberlandy̆ and the kynge of Northwalys/whan sir launcelot salve this as he houedy̆ in a lytil leuedy̆ woode/thenne he saydy̆ vnto syre lauayn / see yonder is a compay̆ of good knyghtes/and they holdy̆ them to gyders as bores that were chauffedy̆ with dogges/ that is trouthe

said syre Lauayne

¶ Capitulum vj

NOw sayd syre Launcelot/ and ye wille helpe me a lytel/ ye shalle see yonder felaushyp that chaseth nowe these men in oure syde that they shal go as fast bakwarde as they wente forwarde/ Sir spare not said sire Lauayne/ for I shalle doo what I maye / Thenne sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne cam in at the thyckest of the prees / and there syre launcelot smote doune syr Brandyles/ syre Sagramore/ syre Dodynas/ sir Kay/ syr Gryflet/ and alle this he dyd with one spere/ and sire Lauayne smote doune sire Luan de buttelere/ and sir Bedwere/ And thenne sire Launcelot gat another spere / & there he smote doune sir Agrauayne/ sire Galerys/ and sir Mordred and sir Melyot de Logrys/ and sir Lauayne smote doune Ozanna le cure hardy/ and thenne sir Launcelot dreve his swerd and there he smote on the ryght hande and on the lyfte hande and by grete force he vnhorsed syr Safyr/ sire Eppynogrys / & sir Galleron/ and thenne the knyghtes of the table round with dreve them abak after they had goten their horses as wel as they myghte/ O mercy Jhesu said sire Galwayne what knyzte is yonder that doth soo merueyllous dedes of armes in that felde/ I wote not what he is sayd kynge Arthur/ But as att this tyme I wille not name hym / syre sayd sire Galwayne I wold say it were syr launcelot by his rydynge and his bufets that I see hym dele/ but euer me semeth it sholde not be he for that he bereth the reed sleue vpon his hede/ for I wyst hym neuer bere token at no Justes of lady nor gentilwoman/ Lete hym be said kynge Arthur/ he wille be better knowen/ and do more or euer he departe/ Thenne the party that was ayenst kynge Arthur were wel comforted / and thenne they felde hem to gyders that before hande were sore rebuked/ Thenne sir Bors sir Ector de marys and sir Lyonel calked vnto them the knyztes of their blood / as sir Blamor de ganys/ syre Bleoberys syr Alyduke/ sir Galyhud/ sire Galyhodyn/ sir Bellangere le breuse/ soo these nyne knyghtes of sir launcelots kynne threste in myghtely / for they were al noble knyghtes / and they of grete hate and despyte that they had vnto hym thoughte to wreke that noble knyght sir launcelot & sire Lauayne/ for they

knelwe hym not/and̄ ſoo they cam hurlynge to gyders / & ſmote doune many knyghtes of northgalys and̄ of northumberland And̄ whanne ſire launcelot ſawe them fare ſoo/ he gat a ſpere in his hand/and there encountred with hym al attones ſyr hors ſir Ector and̄ ſire Lyonel / and̄ alle they thre ſmote hym attes ones with their ſperes/ And̄ with fors of them ſelf they ſmote ſir launcelots hors to the erthe/ and̄ by myſfortune ſir hors ſmote ſyre launcelot thurgh the ſhelde in to the ſyde / and̄ the ſpere brake/and̄ the hede lefte ſtylle in his ſyde/ whan̄ ſir Ewayne ſawe his maiſter lye on the grounde/ he ranne to the kynge of ſcottes/and̄ ſmote hym to the erthe/and̄ by grete force he took his hors/and brought hym to ſyr launcelot/and̄ maulgre of them al he made hym to mounte vpon that hors / & thenne launcelot gat a ſpere in his hand̄/ and̄ there he ſmote ſyre Bors hors and̄ man̄ to the erthe / in the ſame wyſe he ſerued̄ ſyre Ector and̄ ſyre Lyonel/and̄ ſyre Ewayne ſmote doune ſir Blamore de ganys/ And̄ thenne ſir launcelot dreſſe his ſuerd for he felte hym ſelf ſo ſore y hurte that he wende there to haue ſlayn his dethe / And̄ thenne he ſmote ſire Bleoberys ſuche a buffet on the helmet that he felle doune to the erthe in a ſwoun And̄ in the ſame wyſe he ſerued ſir Alyduk/and ſir Galyhud And̄ ſire Ewayne ſmote doune ſyr Bellangere that was the ſone of Alyſaunder le orphelyn / and̄ by this was ſire Bors horſed̄/and thenne he came with ſire Ector and̄ ſyr Lyonel / & alle they thre ſmote with ſuerdes vpon ſyre launcelots helmet/ And̄ whan̄ he felte their buffets/ and̄ his wounde the whiche was ſoo greuous than̄ he thought to doo what he myght whyle he myght endure/ And̄ thenne he gaf ſyr Bors ſuche a buffet that he made hym bowe his heed̄ paſſynge lowe / and̄ there with al he raced̄ of his helme/and̄ myght haue ſlayne hym/ & ſoo pulled̄ hym doune / and̄ in the ſame wyſe he ſerued̄ ſyre Ector and̄ ſire Lyonel/ For as the book ſaith he myghte haue ſlayne them/but whan̄ he ſawe their vyſages/his herte myght not ſerue hym therto/but lefte hem there

¶ And̄ thenne afterward̄ he hurled in to the thyckeſt prees of them alle and̄ dyd̄ there the merueylouſt dedes of armes that ener man̄ ſawe or herde ſpeke of / And̄ euer ſire Ewayne the good knyghte with hym / and̄ there ſire Launcelot with

his swerdy smote doune and pulledy doune as the Frenssshe book maketh mencyon moo than thyrtty knyghtes/ & the moost party were of the table roundy / andy sire Lauayne dydy ful Wel that day/ foz he smote doune tey knyghtes of the table roundy /

¶ Capitulum xij

QErcy Jhesu said syr Galbayne to Arthur J merueil what knyghte that he is with the wedy sleue/ Syr saide kynge Arthur he wille be knowen oz he departe/ and thenne the kynge bleibe vnto lodgynge/ and the pryce was gyuen by he ; wolbes vnto the knyghte with the whyte shelde that bare the wedy sleue/ Thenne came the kynge with the honderdy knyztes the kynge of Northgalys/ andy the kynge of Northumberlandy andy sir Galahaut the haute prynce/ andy saydy vnto sire launcelot/ fayre knyght gody the blesse/ foz moche haue ye done this day foz vs/ therfoz we praye yow that ye wille come with vs that ye may receyue the honour andy the pryce as ye haue woz ; shipfully deseruedy if/ My faire lordes saide syre launcelot wete yow wel yf J haue deseruedy thanke/ J haue sore bought hit andy that me repenteth/ foz J am lyke neuer to escape with my lyf/ therfoz faire lordes J pray yow that ye wille suffer me to departe where me lyketh/ foz J am sore hurte/ J take none force of none honour/ foz J hady leuer to repose me than to be lordy of alle the worldy/ andy there with al he gronedy pytously andy wde a grete wallop alway wardy fro them vntyl he came vnder a woodes syde/ And whan he salue that he was from the felde nyghe a myle that he Was sure he myghte not be sene / Thenne he saidy with an hyz voys/ O gentyl knyght sir Lauayne helpe me that this truncheon were oute of my syde/ foz it stycketh so sore that it nyghe sleeth me/ O myn owne lordy said sir Lauayne J wold fayn do that myzt please yow/ but J drede me sore/ & J pulle oute the truncheon that ye shalle be in perylle of dethe/ J charge you said sir launcelot as ye loue me drawe hit oute/ & there with alle he descendedy from his hors / and ryght soo dydy sir Lauayn/ andy forth with al sir Lauayn , dreWe the truncheon out of his syde/ and gaf a grete shryche and a merueillous

gryſely grone/and the blody braſte oute nyghe a pynt at ones that at the laſt he ſanke doun vpon his buttoks & ſo ſwouned pale and dedely/ Allas sayd sire Lauayne what ſhalle I doo And thenne he turned sir launcelot in to the wynde/ but soo he laye there nyghe half an houre as he hyd ben dede/ And so at the laſte syre Launcelot caſte vp his eyen/and sayd O Lauayn helpe me/that I were on my hors/for here is faſt by with in this two myle a gentyl hermyte that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte and a grete lord of poſſeſſions/And for grete goodenes he hath taken hym to wylful pouerte / and forſaken many landes/and his name is sire Baudewyn of Bretayn and he is a ful noble surgeon and a goody leche / Now lete see/helpe me vp that I were there / for euer my herte gyueth me that I ſhalle neuer dye of my cosyn germayns handes / & thenne with grete payne sir Lauayne halpe hym vpon his hors And thenne they rode a grete Walkop to gyders/and euer syr Launcelot bledde/that it ranne doune to the erthe/and so by fortune they came to that hermytage the whiche was vnder a wody/and a grete clyf on the other syde/and a fayre water rennynge vnder it/And thenne sire Lauayn lete on the gate with the but of his spere/and cryed faſt / Lete in for Jheſus ſake/ and there came a fair chyld to them/and aſked hem what they wolde/ Faire sone said syr Lauayne/ goo and pray thy lord/ the hermyte for goddes ſake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful sore wounded/and this day telle thy lord I ſalve hym doo more dedes of armes than euer I herd say that ony man dyd Soo the chyld went in lyghtly/and thenne he brought the hermyte the whiche was a paſſynge goody man/ When syr Lauayne ſalve hym he prayd hym for goddes ſake of ſocour/ what knyght is he sayd the hermyte/is he of the holys of kyng arthur or not/ I wote not said sire Lauayne what is he / nor what is his name/but wel I wote I ſalve hym doo meruey louſly this daye as of dedes of armes / On whos party was he sayd the hermyte/syre said syre Lauayne he was this daye ageynſt kynge Arthur / and there he wanne the pryce of alle the knyghtes of the roundy table / I haue sene the daye sayd the hermyte / I wolde haue loued hym the werſe/ by cauſe he was ageynſt my lord kynge Arthur/ for somtyme I was one

of the felauſhip of the roundy table/ But I thanke godys nolde I am otherlyse disposedy/ But where is he / lete me see hym/ Thenne sir Lauayne broughte the heremyte to hym

¶ Capitulum viij

ANdy whan the heremyte beheldy hym as he sat kenynge vpon his sadel bolde euer bledynge pytously/ andy e-uer the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he sholdy knolde hym but he coude not bringe hym to knoulecke / by cause he was soo pale for bledynge/What knyght are ye saydy the heremyte/ and where were ye borne/My fayre lord saydy syr Launcelot I am a straunger andy a knyghte auenturous that laboureth thurgh oute many Realmes for to wynne worshyp / Thenne the here-myte aduysed hym better/ and salue by a woundy on his cheke that he was syr Launcelot/ Allas saydy the heremyte myn olde-ne lord why layne you your name from me/ ¶ For sothe I oughte to knowe yolde of ryght/for ye are the mooste noblest kn-yghte of the worldy/for wel I knolde yolde for sire launcelot Sire saidy he sythe ye knolde me/helpe me and ye may for godes sake/for I woldy be oute of this payne at ones/ outher to dethe or to lyf/Haue ye no doubte saydy the heremyte ye shalle lyue and fare ryght wel / and soo the heremyte calledy to hym two of his seruauntes/and so he andy his seruauntes bare hym in to the hermytage/andy lyghtely vnarmedy hym / andy leydy hym in his bedde / And thenne anone the heremyte stauncheby his bloody andy made hym to drynke good wyn so that sir la-uncelot was wel refresshedy and knelde hym self/For in the-se dayes it was not the guyse of heremytes as is nolde a dayes For there were none heremytes in tho dayes but that they hadden men of worshyp andy of prolwesse/ and tho heremytes helde grete housholde/and refresshyd peple that were in distresse / ¶ Nolde torne we vnto kynge Arthur and leue we sir laun-celot in the hermytage / ¶ Soo whan the kynges were comen to gyders on bothe partyes/and the grete feeste shold be holden kynge Arthur asked the kynge of Northgalys and theyr fe-laushyp where was that knyghte that bare the reed sleue/ Bu-ynge hym afore me that he may haue his laude and honour &

the pryce as it is ryght / Thenne spake sir Galahad the hauke
pryncē and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ we suppose
that knyghte is meschued & that he is neuer lyke to see yow
nor none of vs alle/and that is the gretteste pyte that euer we
wyste of ony knyghte/ Allas sayd Arthur how may this be /
is he soo hurte/what is his name sayd kynge Arthur/ Truly
sayd they all we knowe not his name/nor from whens he cam
nor whyder he wold / Allas sayd the kynge this be to me the
werst tydynges that came to me this seuen yere/ For I wold
not for alle the londes I welde to knowe and wete it were so
that that noble knyght were slayne/knowe ye hym sayd they
al/ ¶ As for that sayd Arthur/ whether I kno
we hym or knowe hym not / ye shal not knowe for me what
man he is but almyghty iheſu sende me goode goode tydynges
of hym and soo sayd they alle/ By my hede sayd sire Galvayn
yf it soo be that the goode knyghte be so sore hurte/ hit is grete
dommage and pyte to alle this land/ For he is one of the no-
blest knyghtes that euer I salve in a felde handle a spere or
a swerd/ And yf he maye be founde I shalle fynde hym/ For
I am sure he nys not fer fro this tolvne/ here yow wel sayd
kynge Arthur/and ye may fynde hym onles that he be in su-
che a plyte that he may not welde hym self/ Iheſu defende sayd
sir Galvayne/but wete I shalle what he is and I may fyn-
de hym/ Ryght soo syre Galvayne took a squyer with hym vp
on hakneis and rode al aboute Camelot within vij or seuen my-
le/but soo he came ageyne and coude here no worde of hym /
Thenne within tvvo dayes kynge Arthur and alle the felau-
shyp retorned vnto london ageyne / And soo as they rode by
the Waye / hit happed sir Galvayne at Astolat to lodge with
syr Bernard/there as was syr Launcelot lodged/and soo as
sire Galvayn was in his chamber to repose hym/syr Barnard
the olde Baron came vnto hym and his doughter Elayne to
chere hym and to aske hym what tydynges and who dyd best
at that turnement of wynchester/ Soo good me help sayd syre
Galvayne there were tvvo knyghtes that bare tvvo whyte shel
des/but the one of hem bare a wede sleue vpon his hede/ and ce
taynly he was one of the best knyghtes that euer I salve Juste
in felde/ For I dare say sayd sire Galvayne that one knyght

with the wedy sleue smoke doune fourty knyghtes of the table
rounde/and his felawe dyde ryght wel and worshypfully /
¶ Nowe blessid be gode sayde the fayre mayden of Astolat
that that knyght spedy soo wel/ for he is the man in the worlde
that I fyrst louede/and truly he shalle be laste that euer I sh-
alle loue/ /Nowe fayre mayde sayde sir Galvayne is that goode
knyght your loue / Certaynly sir sayde she/ wete ye wel he is
my loue/thenne knowe ye his name sayde sire galwayne/ Nay
truly said the damoysel/I knowe not his name nor from whe-
nce he cometh/but to say that I loue hym I promyse you and
gode that I loue hym/howe hade ye knouleche of hym fyrst sa-
id sire Galvayne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne she tolde hym as ye haue herde to fore/and how
her fader bade hym her broder to doo hym seruyse/and
howe her fader lente hym her broders syr Tyrreis shelde/and he-
re with me he lefte his owne shelde/ For What cause dyde he so
saide sir Galvayne/ For this cause sayde the damoysel / for his
shelde was to wel knowen amonge many noble knyghtes/ A
fayr damoysel sayde sir Galvayne please hit yowe lete me haue
a syghte of that shelde/syre saide she it is in my chamber couerd
with a caas/and yf ye wille come with me/ye shalle see hit /
Not soo sayde syre Barnarde tyl his doughter lete sende for it
Soo whan the shelde was comen/sir Galvayne took of the ca-
as/ And whanne he behelde that shelde he knewe anone that hit
was sir launcelots shelde/ and his owne armes/ A Jhesu mer
cy sayde syr Galvayne nowe is my herte more heuyer than euer
it was tofore/ why sayde Elayne/for I haue grete cause sayde
sire Galvayne/is that knyght that owneth this shelde your loue
ye truly saide she my loue he is/gode wold I were his loue/
Soo gode me spede sayde sire Galvayne fair damoysel ye haue
ryght/for and he be your loue / ye loue the moost honourable
knyghte of the worlde and the man of moost worshyp/ So me
thoughte euer saide the damoysel/for neuer or that tyme for no
knyghte that euer I sawe/louede I neuer none erst/ ¶ Gode
graunte sayde sire Galvayne that eyther of yowe maye recoyse

other/but that is in a grete aduenture/Bat truly said sir Ga-
wayne vnto the damoysel/ye may say ye haue a fayre grace for
why I haue knowen that noble knyght this four and twen
ty yere/and neuer or that day/I nor none other knyghte/ I
dare make goody/sawe/nor herdy saye that euer he bare token or
sygne of no lady/gentilwoman/ ne mayden at no Justes nor
turnement/Andy therfor fayre mayden saide sire Galvayne ye
ar mocke beholden to hym to gyue hym thankes/ But I dred
me saydy sire Galvayne that ye shalle neuer see hym in thys
worldy/andy that is grete pyte/that euer was of erthely kny-
ght/Allas saydy she/holv may this be/is he slayne/ I say not
soo saidy sire Galvayne/but wete ye wel/he is greuously wo-
unded by alle maner of sygnes andy by mens syghte more ly
kelyer to be dede than to be on lyue/andy wete ye wel he is the
noble knyghte sire launcelot/for by this sheldy I knowe hym
Allas saidy the fayre mayden of Astolat/ holv maye this be /
andy what was his hurte/ Truly saidy sire Galvayne the man
in the worldy that louedy hym best/hurte hym soo/ andy I dare
say saydy sir Gawayne/andy that knyghte that hurte hym kne
we the veray certaynte that he hady hurte sire Launcelot/it wo-
ldy be the moost sorowe that euer came to his herte/ Nolv fair
fader said thenne Elayne I requyre yolv gyue me leue to ry-
de andy to seke hym/or elis I wote wel I shalle go oute of my
mynde/for I shalle neuer stynte tyl that I fynde hym / andy
my broder syre Launayne/ Doo as it lyketh yolv saydy her fa-
der/for me sore repenteth of the hurte of that noble knyghte
¶ Ryghte soo the mayde made her redy andy before syre Ga-
wayne makynge grete dole/Thenne on the morne syr Galva-
yne came to kynge Arthur / andy toldy hym holv he hady fonde
sire Launcelots shelde in the keppynge of the fayre mayden of
Astolat/Alle that knowe I afore handy saydy kynge Arthur
and that causedy me I woldy not suffer you to haue ado atte
grete Justes/for I aspyedy said kynge Arthur whan he cam in
tyl his lodgynge ful late in the euenynge in Astolat / But
merueille haue I saidy Arthur that euer he wold bere ony sy-
gne of ony damoysel/ For or nolv I neuer herdy say nor kne-
we that euer he bare ony token of none erthely woman / By
my hede said sir Galvayne the fayre mayden of Astolat loueth

hym merueyllously wel/what it meaneth I can not saye/ & she is ryden after to seke hym/ Soo the kynge and alle cam to London / and there sire Galvayne openly disclosed to alle the Courte that it was sire Launcelot that justed best

¶ Capitulum xb

AND whanne sir Bors herd that wete ye wel/ he was an huy man/and soo were alle his kynnesmen / But whan quene Guenever wyste that syre Launcelot bare the reed sleve/of the fayre mayden of Astolat/she was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrathe/ ¶ And thenne she sente for syr Bors de ganys in alle the hast that myghte be / Soo whanne sire Bors was come to fore the quene/thenne she sayd/ A sire Bors haue ye herd say how falsly sir launcelot hath bytrayed me/ Allas madame said sire Bors / I am aferd/ he hath bytrayed hym self and vs alle/ No force said the quene though he be destroyed/for he is a fals traytour knyghte/Madame sayd sir Bors I pray yow saye ye not so / for wete yolb Wel/ I maye not here suche langage of hym/ why sire Bors sayd she/shold I not calle hym traytour whan he bare the reed sleue vpon his hede at Wyncheste at the grete Justes/Madame sayd syre Bors that sleeue bryng repenteth me sore/but I dar say he dyd it to none euylle entente / but for this cause he bare the reed sleue that none yf his blood shold knowe hym / For or thenne we nor none of vs alle neuer knewe that euer he bare token or sygne of mayde/lady/ne gentylwoman/ Fy on hym said the quene/yet for all his pryde and bobaunce there ye proued your self his better/Nay madame saye ye neuer more soo for he bete me/and my felawes/ and myghte haue slayne vs and he hadd wold/Fy on hym sayd the quene / For I herd sir Galvayne saye bifore my lord Arthur that it were merueil to telle the grete loue that is bitwene the fayre mayden of Ast olat and hym/Madame saide syre Bors I maye not warne syr Galvayne to say what it pleasyd hym/ But I dare say as for my lord syre Launcelot that he loueth no lady gentil woman nor mayde/but alle he loueth in lyke moche/and therfor

madame saidȝ sir Gozs/ye may saye what ye wylle/but wete ye wel I wille haste me to seke hym / andȝ fynde hym where someuer he be/andȝ godȝ sende me goodȝ tydynges of hym/andȝ soo leue we them there/and speke we of sire launcelot that lay in grete perylle / Soo as fayr Elayne cam to wynchestre / she soughte there al aboute/andȝ by fortune syr Lauayne was ryden to playe hym to enchauffe his hors / Andȝ anone as Elayne salue hym she kneluе hym/ Andȝ thenne she cryedȝ oȝ loude vntyl hym/ Andȝ whan he herdȝ her/anone he came to her/ andȝ thenne she askedȝ her broder how dydȝ my lord sire launcelot / Who woldȝ yow syster that my lordes name Was sir Launcelot thenne she woldȝ hym how sire Galuayne by his sheldȝ kneluе hym/Soo they rode to gyders tyl that they cam to the hermytage/andȝ anone she alyghte/So sir Lauayne broughte her in to sire launcelot / Andȝ whanne she salue hym lye so seke & pale in his bedde/she myght not speke / but sodenly she felle to the erthe doune sodenly in a swoun/andȝ there she lay a grete whyle/ Andȝ whanne she was releuydȝ/she strykedȝ/andȝ saide my lordȝ sire Launcelot Allas why lie ye in this plyte/and thenne she swouneȝ ageyne / Andȝ thenne sir Launcelot praydȝ syre Lauayne to take her vp/andȝ bryngе her to me/ Andȝ whan she cam to her self sire Launcelot kyst her/andȝ saidȝ/Fair maydenȝ why fare ye thus/ye put me to payne wherfor make ye nomore suche chere/for andȝ ye be come to comforte me/ye be ryȝt wel come/andȝ of this lytel hurte that I haue I shal be ryghte hastely hole by the grace of godȝ/But I merueylle saydȝ sir Launcelot/who woldȝ yow my name/ thenne the fayre maydenȝ woldȝ hym alle how sire Galuayne was lodgedȝ with her fader andȝ there by your sheldȝ he discouerdȝ your name/Allas saydȝ sir launcelot that me repenteth that my name is knowenȝ / for I am sure it Wille torne vnto angre/ And thenne sir launcelot compast in his mynde that syre Galuayne woldȝ telle Quene Gueneuer/how he hare the tredȝ sleue/andȝ for whome/ that he wyst wel woldȝ torne vnto grete angre / Soo this maydenȝ Elayne neuer wente from sir launcelot/but watched hym dayandȝ nyght//andȝ dydȝ suche attendaunce to hym that the frenssshe book saith/there was neuer womanȝ dydȝ more kyndelyer for manȝ than she/ Thenne sir launcelot praydȝ sir Lauayne to

make aspyes in wynchestre for sire Bors yf he came there/and
wold hym by what tokens he sholde knowe hym/ by a wounde
in his forhede/for wel I am sure sayde sire launcelot / that syre
Bors wille seke me/for he is the same goode knyzt that hurte
me /.

¶ Capitulum xbj

NOw forne we vnto sire Bors de ganys that cam vnto
wynchestre to seke after his cosyn syre Launcelot/ and
soo whanne he cam to wynchestre/anone there were men
that sire Lauayne had made to lye in a watche for suche a man
and anone sir Lauayne had warnynge/and thenne sire La-
uayne came to wynchestre/and fonde sir Bors / and there he
tolde hym what he was/and with whome he was / and what
was his name/ ¶ Now fayr knyghte saide sire Bors I requy-
re yow that ye wille brynge me to my lorde sir launcelot/ Syre
sayde sir Lauayne take your hors/ & within this houre ye shalle
see hym/and soo they departed/and came to the hermytage/
¶ And whan sir Bors salve sir launcelot lye in his bedde pa-
le and discoloured/anone sir Bors lost his countenaunce/ and
for kyndenes and pyte/he myghte not speke/but wepte tendir
ly a grete whyle/ And thenne whanne he myght speke/ he sa-
yde thus / O my lorde sire launcelot gode yow blysse/and sende
yow hasty recouer/ And sul heuy am I of my! myssortune &
of myn vnhappynes/for now I may calle my self vnhappy/ &
I drede me that gode is gretely displeasyde with me that he
wolde suffre me to haue suche a shame for to hurte yow that are
alle oure leder/and alle oure worshyp/and therfor I calle my-
self vnhappy/ Allas that euer suche a caytyf knyghte as I am
sholde haue power by vnhappynes to hurte the moost noblest
knyghte of the worlde/where I soo shamefully set vpon yow
and ouercharged yow/and where ye myghte haue slayne me
ye sauede me/and so dyde not I/ For I and your blood did
to yow our vttraunce / I merueyle sayde sire Bors that my
herte or my blode wolde serue me/wherfor my lord sir launce
lot I aske your mercy/ Fair cosyn saide sire Launcelot ye be
ryght welcome/ & wete ye wel/ouer moche ye say for to pleas

me/ the whiche pleaseth me not/ for why I haue the same y so ought/ for I wolde with pryde haue ouercome yow alle/ and there in my pryde I was nere slayne/ and that was in myn owne defaute/ for I myghte haue gyue yow warnyng of my comynge there/ And thenne had I had noo hurte/ for it is an olde sayde salwe/ there is harde bataille there as kynne & frendes doo bataille eyther ageynste other/ there maye be no mercy but mortal warre/ Therfor fair cosyn saide sir launcelot/ lete thys speche ouerpasse and alle shalle be welcome that gode sendeth and lete vs leue of this matter/ and lete vs speke of somme recoueryng/ for this that is done maye not be vndone/ and lete vs fynde a remedy how soone that I may be hole/ Thenne sire Bors leneth vpon his heedes syde / and tolde sire Launcelot how the quene was passynge wrothe with hym/ by cause he ware the redy sleue at the grete Justes/ and there sir Bors tolde hym alle how sir Gawayne discouered hit by youre shelde that ye lefte with the fayre mayden of Astolat/ Thenne is the quene wrothe saide sir launcelot/ and therfor am I ryght heuy/ for I deserued no wrath/ for alle that I dyde was by cause I wolde not be knowen/ Ryght so excused I yow said sir Bors But alle was in vayne/ for she sayde more largelyer to me thā I to yow nowe/ But is this she said sire Bors that is so besy aboute yow/ that men calle the fayre mayden of Astolat / She it is said sire launcelot that by no meanes I can not putte her from me/ why sholde ye putte her from you said sire Bors/ she is a passynge fayre damoysel and a wel bisene and wel taught/ and god Wolde fayre cosyn saide syre Bors that ye coude loue her/ but as to that I may not/ nor I dare not counceyle yow / But I see wel sayd sir Bors by her dylygence about you that she loueth you entierly/ that me repenteth saide sir Launcelot/ syr sayde syr Bors/ she is not the fyrst that hath loste her payn vpon yow/ and that is the more pyte / and soo they talkede of many moo thynges/ And soo within thre dayes or four sire launcelot was bygge and stronge ageyne

¶ Capitulum xbij

Thenne sire Bors bold sire launcelot how there was sworne a grete turnement and justes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys that sholde be vpon al halowmasse day besyde Wynchestre/is that trouthe sayd sir launcelot / thenne shalle ye abyde with me styl a lytyll whyle vntyl that I be hole/for I fele my self ryght bygge & strongy/ Blessid be god said syr Bors/thenne were they there nygh a moneth to gyders/and euer this mayden Elayn dyd euer her dylygence labour nyghte and daye vnto syr launcelot/that ther was neuer child nor Wyf more meker to her fader and husbandy than was that fayre mayden of Astolat/ wherfore sir Bors was gretly pleasyd with her / Soo vpon a day by the assente of syr launcelot/syre Bors and syre launayne they made the heremyte to seke in woodes for dyuerse herbes/and soo sir launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a bayne/In the meane whyle syr launcelot made hym to arme hym at alle pyeces/and there he thought to assaye his armour and his spere for his hurte or not And soo whan he was vpon his hors/he steerdy hym fyersly/ and the hors was passynge lusty and fresshe by cause he was not labourd a moneth afore/And thenne syr Launcelot couchyd that spere in the reest/that courser lepte myghtely whan he felte the spores/and he that was vpon hym the whiche was the noblest hors of the world strayned hym myghtely and stably/and kepte stylle the spere in the reest/ and ther with syre Launcelot straynedy hym self soo straytly with soo grete force to gete the hors forward that the buttom of his woundy brast bothe within and without/and there with alle the blood came out so fyersly that he felte hym self soo feble that he myghte not sytte vpon his hors/And thenne syr Launcelot cryed vnto syr Bors/A syr Bors and syr Lauayne helpe for I am come to myn ende/And there with he felle doun on the one syde to the erthe lyke a dede corps/And thenne syr Bors and syr Lauayne came to hym with sorowe makyng out of mesure/ And soo by fortune the mayden Elayn herd their mornyng/& thenne she came thyder/& whan she fond syr Launcelot there armed in that place/she cryed & wepte as she had ben wood/ &

thenne ſhe kyſt hym/& dyd what ſhe myght to awake hym/ And thenne ſhe rebuked her broder and ſir Bors/and cal-led hem fals traytours/ why they wold take hym out of his bedde/there ſhe cryed and ſayd / ſhe wold appeke them of his deth/With this came the holy hermyte ſyr Ba-wdelyn of bre-tayne/ And whan he fond ſyr launcelot in that plyte/he ſayd but lytel/but wete ye wel he was wrothe/ and thenne he bad hem/lete vs haue hym in/ And ſo they alle bare hym vnto the hermytage/ and vnarmed hym/and layd hym in his bedde/& euer more his wounde bledde pytuſly/but he ſterte no lymme of hym/Thenne the knyghte hermyte put a thynge in his noſe and a lytel dele of water in his mouthe/ And thenne ſir launcelot waked of his ſwoune/and thenne the hermyte ſtaunched his bledynge/ And whan he myght ſpeke/ he aſked ſir launcelot/ why he putte his lyf in Jeopardy/ Sir ſaid ſyre Launce-lot by cauſe I wende I had ben ſtronge/and alſo ſyre Bors told me/that there ſhold be at al halowmaſſe a grete Juſtes be-twixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys/ and ther-for I thoughte to aſſaye hit my ſelf/ whether I myght be the-re or not/ A ſyr launcelot ſayd the hermyte/your herte & yo-ur courage wille neuer be done vntyl your laſt day/but ye ſhal doo nolw by my counceylle/lete ſire Bors departe from yolw/ & lete hym doo at that turnement what he may/and by the gra-ce of god ſayd the knyghte hermyte ly that the turnement be done and ye come hyder ageyne/ſyr launcelot ſhalle be as hole as ye/ſoo that he Wil be gouerned by me /

Capitulum xbiij

Thenne ſire Bors made hym redy to departe from ſyre launcelot/and thenne ſire launcelot ſayd/ Faire coſyn ſyr Bors recommaunde me vnto alle them / vnto whome me oughte to recommaunde me vnto/and I pray yolw/enforce yo-ur ſelf at that Juſtes that ye maye be beſt for my loue / & here ſhalle I abyde yolw at the mercy of god tyl ye come ageyne and ſo ſir Bors departed & came to the courte of kyng arthur and told hem in what place he had lefte ſyr launcelot / that me repenteth ſaid the kynge/ but ſyn he ſhall haue his lyf wel all may thanke god/ and there ſyre Bors told the Quene in what Jeopardy ſyre Launcelot was/whanne he wold aſſaye

his hors / and/ alle that he dyd/ madame was for the loue of yold/ by cause he wold/ haue ben at this turnement/ Fy on hym recreaunt knyght/ sayd/ the quene/ For Wete ye Wel I am right sory and he shalle haue his lyf/ his lyf shalle he haue said/ syr Bors/ and/ Who that wold/ other wyse except you mada/ me/ we that ben of his blood/ shold/ helpe to shorte theire ly/ ues/ but madame sayd/ syr Bors ye haue ben oftymes displesyd/ with my lord/ syr launcelot/ But at alle tymes at the ende ye fynde hym a true knyghte and soo he departed/ / And thenne euery knyghte of the round/ table that were there at that tyme present made them redy to be at that Justes at alle halow/ masse and thyder dreibe many knyghtes of dyuerse countreys And as al halowemasse dreibe new / thyder came the kynge of Northgalys/ and the kynge with the hondred knyghtes / & syr Galahaut the haute prynce of Surluse/ and thyder came kynge Angwysshe of Irlande/ and the kynge of Scottes/ soo these thre kynges came on kynge Arthurs party/ and soo that daye syre Galhayne dyd grete dedes of armes/ and began fyrst And the herolddes nombred that sir Galhayne smote doune xx knyghtes/ Thenne syr Bors de ganys came in the same tyme and he was nombred that he smote doune twenty knyghtes / And therfor the pryce was gyuen betwixe them bothe/ for they began fyrst and lengest endured/

¶ Also syr Gareth as the book sayth dyd/ that daye grete dedes of armes / for he smote doune and pulled/ doune thyrtty knyghtes/ But whan he had/ done these dedes/ he tarryed not/ but soo departed/ and therfor he lost his pryce/ & sir Palomydes did grete dedes of armes that day/ for he smote doun twenty knyghtes/ but he departed/ sodenly/ & men demed syre Gareth & he rode to gyders to somme maner aduentures/ Soo whan this turnement was done/ syr Bors departed / & rode tyl he came to syre launcelot his cosyn/ & thenne he fonde hym walkynge on his feet/ & ther eyther made grete Joye of other/ & so sire Bors tolde syr launcelot of alle the Justes lyke as ye haue herde/ I merueille said sir launcelot that syre Gareth when he had done suche dedes of armes that he wolde not tary/ therof we merueyled al saide syr Bors/ for but yf it were yolu or syr Tristram or syre lamorak de galys I saWe neuer knyght bere doune soo many in

so lytel a whyle as dyde syr Gareth/ And anone as he was gone we wyste not where/ By my hede saide sir launcelot he is a noble knyghte/and a myghty man/and wel brethed/ and yf he were wel assayed saide sir Launcelot / I wolde deme he were goode ynough for ony knyghte that lyueth the lyf/and he is a gentyl knyghte/curtois/true/and bounteuous/meke and mylde/and in hym is no maner of male engyn/but playne / feythful and trewe/ Soo thenne they made hem redy to departe from the hermyte/and so vpon a morne they took their horses and Elayne le blank with them/ And whan they came to Astolat/there were they wel lodged and had grete chere of syre Bernard the olde baron/and of sir Tyre his sone/and so vpon the morne whan syr Launcelot sholde departe / fayre Elayne brought her fader with her and sir Lauayne and sir Tyre and thus she saide

Capitulum xix

MY lorde syr Launcelot nowe I see ye wyll departe NOw fayre knyghte and curtois knyghte haue mercy vpon me/and suffer me not to dye for thy loue / what wolde ye that I dyde said syr launcelot/I wold haue you to my husbonde sayde Elayne/Fair damoysel I thanke yow said syr Launcelot/but truly sayd he I ast me neuer to be wedded man/thenne fair knyght saide she/wylle ye be my paramour/Jhesu defende me saide syr launcelot/ for thenne I rewarded your fader and your broder ful euylle for their grete goodenes Allas sayde she/ thenne must I dye for your loue/ ye shal not so saide syre launcelot/for wete ye wel fayr mayden I myght haue ben maryed & I had wolde / but I neuer applyed me to be maryed yet/but by cause fair damoysel that ye loue me as ye saye ye doo/I wille for your goode wylle and kyndenes shewe yow somme goodenes/& that is this/that where someuer ye wille reset youre herte vpon somme goode knyghte that wylle wedde yow / I shalle gyue yow to gyders a thousand pounde yerely to yow & to your heyres/thus mocke will I gyue yow faire madame for your kyndenes/ & alweyes whyle I lyue to be your owne knyghte ¶ Of alle this saide the mayde den I wille none / for but yf ye wille wedde me or elles be

my peramour at the leest/wete yow wel sir launcelot my go=
od dayes are done/Fair damoysel sayd sir launcelot of these ij
thynges ye must pardonne me/thenne she shrykedy shyrly / and
fylle doune in a swoune/and thenne wymmen bare her in to hyr
chamber/ and there she made ouer mocke sorowe/and thenne sir
launcelot wold departe/and there he asked sir Lauayn what
he wold doo/what shold I doo sayd syre lauayne but folowe
yow/but yf ye dryue me from yow / or commaunde me to goo
from yow/Thenne came sir Bernard to sir launcelot and sayd
to hym/I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wilke dye
for your sake/I maye not doo with alle sayd sir launcelot/for
that me sore repenteth/For I reporte me to youre self that my
profer is fayre/and me repenteth said syr launcelot that she lo=
ueth me as she doth/I was neuer the causer of hit / for I re=
porte me to youre sone I erly ne late profered her bounte nor
faire byhestes/and as for me sayd sir launcelot I dare do alle
that a knyght shold doo that she is a clene mayden for me bo=
the for dede and for wille / And I am ryght hevy of her dist=
resse/for she is a ful fayre mayden goody and gentyl and wel
taughte/Fader said sir Lauayne I dar make gooody she is a
clene mayden as for my lord sir launcelot / but she doth as I
doo/For sythen I fyrst salwe my lord sir launcelot I coude ne
uer departe from hym nor nought I Wylle and I maye folo=
we hym/Thenne sir Launcelot took his leue/and soo they de=
parted/and came vnto wynchestre / And whan Arthur wyste
that syr launcelot was come hole and sound/the kynge maade
grete ioye of hym/and soo dyd sir Galwayn and alle the knyg=
tes of the wound table excepte sir Agrauayn and sire Mordred
¶ Also quene Gueneuer was Woode wrothe with sir launce
lot and wold by no meanes speke with hym / but enstraun=
ged her self from hym/and sir launcelot made alle the mea=
nes that he myght for to speke with the quene/ but hit wolde
not be/¶ Nold speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat that
made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she neuer slepte/ete/nor
dranke/and euer she made her complaynt vnto sir Launcelot/ so
whan she had thus endured a ten dayes/that she febled so that
she must nedes passe out of thys worlde/thenne she shryued her
clene/and receyued her creatoure/ And euer she complaynedy

sylle vpon sire launcelot/Thenne her ghoostly fader bad her leue suche thoughtes / Thenne she sayd why sholde I leue suche thoughtes/am I not an erthely woman/ and alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me/ for my byleue is I doo none offence/though I loue an erthely man/and I take god to my record I louede neuer none but sir launcelot du lake nor neuer shall/ and a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other / and sythen hit is the sufferaunce of god/ that I shalle dye for the loue of soo noble a knyghte/ I beseche the hyghe fader of heuen to haue mercy vpon my solvle/ and vpon myn innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allyge aunce of parte of my synnes / For swete lord Ihesu sayd the fayre mayden I take the to record/on the I was neuer gylte offenser ageynst thy lawes / but that I louede this noble knyght sire launcelot out of mesure/and of my self good lord I myght not withstande the feruent loue wherfor I haue my dethe / And thenne she called her fader sire Bernard and her broder sir Tyrre/and hertely she praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she did endyte hit/and so her fader graunted her/ And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as she deuysed/Thenne she prayd her fader that she myght be watched vntyl she were dede/and whyle my body is hote/lete this letter be putt in my ryght hand / and my hand bounde fast with the letter vntyl that I be cold/and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rychest clothes that I haue aboute me/and so lete my bedde and alle my rychest clothes be laide with me in a charyot vnto the next place where Temse is/and there lete me be putte within a barget/ & but one man with me/suche as ye truste to stere me thyder/ and that my barget be couerd with blak samyte ouer and ouer / Thus fader I beseche yow lete hit be done/soo her fader graunted hit her feythfully/alle thynge shold be done lyke as she had deuysed/Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole / for whenne this was done/anone she dyed/ And soo whan she was dede / the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next Way vnto Temse/and there a man and the corps & alle were put in to Temse/and soo the man styred the barget vnto Westmynster/and there he rowed a grete whyle to & fro or ony aspyed hit

Capitulum xx

Soo by fortune kynge Arthur and the quene Guenever were spekynge to gyders at a wyndowe / and soo as they lokedy in to Temse / they aspyedy this blak barget / and hadde merueylle what it mente / thenne the kynge called sire kay / & shewedy hit hym / Sir saidy sir kay wete you wel there is some nelve tydynges / Goo thyder saydy the kynge to sir kay / & take with yolv sire Brandykes and Agrauayne / and brynge me redy word what is there / Thenne these four knyghtes departed and came to the barget and wente in / and there they fond the fayreste corps lyenge in a ryche bedde and a poure man sittyng in the bargets ende and no wordy wolde he speke / Soo these foure knyghtes retorned vnto the kyng ageyne and told hym what they fondy / That fayr corps wylle I see saydy the kynge And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the handy / & went thyder / Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holdyn fast / & thenne the kyng & ỳ quene entred with certayn knyghtes wyth them / and there he salve the fayreste woman lye in a ryche bedde couerd vnto her myddel with many ryche clothes / and alle was of clothe of goldy / andy she lay as thongh she hady smyled / Thenne the quene aspyedy a letter in her ryght handy / and told it to the kynge / Thenne the kynge took it andy saydy / nowe am I sure this letter wille telle what she was / and why she is come hydder / Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget / and soo commaunded a certayne to wayte vpon the barget / And soo whan the kynge was come within his chãber / he called many knyghtes aboute hym / & saide that he wolde wete openly what was wryten within that letter / thenne the kynge brake it / & made a clerke to rede hit / & this was the entente of the letter / Moost noble knyghte sir Launcelot / nowe sithy dethe made vs two at debate for your loue I was your louer that men alledy the fayre maydyn of Astolat / therfor vnto alle ladyes I make my mone / yet praye for my soule & bery me atte leest / & offre ye my masse peny / this is my last requeste andy a clene maydyn I dyedy I take godi to wytnes / pray for my soule sir launcelot as thou art pierles / this was alle the

ſubſtaunce in the letter/ And whan it was redde/the kyng/the quene and alle the kuyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful cō playntes/Thenne was ſire Launcelot ſente for/ And whan he was come/kynge Arthur made the letter to be redde to hym / And whanne ſire launcelot herd hit word by word/he ſayd my lord Arthur/ wete ye wel I am ryghte heuy of the dethe of this fair damoyſel / god knoweth I was neuer cauſer of her dethe by my wyllynge/& that wille I repente me to her olyn broder/here he is ſir Ewayne / I wille not saye nay ſayd ſyre Launcelot/but that ſhe was bothe fayre and good/and mo che I was beholden vnto her/but ſhe loued me out of meſure/ Ye myght haue ſhewed her ſayd the quene ſomme bounte and gentilnes that myghte haue preſerued her lyf/ madame ſayd ſir launcelot/ſhe wold none other Wayes be anſwerd/ but that ſhe wold be my wyf/outher els my paramour / and of theſe two I wold not graunte her/but I proferd her for her good loue that ſhe ſhewed me a thouſand pound yerly to her / and to her heyres / and to wedde ony manere knyghte that ſhe coude fynde beſt to loue in her herte/ For madame ſaid ſir launcelot I loue not to be conſtrayned to loue/ For loue muſte aryſe of the herte/and not by no conſtraynte/That is trouth ſayd the kynge/and many knyghtes loue is free in hym ſelfe/ and neuer wille be bounden/for where he is bounden/he looſeth hym ſelf/Thenne ſayd the kynge vnto ſire Launcelot/ hit wyll be your Worſhyp that ye ouer ſee that ſhe be entered worſhypfully / Sire ſayd ſire Launcelot that ſhalle be done as I can beſt deuyſe/and ſoo many knyghtes yede thyder to behold that fayr mayden/and ſoo vpon the morne ſhe was entered ryche ly/ and ſir launcelot offryd her maſſe peny/ and alle the knyghtes of the table round that were there at that tyme offryd with ſyr launcelot/ And thenne the poure man went ageyne with the barget. ¶ Thenne the quene sente for ſyr Launcelot/ & prayd hym of mercy/ for why that ſhe had ben wrothe with hym cauſeles/this is not the fyrſte tyme ſaid ſir launcelot that ye haue ben diſpleaſyd with me cauſeles / but madame euer I muſt ſuffre yow/but what ſorowe I endure I take no force / Soo this paſte on alle that ryuer with alle manere of hunt kynge and hauekyng/and Juſtes and torneyes were many be

thrye many grete lordes/ and euer in al places sir Launayne gate grete worshyp / soo that he was nobly renomed among many knyghtes of the table round

Capitulum xxj

THus it past on tyl Crystemasse/ And thenne euery day there was Justes made for a dyamond/ Who that justed best shold haue a dyamond/ but syr launcelot wold not juste but yf it were at a grete Justes cryed/ but syr launayne justed there alle that Crystemasse passyngly wel/ and best was prayse/ for there were but selue that dyd soo wel / wherfore alle maner of knyghtes demed that sir launayne shold be made knyghte of the table round at the neyte feeste of Pentecost / Soo at after Crystemasse kynge Arthur lete calle vnto hym many knyghtes / and there they aduysed to gyders to make a party and a grete turnement and Justes/ and the kynge of Northgalys sayd to Arthur / he wold haue on his party kynge Angwysshe of Irlande/ and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ and the kynge of Northumberlande / and sire Galahad the haute prynce/ and soo these foure kynges & this myghty duke wold party ageynst kynge Arthur and the knyghtes of the table round/ and the cry was made that the day of the Justes shold be beside westmynstre vpon candylmas day wherof many knyghtes were glad/ and made them redy to be at that Justes in the freysshyst maner/ Thenne quene Guenneuer sent for syr launcelot/ and said thus I warne yow that ye ryde ny more in no Justes nor turnementys / but that youre kynnesmen may knowe yow/ And at thise Justes that shall be ye shalle haue of me a sleue of gold/ and I pray yow for my sake enforce your self there that men may speke of yow worshyp/ but I charge yow as ye will haue my loue that ye warne youre kynnesmen / that ye wille bere that daye the sleue of gold vpon your helmet/ Madame said sir launcelot it shalle be don /and soo eyther made grete ioye of other / And whan syr Launcelot salwe his tyme/ he told sir Bors that he wold departe/ & haue no more with hym but sir Lauayne vnto the goode hermyte that dwelled in that foreest of Wyndsoore / his name

was sire Brastias/and there he thought to repose hym/ and to take alle the rest that he myghte by cause he wold be fresshe at that daye of Justes/ Soo sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne departed that noo creature wyst where he was become/but the noble men of his blood/ And whanne he was come to the hermytage/where yolde wel he had good chere/ and soo dayly syr Launcelot wold goo to a welle fast by the hermytage/ & there he wold lye doune/and see the Welle sprynge and Rubyl / & somtyme he slepte there/ ¶ So at that tyme there was a lady dwellid in that forest/and she was a grete huntresse/ & dayly she vsed to hunte/and euer she bare her bolde with her/and no men wente neuer with her/but allwayes wymmen / and they were shotters/ and coude wel kylle a dere bothe at the stalke & at the trest/ and they dayly bare bolues and arowes/hornes & wood knyues/and many good doggys they had/both for the stronge and for a bace/ So hit happed this lady the huntresse had abaced her dogge for the bolde at a barayne hynde/and so this barayne hynde took the flyghte ouer hedges and woodes And euer this lady and parte of her wymmen rested the hynde and chekked it by the noyse of the hounds to haue mette With the hynde at somme Water/ and soo hit happed the hynde came to the welle where as sire Launcelot was slepyng & slom beryngc/ And soo whan the hynde came to the welle / for hete she wente to soyle/and there she lay a grete whyle/and the doggys came after/and vmbecast aboute/for she had lost the veray parfyte feaute of the hynde/Rygh te so came that lady the huntres that knewe by thy dogge that she had that the hynde was at the soyle in that welle/ and there she cam stylly and sonde the hynde/and she put a brode arowe in her bolue/ and shot atte hynde/and ouer shotte the hynde / and soo by myssfortune the arowe smote sir Launcelot in the thyck of the buttok ouer the bardys/whanne sir launcelot felte hym self so hurte/he hurled vp woodely/and salwe the lady that had smyten hym/ ¶ And whan he salwe she was a woman/he sayd thus/lady / or damoysel what that thou be/in an euylle tyme bare ye a bolue / the deuylle made yow a shotter/

NOw mercy fair sir said the lady I am a gen tilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntynge/ and god knowyth I salve yow not/but as here was a sarayn hynde at the soyle in this welle and I wende to haue done wel/but my hande slwarued/Allas said syre launcelot ye haue mescheued me/and soo the lady departed / and sir launcelot as he myghte pulled oute the arowe/and lefte that hede stylle in his buttok/and soo he wente weykely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he went / And whan sir Lauayne and the hermyte aspyed that sir launcelot was hurte/wete yow wel they were passynge heuy / but sire Lauayne wyst not how that he was hurte nor by whome/And thenne were they wrothe out of mesure / thenne with grete payne the hermyte gat oute the arowes hede oute of syr launcelots buttok/ and mocke of his bloody he shedde/and the wound was passynge sore/ and vnhappyly smyten/for it was in suche a place that he myght not sytte in noo sadyl/ A mercy Jhesu said sir Launcelot I may calle my self the moost vnhappyest man that lyueth for euer / whan I wolde fayneste haue worshyp / there befalleth me euer somme vnhappy thynge/Nowe soo Jhesu me helpe said sir launcelot/ and yf no man wolde but gode / I shalle be in the felde vpon candelmasse daye at the Justes what someuer falle of hit soo alle that myght be goten to hele sir launcelot was had /

¶ Soo whan the day was come/sir launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed/and sir Lauayne and their horses as thouz they had ben sarazyns/ and soo they departed/ and cam nygh to the felde/The kynge of Northgalys with an honderd knyghtes with hym / and the kynge of Northumberlande broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes/ and kynge Anguysshe of Irland brought with hym an honderd goode knyghtes ready to juste/and sir Galahalt the haute prynce broughte with hym an honderde good knyghtes/and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes brought with hym as many/and alle these were proued good knyghtes/Thenne cam in kyng Arthurs party/and there came in the kynge of Scottes with an honderde knyghtes / and kynge Aryens of Gore brought with hym an

honderd knyghtes/ And kynge Holbel of Bretayne brouzte
with hym an honderd knyghtes/ and Chalaunce of Clarau-
ce brought with hym an honderd knyghtes/ and kynge Ar-
thur hym self came in to the felde with two honderd knyghtes
and the moost party were knyghtes of the table rounde that
were prouedy noble knyghtes//and there were oldy knyghtes
sette in skaffoldes for to Inge with the quene who dyde best /

Capitulum xxvij

Thenne they bleve to the felde/ and there the kyng of
northgalys encountred with the kynge of scottes / &
there the kynge of Scottes had a falke/and the kyng of Ir-
landy smote doune kynge Uryens/and the kyng of Northum
berlandy smote doune kynge Holbel of Bretayne/ and sir Ga
lahaut the haute prynce smote doune Chalenge of Claraunce /
And thenne kynge Arthur was woode wroth/ and ranne to
the kynge with the honderdy knyztes/and there kyng Arthur
smote hym doune/and after with that same spere kynge Ar-
thur smote doune thre other knyghtes/ And thenne whan his
spere was broken/kynge Arthur dyde passyngly wel/and soo
there with alle came in syr Galvayne and sir Gaherys/sire A-
grauayne and sir mordredy/and there euerycke of them smote
doune a knyghte/and sir Galvayne smote doune four knyztes
and thenne there beganne a stronge medle / for thenne there
came in the knyghtes of launcelots blody/and sir Gareth and
sire Chalomydes with them / and many knyghtes of the table
rounde/and they beganne to holde the foure kynges and the
myghty duke soo hardy that they were discomfyte/ but this du-
ke Galahady the haut prynce was a noble knyght/and by his
myghty prowesse of armes/ he helde the knyghtes of the table
rounde straycte ynough/ Alle this doynge salve sir launcelot/ &
thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayns as hit had ben
thonder / And thenne anone syre Bors and the knyghtes of
his blody aspyedy sir launcelot/and saidy to them alle I warne
yow beware of hym with the sleue of goldy vpon his hede/ for
he is hym self sir launcelot du lake/and for grete goodenes si

Bors warned syr Gareth/ I am wel apayed said sir Gareth that I may knowe hym/but who is he sayd they alle that ryeth with hym in the same aray/That is the good and gentyl knyght sir Lauayne said sir Bors/ Soo sire Launcelot encoũtred with sir Gawayne/and there by force syr launcelot smote doune sir Galvayne and his hors to the erthe/and soo he smote doune sir Agrauayne and sire Gaherys / and also he smote doune sir Mordred/ and alle this was with one spere

Thenne sir Lauayne mette with sir Palomydes/ and eyther mette other soo hard and so fyersly that bothe their horses felle to the erthe/ And thenne were they horsed ageyne/ and then mette sir Launcelot with sir Palomydes/ and there sire Palomydes had a falle/and soo sir launcelot or euer he stynte as fast as he myghte gete speres/he smote doun thyrtty knyghtes and the moost party of them were knyztes of the table round and euer the knyghtes of his blood withdrewe them/ & made hem ado in other places where sir launcelot came not/and thenne kyng Arthur was wrothe whan he salve sir Launcelot doo suche dedes/and thenne the kynge called vnto hym sir galvayn sir Mordred/sir kay/sir Gryflet/sir Lucan the butteler / syre Pedeuer/sir Palomydes/Sir Safyr his broder/and so the kynge with these nyne knyghtes made hem redy to sette vpon sir Launcelot/and vpon syr Lauayne/Alle this aspyed sir bors and sir Gareth/ Now I drede me sore said sir Bors that my lord syr launcelot wylle be hard matched / By my hede sayd syr Gareth I wylle ryde vnto my lord sir launcelot for to helpe hym/falle of hym what falle may / for he is the same man that made me knyghte/ye shalle not soo said sir Bors by my counceylle/onles that ye were desguysed / ye shalle see me dysguysed said syre Gareth / and there With al he aspyed a walysshe knyghte where he was to repose hym / and he was sore hurte afore hurte by syr Galvayne / and to hym syre Gareth rode/and praid hym of his knyghthode to lene hym his shelde for his/I wille wel said the walyssshe knyghte/ And whanne sir Gareth had his shelde/the book saith/ it was grene wyth a mayden that semed in hit/Thenne syr Gareth came dryuynge to sir Launcelot al that he myghte/and said knyghte kepe thy self/for yonder cometh kyng Arthur with nyne noble knyztes

with hym to putte yow to a rebuke/ and for so I am come to kno
yow felawshyp for oldr loue ye haue shewed me/ Gramercy sai
dr sir Launcelot/ syr sayde sir Gareth/ encountre ye with sir Ga
wayne/ and I shalle encountre with syre Palomydes/ and le
te sir Lauayne matche with the noble kynge Arthur/ ¶ And
whan we haue delyuerd hem/ lete vs thre holde vs sadly to ge
dere/ Thenne came kynge Arthur with his nyne knyghtes with
hym/ and sir Launcelot encountred with sir Galhayne/ & gaf
hym suche a buffet/ that the arson of his sadel brast / and syre
Galhayne felle to the erthe/ Thenne sir Gareth encountred with
the goode knyghte sir Palomydes/ and he gaf hym suche a buf
fet that bothe his hors and he dasshed to the erthe/ Thenne en
countred kynge Arthr with sire Lauayne/ and there eyther of
hem smote other to the erthe hors and alle that they lay a gre
te while/ Thenne sir Launcelot smote doune syr Agrauayne &
syre Galeryse/ and syr Mordred/ and syr Gareth smote doune
syr kay/ and syr Safyr and syr Gryflet/ And thenne syr La
uayne was horsed ageyne/ and he smote doune syre Euan the
butteler and syr Brdeuer/ and thenne there beganne grete ho
wange of goode knyghtes/ Thenne syre Launcelot huztlyd here
and there/ and racyd and pulled of helmes/ soo that at that
tyme there myght none smyte hym a buffet with spere nor with
swerd/ and syr Gareth dyde suche dedes of armes that alle men
merueylled what knyghte he was with the grene shelde / For
he smote doune that daye and pulled doune moo than thyrtty
knyghtes/ And as the frenshe book sayth syr Launcelot mer
ueylled whan he beheld syr Gareth doo suche dedes what kny
ghte he myghte be/ and syr Lauayne pulled doune and smo
te doune twenty knyghtes / ¶ Also syr launcelot knewe not
syr Gareth/ for and syr Tristram de lyones/ outher syr lamo
rak de galys hadr ben alyue/ syr launcelot wolde haue demed
he hadr ben one of them tweyne/ Soo euer as syr launcelot/
syr Gareth/ syr lauayn faughte/ and on the one syde syr hors
syr Ector de marys/ syr lyonel/ syr lamorak de galys/ syr ble
oberys/ syr Galyhud/ syr Galyhodyn/ syr Pelleas/ and with
moo other of kynge Bans bloody fraghte vpon another party
and helde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and the kyng
of Northumberlandr ryght straytte/

Capitulum xviiii

SOo this turnement & this Justes dured longe/tyl hit was nere nyghte/for the knyghtes of the round table releued euer vnto kynge Arthur / for the kynge was wrothe oute of mesure/that he and his knyghtes myght not preuaile that day/ Thenne sire Galhayne said to the kynge I merueile where alle this day syr Hors de ganys and his felaushyp of syre launcelots blood/I merueylle all this day they be not a boute yow/hit is for somme cause sayd syr Galhayne/By my hede said sire Kay syre Hors is yonder all this day, vpon the ryghte hand of this felde/and ther he and his blood done more worshypfully than we doo/it may wel be sayd syr Galhayne/but I drede me euer of gyle/for on payne of my lyf said sir Galhayne this knyghte with the reed sleue of gold is hym self sir launcelot/I see wel by his rydynge/and by his grete strokes/and the other knyghte in the same colours is the good yonge knyght sir lauayne/ Also that knyghte with the grene shelde is my broder syr Gareth/and yet he hath desguysed hym self/for no man shalle neuer make hym be ageynst sir launcelot by cause he made hym knyghte / By my hede said Arthur neuelye I byleue yow/therfore telle me now what is youre best counceyll/Sir said sir Galhayne ye shalle haue my counceylle/lete bolde vnto lodgynge/for and he be syr Launcelot du lake and my broder syr Gareth with hym with the helpe of that good yong knyghte syr Lauayne/truste me truly it wyll be no bote to stryue with them/but yf we sholde falle eny or yll vpon one knyghte/and that were no worshyp but shame / ye saye trouthe sayd the kynge/and for to saye sothe said the kynge it were shame to vs/soo many as we be to sette vpon them ony more / for wete ye wel sayd kynge Arthur/they ben thre good knyghtes / and namely that knyght With the sleue of gold/So thenne they bleue vnto lodgynge/but forth with all kyng Arthur lete sende vnto the four kynges/and to the myghty duke/and praid hem that the knyghte with the sleue of gold departe not fro them/but that the kyng may speke with hym/Thenne fourthe with alle kynge Arthur alighte & vnarmed hym/& took a litill shelde/& rode after sir Launcelot/

for euer he had a spyr vpon hym/and soo he fonde hym amo=
nge the four kynges/and the duke/and there the kyng pra=
yd hem alle vnto souper/and they sayd they wold with go=
od wylle/ And whan they were vnarmed/ thenne kyng Ar=
thur knewe sire launcelot/sir Lauayne and sir Gareth/ A syr
Launcelot sayd kynge Arthur / this daye ye haue holde me/&
my knyghtes/soo they yede vnto Arthurs lodgynge al to gy=
der/and there was a grete feest and grete reuel/and the pry=
ce was gyuen vnto syr launcelot/ and by hewolbes they named
hym/ that he had smyten doune fyfty knyghtes/ and sire Ga=
reth fyue and thyrtty /and sir Lauayne four and twenty kn=
yghtes/ Thenne sir Launcelot told the kynge and the Quene
how the lady huntresse shote hym in the foreste of wyndesore
in the buttok with a brood arowe / & how the wound therof
was that tyme syxe Inches depe/and in lyke longe/ ¶ Also
Arthur blamed syr Gareth by cause he left his felaushyp/ &
helde with sir launcelot/My lord sayd sir Gareth/he made me
a knyghte/ And whanne I salue hym soo hard bestadde / me
thought it was my worshyp to helpe hym/for I salue hym do
soo mocke/and soo many noble knyghtes ageynst hym / and
whan I vnderstood that he was sir launcelot du lake/I sha=
med to see soo many knyghtes ageynst hym alone/ Truly sa
yd kynge Arthur vnto syr Gareth ye saye wel and worshyp
fully haue ye done and to your self grete worshyp/ and alle
the dayes of my lyf sayd kynge Arthur vnto sir Gareth wete
yow wel I shalle loue yow / and truste yow the more bette
For euer sayd Arthur hit is a worshypful knyghtes dede to
helpe an other worshypful knyghte whanne he seeth hym in a
grete daunger/for euer a worshipful man wille be lothe to see a
worshipful shamed/ and he that is of no worship and fareth
with cowardyse/neuer shal he shewe gentilnes/ nor no maner
of goodnes where he seeth a man in ony daunger / for thenne
euer wylle a cowardy shewe no mercy/and alwayes a goody
man wille doo euer to another man as he wold hem done to
hym self/ Soo thenne there were grete feestes vnto kynges and
dukes/and reuel/game and playe/and al maner of noblesse
Was vsed/ and he that was curtois/true and feythful to his
frende was that tyme chefysshed

¶ Capitulum xxv

AND thus it past on from candylmas vntyl after ester that the moneth of may was come/ whan euery lusty herte begynneth to blossomme/and to bryngе forth fruyte/for lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and flowrysshen in may/in lyke wyse euery lusty herte that is in ony maner a lo; uer spryngeth and flowrysshyth in lusty dedes/For it gyueth vn to al louers courage that lusty moneth of may in some thyng to constrayne hym to some maner of thyng more in that moneth than in ony other moneth for dyuerse causes/ For thenne alle herbes and trees renewen a man and Woman/ and in lyke wy; se louers callen ageyne to their mynde old gentilnes and old seruyse and many kynde dedes that were forgeten by neclygen; ce/For lyke as wynter rasure doth allway a rase and defface gre ne somer/soo fareth it by vnstable loue in man and woman / For in many persons there is no stabylyte/For we may see al day for a lytel blast of wynters rasure anone we shulle deface and lay a parte true loue/for lytel or nought that cost moch thynge/this is no wysedome nor stabylyte / but it is feblenes of nature and grete disworshyp who someuer vseth this/Ther; fore lyke as may moneth floureth and flowrysshyth in many gar dyns / Soo in lyke wyse lete euery man of worship flowrysshe his herte in this world/fyrst vnto god/and next vnto the io ye of them that he promysed his feythe vnto/for there was ne uer worshypful man nor worshipfull woman / but they lo; ued one better than another/and worshyp in armes may ne; uer be foyled/ but fyrst reserue the honour to god/and secondly the quarel must come of thy lady / and suche loue I calle vertuous loue/but nowadayes men can not loue seuen nyghte but they must haue alle their desyres that loue may not endu re by reason/for where they ben soone accorded and hasty hete / soone it keleth/Ryghte soo fareth loue nowadayes / sone hote soone cold/this is noo stabylyte / but the old loue was not so/men and wymmen coude loue to gyders seuen yeres/and no lyeours lustes were bitwene them/and thenne was loue tru; uthe and feythfulnes / and loo in lyke wyse was vsed loue in kynge Arthurs dayes / ¶ Wherfor I lyken loue nowa

adayes vnto somer and wynter/ for lyke as the one is hote/ & the other cold/ so fareth loue nowe a dayes/ therfore alle ye that be louers / calle vnto your remembraunce the moneth of may/ lyke as dyd quene Gueneuer/ For whome I make here a lytel mencyon that whyle she lyued/ she was a true louer/ and therfor she had a good ende

¶ Explicit liber Octauus/ And here followeth liber nonus /

¶ Capitulum primum

So it befelle in the moneth of May/ quene Gueneuer called vnto her knyghtes of the table wownd/ and she gaf them warnynge that erly vpon the morowe she wold ryde on mayeng in the woodes & feldes besyde westmynstre/ & I warne yow that there be none of yow but that he be wel horsed / and that ye alle be clothed in grene outher in sylke outher in clothe and I shalle brynge with me ten ladyes/ and euery knyght shalle haue a lady behynde hym/ and euery knyghte shal haue a squyer and two yomen/ and I wyll that ye alle be wel horsed/ Soo they made hem redy in the freshest maner/ and these were the names of the knyghtes/ sir Kay the Seneschal/ sir Agrauayne/ sir Brandyles/ sir Sagramor le desyrus/ Sir Dodynas le saueage/ sir Ozanna le cure hardy/ sir Ladynas of the forest saueage/ sir Persaunt of Inde/ syre Ironsyde that was called the knyghte of the redy laundes/ and sire Pelleas the louer/ and these ten knyghtes made hem redy in the freshest maner to ryde with the quene/ And soo vpon the morne they toke their horses with the quene / and rode on mayenge in woodes and medowes as hit pleasyd hem in grete Ioye and delytes / for the quene had cast to haue ben ageyne with kyng Arthur at the ferthest by ten of the clok / and soo was that tyme her purpoos / Thenne there was a knyghte that hyghte Mellyagraunce/ and he was sone vnto kynge Bagdemagus/ and this knyghte had at that tyme a castel of the yefte of kyng arthur

within seuen myle of westmynstre/ And this knyght sir Mel-
lyagraunce loued passynge wel Quene Gueneuer / and soo
had he done longe and many yeres/ ¶ And the book sayth he
had layne in a wayte for to stele away the quene/ but euermo-
re he forbare for by cause of sir launcelot/ for in no wyse he wo-
ld medle with the quene/ and sir Launcelot were in her com-
pany/ outher els and he were nere hand her /[and that tyme
was suche a customme / the quene wde neuer without a gre-
te felaushyp of men of armes about her / and they were many
good knyghtes /and the moost party were yong men that wo-
ld haue worshyp/ and they were called the quenes knyghtes
and neuer in no batail/ turnement/ nor Justes / they bare none
of hem no maner of knoulechynge of their owne armes / but
playne whyte shelded/ and there by they were called the que-
nes knyghtes/ And thenne when it happed ony of them to be
of grete worshyp by his noble dedes/ thenne at the next feest of
Pentecost/ yf there were ony slayne or ded/ as there was none
yere that there fayled/ but somme were ded/ Thenne was there
chosen in his sted that was ded the moost men of worshyp
that were called the quenes knyghtes / And thus they came
vp alle fyrste or they were renoumed men of worship/ both sir
Launcelot and alle the remenaunt of them/ But this knyght
sir Mellyagraunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpos
and how sir launcelot was not with her/ and how she had no
many of armes with her but the ten noble knyghtes all arayed
in grene for mayeng/ thenne he purueyed hym a yy men of ar-
mes and an honderd archers for to destroye the quene and her
knyghtes/ for he thought that tyme was best season to take the
quene /

¶ Capitulum secundum

So as the quene had mayed and alle her knyghtes /
alle were bedasshed with herbys mosses and flowres
in the best maner and fresshest/ Rygh te so came oute of a wo-
de fyre Mellyagraunce with an eyghte score men wel harny-
sed as they shold fyghte in a batail of a treste and bad the
quene and her knyghtes abyde / for maulgre theyr hedes they

ſholde abyde/Traytoure knyghte ſayde quene Gueneuer what
caſt thou for to doo/ wolde thou ſhame thy ſelf / bethynke the
how thou arte a kynges ſone/and knyghte of the table rounde
and thou to be aboute to diſhonoure the noble kynge that ma-
de the knyghte/thou ſhameſt alle knyghthode and thy ſelfe/ &
me I hote the wete ſhalte thou neuer ſhame/for I had leuer
cutte myn owne throte in tweyne rather than thou ſholdeſt diſ
honoure me/As for alle this langage ſayde ſir Melyagraunce
le it as it be may /for wete yow wel madame I haue loued
yow many a yere/and neuer or now coude I gete yow at ſuche
an auauntage as I doo now/and therfor I wylle take yow
as I fynde yow/thenne ſpake alle the ten noble knyghtes att
ones and ſayde/Syr Melyagraunce wete thou wel ye ar a-
boute to jeoparde your worſhyp to diſhonour/and alſo ye aſk
to jeoparde oure perſons/how be it we ben vnarmed/ ye haue
vs at a grete auayle/for hit ſemeth by yow that ye haue layde
watche vpon vs/but rather than ye ſholde putte the quene to
a ſhame and vs alle/we had as leef to departe from oure ly-
ues/for & yf we other ways dyde/ we were ſhamed for euer
Thenne sayde ſir Melyagraunce dreſſe yow as wel as ye can/
and kepe the Quene/ ¶ Thenne the ten knyghtes of the table
wounde dreſſe their ſwerdes/and the other lete renne at them/
with their ſperes/and the ten knyghtes manly abode them / &
ſmote alwey their ſperes / that no ſpere dyde them none harme
Thenne they laſſhed to gyder with ſwerdes / and anone ſyr
Kay/ſir Sagramor/ſir Agrauayn/ſir Dodynas/ſir Ladynas
and ſyr Ozanna were ſmyten to the erthe with grymly woun
des/Thenne ſir Brandyles and ſir Persaunt of Ironſyde/ſyr
Pelleas foughte longe/and they were ſore wounded/for theſe
ten knyghtes or euer they were layde to the grounde ſle we yl
men of the boldeſt and the beſt of them/ Soo whan the Quene
ſalve her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded/ and nedes muſt
be ſlayne at the laſt/thenne for pyte and ſorowe ſhe cryed ſyr
Melyagraunce ſee not my noble knyghtes/ and I wille go
with the vpon this couenaunt that thou ſaue hem / and ſuffer
hem not to be no more hurte with thie that they be ledde wyth
me where ſomeuer thou ledeſt me/ for I wylle rather ſlee my
ſelf than I wylle goo with the / onles / that thyſe my noble

knyghtes maye be in my presence/Madame said Melyagrance for your sake they shalle be ledde with yow in to myn owne Castel with that ye wylle be ruled & ryde with me/ ¶ Thenne the quene prayd the four knyghtes to leue their fyghtynge/& she and they wold not departe/Madame sayd sir Pelleas we wille doo as ye doo/for as for me I take no force of my lyfe nor deth/For as the Frenshe book sayth sir Pelleas gaf suche buffets there that none armour myghte holde hym/

¶ Capitulum Teraum

Thenne by the quenes commaundement they lefte batail and dressid the woundyd knyghtes on horsbak some syttyng some ouerthwarte their horses/ that hit was pyte to behold them/ And thenne sir Melyagraunce chargyd the quene & al her knyghtes that none of al her felaushyp shold departe from her/for ful sore he dradde sir launcelot du lake lest he shold hue ony knoulechynge/ Alle this aspyed the Quene/and pryuely she called vnto her a child of her chamber that was swyftly horsed to whome she sayd/Go thow whan thou seest thy tyme/ and bere this ryngе vnto sir launcelot du lake/and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle see me/ and rescolue me yf euer he wille haue Joye of me/and spare not thy hors said the quene nouther for water neyther for londe/ Soo the chylde aspyed his tyme/and lyghtely he took his hors with the spores and departed as fast as he myghte/ And whan sir Melyagraunce salue hym soo flee/ he vnderstood that hit was by the quenes commaundement for to warne sir launcelot/Thenne ne they that were best horsed chaced hym and shot at hym/ But from hem alle the childe Wente sodenly/ and thenne syre Melyagraunce sayd to the quene/ Madame ye are aboute to bitraye me/but I shalle ordeyne for sir launcelot that he shalle not come lyghtely at yow/ And thenne he rode with her and they alle to his castel in alle the haste that they myghte/ And by the waye sire Melyagraunce layd in an enbusshement the best archers that he myghte gete in his cõtrey to the nombre of

a thyrtty to alwayes vpon sir Launcelot chargyng them that yf they sawe suche a manew of knyghte come by the way vpon a whyte hors that in ony wyse they slee his hors/ but in no manew of wyse haue not adoo with hym bodyly / for he is ouer hardy to be ouercomen/ Soo this was done/ and they were comen to his castel/ but in no wyse the quene wold neuer lete none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her syghte/ but alwayes they were in their presente/ for the book sayth sir Melyagraunce durste make no maystryes for dredde of sir Launcelot in soo moche he demed that he had warnynge / Soo whan the child was departed from the felauship of syr Melyagraunce within a whyle he came to westmynstre / And anone he fonde sir launcelot/ And whanne he had told his message / & delyuerd hym the quenes rynge / Allas sayd syr Launcelot now am I shamed for euer onles that I maye wesolve that noble lady from dishonour/ thenne egerly he asked his armour/ and euer the child told syr launcelot how the ten knyghtes foughte merueyllously/ and how sir Pelleas and sire Iwonsyde and sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Inde foughte strongly/ but namely sir Pelleas/ there myghte none withstande hym/ & how they alle fouzte tyll at the last they were layd to the erthe/ and thenne the quene made apoyntement for to saue their lyues/ and goo with syr Melyagraunce/ Allas sayd syr Launcelot/ that moost noble lady that she sholde be so destroyed/ I had leuer said sir launcelot than alle Fraunce that I had ben there were wel armed / Soo whan syre launcelot was armed / and vpon his hors / he prayd the chyld of the Quenes chamber to warne syr Lauayne how sodenly he was departed/ and for what cause/ and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle hyde hym after me/ and that he stynte not vntyll he come to the castel where sir Melyagraunce abydeth/ or elles he doth/ for there sayd sire Launcelot he shalle here of me / and I am a man lyuynge/ and wesolve the quene and the ten knyghtes the whiche he traitourssly hath taken/ and that shalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that holde with hym /

Thenne sir launcelot wox as fast as he myghte/and the book saith/he wosh the water at westmynstre bryoge / & made his hors to swymme ouer temse vnto lambehyth/ Anon thēne within a whyle he came to the same place there as the ten noble knyghtes foughte with syre Melyagraunce Andy thanne sir launcelot folowed the trak vntyl that he came to a woody/ andy there was a straycte waye/ andy there the xxx archers had sir launcelot corne ageyne/ andy folowe noo lenger that trak/what commaundement haue ye ther to sayd sir launcelot to cause me that am a knyghte of the wundy tuble to leue my ryghte way/ This way shalte thou leue / outher elis thow shalt goo it on thy foote/for wete thou wel thy hors shalle be slayne / that is lytel maystry sayd syr launcelot to slee myn hors/but as for my self whan my hors is slayne I gyue ryghte nought for yolw/not andy ye were fyue honderdy moo/ So thenne they shot sir launcelots hors/andy smote hym with many arowes/andy thenne syr launcelot auoyded his hors/ andy went on foote/but there were soo many dyches andy hedges be twixe them andy hym that he myghte not medle with none of hem/ ¶ Allas for shame saidy launcelot that euer one knyght sholdy bitraye another knyght/ but hit is an oldy salwe/ a good man is neuer in daunger/but whan he is in the daunger of a cowardy/ Thenne sir launcelot went a whyle / andy thenne he was sowle combredy of his armour/his sheldy andy his spere & axe that longedy vnto hym / wete ye wel he was ful sore annoyedy/andy ful loth he was for to leue ony thynge that longedy vnto hym/for he drad sore the treasony of sir Melyagraūce Thenne by fortune there came by hym a charyot that cam thyder for to fetche woody/ Say me carter said syr launcelot what shal I gyue the to suffre me to lepe in to thy charyot / & that thou bryngе me vnto a castel within this twyo myle/thou shalt not come within my charyot said the carter / for I am sente for to fetche wood for my lord sir Melyagraunce/with hym wold I speke/thou shalt not go with me said the carter/ thēne sir launcelot lept to hym/& gaf hym suche a buffet that he felle to the erthe starke dede/thenne the other carter his felawe was a ferde & wende to haue gone the same way/ & thenne he cryedy fair lord saue my lyf/& I shal bryngе you where ye wil/thēne

I charge the sayd syr launcelot that thou dryue me and thy charyot euen vnto sir Melliagaunce yate/leye vp my to the charyot sayd the carter/and ye shalle se there anone/ Soo the carter droue on a grete walkop/and sir launcelots hors folowed the charyot with more than a yl awolues brode and rough in hym / and more than an houre and an half dame Gueneuer was awaytynge in a bay wyndowe with her ladyes/& aspyed an armed knyghte standynge in a charyot/See madame sayd a lady where rydeth in a charyot a goodly armed knyghte/ I suppose he ryeth vnto hangyng/where sayd the quene/thenne she aspyed by his shelde that he was there hym self sir launcelot du lake/ And thenne she was ware where came his hors euer after that charyot/and euer he trade his gutes and his paunche vnder his feet / Allas sayd the quene now I see well and preue that wel is hym that hath a trusty frend/ Ha a moost noble knyghte sayd queue Gueneuer I see wel thou arte hardy bestad whan thou rydest in a charyot/thenne she wepyd that lady that lykend sir launcelot to ryde in a charyot to hangynge/hit was folyle mouthed sayd the quene and euylle lykened soo for to lyken the moost noble knyght of the world vnto suche a shameful dethe/O Jhesu defende hym and kepe hym said the quene from alle meschyeuous ende/By thys was sir Launcelot comen to the gates of that Castel/ and there he descended doune and cryed that alle the Castel range of it where arte thou falce traitour sir Melliagraunce and knyght of the table round/now come forth here thou traytour knyzte thou and thy felaushyp with the/For here I am sir launcelot du lake that shal fyghte with yow/and there with all he ran the gate wyde open vpon the porter / and smote hym vnder his zere with his gauntelet that his neck brast in sonder /

Capitulum v

WHanne sir Mellyagraũce herd that sir Launcelot was there/he ranne vnto quene Gueneuer / and felle vpon his knee/and sayd mercy madame now I put me holy in to your grace/what eyleth yow now sayd quene Guene-

uer/ For sothe I myghte wel wele somme goody knyzt wolde
reuenge me/ though my lordy Arthur wyste not of this youre
werke/ Madame saidy sir Mellyagraunce/ alle this that is a-
mys on my parte shalle be amendedy ryghte as your self wille
deuyse/ & holy I putte me in your grace / what wolde ye that
I dydy saydy the quene/ I wold no moze said Mellyagraunce
but that ye wolde take alle in your owne handes/ andy that ye
wille rule my lordy sir launcelot / andy suche chere as maye be
made hym in this youre castel ye andy he shalle haue Entyl to
mozne/ andy thenne may ye andy alle they retorne Into westm-
ynster/ andy my body and all that I haue I shal putte in your
rule/ ye saye wel saydy the quene/ and better is pees than euer
were/ and the lesse noyse/ the moze is my worshipy/ thenne the
quene and her ladyes wente doune Into the knyghte syr laun
celot/ that stoody wrothe oute of mesure in the Inner courte to
abyde batailles/ & euer he bad thou traytour knyghte come forth
Thenne the quene came to hym and saide syre Launcelot why
be ye soo mouedy/ Ha madame saidy sire Launcelot why aske
ye me that questiony/ Me semeth said sir launcelot ye oughte to
be more wrothe than I am / for ye haue the hurte and the dis-
honour/ For wete ye wel madame my hurte is but lytel for
the kyllynge of a maxes sone/ but the despyte greueth me moch
moze/ than alle my hurte/ truly saydy the quene ye saye trouth
but hertely I thanke yowe saydy the quene/ but ye muste come
in with me peasybly/ for al thynge is put in my handy / andy
alle that is euylle shalle be for the best/ for the knyghte ful so-
re repenteth hym of the mysauenture that is befallen hym/ Ma
dame saide sire Launcelot / syth it is soo that ye ben accordedy
with hym/ as for me I may not be ageyn it/ howe be it sir Mel
lyagraunce hath done ful shamefully to me & colwardly/ ¶ A
madame saidy sir Launcelot/ & I hady wyst ye wold haue ben
soo soone accordedy with hym/ I wouldy not haue made suche ha-
ste Into yowe/ why saye ye soo said the quene / doo ye forthynke
your self of your goody dedes/ wete you wel saydy the Quene
I accordedy neuer Into hym for fauour nor loue that I hady
Into hym/ but for to laye doune euery shameful noyse
¶ Madame saidy syr launcelot ye Understande ful wel I was
neuer Willynge nor gladde of shameful sklaunder nor noyse

And there is neyther kynge/ quene ne knyght that kepeth the lyf except my lord kynge Arthur and yow madame sholde lette me/ but I sholde make sir Melyagraunce herte ful colde/ or euer I departed from hens/ That wote I wel said the quene/ but what wille ye more ye shall haue alle thynge rulyd as ye lyst to haue it/ Madame said syr launcelot/ soo ye be plea-syd I care not/ as for my parte ye shal soone please/ ryghte so the quene took syr launcelot by the bare hande/ for he had put of his gauntelet/ and soo she wente with hym tyl her chamber and thenne she commaunded hym to be vnarmed/ and thenne syr launcelot asked where were the ten knyghtes that were wounded sore/ so she shewed them vnto sir launcelot/ and ther they made grete Joye of the comynge of hym/ and sir launcelot made grete dole of their hurtes and bewayled them gretely/ & there sir launcelot told them how colvardly and traytourly Melyagraunce sette archers to slee his hors/ and how he was fayne to putte hym self in a charyot / thus they complayned euerych to other/ and ful fayn they wold haue ben reuengid but they paced them self by cause of the Quene / Thenne as the Frensh book sayth/ syr launcelot was called many a day after le cheualer du charyot/ and dyd many dedes and grete aduentures he hyd/ and soo leue we of this tale le Cheualer du Charyot and torne we to this tale/ ¶ Soo syr Launcelot had grete chere with the quene/ and thenne syr launcelot made a promys with the quene that the same nyghte sir launcelot sholde come to a wyndowe outward toward a gardyn/ & that wyndowe was y barryd with yron/ and there sir launcelot promysed to mete her when alle folkes were on slepe/ So thenne came syr Lauayne dryuynge to the gates crying where is my lord syr Launcelot du lake/ thenne was he sente for/ & when sir Lauayne salue sir Launcelot/ he sayd my lord I fond wel how ye were hard bestad/ for I haue fonde your hors that was slayne with arowes/ As for that sayd syr Launcelot I praye yow syr Lauayne speke ye of other maters/ and lete ye this passe/ & we shalle ryghte hit another tyme when we beste may

¶ Capitulum Vj

Thenne the knyghtes that were hurte were serched/ & ſofte salues were leyd to their woundes/ and ſoo hyt paſt on tyl ſouper tyme/and alle the chere that myght be made them/there was done vnto the quene and all her knyghtes/thenne whan ſeaſon was/ they wente vnto their chambres but in no wyſe the quene wold not ſuffre the woundyd knyghtes to be fro her/but that they were layde within draughtes by her chamber vpon bedes and pylowes that ſhe her ſelf myght ſee to them that they wanted no thynge / Soo whan ſir launcelot was in his chamber that was aſſygned vnto hym/he called vnto hym ſire Lauayne/and wold hym that nyght he muſt goo ſpeke with his lady dame Gueneuer/ Sir ſaid ſyr Lauayne/lete me goo with yow and hit pleaſe yow/for I drede me ſore of the treaſon of ſir Meliagraunce/Nay ſayd ſir launcelot I thanke yow/but I wille haue no body with me/thenne ſir Launcelot took his ſwerd in his hand/and preuely went to a place where he fynd aſpyed a ladder to fore hand/and that he took vnder his arme/and bare it thurgh the gardyn/ & ſette it vp to the wyndowe/and there anone the quene was redy to mete hym/and thenne they made eyther to other theire compla-ynctes of many dyuerſe thynges/ & thenne ſir launcelot wyſ-ſhed that he myghte haue comen in to her/wete ye wel ſaid the quene/I wold as fayne as ye/ that ye myghte come in to me wold ye madame ſaid ſyre launcelot with youre herte that I were with yow/ye truly ſaid the quene/ Now ſhalle I proue my myght ſaid ſyr Launcelot for your loue/and thenne he ſet his handes vpon the barres of yron / and he pulled at them with ſuche a myghte that he braſt hem clene oute of the ſtone walles/and there with all one of the barres of yron kytte the braune of his handes thurgh out to the bone/ & thenne he lepte in to the chamber to the quene/make ye no noyſe ſayd the quene/for my woundyd knyghtes lye here faſt by me/So to paſ-ſe vpon this tale ſyr Launcelot went vnto bed with the que-ne/ & he took no force of his hurte hand/but took his pleſaũce and his lykynge vntyll it was in the dawnynge of the day/ & wete ye well he ſlepte not but watched / and whan he ſalve his tyme that he myghte tary no lenger/he took his leue and departed at the wyndowe/and putte hit to gyder as wel as he

myghte ageyne and̄ soo departed̄ vnto his owne chamber / &
there he told sir Launcelot how he was hurte/ thenne sir launcelot
dressid̄ his hand̄ and̄ stauncheth it/and putte vpon it a glove
that it shold̄ not be aspyed̄/and̄ soo the quene lay long in her
bedde vntyl it was nyne of the clok/thēne sir Mellyagraunce
wente to the quenes chamber / and̄ fond̄ her ladyes there redy
clothed̄/ Jhesu mercy sayd sir Mellyagraunce what eyleth you
madame that ye slepe thus longe/and̄ ryght there with alle he
opened̄ the curteyn for to beholde her/ and̄ thenne was he ware
where she laye & alle the shete & pylowe was bebled with the
blood̄ of sir Launcelot and of his hurte hand̄/ Whan sir mel
lyagraunce aspyed̄ that blood̄ / thenne he demed̄ in her that
she was fals to the kynge/and̄ that some of the wounded̄ kny
ghtes had̄ layne by her alle that nyghte/ A madame said sir
Mellyagraunce / nowe J haue founden you a fals traytresse
vnto my lord̄ Arthur/For nowe J proue wel it was not for
nought that ye layd̄ these wounded̄ knyghtes within the han
des of your chamber/therfore J wille calle yowe of treason be
fore my lord̄ kynge Arthur / and̄ nowe J shue proued̄ yowe
madame with a shameful dede / and̄ that they ben alle fals or
somme of them J wylle make good̄/ for a wounded̄ knyghte
this nyght hath layne by yowe/ That is fals sayd̄ the Quene
and that J wyl reporte me vnto them alle/ thenne whanne the
ten knyghtes herd̄ sir Mellyagraunce wordes/ they spak al in
one voys and̄ sayd̄ to sire Mellyagraunce thou sayst falsly /
and̄ wrongfully puttest vpon vs suche a dede/ and̄ that we wil
make good̄ ony of vs ches̄e whiche thou lyst of vs whan we
are hole of oure woundes/ye shal not said syr Mellyagraunce
alway with your proud̄ langage /for here ye may alle see sayd̄
sir Mellyagraunce that by the quene this nyghte a wounded
knyghte hath layne / thenne were they al ashamed whan they
salve that blood̄/and̄ wete you Wel syr Mellyagraunce was
passynge glad that he had̄ the quene at suche an auauntage /
For he demed̄ by that to hyde his treson / soo with this rnmoure
came in syr launcelot and̄ fond̄ them al at a grete awayt/

Capitulum septimum

Capitulum septimum /

What araye is this sayd sir Launcelot/thenne syr mel
lyagraunce wold hem what he had fonde & shewed hem
the quenes bed/Truly said syr launcelot ye dyd not your part
nor knyghtly to wuche a queues bedde whyle it was drawen/&
she lyeng therin/for I dar say my lord Arthur hym self wold
not haue displayed her courtyns she beyng within her bed/on
les that it had pleasyd hym to haue layne doune by her/and
therfor ye haue done vnworshipfully & shamefully to your selfe
I wote not what ye mene sayd syr Mellyagraunce/but well
I am sure ther hath one of her wounded knyghtes layne by her
this nyght/& therfor I wil proue with my handes that she is a
traytresse vnto my lord Arthur/kepe what ye do said laun
celot/for & ye say so & ye will preue it/it wil be taken at your
handes/My lord sir Launcelot said sire Mellyagraunce I rede
you kepe what ye do/for thouz ye are neuer so good a kny
ght as ye wote wel ye ar renomed the best knyght of the world
yet shold ye be aduysed to do batail in a wrong quarel/for god
wil haue a stroke in euery batail/As for that sayd syr launce
lot god is to be drad/but as to that I saye nay playnly / that
this nyght there lay none of these ten wounded knyghtes with
my lady quene Gueneuer/& that wil I preue with my handes
that ye say vntruly in that now/Hold said sir Mellyagraunce
here is my glowe that she is traytresse vnto my lord kyng Ar
thur/& that this nyght one of the wounded knyghtes lay with
her/& I receyue your glowe sayd sir Launcelot/& so they were
sealyd with their sygnettys/and delyuerd vnto the y knyghtes
At what day shal we do batail to gyders said sir launcelot/this
day viij dayes said sir Mellyagraunce in the felde besyde west
mynstre/I am agreed said sir Launcelot/but now said sir mel
lyagraunce/sythen it is so that we must fyght to gyders I pray
you as ye be a noble knyght alwayte me with no treason / nor
none vylony the meane whyle/nor none for you/soo god me
help said sir launcelot ye shal ryght wel wete I was neuer of
no suche condycyons / for I reporte me to al knyghtes that euer
haue knowen me I ferd neuer With no treason/nor I loued ne
uer the felauship of no man that ferde with treson/Thenne le
te vs go to dynez seid mellyagrauñce.& after dynez ye & ỹ queno

and ye may ryde alle to westemester/I wylle wel sayd sir lau
celot/thenne sir Mellyagraunce sayd to sir launcelot pleaseth it
yow to see the eftures of this castel / With a good wylle sayd
sir Launcelot/ and thenne they wente to gyders from chamber
to chamber/for sir Launcelot dzad noo peryls/for euer a man
of worshyp and of prowesse/ dzedeth lest allwayes perils/For
they wene euery man be as they ben / But euer he that fareth
with treason putteth ofte a man in grete daunger/So it befel
Upon sir launcelot that no peryl dzedde / as he wente with sire
Mellyagraunce he trade on a trap and the bordy wolkyd / and
there sir Launcelot felle doune more than ten fadom in to a ca
ue ful of stralbe/and thenne sir Mellyagraunce departed and
made no fare as that he nyst Where he was/And whan sir lau
celot was thus myssedy/they merueylledy where he was bycom
me/and thenne the quene and many of them demedy that he
was departedy as he was wonte to doo sodenly/For syr Mel
lyagraunce made sodenly to putte alwaye on syde sir Lauayns
hors that they myght alle Understande that sir launcelot was
departedy sodenly/Soo it past on tyl after dyner / and thenne
sir Lauayne wold not stynte Untyl that he ordeynedy lyttyers
for the wounded knyghtes that they myghte be lady in them /
and so with the quene and them al bothe ladyes & gentilwy
mmen and other wente Unto westmynster/& there the knyztes
told kyng arthur how Mellyagrauce had appelyd the quene of
hyghe treasony/and how sir Launcelot hady receyuedy the glo
ue of hym/and this daye eyghte dayes they shall doo batail a
fore yow/By my hede sayd kynge Arthur I am aferdy syre
Mellyagraunce hath takey Upon hym a grete charge/but where
is syr Launcelot sayd the kynge/Sir sayd they alle we wote
not where he is/but we deme he is rydey to somme aduentures
as he is oftymes wonte to doo/for he hath syr Lauayns hors /
lete hym be saide the kyngy / he wylle be founey but yf he be
trapped with somme treasony

Capitulum octauum

SOo leue we syr Launcelot lyenge within that caue in
grete payne/and euery day ther came a lady & brouzt
hym his mete & his drynke / & wolded hym to haue layne by
hym / and euer the noble knyghte syre Launcelot sayd

ther nay/ sir Launcelot sayd she ye ar not wyse/ for ye maye ne-
uer oute of this pryson/ but yf ye haue my helpe and also yo-
ur lady quene Gueneuer shalle be brente in your deffaulte on
les that ye be there at the daye of bataille / God defende sayd
syr Launcelot that she sholde be brente in my deffaute/ & yf hyt
be soo saide sir Launcelot that I maye not be there hit shalle be
wel vnderstande bothe at the kynge and at the quene & wyth
alle men of worshyp that I am dede/ seke/ outher in pryson /
For alle men that knowe me/ wille saye for me that I am in
somme euyl cas and I be not there that day/ and wel I wo-
te there is somme goode knyghte outher of my blood or some
other that loueth me that wylle take my quarel in hande/ and
therfor saide sir launcelot wete ye wel ye shalle not fere me / &
yf there were no more wymmen in alle this lande but ye / I
wil not haue adoo with yowe/ thenne arte thowe shamed sayd
the lady/ and destroyed for euer/ As for worldes shame Ihe-
su defende me/ and as for my dystresse it is welcome what so
euer hit be that gode sendeth me / soo she came to hym the same
day that the batail sholde be/ and sayd sir launcelot/ me thyn-
keth ye are to hardy herted/ but woldest thowe but kysse me ones
I sholde delyuer the and thyn armour/ and the best hors that
is within sir Melyagraunces stable/ As for to kysse yowe said
sir launcelot I maye doo that and lese no worshyp/ and wete
ye wel and I vnderstoode / there were ony dishonour for to
kysse yowe/ I wolde not doo hit/ thenne he kyssed her/ & then-
ne she gat hym and brought hym to his armour/ and whan
he was armed/ she brought hym to a stable / Where stoode yn
goode coursers/ and bade hym chese the best/ Thenne syr launce-
lot loked vpon a whyte courser the whiche lyked hym best / &
anone he commaunded the kepers faste to sadle hym with the
best sadel of there that were/ and soo it was done as he
bade/ thenne gatte he his spere in his hande and his swerde by
his syde/ and commaunded the lady vnto gode/ and sayd la-
dy for this good dede I shal doo yowe seruyse yf euer hit be in
my power/

Capitulum Nonum

NOw leue we sir Launcelot walkyp ake that he myghte And̄y speke we of Quene Gueneuer/that was brou/ ghte to a fyre to be brent/for fire Melyagraunce was sure/hym thoughte that sir launcelot sholde not be att that ba/ taille/ therfore he euer cryed vpon kynge Arthur to doo hym Justyce/outher els brynge forth syr launcelot du lake/thenne was the kynge and̄y al the Courte ful sore abasshed & shamed that the quene sholde be brente in the defaute of sir Launcelot My lord̄y Arthur sayd̄y sir Eauayne ye maye vnderstande that it is not wel with my lord̄y syr launcelot/for and̄y he were on lyue/soo he be not seke outher in pryson/ were ye wel be wold̄y ben here/for neuer herd̄y ye that euer he failed his part for who/ me he shold doo batail for/ and̄y therfor sayd̄y sir lauayne / my lord kynge Arthur I beseche yolb gyue me leue to doo ba/ tail here this day for my lord̄y and maister/and for to saue my lady the quene/ Gramercy gentil sir Eauayne sayd̄y kyng ar/ thur / for I dar say alle that sir Melyagraunce putteth vpon my lady the Quene/is wronge/for I haue spoken with al the ten wounded̄y knyghtes/and̄y there is not one of them and he were hole and̄y able to doo bataille/ but he wold̄y preue vpon sir Melyagraunce body that it is fals that he putteth vpon my quene/soo shal I sayd̄y sir lauayne in the defence of my lord̄y syr launcelot and̄y ye wylle gyue me leue/ Now I gyue yolb leue sayd̄y kynge Arthur and̄y doo your best/for I dar wel say there is some treason̄y done to sir launcelot/ Thenne was sir Ea/ uayne armed̄y and̄y horsed̄y / and̄y sodenly at the lystes ende he rode to performe this batailke/and̄y rygh̄te as the herowdes sho/ ld̄y crye/ lesses les aler/ Rygh̄te soo came in sir launcelot dry/ uynge with alle thr force of his hors/and̄y thenne Arthur cry/ ed̄y ho/and̄y abyde/thenne was sir Launcelot alled̄y on horsback tofore kynge Arthur/and̄y there he told̄y openly to fore the ky/ nge and̄y alle how sire Melyagraunce had̄y serued̄y hym fyrste and̄y last/ And whanne the kynge and̄y the quene and̄y al the lordes knewe of the treason̄y of sir Melyagraunce/ they were alle ashamed̄y on his behalfe/thenne was quene Gueneuer se/ nte for/ and̄y sette by the kynge in grete truste of her champyon And̄y thenne there was no more els to say/but syr Launcelot and̄y sire Melyagraunce dressid̄y them vnto batailke/ and̄y took

their spews/and soo they came to gyders as thonder/and there sir launcelot bare hym doune quyte ouer his hors croupe/ And thenne sire Launcelot alyghte and dressidy his shelde on his sholder With his swerdy in his handy/and sir Melyagraunce in the same wyse dressidy hym vnto hym / andy there they smote many grete strokes to gyders / andy at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet that he felle on the o= ne syde to the erthe/andy thenne he cryedy vpon hym aloude/ Moost noble knyghte sir launcelot du lake saue my lyf/for I yelde me vnto yolde/andy I requyre yolde/as ye be a knyghte & felawe of the table roundy slee me not/for I yelde me as ouer comen/andy whether I shalle lyue or dye I put me in the kyn= nges handes andy yours/thenne sir Launcelot wyste not what to doo/for he had shdy leuer than all the goody of the worldy / he myghte haue ben reuengedy vpon syr Melyagraunce /andy sir Launcelot lokedy vp to the Quene Gueneuer/ yf he myghte aspye by ony sygne or countenaunce what she woldy haue do= ne/And thenne the quene waggedy her hede vpon sir Launce= lot/as though she wold saye slee hym/Full wel knewe sir la= uncelot by the waggynge of her hede that she woldy haue hym dede/thenne sir launcelot bad hym ryse for shame andy perfor= me that batailke to the vttraunce/nay said sir Melyagraunce I wylle neuer aryse vntyll ye take me as yolden & recreaunt I shalle profer yolde large profers saydy sir Launcelot/that is for to say / I shall vnarme my hede & my lyfte quarter of my body alle that may be vnarmedy & lete bynde my lyfte hand be hynde me/soo that it shalle not helpe me/and ryghte so I shall doo batailke with yolde/thenne sir Melyagraunce starte vp vp= on his legges / & saydy on hyghe My lordy Arthur take hede to this profer/for I wille take hit/andy lete hym be dysarmedy & bounden accordynge to his profer/what saye ye saydy kyng Ar thur vnto syre launcelot/wille ye abyde by youre profer/ ye my lordy saydy syr launcelot/I wille neuer goo fro that I haue ones saydy/Thenne the knyghtes parters of the felde disarmedy sir launcelot first his hede/& sythen his lyfte arme & his lyfte syde/& they bond his lyft arme behynd his back without shelde or ony thyng/& thenne they were put to gyders/Wete you wel there was many a lady & knyzt merueylled that sir lañcelot

Wold̄ Jeopardy hym self̄ in ſuche wyſe/ Thenne ſyre Melya-
graunce came with his ſwerd̄ alf̄ on hygh/ and̄ ſire Launcelot
ſhewed him openly his bare hede and̄ the bare lyfte ſyde/ and̄
whan he wende to haue ſmyten hym vpon the bare hede/ thenne
lyghtly he auoyded̄ the lyfte legge & the lyfte ſyde/ & put his
ryght hand̄ and̄ his ſwerd̄ to that ſtroke/ and̄ ſoo putte it on
ſyde with grete ſleyghte/ and̄ thenne with grete force ſyre laun-
celot ſmote hym on the helmet ſuche a buffet that the ſtroke ker-
ued the hede in two partyes / thenne there was no more to doo/
But he was dzawen oute of the felde/ and̄ at the grete Inſtaun-
ce of the knyghtes of the table rounde/ the kynge ſuffred̄ hym
to be entred̄ & the mencyon made vpon hym who ſlewe hym/
and̄ for what cauſe he was ſlayne/ and̄ thenne the kyng and̄
the Quene made more of ſyr Launcelot du lake / and̄ more he
was cheryſſhed̄ than euer he was afore hand̄

Capitulum xv

Thenne as the Frenſſh booke maketh mencyon there
was a good knyghte in the land of Hongre his name
was ſyr Orre and̄ he was an aduentuous knyghte and̄ in al
places where he myghte here of ony dedes of Worſhyp there wo-
ld̄ he be/ Soo it happend̄ in Spayne there was an Erles ſone
his name was Alphegus/ and̄ at a grete turnement in ſpayn̄
this ſyre Orre knyghte of Hongry and̄ ſir Alphegus of ſpa-
yne encountred̄ to gyders for veray enuy/ and̄ ſoo eyther vn-
derwok other to the vttraunce/ and̄ by fortune ſire Orre ſle-
we ſyr Alphegus the erles ſone of Spayn̄ / but this knyghte
that was ſlayne had̄ yeuen ſyre Orre or euer he was ſlayne
ſeuen grete wounded̄/ thre on the hede/ and̄ four on his body/ &
vpon his lyfte hand̄/ and̄ this ſyr Alphegus had̄ a moder /
the which was a grete ſorcereſſe/ and̄ ſhe for the deſpyte of her
ſones dethe wrought by her ſubtyl craftes that ſyr Orre ſhold̄
neuer be hole/ but euer his wounded̄ ſhold̄ one tyme feyſter &
another tyme blede/ ſo that he ſhold̄ neuer be hole vntyl the beſt
knyghte of the world had̄ ſerched̄ his wounded̄/ and̄ thus ſhe
made her auaunt where thurgh it was knowen that ſyr Orre

shold neuer be hole/Thenne his moder lete make an hors lyt-
ter/and put hym therin vnder two palfroyes/and thenne she
took syr Ores syster with hym a ful fayr damoysel/whos na
me was Felelolye/and thenne she took a page with hym to ke
pe their horses/and soo they ledde sir Ore thurgh many coun-
treyes / For as the Frensshe book sayth she ledde hym so seuen
yere thurgh alle landes crystened / and neuer she coude fynde
no knyghte that myghte ease her sone/Soo she came in to Scot
land and in to the landes of England / and by fortune she
came nyghe the feeste of pentecoste vntyl Arthurs Courte that
at that tyme was holden at Carleil/And whan she came there
thenne she made it openly to be knowen how that she was co-
me in to that land for to hele her sone
¶ Thenne kynge Arthur lete calle that lady / and asked her
the cause why she broughte that hurte knyghte in to that land
My moost noble kynge sayd that lady/wete you wel I bro-
ughte hym hyder for to be holpen of his wounded / that of alle
this seuen yere he myghte not be hole/& thenne she told the ky-
nge where he was wounded and of whome/ and how his mo
der had discouerd in her pryde/ how she had wrought that by
enchaunement / soo that he sholde neuer be hole vntyl the best
knyghte of the worlde had serched his wounds/and soo I ha-
ue passed thurgh alle the landes crystned to haue hym holpen/
except this land/And yf I fayle to hele hym here in this la-
nd I wylle neuer take more payne vpon me/and that is pyte
for he was a good knyghte and of grete noblenes/ what is his
name sayd Arthur / My goody and gracyous lord she sayde/
his name is syr Ore of the mounte / In good tyme sayd the
kynge/and sythe ye are come in to this land/ye are ryght wel
come/and wete you wel here shal your sone be holpe/and euer
ony crysten man may hele hym/
And for to gyue alle other men of worshyp courage / I my
self wille assay to handle your sone/and soo shalle alle the ky-
nges dukes and Erles that ben here presente with me at this
tyme therto wylle I commaunde them/and wel I wote they
shalle obeye and do after my commaundement
And Wete you wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto Ores syster I
shalle begynne to handle hym and serche vnto my wyll

not presumynge vpon me that I am soo worthy to sle youre sone by my dedes/but I wille courage other men of worshyp to doo as I wylle doo / And thenne the kynge commaunded alle the kynges dukes and erles & alle noble knyghtes of the Roundy table that were there that tyme presente to come in to the medowe of Carleil/and so at that tyme there were but an hondred and ten of the roūdy table/for yl knyghtes were that tyme alwey/and soo here we muste begynne at kynge Arthur as is kyndely to begynne at hym/that was the mooste man of worshyp that was crystned at that tyme

Capitulum vj

Thenne kynge Arthur lokedy vpon sire Ore. and the kynge thoughte he was a ful lykely man wshanne he was hole / and thenne kynge Arthur made hym to be take doune of the lytter and laydy hym vpon the erthe / and there was laydy a cusshyn so goldy that he sholdy knele vpon/ And thenne noble Arthur saydy fayr knyghte me repenteth of thy hurte / and for to courage alle other noble Knyghtes/ I wille praye the softly to suffre me to handle youre woundes/ Mooste noble crystnedy kynge saydy Ore doo as ye lyste/ for I am at the mercy of gody and at your commaundement/ So thenne Arthur softely handelyd hym/and thenne somme of his woundes wenelbedy vpon bledynge / Thenne the kynge Clarymaunce of Northumberlandy serchedy and it woldy not be/ And thenne sir Baraunt le apres that was called the Kyng with the hondred Knyghtes he assayedy and fayledy/and so dyd kynge Oryence of the land of Goze/Soo dyd Kynge Anguysshaunce of Irlandy/Soo dyd Kynge Nentres of Garloth/So dyd Kyng Carados of Scotlandy/Soo dyd the duke Galahalt the haute prynce/Soo dyd Constantyn that was sir Carados sone of Cornewail/Soo dyd duke Chalkyns of Clarasunce/Soo dyd the Erle Vlbause/Soo dyd the Erle Lambaile Soo dyd the erle Arystause

Thenne came in syr Galvayne with his thre sones sir Gyngalyn/syr Florence/& sir Louel/these two were begoten vpon sir

dyd the erle Lambayle/Soo dyd the Erle Arystause

¶ Thenne came in syr Gawayne With his thr sones syr gan-
galayne/syr Florence and syr Louel these tlvo vvere gotyn vp
on syr Brandyles syster/and al they sayledy/Thenne cam in
syr Agrauayne/syr Gaherys/syr Mordredy/& the goody knyzt
sir Garith that vvas of veray knyghthod vvorth al the bzethe-
ren/Soo came knyghtes of Launcelots kynne/but syr laun-
celot vvas not that tyme in the courte/for he vvas that tyme vp
on his aduentures/Thenne syr Lyonel/ syr Ector de marys/
syr Bors de ganys/syr Blamor de ganys/syr Bleoberis de
ganys/syr Galalantyne/syr Galyhodyn/syr Menadeuke/ syr
Wyllyars the Valyaunt/syr Hebes le vnoumes/Al these vve
re of syr launcelots kynne/and alle they sayledy/ ¶ Thenne
came in syr Sagramore le desyrus/ syr Dodynas le saueage
syr Dynadan/syr Bruyn le noyr/that syr kay named la co-
te male tayle and syr Kay the Seneschal/syr Kay de straū-
ges/syr Melyot de Logrys/syr Petypase of vvynchelsee / syre
Galleron of Galvvay/syr Melyon of the montayne/syr Car-
dok/syr Vvayne les aduoultres/and syr ozanna le cure har-
dy/Thenne came in syr Astamor & syr Gromere grummors so-
ne/syr Cosselme/Sir Seruause le breuse that Was callyd a
passynge stronge knyghte/for as the book sayth the chyef lady
of the lake feestedy syr launcelot andy syr Seruause le breuse/
And vvhan she hady feestedy hem bothe at sondry tymes she pra-
yd hem to gyue her a bone/and they graunted it her/and then
ne she prayd syr Seruause that he vvold promyse her neuer to
doo batail ageynst syr launcelot du lake/ & in the same vvyse
she prayd syr Launcelot neuer to doo batail ageynst syr Ser-
uause/andy soo eyther promysedy her/ For the Frenssh book sa
yth/that sir Seruause hady neuer courage nor lust to doo batail
ageynst no many but yf it vvere ageynst gyaunts & ageynste
dragons andy vvylde beestes/Soo vve passe vnto them that att
the kynges request made hem alle that vvere there at that hyz
feest as of the knyztes of the table vvundy for to serche sir Tur-
re/to that entente the kynge dyd hit / to vvete vvhiche vvas the
noblest knyghte amonge them

¶ Thenne came sir Aglouale/sire Durnoze/sir Toz that vvas
bygotyn vpon Azyes the coubezdes vvyf / but he vvas begotyn

afore Arys wedded her / and kynge Pellenor begatte hym
alle / fyrſt ſyre Tor / ſyre Agloualе / ſyr Durnore / ſyre Lamorak
the mooſt nobleſt knyghte one that euer was in Arthurs da-
yes / as for a worldly knyghte / and ſyre Percyual that was
pyerles except ſyre Galahad in holy dedes / but they dyed in
the queſt of the Sancgreal / Thenne cam ſyr Gryflet le fyſe de
dieu / Sir Luan the cotteler / ſyre Bedeuer his broder / ſyr Bran
dyles / ſyr Conſtantyne / ſyr Cadores ſone of Cornewayl that
was kynge after Arthurs dayes / and ſyre Clegys / ſyre Sa-
dok / ſyr Dynas le Seneſchal of Cornewaile / ſyre Fergus /
ſyr Dryaunt / ſyr Lambegus / ſyre Clarrus of Clermont / ſyr
Cloddrus / ſyre Hectymere / ſyre Edward of Canaruan / ſyre
Dynas / ſyre Priamus that was cryſtned by ſyr Triſtram the
noble knyghte / and theſe thre were brethern ſyr Hellayne de
blank that was ſone to ſyre Bors / he begat hym vpon kynge
Brandegorys doughter and ſyre Bryan de liſtynoyſe / Syre
Gautere / ſyr Reynold / ſyr Gyllemere were thre brethern that
ſyre launcelot wanne vpon a brydge in ſyre Kayes armes / ſir
Guyart le petyte / ſyre Bellangere le breuſe that was ſone to
the good knyghte ſyr Alyſander le orphelyn that was ſlayne
by the treaſon of kynge Marke / ¶ Alſo that traytour kyng
ſlelue the noble knyghte ſyre Tryſtram as he ſat harpyng a
fore his lady la Beale Iſoud with a trenchaunt glayue / for
whos deth was mocke kewaylynge of euery knyghte that euer
were in Arthurs dayes / there was neuer none ſo kelbailed as
was ſyre Triſtram and ſyr lamorak / for they were traytour-
ly ſlayne / ſyr Tryſtram by kynge Marke / and ſyr lamorak by
ſyr Galvayne and his brethern / And this ſyre Bellangere
reuenged the deth of his fader Alyſander and ſyr Triſtram ſle
we kynge Marke and la Brake Iſoud dyed ſwounynge vp
on the croſſe of ſyr Triſtram wherof was grete pyte / And alle
that were with kyng Marke that were conſentynge to the deth
of ſyr Triſtram were ſlayne as ſyre Andred and many other /
Thenne came ſyr Hebes / ſyr Morganore / ſyr Sentrayle / Syre
Suppynabylis / Sire Bellangere le orgulous that the goody
knyghte ſyr lamorak wanne in playne batail ſyr Newuens /
& ſyr Plenorius two good knyghtes that ſyr launcelot wan /
ſir Darras / ſir Harre le fyſe lake / ſir ezmynyde broder to kyng

Hermaunce for whome syr Palomydes fought att the wedy cyte with two brethren/ & syr Selyses of the dolorus wurr/ sir Edward of Orkeney/ syre Iwonsyde that was calledy the no= ble knyzte of the wedy launds that syr Gareth wanne for the loue of dame Lyones/ syr Arrok de gruaunt/ syr Degrane sa= unce Belany that fought with the gyaunt of the black lowe/ Syr Epynogrys that was the kynges sone of Northũberland Sir Pellyas that louedy the lady Elcardy'/ andy he sadly dyedy for her loue hady not beyn one of the ladyes of the lake/ her na= me was dame Nymue/ andy she wedded sire Pellyas / andy she sauedy hym that he was neuer slayne/ and he was a ful noble knyzte/ andy sire Lamyel of Cardyf that was a grete louer/ Sir Playne de fors/ sire Mellyaus de lyle/ sir Bohart le cure hardy that was kynge Arthurs sone/ sir Madar de la porte/ sir Colgreuaunce/ sir Heruyse de la forest saueage/ sir Marrok the goody knyzte that was bitrayedy with his wyf/ for she ma= de hym seuen yere a werwolf/ sir Persaunt/ sire Pertilope his broder that was calledy the grene knyzt/ andy sir Perymones broder to them bothe/ that was calledy the wedy knyzt/ that sir Gareth wanne whan he was calledy Beaumayns/ Alle these hondredy knyzhtes andy ten serchedy syr Pyres wounder by the commaundement of kynge Arthur

Capitulum xij

Mercy Ihesu saydy kynge Arthur where is syr launce= lot du lake that he is not here at this tyme/ Thus as they stood and spak of many thynges/ there was aspy ed syr launcelot that came rydyng wtwardy them/ and told the kynge/ Pees saydy the kynge lete no maner thynge be sayd vn tyl he be come to vs/ Soo whan syr launcelot aspyedy Kyng Arthur/ he descendedy from his hors andy came to the kynge/ & salewedy hym/ and them all/ Anone as the maydē syre Pares syster salue syr launcelot/ she ranne to her broder there as he lay in his lyttar/ and saydy broder here is come a knyzhte that my herte gyuedy grefely vnto/ Fayr syster saydy syr Pare soo do the my herte lyzhte ageynst hym/ andy certaynly I hope nolw to be holpedy for my hert yeuedy vnto hym more thā to al these y haue

ſercheth me/Thenne ſayd Arthur vnto ſyr Launcelot ye muſte
doo as we haue done/ and tolde ſyr launcelot what they hadde
done/and ſhewed hym them alle/that had ſerched hym/Ihe-
ſu defende me ſayd ſyr Launcelot whan ſoo many kynges and
knyghtes haue aſſayed and fayled/that I ſhold preſume vp
on me to encheue that alle ye my lordes myghte not encheue /
Ye ſhalle not chaſe ſayd kynge Arthur/for I will commaunde
you for to doo as we alle haue done/My moſt renoumed lord
ſaid ſir Launcelot ye knowe wel I dar not nor may not diſo-
beye your commaundement/but and I myghte or durſte/ wete
you wel I wold not take vpon me to touche that wounded
knyghte in that entente that I ſhold paſſe alle other knygh-
tes/Ihesu defende me from that ſhame/Ye take it wrong ſayd
kynge Arthur/ye ſhal not do it for no preſumpcyon/but for to
kepe vs felaushyp in ſoo moche ye be a felawe of the table ro-
und/and wete you wel ſayd kynge Arthur/and ye preua-
yle not and hele hym/I dare say/ there is no knyghte in thys
land may hele hym/and therfor I pray you/doo as we ha-
ue done / and thenne alle the kynges and knyghtes for the
moost party prayd ſir Launcelot to ſerche hym/ and thenne the
wounded knyghte ſyr Orre ſette hym vp weykely/and praid
ſir Launcelot hertely ſayeng/ curtois knyghte I requyre the for
goddes ſake hele my wounds/for me thynketh euer ſythen ye
came here/my wounds greuen me not/A my fayre lord ſayd
ſyr launcelot Ihesu wold that I myghte helpe you I ſhame
me ſore that I ſhold be thus rebuked/for neuer was I able
in worthynes to doo ſo hyghe a thynge / Thenne ſire Launcelot
kneled doune by the wounded knyghte ſayenge/My lord Ar
thur I muſt doo your commaundement / the whiche is ſore a-
geynſt my herte/And thenne he helde vp his handes / & loked
in to the eeſt/ſayenge ſecretely vnto hym ſelf/thou bleſſid fa-
der/ſone and holy ghoſt I beſeche the of thy mercy/ that my
ſymple worſhyp and honeſte be ſaued/ and thou bleſſid Try
nyte thou mayſt yeue power to hele this ſeke knyghte by thy
grete vertu and grace of the/but goody lord neuer of my ſelf
And thenne ſir Launcelot prayd ſir Orre to lete hym ſee hys
hede/and thenne deuoutely kneling he ranſaked the thre wou-
des that they bled a lytyl / and forth with alle the wounds

fayre kelede/and ſemede as they hade ken hole a ſeuen yere/ And in lyke wyſe he ſerched his body of other thre wounded and they keled in lyke wyſe/and thenne the laſt of alle he ſerched the which was in his hand/and anone it keled fayre / ¶ Thenne kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and knyghtes kneled doune and gaf thankynges and louynges vnto gode and to his bleſſid moder/ And euer ſyre Launcelot wepte as he hade ken a childe that hade ken ketyn/ Thenne kynge Arthur lete araye preeſtes and clerkis in the mooſt deuouteſt manere to bringe in ſir Orre within Carleil With ſyngynge and louynge to gode/ And when this was done/ the kyng lete clothe hym in the rycheſt maner that coude be thoughte / and thenne were there but felwe ketter made knyghtes in alle the courte/ for he was paſſyngly wel made and bygly/ and Arthur aſkede ſyr Orre how he felte hym ſelf/ My goode lorde he sayde I felt my ſelf neuer ſoo luſty/ Wylle ye Juſte and doo dedes of armes sayde kyng Arthur/ Sir sayde Orre and I hade all that longede vnto Juſtes I wolde be ſoone redy /

¶ Capitulum viii

Thenne Arthur made a party of honderde knyghtes to be ageynſte an honderde knyghtes / and ſoo vpon the morne they Juſted for a dyamond/ but there Juſted none of the daungerous knyghtes / & ſoo for to ſhorten thys tale ſyr Orre & ſir Lauayn Juſtede beſt that day/ for there was none of hem but he ouerthrewe & pulled doun thyrtty knyghtes/ & thenne by the aſſente of alle the kynges & lordes ſyre Orre & ſir Lauayn were made knyghtes of the table rounde/ & ſir Lauayn caſte his loue vnto dame Felelolle ſire Orres ſyſter/ & thēne they were wedded to gyder with grete Joye/ & kyng Arthur gaf to euerych of hem a Barony of landes/ and this ſire Orre wold neuer goo from ſire Launcelot/ but he & ſir Lauayn alwayted euermore vpon hym/ & they were in alle the courte acounted for good knyghtes/ & full deſyrous in armes/ & many noble dedes they dyde/ for they wold haue no reſte/ but euer ſoughte aduentures / thus they lyued in alle that courte with grete noblleſſe & Joye long tyme/ But euery nyghte & day ſire

Agrauayne/ſyr Galbayns broder alwayted Quene Gueneuer
and ſir Launcelot du lake to putte them to a wbuke & ſhame
And ſoo I leue here of this tale and ouer hyp gwte bookes of
ſir Launcelot du lake/ what gwte aduentures he dyd when he
was called le cheualer du charyot/ For as the Frenſſhe booke
ſayth by cauſe of deſpyte that knyghtes and ladyes called hym
the knyghte that rode in the charyot lyke as he were Juged
to the galhous/ Therfor in deſpyte of all them that named hym
ſoo/ he was maryed in a charyot a twelue moneth/ for but lityl
after that he had ſlayne ſir Melyagraunce in the quenes qua
rel/ he neuer in a twelue moneth came on horſback/ And as the
Frenſſhe book ſayth/ he dyd that twelue moneth. more than yl
batailes/ And by cauſe I haue loſt the very mater of la cheua
ler du charyot/ I departe from the tale of ſir Launcelot/ & here
I goo Vnto the morte of kynge Arthur/ and that cauſed ſyr
Agrauayne

¶ Explicit liber xiv /

¶ And here after followeth the mooſt pytous hiſtory of the
morte of kynge Arthur/ the whiche is the xxi book

¶ Capitulum primum

IN May whan euery lusty herte florysseth and burgeneth/ For as the season is lusty to beholde and comfortable/ Soo man and woman wioyen and gladen of somer comynge with hys fresshe flourys/ for wynter with his wuz wyndes and blastes causeth a lusty man and woman to coure / and sytte fast by the fyre/ So in this season as in the monethe of May it bifelle a grete angre and vnhap/that seynted not til the floure of chyualry of alle the world was destwyed & slayn/and alle was long vpon two vnhappy knyghtes the whiche were named Agrauayne and sire Mordred that were bretheren vnto sir Galvayne/for this sir Agrauayne and sir mordred hadde euer a preuy hate vnto the Quene dame Gueneuer and to syr launcelot/and dayly and nyghtly they euer watched vpon sir Launcelot/ Soo it myshapped syr Galvayne and alle his bretheren were in kynge Arthurs chamber/and thenne sir Agrauayne sayd thus openly and not in no counceylle that many knyghtes myghte here it/ I merueylle that we alle be not ashamed bothe to see and to knowe how sire Launcelot lyeth dayly and nyghtly by the quene/and al we knowe it so and it is shamefully suffred of vs alle that we alle shold suffre soo noble a kyng as kynge Arthur is soo to be shamed /
¶ Thenne spak sir Galvayne and sayd/broder sir Agrauayn I pray yow and charge yow meue no suche maters no more afore me/for Wete ye wel sayd syr Galvayne I wylle not be of your counceylle / Soo god me help sayd sir Gaheryes and sir Gareth we wylle not be knowynge broder Agrauayne of your dedes/Thenne wylle I sayd syre Mordred I leue well that sayd syre Galvayne/for euer vnto alle vnhappynes broder syr Mordred there to wille ye graunte / and I wold that ye lefte alle this/and made you not soo besy/for I knowe sayd syr Galvayne what wylle falle of hit/ Falle of hit what falle may sayd syr Agrauayne/ I wille disclose it to the kyng /
Not by my counceylle sayd syr Galvayne / for and there ryse warre and wrake betwyx syr launcelot and vs/wete you Wel broder there will many kynges and grete lordes hold with sy

Launcelot/ Also broder sir Agrauayne sayd sire Galvayne ye must remembre how oftymes syr Launcelot hath rescolved the kynge and the quene/and the best of vs all had ben ful colde at the herde wode/had not sir launcelot ben better than we/ And that hath he preuedy hym self ful ofte/ And as for my parte sayd sir Galvayne I vylle neuer be ageynst sir launcelot for one dayes dede vhan he rescolvedy me from kynge Carados of the dolorous tour/and slevve hym and sauedy my lyf/ Also broder sir Agrauayne and siz mordredy in lyke vyse sir Launcelot rescolvedy yolv bothe and thre score and tlvo from sir Turquyn/Me thynketh broder suche kynde dedes and kyndenes sholdy be remembredy/doo as ye lyst sayd syr Agrauayne for I vylle layne it no lenger/ With these vordes came to them kynge Arthur / Nolv broder seynte your noyse sayd syre Galvayne/We vylle not sayd syr Agrauayne and sir Mordredy/vylle ye soo sayd sir Galvayne/thenne godi spede yolv for I vil not hew your tales ne be of your counceyll/no more vylle I sayd sir Gareth and sir Gaherys/for ve vyl neuer saye euylle by that man/for by cause sayd syre Gareth syr launcelot made me knyghte by no maner olde I to say ylle of hym/and there vith al they thre departedy makynge grete dole/ Allas sayd syr Galvayn and sir Gareth nolv is this Realme holy meschieuedy/and the noble felaushyp of the roundy table shalle be disparplydy/soo they departedy

Capitulum ñ

And thenne sir Arthur askedy hem vhat noyse they made/my lordy sayd Agrauayne I shal telle yo to that I may kepe noo lenger/here is I and my broder syre Mordredy brake vnto my broder syr Galvayne/syr Gaherys/and to syre Gareth/ holv this ve knolve alle that syr Launcelot holdeth your quene and hath done longe/and ve be your systers sones/ & ve may suffre it no lenger/and alle ve vode that ye sholde be aboue syr launcelot/and ye are the kynge that made hym knyghte/and therfor ve ville preue hit that he is a traytoure to your persone/ yf hit be soo sayd syr Arthur vere yolv vel he is none other / but I volde be lothe to begynne suche a thynge

but I myght haue preues vpon hit/ for sir launcelot is an hardy knyght/ and alle ye knowe / he is the best knyght among vs alle/ / and but yf he be taken with the dede/ he wylle fyght with hym that bryngeth vp the noyse/ and I knowe no knyght that is able to matche hym/ Therfore and it be sothe as ye saye I wolde he were taken with the dede/ For as the Frensshe book sayth the kynge was full lothe therto that ony noyse sholde be vpon syr launcelot and his quene/ for the kynge hadde a dremynge/ but he wold not here of hit/ for syr launcelot hadde done soo moche for hym and the quene soo many tymes that were ye wel the kynge louede hym passyngly wel/ My lorde sayde syre Agrauayne ye shal ryde to morne on huntynge/ and doubte ye not syr launcelot wille not goo with yow/ Thenne whan it draweth tolward nyght/ ye may sende the quene worde that ye wil lye oute alle that nyght/ and soo may ye sende for your cokes and thenne vpon payne of deth we shalle take hym that nyght with the quene/ and outher we shal brynge hym to yow dede or quyck/ I wille wel sayde the kynge / thenne I counceylle yow sayde the kynge take with yow sire Gelauishyr/ syre sayde Agrauayne my broder sir Mordred and I wil take with vs twelue knyghtes of the rounde table/ Beware sayde kyng arthur/ for I warne yow ye shalle fynde hym wyghte / lete vs se sayde sir Agrauayne and sir Mordred/ Soo on the morn kynge Arthur rode on huntynge/ and sente worde to the quene that he wolde be oute alle that nyght/ Thenne sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred gate to them twelue knyghtes / and dyde them self in a chamber in the Castel of Carleyl/ and these were their names/ syr Colgreuaunce/ syr Madore de la porte / syre Gyngalyne/ syr Melyot de Logrys/ syre Petypase of wynchelsee/ syr Gallewon of Galway/ syr Melyon of the montayne/ sir Astamore/ syre Gromore somyr Joure/ syr Curselayne/ syr Florence/ syr Louel/ So these twelue knyghtes were With sir mordred and sir Agrauayne/ and al they were of Scotland outher of syr Galvayns kynne/ outher wel willers to his brethren/ Soo whan the nyght came sir Launcelot told syre Bors how he wolde goo that nyght and speke with the quene / Sir sayde syr Bors ye shal not go this nyght by my counceil Why sayd sir launcelot/ Sir sayd sir Bors I drede me euer of

ſir Agrauayñ that Wayſtith yoũ dayly to do yoũ ſhame and
Vs al/andy neuer gaf my herte ageynſt no goynge that euer
ye went to the Quene ſoo mocke as nolw/for I myſtruſt that
the kynge is oute this nyghte from the quene by cauſe pewauen
tur he hath layne ſomme watche for yoũ andy the Quene/and
therfor I drede me ſore of treaſon/Haue ye no drede ſaydy ſyr
Launcelot/for I ſhalle goo andy come ageyne andy make noo
taryenge/Sir ſaidy ſir Gozs that me repenteth/for I drede me
ſore that your goynge oute thys nyghte ſhalle wrathe Vs alle
Fair neuelwe saydy ſire Launcelot I merueylle mocke why ye
saye thus ſythen the quene hath sente for me/andy wete ye wel
I wille not be ſoo mocke a colwardy/but ſhe ſhalle Vnderſtande
I wille see her goody grace/Gody ſpede yoũ wel saydy ſir Gozs
andy sendy yoũ ſoundy andy ſauf ageyne

¶ Capitulum iiij /

SOo ſir Launcelot departedy andy took his ſwerd Vnder
his arme/ andy ſoo in his mantel that noble knyghte
putte hym ſelf in grete Jeopardy/ andy ſoo he paſt tyl he
came to the quenes chamber/andy thenne ſir launcelot was lyȝ
tely putte in to the chamber/And thenne as the Frenſſhe book
sayth the quene andy Launcelot were to gyders/ Andy whether
they were a bedde or at other maner of diſportes/ me lyſt not
therof make no mencyon/for loue that tyme was not as is nolw
adayes/ ¶ But thus as they were to gyder / there came
ſir Agrauayne andy ſyre Mordred with twelue knyȝtes with
them of the roundy table / andy they saydy with cryenge voys /
Traytour knyghte ſyr launcelot du lake nolw arte thou taken
Andy thus they cryedy with a loude voys that alle the Courte
myghte here hit/andy they all viiij were armedy at al poyntes
as they ſholdy fyghte in a batailke/Allas saydy quene Guene
uer nolw are we meſchiefedy bothe/Madame saydy ſir Launcelot
is there here ony armour within your chambre that I myght co
uer my poure body with al/Andy yf there be ony gyue hit me /
andy I ſhalle ſoone ſtynte their malyce by the grace of gody
Truly saydy the quene I haue none armour ſheldy ſwerdy nor

ſpeke/ wherfore I drede me ſore/ our longe loue is come to a my ſchenous ende/ for I here by theire noyſe there ben many noble knyghtes / and wel I wote they ben ſurely armed / ageynſte them ye may make no reſyſtence / wherfore ye are lykely to be ſlayne/ and thenne ſhalle I be brente/ For and ye myghte eſcape them ſaid the quene/ I wold not doubte but that ye wold reſcowe me in wht daunger that euer I ſtoode in/ Alas ſayd ſyr Launcelot in alle my lyf thus was I neuer beſtadde that I ſhold be thus ſhamefully ſlayne for lack of myn armour/ But euer in one ſir Agrauayne and ſir Mordred cryed Traytour knyghte come oute of the Quenes chamber / for wete thow wel thou arte ſoo beſette that thow ſhalte not eſcape/ O Ihesu mercy ſayd ſir Launcelot this ſhameful crye and noyſe I may not ſuffre/ for better were deth at ones than thus to endure this payne/ thenne he took the queue in his armes / and kyſte her/ and ſayd mooſt noble cryſten Quene I beſeche yow as ye haue ben euer my ſpecyal goode lady/ and I at al tymes your true poure knyghte Vnto my power/ and as I neuer fayled yow in ryghte nor in wrong ſythen the fyrſt day kynge Arthur made me knyghte that ye wylle praye for my ſoule/ yf that I here be ſlayne/ for wel I am aſſured that ſir Boors myn neuewe and alle the remenaunt of my kynne with ſyr Lauayne and ſyr Vrre that they wylle not fayle yow to reſcowe yow from the fyre/ and therfor myn owne lady recomforte your ſelf what ſomeuer come of me that ye go with ſire Boors my neuew and ſir Vrre / and they all wylle doo yow alle the pleaſyr that they can or may/ that ye ſhall lyue lyke a Quene vpon my landes/ Nay Launcelot ſayd the Quene/ wete thow wel/ I wyll neuer lyue after thy dayes/ but and thou be ſlayne I wyl take my deth as meekely for Ihesus Cryſtus ſake/ as euer dyd ony cryſten Quene/ wel madame ſayd Launcelot/ ſythe hit is ſoo that the day is come that oure loue muſte departe/ wete yow wel I ſhall ſelle my lyf as dere as I maye and a thouſandy fold ſayd ſyr Launcelot I am more heuyer for yow than for my ſelf / And now I had leuer than to be lordy of al cryſtendome that I had ſuch armour vpon me / that men myghte ſpeke of my dedes or euer I were ſlayne / Truly ſayd the Quene I wold and it myghte pleaſe god/ that

they wold take me and slee me/and suffer yow to escape/ That shal neuer be sayd sir launcelot/god defende me from suche a shame/but Jhesu be thou my shelde and myn armour/

Capitulum iiij

And there with syr Launcelot wrapped his mantel about his arme wel and surely/ and by thenne they had geten a grete fourme oute of the halle/and there with alle they rasshed at the doze/ Fair lordes sayd syre Launcelot leue your noyse and your rassyng/and I shalle sette open this doze/and thenne may ye doo with me what it lyketh yow/Come of thenne sayd they alle/and do hit/ for hit auayleth the not to stryue ageynst vs alle/and therfor lete vs in to this chamber/and we shalle saue thy lyf vntyl thow come to kyng Arthur/Thenne launcelot vnbarred the doze/ and with his lyfte hand he held it open a lytel/ so that but one may myghte come in atwnes/and soo there came strydyng a goody knyghte a mochte may and large/ and his name was Colgreuaunce/ of Goze/and he with a swerd strake at syr launcelot myztely and he put asyde the stroke/and gaf hym suche a buffett vpon the helmet/that he felle grouelynge dede within the chamber doze/and thenne syre Launcelot with grete myghte dreve that dede knyght within the chamber doze/and syr Launcelot with helpe of the Quene and her ladyes was lyghtely armed in syr Colgreuaunce armour/and euer stode sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred cryenge traytoure knyghte come oute of the quenes chamber/leue your noyse sayd syr launcelot vnto sir Agrauayne/ For wete yow wel sir Agrauayne ye shalle not pryson me this nyghte/and therfor and ye doo by my counceylle/ goo ye alle from this chamber dore and make not suche cryeng and suche maner of sklaunder as ye doo/for I promyse you by my knyghthode and ye wil departe and make no more noyse/ I shal as to morne appiere afore yow alle before the kyng/and thenne lete it be sene which of yow all outher els ye all that wille accuse me of treason/ and there I shal answer yow as a knyghte shold that hyder I cam to the quene for no maner of male engyne/and that wyl I preue and make hit good vpon

yow with my handes/ Fy on the traytour sayd sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred/we wylle haue the maulgre thy hede/ and slee the yf we lyste/for We lete the wete we haue the choyse of kynge Arthur to saue the or to slee the/ A firs sayd sir Launcelot/is there none other grace with you/thenne kepe your self Soo thenne sir Launcelot set al open the chamber dore/ and myghtely and knyghtely he strode in amongest them/and anone at the fyrst buffet he slewe sir Agrauayne and twelue of his felawes after within a lytel whyle after he layd hem colde to the erthe/for there was none of the twelue that myghte stande sir Launcelot one buffet/ ¶ Also syr Launcelot wounded syr Mordred and he fledde with alle his myghte/ And thenne syr Launcelot retorned ageyne vnto the Quene and seyd madame/now wete yow wel all oure true loue is brought to an ende/for now Wille kynge Arthur euer be my foo/ and therfore madame and it lyke yow that I maye haue you with me/I shalle saue yow from alle maner aduentures daunger yous/that is not best sayd the quene / me semeth now ye haue done soo mocke harme/it wylle be best ye holde yow stylle with this/And yf ye see that as to morne they wylle put me vnto the dethe/thenne may ye resolue me as ye thynke best/ I wyll wel sayd sir Launcelot/for haue ye no doubte whyle I am lyuynge/I shalle resolue yow/and thenne he kyste her/& eyther gaf other a ryngе/and soo there he lefte the quene/ and went vntyl his lodgynge ¶ Capitulum Quintum /

WHan syr Bors salue syr Launcelot/ he was neuer soo gladde of his home comynge as he was thenne/ Jhesu mercy sayd syr Launcelot why be ye all armed/ what meaneth this/Sir sayd sir Bors after ye were departed from vs/we alle that ben of youre blood and youre wel wyllers were soo dretched that somme of vs lepte oute of oure bedes naked/& some in their dremes caughte naked swerdes in their handes/therfor said sir Bors we deme/there is some grete stryf at hand/& thēne we all demed that ye were betrapped with som treason/& therfor we made vs thus redy what nede that euer ye were in/My fayre neueue sayd sir Launcelot vnto sir bors now shal ye wete al that this nyght I was now harder bestad way euer I was in my lyf & yet I escaped/ And so he told

hem alle holv andy in vhat maner as ye haue herdy to fore/
Andy therfore my felalves saidy sir Launcelot I pray yovv alle
that ye vvylle be of goody herte in vhat nede someuer I stande
for nolv is varre come to vs alle/Sir saydy sir Hors alle is
vvelcome that gody sendeth vs / andy ve haue had mocke vvele
vvith yolv andy mocke vvorshyp/andy therfor ve Wille take the
vvo vvith yovv as ve haue taken the vvele/ Andy therfore they
saydy alle there vvere many goody knyghtes/loke ye take no dis
comforte/for there nys no handys of knyghtes vnder heuen /
but ve shalle be able to greue them as mocke as they maye vs
And therfor discomforte not your self by no maner / andy ve
shalle gadre to gydere that ve loue / andy that loueth vs/ &
vvhat that ye vvil haue done shalle be done/
Andy therfor syr Launcelot saydy they ve vvil take the vvoo
vvith the vvele/Graunt mercy saydy sir Launcelot of your goy
od comforte/for in my grete distresse my fayr neuelve ye com
forte me gretely/andy mocke I am beholdyng vnto yolv
But thys my fayre neuelve I volcy that ye dydy in al haste
that ye may or it be forth dayes that ye Wille loke in their lod
gynge that ben lodged here nyghe aboute the kynge vvhich vvylle
hold vvith me andy vvhyche vvylle not/for nolv I volde kno
ve vvhiche were my frendes fro my foes
Sir saidy syr Hors I shalle doo my payne / andy or it be seuen
of the clok I shalle vvete of suche as ye haue saydy before vvho
Wil holde vvith yolv
¶ Thenne sire Hors calledy vnto hym sire Lyonel/syr Ector
de marys/sir Blamor de ganys/sir Bleoberys de ganys / syre
Gahalantyne/syr Galyhodyn/sir Galyhud/Sir menadeuke/
sir Uylkyers the Valyaunt/sir Hebes le renoumes/sir Clauayne
syr Vrre of Hongry/sir Nevvouneus/sire Plenorius/ ¶ These
two knyghtes sire launcelot made/and the one he vvanne vp
on a a bzydge/andy therfor they volcy neuer be ageynst hym/
Andy Harre le fyse du lake andy syre Selyses of the doloro
us Toure/andy sir Melyas de lyle / andy sire Bellangere le
beuse that vvas syr Alysanders sone le orphelyn/by cause hys
moder Alys la Beale pelleryn andy she vvas kynne vnto sir
Launcelot/and he holdy vvith hym/
¶ Soo there came syre Palomydes andy sir Safyr his broder

to holde with syr launcelot/ And syre Cleges of Sadok and syr Dynas/syr Clarus of Clermont/ So these two & twenty knyghtes drewe hem to gyders/and by thenne they were armed on horsback / and promysed sir Launcelot to doo what he wolde/ ¶ Thenne there felle to them what of Northwalys and of Cornelwaile for sir Lamorakes sake and for sire Tristrams sake to the nombre of a four score knyghtes

¶ My lordes sayd syre Launcelot wete yolw wel/ I haue ben euer syns I came in to this Countrey Wel wyssed vnto my lord kynge Arthur/and vnto my lady Quene Gueneuer vnto my power/and this nyghte by cause my lady the quene sente for me to speke with her/ I suppose it was made by treason holw he hit / I dare largely excuse her persone/ not withstandynge I was ther by a fore cast nere slayne/but as Ihesu prouyded me I escaped alle theyr malyce and treason/

¶ And thenne that noble knyght sire Launcelot told hem al holw he was hardy bestad in the quenes chamber/and holw and in what maner he escaped from them/ And therfore sayd sir Launcelot wete yolw wel my fayre lordes I am sure ther nys but were vnto me and myn/ And for by cause I haue slayn this nyghte these knyghtes I Wote wel as is sire Agrauayne syr Galvayns broder / and at the leste twelue of his felalwes/for this cause nolw I am sure of mortal warre / for these knyghtes were sente and ordeyned by kynge Arthur to betraye me/ And therfore the kynge wylle in this hete & malyce Juge the quene to the fyre / and that maye not I suffre that she sholde be brente for my sake/ for and I may be herde and sufferde and soo taken/ I wyll fyghte for the Quene that she is a true lady vnto her lorde / but the kynge in his hete I drede me wylle not take me as I oughte to be taken

¶ Capitulum Bj

My lorde syre Launcelot sayd sir Bors by myn aduyse ye shalle take the two with the wele/ and take hit in pacyence/and thanke God of hit/ ¶ And sythen

hit is falsly as hit is / I counceylle yolv kepe youre self / for
andy ye wylle your self/ther is no felaushyp of knyghtes cry
stenedy that shalle do you wrong/ Also I wyll counceylle yolv
my lordy syr Launcelot/that andy my lady quene Gueneuer be
in distresse/ in soo mocle as she is in payne for your sake that
ye knyghtly resolve her/and ye dyd other wayes/al the world
wylle speke of yolv shame to the Worldes ende/ in so mocle as
ye were taken with her / whether ye dyd ryghte or wrong /
It is nolv your parte to holde with the quene that she be not
slayne andy put to a meschenous dethe/for andy she soo dye/the
shame shalle be yours/ Jhesu defende me from shame saydy syre
Launcelot andy kepe andy saue my lady the quene from vylony
andy shamefull deth/andy that she neuer be destroyedy in my de
faute/wherfore my fayre lordes my kynne andy my frendes sa
ydy sir Launcelot what wylle ye doo / Thenne they saydy alle ive
wille doo as ye wylle doo/ I putte this to yolv saydy sir laun
celot that yf my lordy Arthur by euyll counceylle wyll to morn
in his herte putte my lady the Quene to the fyre there to be
brente/Nolv I praye yolv counceylle me what is best to doo /
Thenne they saydy alle at ones with one voys/ Syre vs thyn
keth best that ye knyghtly resolve the quene in soo mocle as
she shal be brente/it is for youre sake/andy it is to suppose and
ye myghte be handelydy ye sholdy haue the same dethe or a mo
re shamefuller dethe / andy syre we say al that ye haue many
tymes resolvedy her from dethe/for other mens quarels/ vs se
meth it is more youre worshyp that ye resolve the quene from
this perylle/in soo mocle she hath it for your sake
¶ Thenne sir launcelot stoody styl andy sayd/ my fayre lordes
were yolv wel I woldy be lothe to doo that thynge that sholde
dishonoure yolv or my bloody / andy were yolv wel I woldy
be lothe that my lady the quene sholdy dye a shameful dethe /
but andy hit be soo that ye wylle counceylle me to resolve her/
I muste doo mocle harme or I resolve her / andy peraduen
ture I shal there destroye somme of my best frendes/that sholdy
mocle repente me/andy peraduenture there be somme/ andy they
coude wel brynge it aboute/or disobeye my lordy kynge Arthy
ue they woldy soone come to me/ the whiche I were loth to hur
te/ & yf so be þ I resolve her where shal I kepe her/that shal be

be the beste care of vs alle sayd sir Boys / how dyd the noble knyght sire Tristram by your good wylle kepe not be with hym la beale Isoud nere thre yere in Joyous gard / the which was done by your eldhers deuyse / and that same place is your owne / and in lyke wyse may ye doo and ye lyst / and take the Quene lyghtely alway / yf it soo be the kynge wylle Juge her to be brente / and in Joyous gard ye may kepe her longe ynough vntyl the hete of the kynge be past /

And thenne shalle ye brynge ageyne the quene to the kynge with grete worshyp / and thenne peraduenture ye shalle haue thanke for her bryngynge home and loue and thanke where other shalle haue maugre / That is hard to doo sayd sir launcelot / for by sir Tristram I maye haue a warnynge / for Whanne by meanes of treatyce syr Tristram brought ageyne la Beale Isoud vnto kynge Mark from Joyous gard / loke what befelle on the ende / how shamefully that fals traitour kyng marke slewe hym / as he sat harpynge afore his lady la beale Isoud / With a groundyn glayue he thrust hym in behynde to the herte / hit greueth me sayd sir launcelot to speke of his dethe / for alle the world may not fynde suche a knyghte / Alle thys is trouthe sayd syre Boys / but there is one thynge shalle cou rage yow and vs alle / ye knowe wel Kynge Arthur & kyng marke were neuer lyke of condycyons / for there was neuer yet man coude preue kynge Arthur vntrewe of his promyse / Soo to make short tale they were alle consented that for bet ter outher for worse / yf soo were that the quene were on that morne brought to the fyre / shortly they al wold haue slowe her / And soo by the aduyse of syr launcelot they putte hem alle in an enbusshement in a woode as nyghe Carleil as they myghte And there they abode stylle to wete what the Kynge wold do /

Capitulum vii

NOw torne we ageyne vnto syre Mordred / that whan he was escaped from the noble knyghte sire Launcelot he anone gat his hors and mounted vpon hym / and rode vnto Kynge Arthur / sore wounded and smyten / and alle

forbled/and there he told the kynge alle how hit was / and how they were alle slayne sauf hym self al only / Jhesu mercy how maye this be said the Kynge/woke ye hym in the quenes chamber/Ye soo god me helpe sayd sir Mordred there we fonde hym Vnarmed/ and there he slewe Colgreuaunce & armed hym in his armour/and alle this he told the kynge from the begynnynge to the endynge

¶ Jhesu mercy sayd the kynge he is a merueylous knyghte of prowesse/Allas me sore repenteth sayd the Kynge that euer syr launcelot shold be ageynst me / Now I am sure the noble felaushyp of the round table is broken for euer/for with hym wille many a noble knyghte holde / and now it is fallen soo/ sayd the Kyng/that I may not with my worshyp/but the quene must suffer the dethe/Soo thenne there was made grete ordynaunce in this hete/that the quene must be Juged to the deth And the lawe was suche in tho dayes that what someuer they were/of what estate or degree/yf they were fonde gylty of tre son/there shold be none other remedy but dethe/and outher the men or the takynge with the dede shold be causer of their hasty Jugement/and ryghte soo was it ordeyned for quene guenewer/by cause sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded/ and the dethe of thyrtty knyghtes of the round table / these preues & experyences caused kyng Arthur to commaunde the quene to the fyre there to be brente/Thenne spake sir galbayn and sayd my lord Arthur I wold counceylle yow not to be ouer hasty / but that ye wolde putte it in respyte this Jugement of my lady the quene for many causes/ ¶ One it is though it were so that sir Launcelot were fonde in the quenes chamber/yet it myghte be soo that he came thyder for none euylle / for ye knowe my lord said syr galbayne that the quene is moche beholden Vnto syr launcelot more than Vnto ony other Kenyghte/for oftymes he hath saued her lyf/and done batail for her whan al the Courte refused the quene / and paraduenture she sente for hym for goodnes and for none euyl to rewarde hym for his good dedes that he hath done to her in tymes past/And peraduenture my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that syr Launcelot shold come to her good grace pryuely and secretely / wherynge to her that hit was beste so to do in eschewyng & dredyng

of ſklaunder/for oftymes we do many thynges that we wene it be for the beſt/& yet peraduenture hit wyrneth to the werſt/ For I dare ſay ſaydy ſyre Gawayne my lady your Quene is to yow bothe goody andy true/ Andy as for ſir Launcelot ſayd ſir Gawayne I dare saye he wylle make hit goody vpon ony knyghte lyuyng that wylle putte vpon hym ſelf vylony or ſhame/ andy in lyke wyſe he wylle make goody for my lady dame Gueneuer/ that I byleue wel ſaid kyng Arthur/ but I wil not that way with ſir Launcelot for he truſteth ſoo mocke vpon his handes andy his myghte that he doubteth no man/ andy therfore for my Quene he ſhalle neuer fyghte more/ for ſhe ſhall haue the lawe/ Andy yf I maye gete ſir Launcelot wete you wel he ſhal haue a ſhameful dethe/ Jheſu defende ſayd ſir Gawayn that I may neuer ſee it/ why ſaye ye ſoo ſaydy kynge Arthur/ For ſothe ye haue no cauſe to loue ſir Launcelot/ for this nyghte laſt paſt he ſlewe your broder ſir Agrauayne a ful good knyghte/ & al moost he hady ſlayne your other broder ſir mordredy Andy alſo there he ſlewe thyrtten noble knyghtes/ andy alſo ſir Gawayne remembre ye he ſlewe two ſones of yours ſire Florence andy ſir Louel/ my lordy saydy ſir Gawayne of alle thys I haue knouleche of whos dethes I repente me ſore/ but in ſo moche I gaf hem warnynge/ andy wold my bretheren andy my ſones afore hyndy what wold falle in the ende/ in ſoo moche/ they wold not doo by my counceyll I wyl not medle me ther of nor reuenge me no thynge of their dethes/ for I wold hem it was no bote to ſtryue with ſir launcelot / holde he it I am ſory of the deth of my bretheren & of my ſones/ for they are the cauſers of thyre owne dethe / For oftymes I warnedy my broder ſir Agrauayne/ andy I wold hym the perylls the which hem nold falle

Capitulum viij

Thenne saydy the noble kynge Arthur to ſyre Gawayne/ dere neuewe I pray yow make yow redy in your beſt armoure with youre bretheren ſyre Gaherys andy ſyre Garith to brynge my Quene to the fyre there to haue her Jugement andy reyue the dethe May my mooſt noble

lordy sayd sir Galvayne that vylle I neuer doo/for vete yow vel/I vylle neuer be in that place vhere soo noble a Quene as is my lady dame Gueneuer shalle take a shameful ende / For vete yow vel sayd sire Galvayne my herte vylle neuer serue me to see her dye / and it shalle neuer be sayd that euer I vas of youre counsylle of her dethe/Thenne sayd the kyng to syr Gavayne/suffer your broder syr Gaherys and syr Ga veth to be there/my lordy sayd sire Galvayne vete yow vel / they ville be lothe to be there present by cause of many aduen= tures the vhiche ben lyke there to falle / but they are yonge & ful vnable to saye yow nay / Thenne spak sire Gaherys & the goody knyghte sire Gareth vnto syre Arthur/syre ye may vel commaunde vs to be there/but vete yow vel it shalle be sore a geynst oure vylle/but and ve be there by youre straple com= maundement/ye shall playnly holdy vs there excusedy;ve vyl be there in peasyble vyse and bere none harneis of varre vpon vs/In the name of gody sayd the kynge thenne make you re dy/for she shalle soone haue her Jugement anone/ Alas sayd syr Galvayne that euer I sholde endure to see this vofule da= ye/ Soo sir Galvayne tornedy hym/ andy vepte hertely/andy so he vente in to his chamber' andy thēne the quene vas led forth vithoute Carleil/and there she vas despoylled in to her smok And soo thenne her ghostly fader vas broughte to her to be shryuen of her mysdedes/Thenne vas there vepynge & vay= lynge andy vrynggynge of handes of many lordes andy ladyes/ But there vere but felve in comparyson that volde here ony armour for to strengthe the dethe of the quene/Thenne vas ther one that sire Launcelot hady sente vnto that place for to aspye vhat tyme the quene sholde goo vnto her dethe/And anone as he salve the quene despoylledy in to her smok/andy soo shryuen/ thenne he gaf sir launcelot varnynge / thenne vas there but sporynge andy pluckynge vp of horses/and ryghte so they cam to the fyre/Andy vho that stoody ageynste them there vere they slayne/there myghte none vithstande sir Launcelot/ so all that bare armes andy vithstoode hem there vere they slayne ful ma ny a noble knyghte/For there Vas slayne sir Bellyas le or= gulous/Sir Segvarydes/Sir Gryflet/sir Brandyles / syre

Agloual/ſyr Tor/ſyr Gauter/ſire Gyllymer/ſyr Reynolds iij
bretheren/ſyr Damas/ſyr Pryamus/ſyr Ray the ſtraunger/
ſir Dryaunt/ſir Lambegus/ſyr Hermynde/ſyr Pertylope/ſyre
Perymones two bretheren that were called the grene knyght
and the reed knyghte/And ſoo in this raſſynge and hurlyng
as ſyre Launcelot thrange hyre and there/it myhapped hym to
ſlee Galerys and ſyr Gareth the noble knyghte/for they were
vnarmed and vnbare/ For as the Frenſſhe booke ſayth/
ſyr Launcelot ſmote ſyr Gareth and ſyr Galerys vpon the bry-
ayne pannes where thorou they were ſlayne in the felde how be
hit in veray trouthe ſyr launcelot ſalve hem not/and ſoo were
they fonde dede amonge the thyckeſt of the prees / ¶ Thenne
whan ſyr launcelot had thus done and ſlayne/and putte to
flyghte alle that wold withſtande hym/Thenne he rode strey-
ghte vnto dame Gueneuer and made a kyrtyl and a golvne
to be caſt vpon her / and thenne he made her to be ſette behynde
hym/and prayd her to be of good chere / wete yow wel / the
Quene was glade that ſhe was eſcaped from the dethe/ And
thenne ſhe thanked god and ſir Launcelot/and ſoo he rode his
way With the Quene as the Frenſſhe book ſaith vnto Joyous
gard/ and there he kepte her as a noble knyghte ſhold doo/ &
many grete lordes and ſomme kynges ſent ſyr Launcelot ma
ny good knyghtes/and many noble knyghtes dwelve vnto ſir
Launcelot ¶ whan this was knowen openly that kyng Ar-
thur and ſire launcelot were at debate / many knyghtes were
glade of their debate/and many were ful heuy of their debate

¶ Capitulum ix

SOo torne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur that whan
it was told hym/how and in what maner of wyſe the
quene was taken awey from the fyre / And whan he herd of
the deth of his noble knyghtes/and in eſpecyal for ſyr galeris
and ſir Gareths deth/thenne the kyng ſwouned for pure ſorou
And whan he awoke of his ſwoun/thenne he ſayd ¶ Alas
that euer I bare croun vpon my hede/ For nold haue I loſte
the fayreſt felauſhyp of noble knyghtes that euer helde cryſten

kynge to gyders/ Alas my goody knyghtes ben slayne alweye
from me/ nolw within these tlwo dayes I haue lost yl knyztes/
& also the noble felaushyp of syr laũcelot andy his bloody/ for
nolw I may neuer holdy hem to gyders no more with my lwor
shyp/ Alas that euer this werre beganne/ Nolw fayr felalwes
saydy the kynge I charge yolw that no many telle sir galwayn
of the dethe of his tlwo bretheren/ for I am sure saydy the kyng
whan sir Galwayne herith telle that sir Gareth is dede he wyll
goo nygh out of his mynde/ Mercy Jhesu said the kyng why
slewe he syr Gareth andy sire Gaherys/ for I dar saye as for
syre Gareth he louedy sir Launcelot aboue al many erthely/ that
is trouthe saydy some knyghtes / but they were slayne in the
hurtlyng as sir launcelot thrange in the thyck of the prees /
andy as they were vnarmedy/ he smote hem/ andy wyst not who
me that he smote/ andy soo vnhappyly they were slayne / The
dethe of them saydy Arthur wyll cause the grettest mortal wer
re that euer was/ I am sure wyste sir Galwayne that syr Ga
reth were slayne I shold neuer haue reste of hym tyl I hady
destroyedy syr launcelots kynne and hym self both/ outher els
he to destroye me/ andy therfor saydy the kynge wete yolw wesl
my herte was neuer soo hevy as it is nolw/ andy mocke more I
am sorryer for my goody knyghtes losse / than for the losse of
my fayre quene/ for quenes I myghte haue ynolwe/ but suche
a felaushyp of goody knyghtes shalle neuer be to gyders in no
company/ and nolw I dare say saydy kynge Arthur there was
neuer crystey kynge holde suche a felaushyp to gyders/ & allas
that euer syr launcelot & I sholdy be at debate/ A Agrauayn
Agrauayn sayd the kyng Jhesu forgyue it thy solwle/ for thyn
euyl wyll that thou andy thy broder syre Mordred hadest vn
to syr launcelot hathy causedy al this sorwe/ andy euer amonge
these complayntes the kyng wepte andy swounedy
¶ Thenne ther came one vnto syr Galwayne andy toldy hym /
how the Quene was ladde alwaye with syr launcelot/ & nygh
a yeiiij knyghtes slayne/ O Jhesu defende my bretheren sayd sir
galwayne/ for ful wel wyst I that syr launcelot wold resolwe
her/ outher els he wold dye in that felde/ and to saye the trouth
he hady not ben a many of worshyp had he not resolwed the que
ne that day/ in so mocke she sholdy haue ben brente for his sake

And as in that sayd sir Gawayne he hath done but knyghtly/
and as I wold haue done my self and I had stand in ly-
ke caas/but where ar my bretheren sayd sir Galhayne/I mer
uell I here not of hem/ Truly sayd that man sir Gareth and
syr Gaherys he slayne/Ihesu defende sayd sir Galhayne / for
alle the worldy I wold not that they were slayne/and in e-
speeyal my goody broder sir Gareth/syr sayd the man he is sl-
ayne and that is grete pyte/who slelhe hym sayd sir Galhayn
Sir sayd the man Launcelot slelhe hem bothe/that may I not
byleue sayd syr Galhayne that euer he slelhe my broder syr
Gareth/ For I dar say my broder Gareth loued hym better than
me and alle his bretheren/and the kynge bothe/ Also I dare
say and sir Launcelot had desyred my broder syr Gareth with
hym/he wolde haue ben with hym ageynst the kynge and ha
al/and therfore I may neuer byleue that syr Launcelot slelhe
my broder. Sir sayd this man it is noysed that he slelhe hym

Capitulum x

Alas sayd sire Galhayne nowe is my Joye gone/ and
thenne he felle doune and swouned/and long he lay
there as he had ben dede / And thenne whanne he awoke of his
swoune/he cryed oute sorowfully and sayd Allas/ and ryght
soo syr Galhayne ranne to the kynge crienge and Weppynge
O kynge Arthur myne Vnkel my goody broder syr Gareth is
slayne and soo is my broder syr Gaherys/the whiche were/ñ/
noble knyghtes/Thenne the kynge wepte and he bothe/and so
they felle on swounynge/ And whan they were reuyued then
ne spak sir Galhayne / syr I wyl go see my broder syr Ga-
reth/ye may not see hym sayd the kynge/for I caused hym to
be entered and syr gaherys bothe/ For I wel Vnderstood that
ye wold make ouer mocke sorowe/and the syghte of sir Ga-
reth sholde haue caused your double sorowe/ Allas my lord sa
yd syr Galhayne howe slelhe he my broder sir gareth myn owne
goody lord I praye yowe telle me/ Truly sayd the kyng I shal
telle yowe as it is told me/syre Launcelot slewe hym & sir Ga
heris bothe/ Allas sayd sire galhayne they hare none armes

ayenſt hym neyther of hem both/ I wote not how it was ſaid the kynge/ but as it is ſayd ſire launcelot ſlewe them bothe in the thyckeſt of the prees/ and knewe them not/ and therfor le ſe vs ſhape a remedy for to reuenge their dethes/ My kynge my lord and myn vncle ſayd ſire Gawayne wete yow wel now I ſhal make yow a promyſe that I ſhalle holde by my knyghthode/ that from this day I ſhalle neuer fayle ſir launce lot vntyl the one of vs haue ſlayne the other/ And therfore I requyre yow my lord and kynge dreſſe yow to the werre for wete yow wel I will be reuenged vpon ſire launcelot/ & ther for as ye wylle haue my ſeruyſe and my loue now haſte yow therto and aſſaye your frendes/ For I promyſe vnto god ſaid ſir Gawayne for the dethe of my broder ſir gareth I ſhalle ſeke fyr launcelot thorou oute ſeuen kynges Realmes/ but I ſhalle ſlee hym or els he ſhalle ſlee me/ ye ſhall not nede to seke hym ſoo ferre ſayd the kynge/ for as I here saye ſir launcelot will abyde me and yow in the Joyous gard/ and moche peple draweth vnto hym as I here saye/ That may I beleue ſayd ſir ga wayne/ but my lord he ſayd aſſaye your frendes/ and I wyll aſſaye myn/ it ſhalle be done ſayd the kynge/ and as I ſuppoſe I ſhal be byg ynouz to drawe hym oute of the byggeſt wurſ of his Caſtel/ So thenne the kynge ſente letters and wrytes thorou oute alle Englond bothe in the lengthe and the brede / for to aſſomone alle his knyghtes/ And ſoo vnto Arthur dyd we many knyghtes dukes and Erles/ ſoo that he had a gre te hoſt/ And when they were aſſembled the kyng enformed hem how fyr launcelot had bereft hym his quene/ Thenne the kynge and all his hoſt made hem redy to laye ſyege aboute ſir Launcelot where he laye within Joyous gard/ Therof herd ſir launcelot and purueyed hym of many good knyghtes / for with hym held many knyghtes/ and ſome for his owne ſake and ſomme for the quenes ſake/ Thus they were on bothe par tyes wel furnyſſhed and garnyſſhed of alle maner of thyng that longed to the werre/ But kyng Arthurs hoſt was ſoo bygge that ſyr launcelot wold not abyde hym in the felde/ For he was ful lothe to doo batail ageynſt the kyng / but ſyr launcelot dreſſed hym to his ſtrong caſtel with al maner of vy tail/ And as many noble men as he myght ſuffyſe within the

Tolvne and the Castel/ Thenne came kynge Arthur with sire Galvayne with an hughe hoost / and layd a syege al aboute Joyous gard both at the Tolvne and at the Castel / & there they made stronge werre on bothe partyes/but in no wyse syre Launcelot wold ryde oute nor go out of his Castel of long tyme / neyther he wold none of his good knyghtes to yssue oute neyther none of the Tolvne nor of the Castel Vntyl yB/ wekes were past

Capitulum xj

Thenne it befel vpon a daye in herueste tyme/syr laun celot loked ouer the walles/and spak on hyghe vn to kynge Arthur and sir Galvayne/my lordes bothe wete ye wel al is in vayne that ye make at this syege/ for here wynne ye no worshyp but maulgre and dishonour / for and it lyste me to come my self oute and my good knyghtes I shold full soone make an ende of this werre/Come forthe sayd Arthur vnto Launcelot and thou darst/and I promyse the/I shalle mete the in mydes of the felde/God defende me sayd sir Launcelot that euer I shold encountre with the moost noble kyng that made me knyghte/ Fy vpon thy fayre langage sayd the kynge/ for wete yolv wel and trust it I am thy mortal fo/ & euer wylle to my deth daye/for thou hast slayne my good knyghtes/and ful noble men of my blood that I shal neuer recouer ageyne/ Also tholv hast layne by my Quene & holden her many wynters / and sythen lyke a traytour taken her from me by force/my moost noble lord and kyng sayd sir launcelot ye may say what ye wille / for ye Wote wel with youre self wil I not stryue/but there as ye say I haue slayn your good knyghtes I wote wel that I haue done soo / and that me sore repenteth/but I was enforced to doo batail with hem / in sauyng of my lyf or els I muste haue suffred hem to haue slayne me/and as for my lady Quene Gueneuer except your persone of your hyghenes/and my lord sire Galvayne there is noo knyghte vnder heuen that dar make it good vpon me / that euer I was traytour vnto youre persone/ And where hit please yolv to saye that I haue holden my lady youre Quene

yewes and wynckers/ Vnto that I shal euer make a large an-
swer/ and preue hit vpon ony knyghte that lyueth the lyf ex-
cepte youre person and sire Galvayne that my lady Quene
Gueneuer is a true lady Vnto your persone as ony is lyuyng
Vnto her lordy/ and that wylle I make goody with my handes/
holde it/ it lyth lykedy her goody grace to haue me in chyerte
and to cherysshe me more than ony other knyghte/ and vnto
my polver I ageyne haue de seruedy her loue/ for oftymes my
lordy ye haue consentedy that she sholdy be brente and destroyed
in your hete/ and thenne it fortunedy me to doo batail for her/
and or I departedy from her aduersary they confessidy their vn-
trouthe/ and she ful worshypfully excusedy/ And at suche ty-
mes my lordy Arthur saydy sir Launcelot ye louedy me/ and
thankedy me whan I sauedy your quene from the fyre/ & then
ne ye promysedy me for euer to be my goody lordy/ and nolde me
thynketh ye awarde me ful yll for my goody seruyse/ and my
goody lord me semeth I hady lost a grete parte of my worshyp
in my knyghthode/ and I hady suffredy my lady youre Quene
to haue ben brente/ and in soo moche she sholdy haue ben brente
for my sake/ For sythen I haue done batails for your Quene
in other quarels than in myn owne/ me semeth nowe I had mo-
re ryght to doo batail for her in ryghte quarel/ and therfor my
goody and gracyous lordy saydy syr launcelot take your quene
vnto your good grace/ for she is bothe fayr true and goody/
Fy on the fals recreaunt knyght saydy sire Galvayne/ I lete
the wete my lord myn vnkel Kynge Arthur shalle haue his
Quene and the maulgre thy vysage/ and slee yolv bothe whe-
ther it please hym/ It may wel be saydy sire Launcelot/ but we
se ye wel my lord sire Galvayne/ and me lyst to come oute
of this Castel ye sholdy wynne me and the quene more harder
than euer ye wanne a stronge batailke/ Fy on thy proude wor-
des seydy sir Galvayne/ as for my lady the Quene I wil ne-
uer saye of her shame/ but tholv fals and recreaunt Knyghte/
saide syre Galvayne what cause hadeste tholv to slee my good
broder syr Gareth that loued the moze and than al my kynne
Allas tholv madeste hym knyght thyn owne handes/ Why sle
we tholv hym that loued the soo wel/ For to excuse me saide
sir Launcelot it helpeth me not/ but by Jhesu/ and by the feyth

that I olde to the hygh ordre of knyzthode/ I shold with as a goody wylle haue slayne my neuelde sir Gozs de garys/ at ꝑ tyme/but allas that euer I was so vnhappy sayd launcelot ꝑ I had not sone syr Gareth and sir Gaherys / Thou kyest treatour knyght sayd sir Galdayne / thou slewest hym in despyte of me/ And therfore wete thou wel I shalle make warre to the/and alle the whyle that I may lyue / That me repenteth sayd sir Launcelot/for wel I vnderstande it helpeth not to seke none accordement whyle ye syr Galdayne ar soo mescheuously sette/ And yf ye were not/I wold not doubte to haue the goody grace of my lordy Arthur/ I bylde it wel fals recreaunt knyght sayd sir Galdayne/for thou hast many longe dayes ouer ladde me and vs alle/and destroyed many of ourr good knyghtes/ye saye as it pleaseth you sayd syr launcelot/& yet may it neuer be sayd on me / and openly preued that euer I before cast of treason slewe no goody knyghte as my lordy syre Galdayne ye haue done/ And soo dyd I neuer/ but in my defense that I was dryuen therto in sauynge of my lyf/

¶ A fals knyghte sayd syre Galdayne that thou menest by syre Damorak/wete thou wel I slewe hym/ye slewe hym not youre self sayd sir launcelot/ hit had ben ouer mocke on hande for you to haue slayne hym/ for he was one of the best knyghtes crystned of his age/and it was grete pyte of his dethe /

¶ Capitulum xij

WEl wel sayd sayd sir Gáwayne/to Launcelot sythen thou enbraydest me of sire Damorak/ wete thou well I shalle neuer leue the tyl I haue the at suche auaille that thou shalte not escape my handes / I truste you wel ynough sayd syr launcelot/and ye may gete me/I gete but lytel mercy/

But as the Frenssh book saith/the noble kyng Arthur wolde haue taken his Quene ageyne / and haue ben accorded with syr Launcelot/but syr Galdayne wold not suffer hym by no maner of meane / And thenne syre Gawayne made many men to bolde vpon syr launcelot/ And all at ones they alledy hym fals recreaunt knyght/Thenne When syr Gozs de ganys

syr Ector de marys and syr lyonel herd this ouer crye / they
asked to them syr Palomydes sir Safyrs broder/and syr La-
uayne with many moo of their blood/ and alle they went vn
to sir launcelot and sayd thus /My lord sir launcelot wete ye
wel we haue grete scorne of the grete rebukes / that we herd
galvayn saye to yolv / Wherfor we pray you & charge you as
ye wille haue our seruyse / kepe vs noo lenger within these
walles/for wete yolv wel playnly we wille ryde in to the fe-
ld/and doo batailke with hem/ for ye fare as a man that were
aferd/and for alle your fayr speche it wil not auayle yo vo /
For wete yolv Wel / sire Galvayne wille not suffer you to be
accorded With kynge Arthur/ and therfore fyghte for youre
lyf and your rygh te and ye dar/ Allas sayd syr launcelot for
to ryde ouke of this Castel and to doo batail I am ful lothe /
Thenne syr launcelot spak on hyghe vnto syr Arthur & syre
Galvayne my lordes I requyre you and biseche you sythen that
I am thus requyred and coniured to ryde in to the felde / that
neyder you my lord kynge Arthur nor you syre Galvayne co-
me not in to the felde/ Wht shal we doo thenne sayd syr Ga-
vayne/is this the kynges quarel with the to fyghte/and it is
my quarel to fyghte With the syr laũcelot/by cause of the deth
of my broder syr Garth/ Thenne muste I nedes vnto batail
said syr launcelot/now Wete you Wel my lord Arthur and
syre Gawayne ye wil repente it When someuer I doo batayke
With you/ And soo thenne they departed eyther from other/and
thenne eyther party made hem redy on the morne for to doo ba-
tail/and grete purueaunce Was made on bothe sydes/ and syr
Gawayne lete purueye many knyghtes for to Wayte vpon sir
launcelot for to ouerscte hym/and to slee hym / And on the
morne at vndorne syr Arthur Was redy in the felde With thre
grete hostes/ And thenne syr launcelots felaushyp came oute
at thre gates in a ful goody araye/and syr lyonel came in the
formest batail/and syr launcelot came in the mydel/and syr
Bors came oute at the thyrd gate/Thus they came in ordre &
rule as ful noble knyghtes/and alWayes syr launcelot char
ged alle his knyghtes in ony Wyse to saue Kynge Arthur &
syr Galvayne

¶Thenne came forth sir Gawayne from the kynges hoste and he came before and proferd to juste/and sir Eyonel was a fyers knyght/and lyghtely he encountred with syr Gawayne/& there sir Gawayne smote syr Eyonel thurgh oute the body/that he dasshed to the erthe/lyke as he had ben dede/And thenne syr Ector de marys and other more hare hym in to the Castel/thenne there began a grete stoure & moche peple was slayne/and euer syr launcelot dyd what he myght to saue the peple on kynge Arthurs party/for syr palomydes and syr Bors and syr Safyr ouerthrowe many knyghtes/for they were dedely knyghtes / and syre Blamor de ganys/and syr Bleoberys de ganys with sir Bellangere le beluse/these syxe knyghtes dyd moche harme/ and euer kynge Arthur was nyghe aboute syr launcelot to haue slayn hym/& syr launcelot suffred hym/and wold not stryke ageyne/Soo syr Bors encountred with kynge Arthur/|and there with a spere syr Bors smote hym doun/|& soo he alyght and dreive his swerd/and sayd to syr launcelot/ shalle I make an ende of this werre/& that he ment to haue slayn kynge Arthur
Not soo hardy sayd syr launcelot vpon payn of thy hede / that thou touche hym no more/for I wille neuer see that most noble kynge that made me knyght neyther slayn ne shamed / & there with al syr laũcelot alyght of his hors & toke vp the kynge & horsed hym ageyn/& sayd thus/my lord Arthur for godes loue stynte this stryf/for ye gete here no worshyp/ and I wold do myn vtteraũce/but alweyes I forbere yow / & ye nor none of yours forbereth me/my lord remembre what I haue done in many places/& now I am euylle rewarded
Thenne whan kyng Arthur was on horsback / he loked vpon syr launcelot/& thẽne the teres braste out of his eyen/thynkyng on the grete curtosy that was in syr laũcelot more than in ony other man/& therwith the kynge rode his weye/& myght no lenger beholde hym/& sayd Allas that euer this werre began/& thẽne eyther partyes of the batails withdrewe them to repose them/& buryed the dede/& the woũded may they leid soft

ſaluer/ andꝛ thus they endurꝛd that nyȝt tyll on the morne/ &
on the morne by vndorne they made hem redy to doo batailke /
Andꝛ thenne ſyr Boꝛs ledde the forwardꝛ/ ¶ Soo vpon the
morne there came ſyre Galvayne as brym as ony bore with a
grete ſpere in his handꝛ/ Andꝛ whan ſir Boꝛs ſalve hym / he
thoughte to vengе his brodꝛ ſyre Eyonel of the deſpyte that
ſyr Galvayn dydꝛ hym the other daye/ ¶ Andꝛ ſo they that
kneive eyther other feutrydꝛ their ſperes/ andꝛ with alle theire
myghtes of their horſes andꝛ hem ſelf/ they mette to gyder ſoo
felonſly/ that eyther bare other thorwve/ and ſoo they felle both
to the erthe/ andꝛ thenne the batailes ioynedꝛ / andꝛ there was
mocke ſlaughter on bothe partyes / Thenne ſir launcelot reſoꝛ
wedꝛ ſyr Boꝛs andꝛ ſente hym in to the Caſtel/ But neyder
ſyr Galvayne noꝛ ſyr Boꝛs dyed not of their vvoundes/ Foꝛ
they vvere alle holpen/ Thenne ſyr Lauayne andꝛ ſir Wre pra ;
ydꝛ ſyr Launcelot to doo his payne/ andꝛ fyȝte as they had doꝛ
ne/ foꝛ We ſee/ ye forbere and ſpare/ and that doth mocke harme
therfoꝛ vve praye yolv ſpare not youre enemyes noo moꝛe than
they done yolv/ Allas ſaydꝛ ſire Launcelot I haue no herte to
fyghte ageynſt my lordꝛ Arthur / Foꝛ euer me ſemeth I doo
not as I oughte to doo/ My lordꝛ ſaydꝛ ſir Walwynes though
ye ſpare them alle this day/ they will neuer conne yolv thank
Andꝛ yf they may gete yolv at auayle/ ye are but dede/ ¶ So
thenne ſyr Launcelot vnderſtoodꝛ that they ſaydꝛ hym trouth
& thenne he ſtraynedꝛ hym ſelf moꝛe than he dydꝛ afore handꝛ/
and by cauſe his neuelve ſir Boꝛs was ſore woundedꝛ/ Andꝛ
thenne within a lytel vvhyle by euenſong tyme ſire Launcelot
andꝛ his party ketter ſtode/ foꝛ their horſes vvente in blood paſt
the fytlokes/ there vvas ſoo mocke people ſlayne / And thenne
foꝛ pyte ſyr launcelot withheldе his knyghtes/ and ſuffred kyꝛ
nge Arthurs party foꝛ to withdravve them ouſyde/ And then
ne ſir launcelots party withdrevve hem in to his Caſtel/ andꝛ
eyther partyes buryed the dede/ & putte ſalf vnto the vvounded
men/ Soo vvhan ſyre Galvayne vvas hurte/ they on kyng Arꝛ
thurs party vvere not ſoo orgulous as they vvere to fore handꝛ
to doo batailk/ Of this Were vvas noyſed thoꝛou al cryſtendome
& at the laſt it vvas noyſed afore the pope/ and he conſyderynge
the grete godnes of kynge Arthur/ & of ſir lañcelot that vvas

calledy the mooſt nobleſt knyghtes of the worldy wherfore the pope calledy vnto hym a noble Clerke that att that tyme was there preſente/the Frenſſhe book sayth/hit was the Biſſhop of Rocheſtre/andy the pope gaf hym bulles vnder lede vnto kynge Arthur of Englondy/ chargynge hym vpon payne of enterdy-tynge of al Englondy that he take his quene dame Gueneuer vnto hym ageyne andy accorde with syr Launcelot/

Capitulum viiij

SOo whan this Biſſhop was come to Carleyl/he ſhe-wedy the kynge theſe bulles/Andy whan the kyng Vnderſtoody theſe bulles/he nyst what to doo/ful fayne he woldy haue ben accordedy with sir launcelot/but sir Galvayne woldy not ſuffre hym/but as for to haue the quene/ther to he agreedy But in no wyſe syr Galvayne woldy not ſuffer the kyng to accorde with syr Launcelot/but as for the quene he conſentedy/ Andy thenne the Biſſhop hady of the kynge his gyrte ſeal/& his aſſuraunce as he Was a true ennoyntedy kynge/that syr Launcelot ſholdy come ſauf/andy goo ſauf/andy that the quene ſholdy not be ſpoken vnto/of the kynge/ nor of none other/for no thynge done afore tyme paſt/andy of alle theſe appoyntem-entes/the Biſſhop brought with hym sure aſſuraunce & wry-tynge to ſhelde sir Launcelot/So whan the Biſſhop was co-me to Joyous gardy/there he ſhewed sir launcelot holy the pope hady wryten to Arthur andy vnto hym/andy there he told hym the peryls yf he withheldy the quene from the kyng/ It was ne-uer in my thoughte ſaide laũcelot to withholde the quene from my lordy Arthur/but in ſoo mochy ſhe ſholdy haue ben dede for my sake/me semeth it was my parte to ſaue her lyf andy putte her from that daunger tyl better recouer myghte come!/ & nowy I thanke gody saydy sir Launcelot that the pope hath made her pees/for gody knowyeth saydy syr launcelot I wylle be a thou-ſand foldy more gladder to bryngе her ageyne than euer I was of her takyng away/With this I maye be ſure to come ſauf / andy goo ſauf/and that the quene ſhal haue her lyberte as ſhe had before / andy neuer for no thynge that hath ben ſurmyſedy

afore this tyme/she neuer fro this day stande in no peryll/ for
els sayd sir launcelot I dare auenture me to kepe her from an
harder shoure than euer I kepte her/It shal not nede yow sa
yd the Bisshop to drede soo moche/ For wete yow wel the po-
pe muste be obeyed/and it were not the popes Worshyp nor my
poure honeste to wete yow distressyd neyther the quene/ney-
ther in peryll nor shamed/Andy thenne he shewed sir laun-
celot alle his wrytynge / bothe fro the pope and from kynge
Arthur/this is sure ynough/sayd sir Launcelot/for ful wel
I dare trust my lordes owne wrytynge and his seale / for he
was neuer shamed of his promesse
¶ Therfore sayd sir Launcelot vnto the Bisshop/ye shalle ryde
vnto the kynge afore / and recommaunde me vnto his goode
grace/ and lete hym haue knowlechynge that this same daye
eyghte dayes by the grace of gode/I my self shalle brynge my
lady Quene Gueneuer vnto hym / and therme saye ye vnto
my moste redoubted kyng that I will say largely for the que-
ne/that I shalle none excepte for drede nor fere/but the kyng
hym self and my lorde sire Galvayn / and that is more for the
kynges loue than for hym self/Soo the Bisshop departed and
came to the kynge at Carleyl/and tolde hym alle how sir lau-
celot answerde hym/and thenne the teres braste oute of the ky-
nges eyen / Thenne sire Launcelot purueyed hym an honderd
knyghtes/and alle were clothed in grene Velvet/ and theyr
horses trapped to their heles/and euery knyghte helde a bra-
uncche of olyue in his hande in tokenyng of pees/and the que-
ne had four and twenty gentylwymmen folowyng her in the
same wyse/and sir Launcelot had twelue coursers folowynge
hym/and on euery courser sat a yonge gentylman/ and alle
they were arayed in grene Veluet with sarpys of gold about
their quarters/and the hors trapped in the same wyse doune
to the helys with many ouches y sette with stones and perlys
in gold to the nombre of a thowsand/and she and sir Laun
celot were clothed in white clothe of gold tyssew/ and ryght
soo as ye haue herd as the Frenshe book maketh mencyon /
he rode with the quene from Joyous gard to Carleyl/ and so
syr Launcelot rode thorou oute Carleyl and soo in the castel
that alle men myght beholde/& wete you wel ther was many a

wepynge eyen/and thenne syr Launcelot hym self alyghte and anoyded his hors and toke the quene/ and soo led her where kynge Arthur Was in his seate/and syre Galvayn sat afore hym/and many other grete lordes/ Soo whan syre launcelot salve the kynge/and syr Galvayne / thenne he lady the quene by the arme/and thenne he kneled doune and the quene lothe ¶ Wete yold wel thenne was there many bold knyghte ther with kynge Arthur that wepte as tendyrly / as though they had sene alle their kynne afore them/Soo the kynge sat stylle/ and sayd no word/ And whan syre Launcelot salve his cõtenaunce/he arose and pulled vp the quene with hym/ & thus he spak ful knyghtely ¶ Capitulum viiij

My moost redoubted kynge ye shalle vnderstande by the popes commaundement and yours I haue brought to yow my lady the quene as ryghte requyreth/ And yf there be ony knyghte of what someuer degree that he be excepte your persone that wylle saye or dar say but that she is true & clene to yold/I here my self syr Launcelot du lake wylle make it good vpon his body that she is a true lady vnto yold/but lyars ye haue lystned/& that hath caused debate betwixt yold & me/For tyme hath ben my lord Arthur that ye haue ben gretly plesyd with me whan I dyd batail for my lady youre quene/& ful wel ye knolde my moost noble kynge / that she hath ben put to grete wrongs or this tyme/& sythen it pleasyd yold at many tymes that I sholde fyghte for her/me semeth my good lord I shold more cause to wesolve her from the fyre in soo moche she sholde haue ben brente for my sake/For they that told yow tho tales were lyers/& soo it felle vpon them / for by lykelyhode had not the myght of god ben with me/I myght neuer haue endured fourten knyghtes & they armed & afore purposed & I vnarmed & not purposed/for I was sente for vnto my lady your quene I wote not for what cause/ but I was not so soone within the chamber doze but anon syre Agrauayn & syr mordred called me traytour & wecreaunt knyghte/They called the ryght sayd syr Galvayn

¶ My lord syre Galvayn said syre Launcelot in their quarel they preued hem self not in the ryght/ wel wel syr launcelot

sayd the kyng/I haue gyuen the no cause to do to me as thou hast done / For I haue worshypped the and thyn more than ony of alle my knyghtes / My good lord sayd sire launcelot soo ye be not displeasyd/ ye shalle vnderstande/I and myn haue done yow ofte better seruyse than ony other knyghtes haue done in many dyuerse places/and where ye haue ben ful hard bestadde dyuerse tymes/ I haue my self rescowed yow from many daungers/and euer vnto my power I was glad to plese yow and my lord syr Galvayne bothe in Justes and turnementes and in batails sette bothe on horsback and on foote/ I haue often rescowed yow and my lord syr Galvayne and many moo of your knyztes in many dyuerse places/for now I wil make auaunt sayd sir launcelot I wyl that ye al wete that yet I fonde neuer no maner of knyghte / but that I was ouer hard for hym and I had done my vttermaunce/thãkked be god/how be it I haue ben matched with good knyghtes as sir Tristram and syr lamorak/but euer I had a fauour vnto them and a demyng what they were/and I take god to record sayd syr launcelot I neuer was wrothe nor gretly heuy with no good Knyghte and I salve hym besy aboute to wynne worshyp/and glady I was euer when I fonde ony knyghte that myghte endure me on horsback and on foote/how be it sir Carados of the dolorous garde was a ful noble knyzte & a passynge stronge man/ & that wote ye my lorde syr Galvayne/ for he myghte well be called a noble knyghte Whan he by fyne force pulled you out of youre sadel/and bonde you ouerthwarte afore hym to his sadel bowe / and there my lorde syre Galvayne I rescowed yow and slelve hym afore your syzte Also I fonde his broder syr Turquyn in lyke wyse ledyng sir Gaherys youre broder boũden afore hym/and there I rescowed your broder and slelve that Turquyn/ & delyuerd thre score and foure of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of his pryson And now I dare say sayd sir launcelot I mette neuer with so stronge knyghtes nor so well fyghtyng as was sir Carados & syr Turquyn/for I fought with them to the vttermest/ & therfor saide sir launcelot vnto syr Galvayne me semeth ye ought of ryghte to remembre this/for/& I myzt haue your good wil I wolde truste to god to haue my lorde Arthurs goode grace

THe kynge maye doo as he wylle sayd sire Galvayne But wete thou wel syre Launcelot thou and I shalle neuer ben accorded Whyle we lyue / for thou hast slayne thre of my brethren/and two of them ye slewe traytourly and pytously/for they bare none harneis ageynst the nor none wolde bere/gode wolde they had ben armed sayd sire Launcelot/for thenne had they ben on lyue

¶ And wete ye wel syre Galvayne as for sire Gareth I loue none of my kynnesmen so moche as I dyde hym/and euer whyle I lyue sayd sir launcelot I wille helvaile sir Gareths deth not al only for the grete fere I haue of yow/ but many causes causeth me to be sorouful/one is/for I made hym knyghte/another is/I wote wel he loued me aboue alle other knyghtes And the thyrd is/he Was passynge noble/true artoys & gentyl/and wel condycyoned/the fourth is/I wyst wel anone as I herd that sir Gareth was dede/ I shold neuer after haue your loue but euerlastynge werre betwixe vs/and also I wist well that ye wolde cause my noble lorde Arthur for euer to be my mortal foo/And as Jhesu be my help sayd syr Launcelot I sle we neuer sir Gareth nor sir Gaherys by my wylle / but allas that euer they were vnarmed that vnhappy daye / But thus moche I shalle offre me said sir launcelot yf hit may please the kynges goode grace and yow my lord sire Galvayne I shalle fyrst begynne at Sandwyche/and ther I shal goo in my shirte bare foot/And at euery ten myles ende I wylle founde & garmalle an holde of relygyon of what ordre that ye wyl assygne me with an hole Couent to synge and rede day & nyghte in especyal for syr Garethes sake and sir gaherys/ And this shal I performe from Sand Wyche vnto Carleil / And euery hous shal haue suffycyent lyuelode/and this shal I performe whyle I haue ony lyuelode in Crystendom/and there nys none of al these relygyous places, but they shal be performed/furnysshed and garnysshed in alle thynges as an holy place ought to be/I promyse yow feythfully/

¶ And this sir Galvayne me thynketh were more fayrer holyer & more bettre to their soules than ye my most noble kyng &

yolv ſire Galvayne to lvarre vpon me/for there by ſhall ye ge=
te none avayle/Thenne alle knyghtes and ladyes that were
there lvepte/as they lvere madde/and the teres felle on kynge
Arthurs chekes / Sire Launcelot ſayd ſir Galvayne I have
ryghte lvel herd thy ſpeche / and thy grete profers/ but lvete
tholv lvel/lete the kynge do as hit pleaſyd hym/I will ne=
ver forgyve my broders dethe/and in eſpecyal the dth of my
broder ſyre Gareth/And yf myn Vnkel kynge Arthur lvylle
accorde with the/he ſhalle leſe my ſeruyſe/for lvete tholv lvel/
tholv arte bothe fals to the kynge and to me/Sir ſaid laun=
celot he reweth not the lyf/that may make that good/ And yf
ye ſir Galvayne lvylle charge me with ſoo hyghe a thynge/ye
muſte pardonne me/for thenne nedes muſte I anſuere yolv/
¶ Nay ſayd ſir Galvayne lve are paſt that at this tyme/ and
that cauſed the pope/for he hath charged myn Vnkel the kyng
that he ſhalle take his Quene ageyne/and to accorde lvith the
ſyr Launcelot as for this ſeaſon/ and therfor tholv ſhalte goo
ſauf as tholv cameſt/But in this land thou ſhalte not abyde
paſt yͤ dayes ſuche ſomons I gyve the/ſoo the kyng and lve
lvere conſented and accorded or tholv cameſt / and els ſayd
ſyre Gavayne lvete tholv lvel thou ſholdeſt not have comen
here/but yf hit were maulgre thy hede/And yf it were not for
the popes commaundement ſayd ſyre Galvayne I ſholde do ba
taille with myn olvne body ageynſt thy body/and preve it vp
on the/that tholv haſt ben bothe fals vnto myn Vnkel kyng ar
thur and to me bothe/and that ſhalle I preve vpon thy body
lvhyn tholv arte departed from hens lvhere ſomeuer I fynde
the

¶ Capitulum xviij

Thenne ſyr launcelot ſyghed/and there with the teres
felle on his chekes/and thenne he ſayd thus / Allas
mooſt noble Eryſten Realme Whome I have loued aboue al
other realmes / and in the I have geten a grete parte of my
Worſhyp/and nolv I ſhalle departe in this lvyſe / Truly me
repenteth that euer I came in this realme that ſholde be thus
ſhamefully banniſſhed vnderſerued and cauſeles / but fortune

is soo Baryaunt/ and the whele soo meuable / there nys none constaunte abydynge / and that may be preued by many olde Cronykles of noble Ector and Troylus and Alysander the myghty Conquerour/and many moo other / whan they were moost in their Royalte/they alyghte lowest/ and soo fareth it by me sayd sir Launcelot/for in this realme I had worshyp and by me and myn alle the hole round table hath ben encreced more in worship by me and myn blood than by ony other And therfor wete thou wel sire Galbayne I may lyue bpon my landes as wel as ony knyghte that here is/ And yf ye moost redoubted kynge wylle come bpon my landes with syr Galbayne to werre bpon me/I must endure yow as wel as I maye / But as to yow sir Galbayne yf that ye come there I pray yow charge me not with treason nor felony/for and ye doo/I must answer yow/doo thou thy best sayd sir Galbayne / therfore hyde the fast that thou were gone/and wete thou wel we shalle soone come after and breke the strengest Castel that thou hast bpon thy hede/That shalle not nede sayd sir Launcelot/for and I were as orgulous sette as ye are/wete you wel I shold mete yow in mydes of the felde/Make thow no more langage sayd syre Galbayne / but delyuer the quene from the/and pyke the lyghtely oute of this Courte/wel sayd syr Launcelot/and I had wyst of this shorte comynge / I wolde haue aduysed me tlwyes or that I had comen hyder/ for and the Quene had be soo dere to me as ye noyse her/I durst haue kepte her from the felaushyp of the best knyghtes bnder heuen And thenne syr Launcelot sayd bnto Gueneuer in herynge of the kynge and hem alle/Madame now I muste departe from you and this noble felauship for euer/e sythen it is soo/I beseche yow to praye for me/and saye me wel/ and yf ye be hard bestad by ony fals wonges/lyghtly my lady sende me worde/and yf ony knyghtes handes may delyuer yow by batail/I shalle delyuer yow/and there with alle sir launcelot kyst the Quene/ and thenne he sayd al openly now lete see what he be in this place that dar saye the Quene is not true bnto my lord Arthur lete see who will speke and he dar speke/And ther with he brought the Quene to the kyng/ and thenne sir Launcelot toke his leue and departed/and ther was neyther kyng duke/ ne

erle/lawn ne knyghte/lady nor gentylWoman/ but alle they wepte as peple oute of their mynde/ exepte sir Gawayn/and wan the noble sir Launcelot took his hors to ryde oute of Carleyl/there was sobbynge and weppynge for pure dole of his departynge/and soo he took his Way vnto Joyous gard/ And thenne euer after he called it the dolorous gard/ And thus departed sir Launcelot from the court for euer/ And soo whan he came to Joyous gard he called his felaushyp vnto hym / & asked them What they wold do/thēne they answerd all holy togyders with one voys they Wold as he wold doo/my fayre felawes sayd syr Launcelot I must departe oute of this moost noble realme/and nowe I shalle departe/ hit greueth me sore / for I shalle departe with no worshyp / for a flemyd man departed neuer oute of a realme with noo Worshyp/and that is my heuynes / for euer I fere after my dayes that men shalle cronykle vpon me that I Was flemed oute of this land/and els my fayre lordes be ye sure and I hyd not dred shame my lady Quene Gwenenuer and I sholde neuer haue departed / Thenne spak many noble knyghtes as sir Palomydes/sir Safyr his broder/and sir Bellangere le beVise/ and sir Orre with sir Lauayne with many other/Sir and ye be so disposed to abyde in this land/ we wyll neuer fayle yow / & yf ye lyst not to abyde in this land/ ther nys none of the good knyztes that here ben will fayle yow/for many causes/One is/ All we that ben not of your blood shalle neuer be Welcome to the Court/ And sythen hit lyked vs to take a parte with yow in youre distresse & heuyneſſe in this realme/Wete yow wel it shalle lyke vs as wel to goo in other countreyes With yow/and there to take suche parte as ye doo/My fayre lordes sayd sir launcelot I wel vnderstande yow and as I can/thanke yow/ and ye shalle vnderstande suche lyuelode as I am borne vnto I shal departe with yow in this maner of wyse/ that is for to say / I shalle departe alle my lyuelode and alle my landes fayly amonge yow/and I my self wylle haue as lytel as ony of you for haue I sufficyaunt that may longe to my person/I wylle aske none other ryche araye/ and I truste to god to mayntene yow on my landes as wel as euer Were mayntened ony knyztes/Thenne spak all the knyghtes at ones/ we haue shame that

wylle leue yow/ For we alle vnderstande in this realme wylle be now no quyete but euer stryf and debate/ now the felaushyp of the wundy table is broken/ for by the noble felaushyp of the wundy table was kynge Arthur vp borne/ and by their no; bles the kynge and alle his realme was in quyete and reste/ and a grete parte they sayd all was by cause of your nobleſſe

Capitulum xviii

Truly sayd sir Launcelot I thanke yow alle of youre goody sayenge/ how be it/ I wote wel/ in me was not alle the stabylyte of this realme/ but in that I myght I dyd my deuoyr/ and wel I am sure I knelve many rebel; lyons in my dayes that by me were peasedy/ and I trolve we alle shalle here of hem in shorte space/ and that me sore repen; teth/ For euer I drede me sayd syr launcelot that syr Mordred wille make trouble/ for he is passyng enuyous & applyeth hym to trouble/ So they were acordedy to go with sir Launcelot to his landes/ and to make shorte tale/ they trussedy and paydy alle that woldy aske hem/ and holy an hondredy knyghtes de; partedy with sir launcelot at ones/ and made their auowes/ they woldy neuer leue hym for wele nor for wo'/ & so they shyppedy at Cardyf/ & sayledy vnto Benwyk/ somme men calle it bayen and somme men calle it Beaume where the wyn of beaume is But to saye the sothe/ syre Launcelot and his neuelves were lordis of alle Fraunce and of alle the landes that longedy vnto Fraunce/ he and his kynredy reioyedy it alle thurgh syr Laū; celots noble prowes/ And thenne sir Launcelot stuffed & fur; nyssshedy and garnyssshedy alle his noble townes and castels/ Thenne alle the peple of tho landes came to syr Launcelot on foote and handes/ and soo whan he hady stabledy alle these co; untreyes/ he shortly calledy a parlement/ and there he crounedy syr Lyonel kynge of Fraunce/ and sire Bors crounedy hym kynge of al kynge Clandas landes and sir Ector de marys/ that was sir launcelot yongest broder/ he crounedy hym kynge of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan that was sir launcelot owne landy/ and he made sir Ector prynce of them alle/ & thus

he departed/Thenne sir Launcelot auaunced alle his noble kn;
yghtes/and fyrste he auaunced them of his blood/ that was
syr Blamor/he made hym duke of Lymosyn in gyan/ and sir
Bleoberys he made hym duke of poyters/and sir Galahantyn
he made hym duke of Querne/& sir Galyhodyn he maade hym
duke of Sentonge / and sir Galyhud he made hym erle of pe;
rygot/and sir Menadeuke he made hym Erle of Roerge/ and
sire Wyllyars the Valyaunt he made hym erle of Bearne/and
syr Hebes le renoumes he made hym Erle of Comange / and
syr Lauayne he made hym Erle of Armynak / and sire Ore
he made hym erle of Estrake/ and syr Neroneus he made hym
Erle of pardyak/ and sire Plenorius he maade Erle of foyse
and sir Selyses of the dolorous toure he made hym erle of ma
sauke/ and sir Melyas de lyle he made hym Erle of Tursank
and sir Bellangere le beluse he made erle of the launces/and
sire Palomydes he made hym duke of the prouynce / and syre
Safyr he made hym duke of Landok/and syr Clegys he gaf
hym the erldome of Agente/ and syr Sadok he gaf the Erldom
of Surlat/ and sir Dynas le Seneschal he made hym duke of
Anioye/ and sir Clarrus he made hym duke of Normandye/
Thus syr launcelot rewarded his noble knyghtes/& many mo
that me semeth it were to longe to reherce

Capitulum xix

SO leue we syr Launcelot in his landes/ and his no;
ble knyghtes with hym/and retorne we ageyne vnto
kynge Arthur and to syr Galvayne that made a gre;
te hoost redy to the nombre of thre score thousandy/and al thy;
nge was made redy for their shyppyng to passe ouer the see / &
soo they shyppedy at Cardyf/ and there kynge Arthur made sir
Mordredy chyef ruler of alle Englondy/ and also he put quene
Gueneuer vnder his gouernaunce by cause syr Mordredy was
kynge Arthurs sone he gaf hym the rule of his landy and of
his wyf/ and soo the kynge passedy the see and landedy vpon
syr launcelots landes /and there he brente and wastedy thurgh
the vengeaunce of syr galvayne al that they myghte ouer

renne/whan this worde came to syr Launcelot that kyng Arthur and sir Galvayne were landed vpon his landes/& made a full grete destruccyon and waste/thenne spake syr Bors & sayd/my lorde sir laũcelot it is shame that we suffre hem thus to ryde ouer our landes/for wete yow wel/suffre ye hem as longe as ye will/they wille doo yow no faueour/and they may handle yow/Thenne said sir Eyonel that was ware and wyse My lord syr Launcelot I wyll gyue this counceylle/ lete vs kepe oure stronge walled Tounes vntyl they haue hongre & colde/and blowe on their nayles/and thenne lete vs freshly sette vpon hym/and shrede hem doune as shepe in a folde / that Alyaunts may take ensample for euer how they lande vpon oure landes / Thenne spak kynge Bagdemagus to syre Launcelot/syre your curtosy wyll shende vs alle/and thy curtosy hath waked alle this sorowe/for and they thus ouer our landes ryde/they shalle by processe brynge vs alle to nought whyles we thus in holes vs hyde/Thenne sayd syre Galyhud vnto sir Launcelot / syre here ben knyghtes come of kynges blood that wyl not longe droupe / & they are within these walles/therfor gyue vs leue lyke as we ben knyghtes to mete them in the feld and we shalle slee them/that they shal curse the tyme that euer they came in to this countrey/ Thenne spak seuen bretheren of northwalys/ and they were seuen noble knyghtes/a man myghte seke in seuen kynges landes or he myghte fynde suche seuen knyghtes/Thenne they alle said at ones/syr launcelot for crystes sake lete vs oute ryde with sir Galyhud/for we be neuer wonte to courr in castels nor in noble Tolwnes/Thenne spak sir Launcelot that was mayster & gouernour of them alle/my fayre lordes wete yow Wel I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes for shedynge of crysten blood and yet my lendes I vnderstande ben full bare/ for to susteyne ony hoost a whyle/for the myghty warres that why home made kyng Clandas vpon this countrey vpon my fader kyng Ban & on myn vnkell kyng Bors/how be it we will as at this tyme kepe oure strongy walles / & I shalle sende a messager vnto my lorde Arthur a treatyce for to take for better is pees than alwayes warre/ So sir laũcelot sente forth a damoysell & a dwerfe with her/ requyrynge kynge Arthur to

leue his warynge vpon his landes / and so she sterte vpon a palfroy/ and the dwerf ranne by her syde/ And whan she cam to the paueliõe of kynge Arthur/there she alyghte/and ther mette her a gentyl knyghte syr Ewan the butteler/ & said/fair damoysel come ye from syr Launcelot du lake/ye syr she sayd/therfor I come hyder to speke with my lord the kynge / Allas said sir Ewan my lord Arthur wold loue launcelot / but sir Galvayne wyl not suffer hym/ And thenne he sayd I praye to god damoysel ye may spede wel/for alle we that ben aboute the kynge wold sir launcelot dyd best of ony knyghte lyuynge/ And so with this Ewan lede the damoysel vnto the kynge where he sat with sir Galvayne/for to here what she wold saye/ Soo whan she had told her tale/ the water ranne out of the kynges eyen/and alle the lordes were ful glad for to aduyse the kynge as to be accorded with syr launcelot/sauf al only syre Galvayne/and he sayd my lord myn vnkel / What wyl ye doo/wil ye nold torne ageyne nold ye are past thus fer vpon this Journey/alle the world wylle speke of yold vylony/Nay sayd Arthur wete thou wel sir Galvayne I wylle doo as ye wil aduyse me/and yet me semeth sayd Arthur his fayre profers were not good to be refused/ but sythen I am comen soo fer vpon this Journey/I wil that ye gyue the damoysel her answer/for I maye not speke to her for pyte/for her profers ben so large

Capitulum xx

Thenne sir Galvayne sayd to the damoysel thus/ Damoysel sayr ye to sir launcelot that it is vaste labour nold to selve to myn vnkel/for telle hym/and he wold haue made ony labour for pres/he sholde haue made it or this tyme/for telle hym nold it is to late/& saye that I sir Galvayn soo sende hym word/that I promyse hym by the feythe I olve vnto god and to knyghthode/I shal neuer leue hym / tyl he haue slayne me/ or I hym / Soo the damoysel wepte & departed/and there were many wepyng eyen/and soo sir luan brought the damoysel to her palfroy / and soo she came to syr launcelot where he was among alle his knyghtes/ & when

syr launcelot hadȝ herdȝ this answer/ thenne the teres ranne do ȝ
une by his chekes / Andȝ thenne his noble knyghtes stȝode a ȝ
boute hym/ andȝ saydȝ sir launcelot; wherfor make ye suche chere
thynke what ye are; andȝ what men we are/ and lete vs noble
knyghtes matche hem in mydes of the felde/ that maye be ly ȝ
ghtely done saydȝ sir launcelot/ but I was neuer soo lothe to
doo batail/ andȝ therfore I praye you fayre sirs as ye loue me
be ruledȝ as I wylle haue yow/ for I wylle allweyes flee ȳ
noble kynge/ that made me knyghte/ Andȝ whan I may noo
ferther/ I muste nedes defende me/ andȝ that wyll be more wor
shyp for me andȝ vs alle/ than to compare with that noble ky ȝ
nge whome we haue alle seruedȝ/ Thenne they helde theire lan
gage/ andȝ as that nyghte they woke their rest/ And vpon the
morne erly in the daunynge of the daye / as knyghtes lokedȝ
oute/ they sawe the Cyte of Wenwyk bysegedȝ roundȝ aboute/
andȝ fast they beganne to sette vp laddres/ andȝ thenne they de
fyedȝ hem oute of the Towne / andȝ bete hem from the walles
wyghtely/ Thenne came forth sire Galvayne wel armedȝ vpon
a styf stede/ andȝ he came before the chyef gate with his spere/
in his handȝ crȳenge/ syr launcelot where arte thow / is there
none of you proude knyghtes dare breke a spere with me'/
Thenne sir Bors made hym redy/ andȝ came forth oute of the
Towne/ andȝ there sir Galvayne encountredȝ with syre Bors
Andȝ at that tyme he smote sire Bors doune from his hors /
andȝ al moost he hadȝ slayne hym/ andȝ soo sire Bors was re
scowedȝ andȝ borne in to the Towne/ Thenne came forth sir Ly
onel broder to syr Bors; andȝ thoughte to reuenge hym / andȝ
eyther feutrydȝ their spetes/ andȝ ranne to gyder/ and there they
mette spytefully/ but sir Galvayn hadȝ suche grace that he smo
te sir Lyonel doune/ andȝ wounded hym there passynge sore/ &
thenne syr Lyonel was rescowedȝ/ andȝ borne in to the towne/
Andȝ this sir Galvayne came euery day/ andȝ he fayledȝ not/
but that he smote doune one knyghte or other/ Soo thus they
enduredȝ half a yere/ andȝ moche slaughter was of peple on both
partyes/ Thenne hit befelle vpon a day/ syr Galvayne came a ȝ
fore the gates armedȝ at alle pyeces on a noble hors with a
grete spere in his handȝ/ andȝ thenne he crydȝ with a bolde vo ȝ
ys/ where arte thow now thou fals traytour syre launcelot /

Why hydest thou thy self within holes and walles lyke a co
ward/loke out now thou fals traytour knyght/and here I
shal wenge vpon thy body the deth of my thre bretheren/
Alle this langage herd sir launcelot euery dele and his kyn
and his knyghtes dreue about hym/ and alle they sayd at
ones to sir Launcelot/ ¶ Sir Launcelot now must ye defen
de you lyke a knyght/or els ye be shamed for euer/for now
ye be called vpon treason/it is tyme for you to stere/for ye ha
ue slepte ouer longe and suffred ouer mocke/ Soo god me he
lpe sayd sire Launcelot I am ryght heuy of sire Galvayns
wordes/for now he charged me with a grete charge/ And ther
for I wote it as wel as ye that I muste defende me/or els to
be recreaunt/Thenne syr launcelot radde sadel his strongest ho
rs/and rad lete fetche his armes / and bryngе alle vnto the
gate of the Toure/ and thenne sir Launcelot spak on hygh vn
to kynge Arthur/and sayd my lord Arthur and noble ky
nge that made me knyght/wete you wel/ I am ryght heuy
for your sake/that ye thus selve vpon me/and allweyes I for
bere you / for and I wold haue ben vengeable/ I myght
haue mette you in mydes of the felde/and there to haue ma
de your boldest knyghtes ful tame/and now I haue forborne
half a yere/and suffred you and sire Galvayne to doo what
ye wold doo/and now I may endure it no lenger/ for now
muste I nedes defende my self/in soo moche syr Galvayne hath
apeled me of treason/the Whiche is grete ly ageynste my will
that euer I shold fyght ayenst ony of your blood/but now
I maye not forsake hit/ I am dryuen there to as a beste tyll
a baye/Thenne sir Galvayne sayd sir Launcelot/and thou dar
rst doo batail/leue thy babblynge/and come of / and lete vs
ease our hertes/Thenne syr Launcelot armed hym lyghtely/ &
mounted vpon his hors/and eyther of the knyghtes gat gre
te speres in their handes/and the hoste without stood stylle
all a parte/and the noble knyghtes came out of the Cyte by
a grete nombre/in so moche that whan Arthur salve the nom
bre of men and knyghtes / he merueylled and sayd to hym
self/ Allas that euer sir launcelot was ageynst me/for now I
see he hath forborne me/and so the couenaunt was made/there
shold no man nyghe hem / nor dele with hem/tyl the one were

¶ Capitulum xxvi

¶ Than syr Gaulvayn and syr Launcelot departed a grete
lvaye in sonder/ & than they cam to gyder with al their
hors myght as they myght renne & eyther smote other
in mydes of their sheldes/but the knyghtes were soo stronge
& theyr spetys so bygge that their horses myzt not endure her
buffettes/ & so their horses fyl to therthe / & than they auoyded
their horses & dressyd her sheldes afore them / Than they stode
to gyders & gaf many sad strokes on dyuers places of theyr
bodyes that the blood braste oute on many sydes and places /
Thenne had Syr Gaulvayn suche a grace and gyfte that an
holy man had gyuen to hym That euery day in the yere from
vndrene tyl hye none hys myght encreased tho thre houres as
mocke as thryse hys strengthe/and that caused syr Gaulvayn
to lvynne grete honour ¶ And for hys sake kyng Arthur
maad an ordenaunce that al maner of batayles for ony quar
relles that sholde be done afore kyng Arthur sholde begynne
at vndern / & al was done for Syr Galvayns loue / that by
lykelyhode yf Syr Gaulvayn were on the one parte he sholde
haue the better in batayl vvhyle his strengthe endured thre hou
res / but there were but selve knyghtes that tyme lyuyng that
knelve this aduauntage that syr Gaulvayn had / but kyng
Arthur alonelye/Thus syr Launcelot faught With syr Gaul-
vayn / & vvhan syr Launcelot felte hys myght euer more en-
creace syr Launcelot vvondred & dredde hym sore to be shamed
For as the frensshe book sayth Syr Launcelot vvende vvhan he
felte syr Gaulvayn double his strengthe that he had ben a fende
and none erthely man/vvherfore Syr Launcelotte traced and
trauersyd and couerd hym self vvyth his shelde and kepte
his myght and his brayde durynge thre houres / And that
vvhyle Syr Gaulvayn gaf hym many sadde baunces ¶ And
many sadde strokes that al the knyghtes that behelde syr Laun
celot meruayled how that he myzt endure hym/but ful lytell
vnderstood they that trauaylle that Syr Launcelot had for
to endure hym ¶ And thenne vvhan hit vvas paste none Syr
Gaulvayn had noo more but hys olvne myght / Thenne syr

Launcelot felle hym so come doun/ than he stratched hym vp & stode nere syr Gaulvayn /& sayd thus my lord syr Gaulvayn nolv I sele ye haue done/nolv my lord syr Gaulvayn I must do my parte for many grete & greuous strokes I haue endured you this day vvith grete payne/Than sir Launcelot doubled his strokes & gaf sir Gaulvayn suche a buffet on the helmet that he fyl doun on his syde /& syr Launcelot vvythdrelve hym fro hym/vvhy vvithdravvest thou the sayd syr Galvayn nolv vvorne ageyn fals traytour knyght & flee me/for and thou leue me thus vvhan I am hole I shal do batayl vvyth the ageyn/I shal endure you syr by godes grace/but vvyt thou vvel syr Gau; vvayn I vvyl neuer smyte a felkyd knyght/& so syr Launcelot vvente in to the cyte/& syr Gaulvayn vvas vvorne in to kyng ar thurs pauyllyon/& leches vvere brought to hym & serched and salued vvith softe oynementes/& than syr Launcelot sayd nolv haue goody day my lord the kyng for vvyt yon vvel ye vvynne no vvorshyp at this vvalkys / & yf I vvold my knyghtes oute bryngc ther shold many a man deye/Therfore my lord Arthur remembre you of olde kyndenes / & holv euer I fare Jhesu be your gyde in al places

¶ Capitulum xxij

Alas said the kynge that euer this vnhappy vvarre vvas begonne/for euer yr Launcelot forbereth me in al pla ces/& in lyke vvyse my kynne/ & that is sene vvel thys day by my neuelv syr Gaulvayn/Than kyng Arthur fyl seek for sorvolve of syr Gaulvayn that he vvas so sore hurt/and by cause of the vvarre betvvyxt hym and syr Launcelot / So than they on kyng arthurs partye kepte the syege vvyth lytel warre vvithoutforth/& they vvithinforth kepte theyr valles/& deffen; ded them vvhan nede vvas/Thus syr Gaulvayn laye seek thre vvekes in his tentes vvyth al maner of leche crafte that myzt be had.& assone as syr Galvayn myzt goo & ryde /he armyd hym at al poyntes & sterte vpon a courser and gate a spere in his hande / and so he came rydyng afore the chyef gate of the vvyk/and there he cryed on heyght vvhere art thou sir Launce; lot come forth thou fals traytour knyzt & vvcrvante for I am here sir Gaulvayn vvyl preue this that I say on the/Alle thys langage sir Launcelot herde/& than he sayd thus/sir Galvayn me repentys of your foule sayeng; that ye vvyll not cease of

your langage for you wote wel Syr Gawayn I knowe your myght and ake that ye may doo / ¶ And wel ye wote syr Gawayn ye may not gretely hurte me / Come doune traytour knyght sayd he & make it good the contrarye with thy handes / For it myshappeth me the laste batayle to be hurte of thy handes ¶ Therfore wyte thou wel I am come thys day to make amendys / For I wene thys day to laye the as lowe as thou laydeste me / Jhesu defende me sayd syr Launcelot that euer I be so ferre in your daunger as ye haue ben in myn / for than my dayes were doon / But syr Gawayn sayd syr Launcelot ye shal not thynke that I tary longe / but sythen that ye so vnknyghtely calle me of treson ye shalle haue lothe your handes ful of me / And than syr Launcelot armed hym at al poyntes and mounted vpon his hors / and gate a grete spere in hys hande and rode oute at the gate / And lothe the hoostes were assembled / of hem without and of them within / & stode in a raye ful mankye / And lothe partyes were charged to holde them stylle / to see and beholde the bataylle of these ij noble knyghtes / And thenne they layed their speerys in their rystys and they came to gyder as thonder / and syr Gawayn brake his spere vpon syr Launcelot in an hondred pyeces vnto his hande / & syr Launcelot smote hym with a grettr myght that syr Gawaynes hors fete reysed / and so the hors and he fyl to the erthe / ¶ Thenne syr Gawayn delyuerly auoyded his hors and put his shelde afore hym / and eygerly drewe his swerde and bad Syr Launcelot alyghte traytour knyght / for yf thys marys sone hath faylled me / wyt thou wel a kynges sone and a quenes sone shal not faylle the / ¶ Than syr Launcelot auoyded his hors & dressyd his shelde afore hym and drewe hys swerde and soo stode they to gyders and gaf many sad strokes that all men on lothe partyes had therof passyng grete Wonder / ¶ But whan syr Launcelot felte Syr Gawaynes myght soo meruayllously encrees / He than with helde his courage and his wynde / & kepte hym self wonder couert of his myght / and vnder his shelde he trasyd and trauersyd here & there to breke syr Gawaynes strokes & his courage / and syr Gawayn enforced hym self with al his myght and power to destroye syr Launcelot for as the frenshe

book sayth / Euer as Syr Gawayns myght encreasyd Ryght soo encreasyd his wynde and hys euyl wylle / Thus syr Gawayne dyd grete payne vnto Syr Launcelot thre houres that he had ryght grete payne for to deffende hym / And whan the thre houres were passyd that syr Launcelot felte that syr Gawayn was comen to hys owne propre strengthe / Thenne Syr Launcelot sayd vnto syr Gawayn now haue I prouyd you wyse . That ye are a ful daungerous knyght and a wonderful man of your myght / and many wonderful dedes haue ye doon in your dayes / For by your myght entrefyng you haue dyffepued many a ful noble and valyaunte knyght / And nowe I fele that ye haue doon your myghty dedes / Nowe wyte you wel I must do my dedys / ¶ And thenne Syr Launcelot stode nerre syr Gawayn / and thenne syr Launcelot doubled hys strokes / And syr Gawayn deffended hym myghtyly But neuertheleſſe syr Launcelot smote ſuche a ſtroke vpon ſir Gawayns helme / and vpon the olde wounde that syr Gawayn ſynked doun vpon hys one ſyde in a ſwounde / And anone as he dyd awake he wawyd and foyned at syr Launcelot as he laye / and sayd traytour knyght wyt thou wel I am not yet ſlayn / Come thou nere me and perfourme thys bataylle vnto the vttermyſt / ¶ I wyl nomore doo than I haue doon sayd syr Launcelot / For whan I ſee you on foote I wyll doo bataylle vpon you alle the whyle I ſee you ſtande on your feet / But for to ſmyte a wounded man that may not ſtonde god deffende me from ſuche a ſhame / and thenne he tourned hym and wente his waye towardy the eyre / And syr Gawayn euermore callyng hym traytour knyght / and sayd wyt thou wel syr launcelot whan I am hoole I ſhal doo bataylle wyth the agayn ¶ For I ſhal neuer leue the tyl that one of vs be ſlayn / Thus as thys ſyege endured & as syr Gawayn laye ſeek nere a monthe / and whan he was wel recouerd and redy wythin thre dayes he do bataylle agayn wyth syr Launcelot Ryght so came tydynges vnto Arthur from Englond that made kyng Arthur and al his hoſt to remeue /

¶ Here folowyth the xvi book Capitulum primo

AS syr Mordred was ruler of alle englond he dyd do make letters as though that they came from beyonde the see/and the letters spœfyed that kynge Arthur was slayn in bataylle wyth syr Launcelot / ¶ Wherfore Syr Mordred made a parlemente /and calledy the lordes togyder/& there he made them to chese hym kyng & soo was he crowned at cauntcrburye and held a feest there viij dayes /& afterward he drcwe hym vnto wynchester /and there he took the Quene Gueneuer and sayd playnly that he wolde Wedde hyr/ whyche was his vnkyls wyf and his faders wyf /And soo he made redy for the feest /And a day prefyxt that they sholde be wedded /wherfore quene Gweneur was passyng heuy / But she durst not dyscouer hyr herte but spake fayre /& agreed to syr Mordredes wylle/ ¶ Thenne she desyred of syr Mordred for to goo to London to bye alle manere of thynges that longed vnto the weddyng / And by cause of hyr fayre speche Syr Mordred trusted hyr wel ynough / and gaf hyr leue to goo /And soo whan she came to London she took the toure of London /and sodeynlye in alle haste possyble she stuffed hyt wyth alle manere of Vytaylle /& wel garnyssshed it With men and soo kepte hyt / ¶ Than whan Syr Mordred wyste and Understode how he was begyled he was passyng wrothe oute of mesure / And a shorte tale for to make he went and layed a myghty syege aboute the toure of London / and made many grete assaultes therat / And threwe many grete engynes vnto theym /and shotte grete gonnes / But alle myght not preuaylle Syr mordred / For quene Gueneuer wolde neuer for fayre speche nor for foule Wold neuer truste to come in hys handes ageyn / ¶ Thenne came the byssshop of cauntcrburye the whyche was a noble clerke and an holy man/ and thus he sayd to Syr mordred /Syr what wyl ye doo/ wyl ye fyrst displese god and sythen shame your self/& al knyghthode/Is not kyng Arthur your Vncle no ferther but your moders broder / & on hir hym self kyng Arthur begate you Vpon his own syster/therfor how may you wedde your faders wyf Syr sayd the noble clerke leue this opynyon or I shall curse you wyth book & belle and candell/ Do thou thy werst said syr Mordred wyt thou wel I shal defye the/sir sayd the byssshop &

wyll you wel I shal not fere me to do that me ought to do/also where ye noyse where my lord Arthur is slayne/& that is not so/& therfore ye wyll make a foule werke in this londe /Pees thou fals preest sayd syr Mordred for & thou chauffe me ony more/ I shal make stryke of thy hedy/ So the bysshop departed and dyd the cursyng in the moost orguliste wyse that myght be doon/ Andy than Syr mordredy sought the bysshop of caunterbury for to haue slayne hym /Than the bysshop fledde and toke parte of his goodes with hym & went nygh vnto glastynbury /& there he was as preest Eremyte in a chapel/& lyued in pouerte & in holy prayers/ For wel he vnderstode that myschyeuous warre was at honde/ Than Syr Mordred sought on quene Gueneuer by letters & sondes & by fayr meanys & foul meanys for to haue hir to come oute of the toure of london/ but al this auayled not/ for she answerd hym shortelye/ openlye andy pryuelye that she hady leuer slee hyr self than to be maryed wyth hym / Than came worde to syr Mordredy that kyng Arthur hady arayed the syege/ For Syr Launcelot & he was comyng homelwardy wyth a grete hoost to be auenged vpon syr Mordredy wherfore syr Mordredy maady Wryte wrytes to al the baronry of thys londe andy mocke peple drewe to hym For than was the comyn voys emonge them that wyth Arthur was none other lyf but warre andy stryffe / Andy wyth Syr Mordredy was grete Joye andy blysse/ Thus was syr Arthur depraued andy euyl sayd of. Andy many ther were that kyng Arthur hady made vp of nought andy gyuen them landes myght not than say hym a goody worde/ Lo ye al englysshmen see ye not what a myschyef here was/ for he that was the moost kyng andy knyght of the worldy andy moost louedy the felyshyp of noble knyghtes / andy by hym they were al vpholden / Nowe myght not this englysshe men holde them contente wyth hym/ Loo thus was the olde custome andy vsage of this londe/ Andy also men saye that we of thys londe haue not yet lost ne forgeten that custome & vsage / Alas thys is a grete defaulte of vs englysshe men / For there may no thynge plese vs noo terme Andy soo fardy the people at that tyme they were better plesyd with sir Mordred than they were with kyng Arthur /and mocke peple dwelde vnto sir Mordredy andy sayd

they wold abyde with hym for kether and for werse / and soo syr Mordred dwelde with a grete hoost to Douer / for there he herde saye / that sir Arthur wold arryue / and soo he thoughte to kepe his owne fader from his landes / and the moost party of alle Englond held with sire mordred / the people were soo newe fangle

¶ Capitulum ij

And soo as sire mordred was at Douer with his hoste there came kyng Arthur with a grete nauye of shyppes and galeyes and Carryks / & there was syr Mordred redy alwaytynge Vpon his londage to lette his owne fader to lãde Vp the lande that he was kyng ouer / thenne there was launcynge of grete botes and smal / and ful of noble men of armes / and there was moche slaughter of gentyl knyghtes and many a full bolde baron was layd ful lowe on bothe partyes / ¶ But kynge Arthur was soo couragyous that there myght no manere of knyghtes lette hym to lande / and his knyghtes fyersly folowed hym / and so they landed maulgre sir mordreds and alle his power / and put sir mordred abak that he fledde & alle his peple / Soo whan this batail was done / kyng Arthur lete burye his peple that were ded / And thenne was noble syr Galvayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half ded / Whan syr Arthur wyst that syre Galvayne was layd so lowe he wente Vnto hym / and there the kynge made sorowe oute of mesure / and took sire Galvayne in his armes / and thryes he there swouned / And thenne whan he awaked / he sayd / alias sir Gawayne my systers sone / here now thold kyggest the man in the world that I loued moost / and now is my Joye gone / for now my neuewe syre Galvayne I will discouer me Vnto your persone / in syr Launcelot & you I moost had my Joye & myn affyaunce / & now haue I lost my Joye of you bothe / wherfor alle myn erthely Joye is gone from me / Myn Vnkel kyng Arthur said sir Galvayn wete you wel my dethe day is come / & alle is thorou myn owne hastynes & Wilfulnes / for I am smytten Vpon thold Wounde the Which sir launcelot gaf me / on the Whiche I fele Wel I must dye / & had sir laũcelot ben With you as he Was / this Vnhappy Werre had neuer begonne / & of alle this am I causer / for sir laũcelot & his blood thorou their prowes

helde alle your aunkeryds enemyes in subiectyon and daungere
And nolw sayd sir Galvayne ye shalle mysse sir Launcelot/
But allas I Wolde not accorde with hym/ and therfor sayde
syr Galvayne I praye yolw sayre Vnkel that I may haue pa
per/ pen /and ynke/that I may wryte to syre Launcelot a ce
dle with myn olwne handes / And thenne whan paper & ynke
was brought/thenne Galvayn was set vp weykely by kyn
nge Arthur/for he was shryuen a lytel tofore / and thenne he
wrote thus as the Frenssh book maketh mencyon/ Vnto syre
Launcelot flour of alle noble knyghtes that euer I herde of/
or salve /by my dayes / I syre Galvayne kynge Lottes sone
of Orkeney/syster sone Vnto the noble kyng Arthur/sende the
gretynge/ & lete the haue knolvleche that the tenth day of may
I was smyten vpon the olde Wounde that thou gaueste me/
afore the Cyte of Benwyck/and thorolw the same woūd that
thou gaueste me/I am come to my dethe day/And I wil that
alle the worlde wete/that I sir Galvayne knyghte of the ta
ble wounde/soughte my dethe/and not thorou thy deseruynge/
but it was myn olwne sekynge/ wherfor I byseche the sir laun
celot/ to wrorne ageyne Vnto this realme/and see my tombe/ &
praye some prayer more or lesse for my soule/ And this same
day that I wrote this sedyl/I was hurte to the dethe in the
same wounde/the whiche I hade of thy hande syr Launcelot;
For a of a more nobler man myghte I not be slayne / Also
sir Launcelot for alle the loue that euer was betwyxe vs/ma
ke no taryenge /but come ouer the see in al haste / that tholw
mayste with thy noble knyghtes reskolve that noble kynge that
made the knyghte/that is my lorde Arthur/for he is ful stre
yghtly bestadde with a fals traytour / that is my half broder
syr Mordred/and he hath lete croune hym kynge/and wolde
haue wedded my lady quene Gueneuer/and soo had he done
had she not put her self in the toure of london/And soo the/y/
day of May last past/my lorde Arthur and we alle landed vp
on them at douer/and there we putte that fals traytour syre
Mordred to flyghte/and there it myssfortuned me to be stry
ken vpon thy stroke/ And at the date of this letter was wry
ten but two houres and an half afore my dethe Wryten with
myn olwne hande/and soo subscrybed with parte of my herte

blood/And I requyre the mooſt famous knyght of the world that thou wylt ſee my Tombe/and thenne ſir Gawayne wept and kynge Arthur wepte/And thēne they ſwouned both/ And whan they awaked bothe/the kynge made ſyr Gawayn to receyue his ſauoure/And thenne ſir Gawayne praid the kynge for to ſende for ſir Launcelot/and to cheryſſhe hym aboue alle other knyghtes/And ſo at the houre of none ſyr Gawayn yelded vp the ſpyryte / and thenne the kynge lete entiere hym in a chappel within douer Caſtel/ and there yet alle men maye ſee the ſculle of hym/and the ſame wounde is ſene that ſyr Launcelot gaf hym in bataille/Theune was it told the kynge that ſyr Mordred had pyghte a nelve feld vpon Garamdoune/And vpon the morne the kynge rode thyder to hym and there was a grete bataille betwixe them/and moche peple was ſlayne on bothe partyes/ but at the laſt ſyr Arthurs party ſtode beſt/and ſir Mordred and his party fledde vnto Cam̄ turbery

¶ Capitulum iij

AND thenne the kyng lete ſerche alle the wounes for his knyghtes that were ſlayne/and enteryd them/& ſalued them with ſofte salues that ſo ſore were wounded/ Thenne moche peple drewe vnto kynge Arthur/ And thenne they ſayd that ſir Mordred warred vpon kyng Arthur with wronge / and thenne kynge Arthur drewe hym with his hoſt doune by the ſee ſyde weſtward toward Salyſbury/ and there was a day aſſygned betwixe kyng Arthur and ſire mordred that they ſhold mete vpon a doune beſyde Salyſbury/and not ferre from the ſee ſyde/ and this day was aſſygned on a monday after Trynyte ſonday/ wherof kyng Arthur was paſſyng glad that he myghte be auenged vpon ſire Mordred / Thenne ſyr Mordred areyſed moche peple aboute london / for they of Kente Southſex and Surrey/Eſtſex and of Southfolke and of Northfolk held the moſt party with ſir Mordred/and many a ful noble knyght drewe vnto ſyr Mordred and to the kynge/but they boued ſir Launcelot drewe vnto ſyr Mordred Soo vpon Trynyte ſonday at nyght kynge Arthur dremed

a wonderful dreme/& that was this/that hym semed/he satte vpon a chaflet in a chayer/and the chayer was fast to a whele and therupon satte kynge Arthur in the rychest clothe of gold that myghte be made/and the kyng thoughte ther was vnder hym fer from hym an hydous depe blak watir/and there in were alle maner of serpentes and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble/and sodenly the kynge thoughte the whele turned vp soo doune/and he felle amonge the serpentys/& euery beest took hym by a lymme/and thenne the kynge cryed as he lay in his bedde and slepte/helpe/And thenne knyghtes squyers and yomen awaked the kynge/and thenne he was soo amased that he wyst not where he was/& thenne he felle on slombrynge ageyn not slepynge nor thowrly wakynge/So the kynge semed verely that there came syr Galvayne vnto hym with a nombre of fayre ladyes with hym
And whan kynge Arthur salve hym/thenne he sayd Welcome my systers sone/I wende thou haddest ben dede/ and now I see the on lyue/mocke am I beholdynge vnto almyghty Ihesu/O fayre neuelve and my systers sone/ What ben these ladyes that hyder be come with yow/Sir saidy sir Galvayne/ alle these ben ladyes for whome I haue foughten whanne I was many lyuynge/and alle these are tho/ that I dyd batail for in ryghteuous quarel/and god hath gyuen hem that grace at their grete prayer/by cause I dyd bataille for hem/ that they sholde brynge me hyder vnto yow/thus moche hath god gyuen me leue for to warne yow of youre dethe/ for and ye fyghte as to morne with syre Mordred/ as ye bothe haue assygned/doubte ye not/ye must be slayne/and the moost parte of your peple on bothe partyes/ and for the grete grace and goodenes that almyghty Ihesu hath vnto yow and for pyte of yow/and many moo other goode men there shalle be slayne God hath sente me to yow of his specyal grace to gyue yow warnynge/that in no wyse ye do bataille as to morne/ but that ye take a treatyse for a moneth day and profer yow largely/ so as to morne to be putte in a delaye/ For within a monethe shalle come syr Launcelot with alle his noble knyghtes and re sowe yow worshipfully/and slee sir mordred and alle that euer wylle holde with hym/Thenne syr Galvayne and al the

ladyes kayr:quyſſhed And anone the kyng callyd vpon hys knyghtes ſquyres and yemen and charged them wyghtly to fetche his noble lordes and wyſe byſſhoppes vnto hym / And whan they were come the kyng tolde hem his auyſyon what ſir Galvayn had tolde hym/and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he ſholde be ſlayn/ ¶ Than the kyng comaun ⸗ ded ſyr Eucan de butlere And his broder ſyr Bedwere with two byſſhoppes with hem and charged theym in ony wyſe & they myght take a traytyſe for a monthe day with Syr mor ⸗ dred / And ſpare not proffre hym londes & goodes as moche as ye thynke beſt / So than they departed & came to ſyr Mor ⸗ dred where he had a grymme hoost of an hondred thouſandy men / And there they entreted ſyr Mordred longe tyme and at the laſte Syr mordred was agreyd for to haue Cornwayl and kente by Arthures dayes After alle Englond after the dayes of kyng Arthur /

¶ Capitulum iiij

Than were they condeſended that kyng Arthure and ſyr mordred ſholde mete betwyxte bothe theyr hoſtes and euerych of them ſholde brynge fourtene perſones And they came with thys word vnto Arthure / Than ſayd he I am glad that thys is done And ſo he went in to the felde / And whan Arthure ſholde departe he warned al hys hoſt that and they ſee ony ſwerde drawen look ye come on fyerſly and ſlee that traytour ſyr Mordred for I in noo wyſe truſte hym / In lyke wyſe ſyr mordred warned his hoſt that and ye ſee ony ſwerde drawen look that ye come on fyerſly & ſoo ſlee alle that euer before you ſtondeth / for in no wyſe I wyl not truſte for thys treatyſe / For I knowe wel my fader wyl be auenged on me / And ſoo they mette as theyr poyntement was & ſo they were agreyd & accorded thoroughly / And wyn was fette and they dranke / Right ſoo came an adder oute of a lytel hethe buſſhe & hyt ſtonge a knyght on the foot / & whan the knyght felte hym ſtongen he looked doun and ſalwe the adder / & than he drewe his ſwerde to ſlee the adder/ & thought of none other harme/ And whan the hoſt on bothe partyes ſalw that ſwerde

dwalbey than they blelbe beamous trumpettes andy hornes and shoutedy grymly Andy so bothe hoostes dresseydy hem to gyders Andy kyng Arthur took his hors andy saydy allas thys vnhappy day & so rode to his partye ¶ Andy syr mordredy in like voyse/ Andy neuer was there seen a more doolfuller bataylle in no crystey londe / For there was but russhyng & rydyng felvnyng andy strykyng & many a grymme worde was there spokey eyder to other & many a dedely stroke But euer kyng Arthur rode thorugh oute the bataylle of syr Mordred many tymes/ & dydy ful nobly as a noble kyng sholdy/ & at al tymes he fayntedy neuer & syr Mordredy that day put hym in deuoyr andy in grete perylle ¶ Andy thus they faughte alle the longe day & neuer stynteydy tyl the noble knyghtes were layed to the colde erthe /& euer they faught stylle tyl it was nere nyghte & by that tyme was there an hondredy thousandy layedy deedy vpon the dolvn / Thenne was Arthure vnde vvrothe oute of mesure vvhan he salve his peple so slayn from hym / ¶ Thenne the kyng lokedy aboute hym /& thenne was he vvare of al hys hoost & of al his goody knyghtes vvere lefte no moo on lyne but tvvo knyghtes that one was Syr Lucan de butlere & his broder Syr Bedvvere / Andy they were ful sore vvoundedy / Jhesu mercy saydy the kyng Where are al my noble knyghtes becomen Alas that euer I shold see thys dolefull day/ for now saydy Arthur I am come to myn ende / ¶ But vvolde to godyy that I vvyste Where vvere that traytour Syr mordredy that hathy causedy alle thys myschyef / Thenne was kyng arthure vvare vvhere syr Mordredy lenyd vpon his svverde emonge a grete hepe of deedy men / Nolv gyue me my spere saydy Arthur vnto Syr Lucan / For yonder I haue espyedy the traytour that alle thys vvoo hath vvrought / Syr late hym be saydy Syr Lucan for he is vnhappy / Andy yf ye passe thys vnhappy day ye shalle be ryght vvel vvengydy vpon hym ¶ Goody lordy remembre ye of your nyghtes dreme / & vvhat the spyryte of Syr Gavvaynyy tolde you this nyght / yet godyy of his grete goodnes hath preseruedy you hyderto / Therfore for goddes sake my lordy leue of by thys / for blessydy by godyy ye haue vvonne the felde / For here vve ben thre on lyne / andy vvyth syr Mordredy is none on lyue/ Andy yf ye leue of nolv thys vvyckedy day of desteyny

is paste / Tyde me deth betyde me lyf sayth the kyng nolv I see hym yonder alone he shal neuer escape myn handes / For at a better auayle shal I neuer haue hym / ¶ Godi spede you wel sayd syr bedwer / Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes & ranne tolvardi syr Mordredi cryengi traitour nolv is thy deth day come / Andi vvhan syr Mordredi herde syr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his sverde drawen in his hande Andi there kyng Arthur smote syr mordredi vnder the shelde vvyth a foyne of his spere thoroughoute the body more than a fadom / Andi vvhan syr Mordredi felte that he hadi hys dethes vvounde / He thrysti hym self vvyth the myght that he hadi vp to the bur of kyngi Arthurs spere / Andi right so he smote his fader Arthur vvyth his sverde holden in bothe his handes on the syde of the heedi that the sverde persydi the helmet andi the brayne panne / andi thervvythall syr Mordredi fyl starke deedi to the erthe / Andi the nobyl Arthur fyl in a svvoune to the erthe / and there he svvounedi ofte tymes / Andi syr Lucan de Butlere andi syr Bedvvere oftymes heue hym vp / Andi soo vvaykely they ledde hym betvvyxte them bothe to a lytel chapel not fere from the see syde / And vvhan the kyng vvas there he thought hym vvel easedi / Thenne herde they people crye in the felde / Nolv goo thou syr Lucan saydi the kyngi andi do me to vvyte vvhat bytokenes that noyse in the felde / So syr Lucan departedi for he vvas greuously vvounded in many places Andi so as he yede he salve andi herkenedi by the mone lyght nolv that pyllars andi robbers vvere comen in to the felde To pylle andi to robbe many a ful noble knyghte of brochys and ledys of many a goodi rynge & of many a ryche jevvel / andi vvho that vvere not deed al oute / there they slevve theym for theyr hernoys and theyr rychesse / Vvhan syr Lucan vnderstode thys vverke he came to the kyngi assone as he myght and tolde hym al vvhat he hadi herde & seen / Therfore he my lorde saydi syr Lucan it is beste that we brynge you to somme tovvne I vvolde it vvere soo saydi the kyngi /

¶ Capitulum 8

But I may not stonde myn hede Wereches soo ¶ Syr Launcelot sayde kynge Arthur thys day shane I sore myst the / Alas that euer I was ayenst the / for nolde haue I my dethe / Wherof syr Gaulwayn me warnede in my dreme / Than syr Lucan took vp the kyng the one parte And Syr Bedwere the other parte / & in the lyftyng the kyng sowned and syr Lucan fyl in a swone with the lyfte that the parte of his guttes fyl oute of his body / And therwith the noble knyghtes herte braste / And whan the kyng awoke he behelde syr Lucan how he laye swompyng at the mouth & parte of his guttes laye at his feet / ¶ Alas sayde the kynge this is to me a ful heuy syght to see thys noble duke soo dye for my sake / for he wolde haue holpen me that had more nede of helpe than I / Alas he wolde not complayne hym / hys herte was so sette to helpe me / Now Jhesu haue mercy vpon hys soule / than syr Bedwere wepte for the deth of his brother / leue this mornyng & wepyng sayde the kynge for al this wyl not auayle me / for whyle thou wel and I myght lyue my self / the deth of syr Lucan wolde greue me euer more / but my tyme hyeth fast sayde the kynge / Therfore sayde Arthur vnto syr Bedwere take / thou Excalybur my goode swerde and goo with it to yonder water syde / and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that Water & come ageyn and telle me What thou there seest / My lorde sayde Bedwere your commaundement shal be doon & lyghtly bringe you Worde ageyn So syr Bedwere departed / & by the Waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel & the hafte was al of preyous stones / & thenne he sayde to hym self yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water therof shal neuer come goode but harme & losse / And thenne syr Bedwere hydde excalybur vnder a tree / And so as sone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and sayde he had ben at the water and had throwen the swerde in to the water / ¶ What sawe thou there sayde the kynge / syr he sayde I sawe no thynge but walwes and Wyndes / That is vntrewly sayde of the sayde the kynge / Therfore goo thou lyghtely ageyn and do my commaundemente as thou arte to me leef & dere spare not but throwe it in / Than syr Bedwere retorned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hande / and than hym thought

ſynne and ſhame to throwe alwaye that nobyl ſwerde /and ſo eſte he hydde the ſwerde and wente ageyn and tolde to the kynge that he had ben at the water and done his commaun=demente /what ſawe thou there ſayd the kynge Syr he ſayd I ſawe no thynge but the waters Wappe and walwes Wanne A traytour vntrewe ſayd kyng Arthur now haſt thou betray=ed me tlwyſe /Who wold haue wente that thou that haſt ben to me ſo leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richeſſe of the ſwerde/But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryenge putteth me in grete Jeopardye of my lyf /For I haue taken colde/and but yf thou do now as I bydde the/yf euer I may ſee the I ſhal ſlee the myn owne handes/for thou woldeſt for my ryche ſwerde ſee me dede Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and Wente to the ſwerde and lyghtly took hit vp / and wente to the water ſyde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes / and thenne he threwe the ſwerde as farre in to the water as he myght/& there cam an arme and an hande aboue the water and mette it /& caught it and ſo ſhoke it thryſe and braundyſſhed/and than kaniſſhed awaye the hande with the ſwerde in the Water/ So ſyr Bedwere came ageyn to the kynge and tolde hym what he ſawe Alas ſayd the kynge helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe/ Than ſyr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and ſo wente with hym to that water ſyde /& what they were at the water ſyde /euyn faſt by the banke ho=ued a lytyl barge with many fayr ladyes in hit / & emonge hem al was a quene /and al they had blacke hoodes/and al they wepte and ſhryked whan they ſawe Kynge Arthur / Now put me in to the barge ſayd the kynge and ſo he dyd ſoftely/And there receyued hym thre quenes with grete mor nynge and ſoo they ſette hem doun/and in one of their lappes kynge Arthur layd his heed / and than that quene ſayd a dere broder why haue ye tarryed ſo longe from me /Alas this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermocke colde / And ſoo than they rowed from the londe /and ſyr bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym/ Than ſyr bedwere cryed a my lord Arthur What ſhal become of me now ye goo from me/ And leue me here alone emonge myn enemyes/ Comfort thy

self sayd the kynge and doo as wel as thou mayst / for in me is no truste for to truste in / For I wyl in to the sale of auy lyon to hele me of my greuous wounde ¶ And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my soule / but euer the quenes and ladyes wepte and shrycked that hit was pyte to here / And assone as syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the kuarge he wepte and waylled and so took the foreste / and so he went al that nyght / and in the morynge he was ware bytwyxte two holtes hore af a chapel and an ermytage /

¶ Capitulum xi

THan was syr Bedwere glad and thyder he went & whan he came in to the chapel he salwe where laye an heremyte groueling on al foure there fast by a tombe was nelye grauen / whan the Eremyte salwe syr Bedwere he knewe hym wel / for he was but lytel wofore byssshop of caun terbury that syr Mordred flemed / Syr sayd Syr Bedwere what man is there entred that ye praye so fast fore / Fayr sone sayd the heremyte I wote not verayly but by demynge / But thys nyght at mydnyght here came a nombre of ladyes / and broughte hyder a dedy cors / and prayed me to berye hym / and here they offeryd an hondred tapers and they gaf me an hondred besauntes ¶ Alas sayd syr bedwere that was my lord kynge Arthur that here lyeth buryed in thys chapel / Than syr bedwere swouned and whan he awoke he prayed the heremyte he myght abyde with hym styll there / to lyue with fastynge and prayers / For from hens wyl I neuer goo sayd syr bed were by my wylle but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur / Ye are welcome to me sayd the heremyte for I knowe you better than ye wene that I doo / Ye are the bolde bedwere and the ful noble duke Syr Lucan de butlere was your broder / Thenne syr Bedwere wolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herde wofore / so there rode syr bedwere with the hermyte that was wfore byssshop of Cauntrburye / and there syr bed were put vpon hym poure clothes / and seruyd the hermyte ful lowly in fastynge and in prayers ¶ Thus of Arthur I fynde nener more wryten in bookes that ben auctoryse nor more

of the verray verrenke of his deth ferde I neuer rede / but thus was he lede aweye in a shyppe wherin were thre quenes/that one was kyng Arthurs syster quene Morgan le fay/the o= ther was the quene of North galys/the thyrd was the quene of the waste londes/ Also there was Nynyue the chyef lady of the lake/that hady wedded Pelleas the goody knyght andy this lady hady doon mocke for kyng Arthur /for she wolde ne uer suffre syr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf/& so he lyuedy to the vttermest of his day= es with hyr in grete reste /More of the deth of kyng Arthur coude I neuer fynde but that ladyes brought hym to his bury= ellys /& sucke one was buryedy there that the hermyte bare wyt nesse that somtyme was byssshop of caunterbury /but yet the heremyte knewe not in certayn that he was verayly the body of kyng Arthur /for thys take syr Bedwer knyght of the table rounde made it to be wrytyn /

¶ Capitulum Bij

YEt somme men say in many partyes of Englondy that kyng Arthur is not deedy/ But lyuyd by the wylle of our lord Jhesu in to another place /and men say that he shal come ageyn & he shal wynne the holy crosse. I wyl not say that it shal be so/ but rather I wyl say here in thys worldy he chaungedy his lyf/but many men say that there is wrytyn vpon his tombe this vers ¶ Hic iacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rex que futurus/Thus leue I here syr Bedwere with the hir myte that dwellydy that tyme in a chapel besyde glastynbury & there was his ermytage/& so they lyuyd in theyr prayers & fastynges & grete abstynence/and whan quene Gueneuer vn= derstood that kyng Arthur was slayn & al the noble knyghtes syr Mordred & al the remenaunte/Than the quene stale aweye & 5 ladyes with hyr/& soo she wente to almesbury /& there she let make hir self a Nonne/& ware whyte clothes & blacke & grete penaunce she toke as euer dyd synful lady in thys londe /& neuer creature coude make hyr mery/but lyued in fas tyngy prayers andy almes dedes/that al maner of peple mer= uaylledy how vertuously she was chaungedy ¶ Now leue we quene Gueneuer in Almesbury a nonne in whyte clothes & blacke andy there she was abbesse andy rular as reasony wolde

and̄ sorne we from hyr / and̄ speke we of Syr Launcelot du lake /

¶ Capitulum viii

And̄ whan he herde in his contreye that Syr Mordred was crowned̄ kynḡ in Englond̄ and̄ maad warre a-yenst kynḡ Arthur his owne fader / and̄ wolde lette hym to lande in hys owne londe / ¶ Also it was told̄e Syr Launcelot how̄ that syr Mordred̄ had̄ layed̄ syege aboute the toure of london̄ by cause the quene wold̄ not wedde hym / Than was syr Launcelot wroth oute of mesure and̄ sayd̄ to his kynnesmen alas that double traytour syr Mordred̄ now̄ me repenteth that euer he escaped̄ my handes / for moche shame hath he done vnto my lord̄ Arthur for alle I fele by the doleful letter that My lord̄ syr Gaulwayn sente me / on̄ whos soule Jhu haue mercy / that my lord̄ Arthur is ful harde bestadde / Alas sayd̄ syr Launcelot that euer I sholde lyue to here that moost noble kynḡ that maad̄ me knyght thus to be ouerset̄e with his subiecte in his owne royame ¶ And̄ this doleful letter that my lord̄ syr Gaulwayn hath sente me afore his deth / prayenḡ me to see his tombe / wyt you wel his doleful wordes shal neuer goo from myn herte / For he was a ful noble knyght as euer was borne / and̄ in an vnhappy houre was I borne that euer I sholde haue that vnhappe to slee fyrst syr Gaulwayn syr Gaheris the goode knyght and̄ myn owne frende syr Gareth that ful noble knyght / Alas I may say I am vnhappy sayd̄ Syr Launcelot that euer I sholde do thus vnhappely / and̄ alas yt myght I neuer haue happe to slee that traytour syr Mordred̄ Leue your complayntes sayd̄ syr Bors & fyrst reuenge you of the deth of syr Gaulwayn / & hit wyl be wel done that ye see syr Gaulwayns tombe / & secondly that ye reueuge my lord̄ Arthur and̄ my lady quene Gueneuer / I thanke you sayd̄ Syr Launcelot for euer ye wyl my worshyp / Than they made them redy in al the haste that myght be with shyppes & galeyes wyth syr Launcelot & his hoost to passe in to englond̄ / & so he passed̄ ouer the see tyl he came to douer & there he landed̄ wyth seuen kynges / & the nombre was hydous to beholde / Than syr Launcelot spyred of men of douer where Was kyng Arthur braine Than the peple told̄e hym how̄ that he was slayn / And̄ Syr

Mordred & an/C/thousand dyed on a day/& bold sir Mordred
gaf kyng Arthur there the fyrste batayll at his landyng &
there was good syr Galwayn slayn/& on the morne syr Mor-
dred faught with the kyng vpon baram down/& there the kyng
put syr mordred to the Wers/Alas said syr Launcelot this is
the heuyest tydynges that euer cam to me/Now fayr syrs sayd
syr Launcelot shelue me the tombe of syr Galwayn/& than ar
tryn peple of the londe brought hym in to the castel of douer &
shelued hym the tombe/Than syr Launcelot knelyd down and
wept & prayed hertely for his soule/& that nyght he made
a dole/& al they that wold come had as moche flesshe/fysshe
wyn & ale/& euery man & woman had vii pens come who
wold/Thus with his owne hande dalte he this money in a
mornyng gowne/& euer he wept/& prayed him to praye for
the soule of syr Galwayn/& an the morne al the prestys and
clerkys that myght be gotten in the contreye were there & sange
masse of requyem & there offeryd fyrst syr Launcelot/& he of-
fred an/C/pounde/& than the seuen kynges offeryd fourty
pounde a pees/& also there was a/M/knyghtes/& eche of hem
offred a pounde/& the offeryng dured fro morne tyl nyght/&
syr Launcelot laye two nyghtes on his tombe in prayers and
wepyng/Than on the thyrd day syr Launcelot calyd the kyn-
ges/dukes/erles/barons/& knyghtes & sayd thus/My fayr
lordes I thāke you al of your comyng in to this contreye with
me/but we came to late & that shal repente me whyle I lyue/
but ayenst deth may no man rebelle/But sythen it is so said sir
Launcelot I wyl my self ryde & seke my lady quene gueneuer
for as I here say she hath had grete payne & moche dysease/& I
herd say that she is fledde in to the weste/therfore ye alle shal
abyde me here/& but yf I come ageyn within yͤ dayes/Than
take your shyppes & your felawshyp & departe in to your con-
traye for I wyl do as I say to you/ ¶ Capitulum ix

THan came syr Bors de ganys and sayd my lord syr
Launcelot what thynke ye for to doo/now to ryde in
this royame wyt you wel ye shal fynde selue frendes
he as he may sayd Syr Launcelot kepe you stylle here/for I
wyl forth on my journey/and noo man nor chylde shall goo
with me/So it was no bote to stryue but he departed and rode

Westerly & there he sought a vij or viij dayes/ & atte last he cam to a nonnerye & than was quene Gueneuer ware of sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloystre/ & whan she sawe hym there she swouned thryse that al the ladyes & Jentyl wymmen had werke ynough to holde the quene vp/ So whan she myght speke she callyd ladyes & Jentyl wymmen to hir/ & sayd ye meruayl fayr ladyes why I make this fare/ Truly she said it is for the syght of yonder knyght that yender standeth/ Wherfore I praye you al calle hym to me/ whan syr Launcelot was brought to hyr/ Than she sayd to al the ladyes thorowe this man & me hath al this warre be wrought/ & the deth of the moost noblest knyghtes of the world/ for thorugh our loue that we haue to gyder is my moost noble lord slayn/ Therfor syr Launcelot wyt thou wel I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele/ & yet I truste thorugh godes grace that after my deth to haue a syght of the blessyd face of cryst/ and at domes day to syte on his ryght syde/ for as synful as euer I was are sayntes in heuen /therfore syr Launcelot I requyre the & beseche the hertelye for al the loue that euer was betwyxte vs that thou neuer see me more in the vysage /& I comande the on godes behalfe that thou forsake my companye & to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn & kepe wel thy royame from warre & wrake/ for as wel as I haue loued the myn hert wyl not serue me to see the/ for thorugh the & me is the flour of kynges & knyghtes destroyed/ therfor sir Launcelot goo to thy royame & there take the a wyf & lyue with hir with Joye & blysse / & I praye the hertelye praye for me to our lord that I may amende my myslyuyng/ Nowe swete madam sayd syr Launcelot wold ye that I shold torne ageyn vnto my cuntreye & there to wedde a lady Nay Madam wyt you wel that shal I neuer do/ for I shal neuer be soo fals to you of that I haue promysed/ but the same deyntenye that ye haue taken you to I wyl take me vnto for to plese Jhesu/ & euer for you I cast me specially to praye/ Yf thou wylt do so sayd the quene holde thy promyse/ but I may neuer byleue but that thou wylt torne to the world ageyn/ Wel madam sayd he ye say as plesith you / yet wyst you me neuer fals of my promesse/ & god defende but I shold forsake the world as ye haue do/ for in the queste of the sank greal I had forsaken

the kanyghtes of the worlde hadȝ not your lordȝ ben/ And yf I
hadȝ done so at that tyme wyth my herte roylle andȝ thought I
hadȝ passed al the knyghtes that were in the sanke greal/ ex
cepte syr Galahadȝ my sone /andȝ therfore ladȝ sythen ye haue
takenȝ you to perfeccionȝ I must nedys take me to perfectionȝ of
ryght /for I take recorde of god in you I haue had myn erthly
joye/andȝ yf I hadȝ foundenȝ you nowe so dysposedȝ I hadȝ taste
me to haue hadȝ you in to myn owne royame /

¶ Capitulum xc

But sythen I fyndȝ you thus desposed I ensure you fayth
fully I wyl euer take me to penaunce & praye whyle
my lyf lasteth/yf that I may fyndȝ ony hermyte other
graye or whyte that wyl receyue me/wherfore madame I praye
you kysse me & neuer nomore/ Nay sayd the quene that shal I
neuer do/but absteyne you from suche werkes & they departedȝ
but there was neuer so harde an hertedȝ man but he wold haue
wepte to see the dolour that they made/for there was laemen .
tacyon as they had be stungeyn wyth sperys/and many tymes
they swounedȝ/& the ladyes bare the quene to hir chambre /&
syr Launcelot alsoke & went & took his hors & rode al that day
& al nyzt in a forest wepyng / & atte last he was ware of an
Ermytage & a chappel stode betwyxte two clyffes/and than he
herde a lytel belle ryngeȝ to masse / and thyder he rode & alyght
& teyed his horȝ to the gate & herd masse/& he that sange masse
was the bysshop of caunterburye/bothe the bysshop & sir Bed
wer knelue syr Launcelot /& they spake to gyders after masse
But whan syr Bedwere hadȝ tolde his tale al hole syr Launce
lottes hert almoste braste for sorowe/& sir Launcelot threwe hys
armes abrode/& sayd alas who may truste thys world /& than
he knelyd douȝ on his knee andȝ prayed the bysshop to shryue
hym and assoyle hym/and than he besought the bysshop that he
myght be hys brother /Than the bysshop saydȝ I wyll gladly
andȝ there he put an habyte vpon Syr Launcelot/andȝ there he
seruydȝ godȝ day and nyzt with prayers and fastyngesȝ/ Thus
the grete hoost abode at douer and than sir Lyonel toke fyftene
lordes with hym & rode to londonȝ to seke sir Launcelot/& there
syr Lyonel was slayn and many of his lordes /Themne Syr
Bors de ganys made the grete hoost for to goo hoome ageyn

ee iii

And̄ ſyr Bors/ſyr Ector de maris/ Syr Blamour/ſyr Bleoberis with moo other of ſyr Launcelottes kynne toke on hem to ryde al englond̄ ouerthwart & endelonge to ſeek ſyr Launcelot/So ſyr Bors by fortune rode ſo longe tyl he came to the ſame chapel where ſyr Launcelot was / & ſo ſyr Bors herde a lytel belle kynylle that range to maſſe/& there he alyght & herde maſſe/& whan maſſe was doon the byſſhop ſyr Launcelot & ſir Bedwere came to ſyr Bors/& whan ſyr bors ſawe ſir Launcelot in that maner clothyng/ than he preyed̄ the byſſhop that he myght be in the ſame ſewte/and ſo there was an habyte put vpon hym/& there he lyued̄ in prayers & faſtyng/and̄ within halfe a yere there was come ſyr Galyhud̄/ſyr Galyhodyn/ſir Blamour/ſyr Bleoberis/ſyr vyllyars/ſyr Clarras/and ſir Gohaleantyne/So al theſe vij noble knyȝtes there abode ſtyll and̄ whan they ſawe ſyr Launcelot had taken hym to ſuche perfection they had̄ no laſt to departe / but toke ſuche an habyte as he had̄/Thus they endured in grete penaunce ſyx yere/and̄ than ſyr Launcelot took thabyte of preeſthod̄ of the byſſhop/& a twelue monthe he ſange maſſe / & there was none of theſe other knyghtes but they redde in bookes / & holpe for to ſynge maſſe & range bellys & dyd̄ bodyly al maner of ſeruyce / & soo their horſes wente where they wolde / for they toke no regarde of no worldly rycheſſes/for whan they ſawe ſyr Launcelot endure ſuche penaunce in prayers & faſtynges they toke no force whatpayne they endured for to ſee the nobleſte knyght of the world̄ take ſuche abſtynaunce that he wayed̄ ful lene/& thus vpon a nyght there came a vyſyon to ſyr Launcelot & charged hym in remyſſyon of his ſynnes to haſte hym vnto almyſbury & by thenne then come there thou ſhalt fynde quene Gueneuer dede/& therfore take thy felowes with the & parcuey them of any hors here/& fetche thou the cors of hir/& burye hir by her huſ bond̄ the noble kyng Arthur/So this auyſyon came to Launcelot thryſe in one nyght

¶ Capitulum pi

Than ſyr Launcelot roſe vp or day & tolde the heremyte it were wel done ſayd̄ the heremyte that ye made you redy /& that ye dyſobeye not the auyſyon /Than ſyr Launcelot toke his vn felowes with hym & on fote they yede from glaſtynburye to almyſburye the whyche is lytel more

than ye yle myle/ & thyder they came within two dayes for they were wayke & feble to goo /& whan syr Launcelot was come to almysbury within the nunnery quene gueneuer deyed but halfe an oure afore / and the ladyes tolde syr Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde hem al or she passyd that syr Launce= lot had ben preest nere a twelue monthe/ & hyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetche my cors.& besyde my lord kyng Ar= thur he shal berye me / Wherfore the quene sayd in herynge of hem al / I beseche almyghty god that I may neuer haue pow er to see syr Launcelot with my worldly eyen/ And thus said al the ladyes was euer hir prayer these two dayes tyl she was dede /Than syr Launcelot salue hir Bysage but he wepte not gretely but syghed/& so he dyd al the obseruaunce of the seruyce hym self bothe the dyrygye / and on the morne he sange masse /& there was ordeyned an hors bere /& so with an hon= dred torches euer brennynge about the cors of the quene / & euer syr Launcelot with his vij̃ fellowes went about the hors bere syngyng & redyng many an holy oryson/ & frankensens vpon the corps encensed /Thus syr Launcelot & his eyght fe= lowes went on foot from almysbury vnto glastynbury /& whan they were come to the chapel & the hermytage there she had a dyrygye with grete deuocyon /& on the morne the here = myte that somtyme was bysshop of canterbury sāge the masse of requyem with grete deuocyon/and syr Launcelot was the fyrst that offeryd / & than al his eyght fellowes / & than she was wrapped in cered clothe of rayner from the toppe to the too in vij̃ folde/ & after she was put in a Webbe of leed & than in a coffyn of marbyl/and Whan she was put in therth syr Launcelot swouned & laye longe stylle whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym /and sayd ye be to blame/for ye dys plese god with suche maner of sorow makyng/Truly sayd syr Launcelot I trust I do not dysplese god / for he knowyth myn entente/ For my sorow was not nor is not for ony reioysyng of synne/but my sorow may neuer haue ende /For whan I re membre of hir beaulte & of hir noblesse/ that was bothe with hyr kyng & with hyr/So whan I sawe his corps & hir corps so lye togyders / truly myn herte wold not serue to susteyne my careful body/ Also whan I remēbre me how by my defaute

& myn ergule and my pryde / that they were to the layed ful
so we that were peteles that euer was lyuyng of cristen people
wyt you wel sayd syr Launcelot this remembred of there kyn
dnes and myn vnkyndenes sanke so to myn herte that I myzt
not susteyne my self so the frenssh book maketh mencyon /

Capitulum xii

Thēne syr Launcelot neuer after ete but lytel mete nor
dranke tyl he was dede/ for than he seekened more and
more and dryed & dwyned alwaye / for the bysshop nor none
of his felowes myzt not make hym to ete and lytel he dranke
that he was wayen by a kyssbet shorter than he was/that the
peple coude not knowe hym/ for euermore day & nyzt he prayed
vnt somtyme he slombred a broken slepe/euer he was lyeng gro
uelyng on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Gueneuer/ &
there was no comforte that the bysshop nor syr Bors nor none
of his felowes coude make hym it auayled not/ Soo wythin
syx weke after syr Launcelot fyl seek and laye in his bedde
& thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was heramyte and
al his trewe felowes / Than Syr Launcelot sayd wyth drery
steuen/ syr bysshop I praye you gyue to me al my rzghtes that
longeth to a crysten man/ It shal not nede you sayd the here-
myte and al his felowes/ It is but heuynesse of your blood
ye shal be wel mended by the grace of god to morne/ My fayr
lordes sayd syr Launcelot wyt you wel my careful body wyl
in to therthe I houe warnyng more than nowe I wyl say / ther
fore gyue me my zyghtes/ So whan he was howselyd and ene
lyd / and had al that a crysten man ought to have he pray-
ed the bysshop that his felowes myght bere his body to Joy-
ous garde / Somme men say it was anwyk/ & somme may say
it was bamborowe howe be it sayd syr Launcelot me repenteth
sore but I made myn auowe sometyme that in ioyous garde I
wold be buryed / and by cause of brekyng of myn auowe I
praye you al lede me thyder / Than there was wepyng and
wryngyng of handes among his felowes/ So at a seson of the
nyght they al went to theyr beddes for they alle laye in one
chambre / And so after mydnyght ayenst day the bysshop then
was hermyte as he laye in his bedde a slepe he fyl vpon a grete
laughter / and therwyth al the felyshyp awoke and came to

the byſſhop & aſkedȝ hym what he eyledȝ / A Jhu mercy ſaydȝ the byſſhop why dydȝ ye awake me I was neuer in al my lyf ſo mery & ſo wel at eaſe/ wherfore ſaydȝ ſyr Bors/ Truly ſaydȝ the byſſhop here was ſyr Launcelot with me with mo angelis than euer I ſalue men in one day / & I ſalue the angellys heue Vp ſyr Launcelot vnto heuen & the yates of heuen openedȝ a ȝenſt hym / It is but dretchyng of ſweuene ſaydȝ ſyr Bors for I doubte not ſyr Launcelot ayleth no thynge but goodȝ/ It may wel be ſaydȝ the byſſhop goo ye to his bedde & than ſhall ye proue the ſoth / So whan ſyr Bors & his felowes came to his bedde they founde hym ſtarke dede/ & he laye as he had ſmyled & the ſwetteſt ſauour aboute hym that euer they felte/ than was there wepyng & wryngyng of handes/ & the gretteſt dole they made that euer made men/ & on the morne the byſſhop dyd his maſſe of requyem/ & after the byſſhop & al the ix knyghtes put ſyr Launcelot in the ſame hors bere that quene Gueneuere was layedȝ in tofore that ſhe was buryedȝ / & ſoo the byſſhop & they al togydere wente wyth the body of ſyr Launcelot day ly tyl they came to Joyous garde / & euer they hadȝ an/ C/ tor ches bernnyng aboute hym / & ſo within ȝ̄ dayes they came to Joyous garde. & there they layedȝ his corps in the body of the quere/ & ſange & redde many ſaulters & prayes ouer hym andȝ aboute hym / & euer his viſage was layedȝ open & naked that al folkes myght beholde hym/ for ſuche was the cuſtom in tho dayes that al men of worſhyp ſholdȝ ſo lye wyth open viſage tyl that they were buryedȝ / andȝ ryght thus as they were at theyr ſeruyce there came ſyr Ector de maris that hadȝ vij yere ſought al Englondȝ ſcotlondȝ & walys ſekyngȝ his brother ſyr Launcelot/

¶ Capitulum xiii

And whan ſyr Ector herde ſuche noyſe & lyghte in the quyre of Joyous garde he alyght & put his hors from hym & came in to the quyre & there he ſalue men ſynge wepe/ & al they knewe ſyr Ector/ but he knewe not them/ than wente ſyr Bors vnto ſyr Ector & tolde hym holly there laye his brother ſyr Launcelot dede/ & than Syr Ector thrwe hys ſhylde ſwerde & helme from hym/ & whan he beheld ſyr Launcelottes viſage he fyl doun in a ſwoun / & whan he wakedȝ it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that

he made for his brother/ & Launcelot he sayd thou were hede of al crysten knyghtes/ & now I dare say sayd syr Ector thou sir Launcelot there thou lyest that thou were neuer matched of erthely knyghtes hande / & thou were the curteyst knyght that euer bare shelde / & thou were the trueste frende to thy louar that euer bestrade hors / & thou were the treweste louer of a synful man that euer loued woman / & thou were the kyndest man that euer strake with swerde/ & thou were the godelyest persone I euer cam emonge prees of knyghtes/ & thou was the mekest man & the gentylleste that euer ete in halle emonge ladyes / & thou were the sterneste knyght to thy mortal foo that euer put spere in the reeste / than there was wepyng & dolour out of mesure/ Thus they kepte syr Launcelots corps on lyue vij dayes & than they buryed it with grete deuocyon / & than at leyser they went al with the byssshop of canterbury to his ermytage & there they were to gyder more than a monthe/ Than syr Constantyn that was syr Cadores sone of cornwayl was chosen kyng of Englond/ & he was a ful noble knyght/ & worshypfully he rulyd this royame / & than thys kyng Costantyn sent for the byssshop of caunterbury for he herde saye where he was & so he was restored vnto his byssshoprych / & lefte that Ermytage / And syr Bedwere was there euer sythe he kepte his lyues ende/ Than syr Bors de ganys/ syr Ector de maris/ syr Galahalantyne/ syr Galyhud/ sir Galyhodyn / syr Blamour/ syr Bleoberys/ syr Wyllyams de Walyaunt/ syr Clarius of cleve mounte/ al these knyghtes dwelve them to theyr contreyes Howbe it kyng Costantyn wold haue had them with hym but they wold not abyde in this royame/ & there they al lyued in their contreyes as holy men/ & somme englysshe bookes make mencyon that they wente neuer oute of englond after the deth of syr Launcelot / but that was but fauour of makers/ for the frenssh book maketh mencyon & is auctoryse that syr Bors/ syr Ector/ syr Blamour / & syr Bleoberis wente in to the holy lande there as Jhesu Cryst was quycke & ded / And anone as they had stablysshed theyr londes/ for the book saith so syr Launcelot commaunded them for to do or euer he passyd oute of this world/ & these foure knyghtes dyd many batayles vpon the mysbeliefe or turkes / and there they ded vpon a good frydey for goddes sake / Here is the ende of the booke

book of kyng Arthure of his noble knyghtes of the wounde table/ that whan they were hole togyders there was euer an'e and yl/ and here is the ende of the deth of Arthur / I praye you all gentyl men and gentyl wymmen that rede th this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the en / dyng / praye for me whyle I am on lyue that god sende me good delyueraunce/ and whan I am dede I praye you all praye for my soule/ for this book was ended the ix yere of the reygne of kyng edward the fourth/ by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as Ihesu helpe hym for his grete myght/ as he is the seruaunt of Ihesu bothe day and nyght /

¶ Thus endeth this noble and joyous book entytled le morte Darthur/ Notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth/ lyf/ and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur/ of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/ theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures / thachyeuyng of the sangreal/ & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of this worlde of them al / Which book was re duced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd / and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted / and fynysshed in thabbey westmestre the last day of July the yere of our lorde /M/CCCC/lxxxv /

¶ Caxton me fieri fecit

BOUND BY C. LEW